

The Wartime Diary of Dr. N.V. Freeman 1915 - 1918

N. V. Freeman's
1914-18
War Diary

1915

Diary

by N.V. Freeman, B.A. No. 180,
son of Dr. A. E. Freeman, Inverary, Ontario, Can,
kept during his term of service with the Number 5 Stationary Hospital of the Canadian
Army Medical Corp which was manned with the ablest doctors and best students of
Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.¹

History of the Unit Mobilization: No.5 Stationary Hospital

In November, 1915, the Officer at present in command of this unit offered to raise for Overseas service the personnel of a Stationary Hospital. A reply was received from the Secretary of the Militia Council to the effect that while the patriotic offer was appreciated, there was at the time no opportunity of taking advantage of it. In this unsatisfactory state the matter continued. From time to time Medical Units were organized, but no word came as to whether our proposed unit would or would not be needed. In Medical as in other branches there was at that period no clear understanding of the great demands that would ultimately have to be met.

In order to obtain a definite decision in the matter, a visit was made to Ottawa, and through the kindness of Mr. W.F. Nickle, M.P. an

¹ No. 7 Canadian General Hospital was originally formed as No. 5 Stationary Hospital. It was first established as a project of Queen's Faculty of Medicine, Kingston, Canada, The staff of the hospital consisted of ten men – eight medical officers, a Dental Surgeon and a Quarter-Master. Six of these officers were members of Queen's Faculty of Medicine. Ninety-four men and thirty-five nursing sisters, was recruited in just over two weeks to man a 200 bed hospital. The Unit left Montreal by sea on the 6th of May 1915 and ten days later debarked at Plymouth Harbour, England to establish a 400 bed hospital at St. Martin's Plain in England.

In July the unit, along with Forty-five additional staff who had volunteered from Kingston, was ordered to establish a 400 bed hospital at Cairo. In January 1916, the unit became No. 7 Canadian General Hospital with an increase to 1,040 beds. Between 26th August 1915 and 23rd March 1916, 4,140 patients were treated with only 28 deaths occurring. After the end of the Gallipoli campaign, having treated some 10,000 patients at the Cairo hospital, on the 10th of April 1916, the unit set sail for Etaples, France to set up a tent hospital.

The tented hospital proved inadequate during the harsh winter and in November 1916, moved to a more permanent site with 35 wooden huts. By March 1917 the number of beds had increased to 2,290, a number which was maintained until the end of hostilities.

The Queen's students who worked at the hospital gained a vast amount of valuable practical experience, as were able to continue academic study under some of the professors who were with the hospital.

- See more at: <http://www.wartimememoriesproject.com/greatwar/hospitals/7canadiangeneralhospital.php#ewkidd>

interview was arranged with the Minister of Militia. As a result a cable was sent to the War Office, London, repeating the offer, and in a few days orders were received to proceed with the organization of the unit.

The message was received at Kingston at one o'clock in the morning of March 26th, and at nine o'clock recruiting began. At this time the Medical Faculty of Queen's University agreed to give its support and assistance, so that from the beginning success was assured. Students from all Faculties offered themselves, and much care was exercised in the selection of personnel. In addition to the ordinary tests for military service, every man chosen was required to have a clear academic record and to be of good character. Of the total of eighty-nine other rank, eighty were students or graduates of one or other Faculties, and of these seven were Doctors of Medicine. Eventually most of these men were transferred to other services, where they received commissions. Many of the Medical students were subsequently returned to Canada in order that they might complete their studies.

For the staff of a Stationary Hospital at that time only ten officers were needed – eight Medical Officers, a Dental Surgeon, and a Quartermaster. The problem was to select this number from the many who offered. In the selection two objects were kept in view: First, that the officer should measure up in professional attainments, and second that his personal qualities should make for efficiency, comradeship, and esprit de corps. The Medical Faculty was most generous in releasing its members for this service, with the result that the eight medical officers comprised: - the Professor of Clinical Surgery, and the Professor of Pathology, the Professor of Anatomy, the Assistant Professor of Surgery, the Clinical Assistants in Eye and Ear and in Medicine.

In a fortnight recruiting was practically completed. Outfitting had proceeded apace, and a course of training outlined and put into effect. The Nurses were not assembled until a later period, but at their homes they made the manifold preparations demanded for such an expedition. Nothing was known regarding the time of departure, though rumour, as has been the case on many an occasion since, repeatedly fixed the date.

At last, on May 5th, we were given twenty-four hours' notice to entrain. Fond farewells were made – in some instances these proved to be last farewells also – and our life in Kingston and Canada was at an end for a period which none could then, as they cannot even now, foretell.

Training and Equipment

The interval between the Mobilisation and Embarkation of No. 5 Stationary Hospital was spent in equipping the rank and file of the unit and gathering together, with the aid of the Red Cross Society of Kingston, a nucleus of Hospital supplies to be taken Overseas with us. The Hospital Equipment, we were told, would be supplied on our arrival in England. Fortunately, it did not take long to complete these duties, for though over a month elapsed between the order for Mobilisation and the order for Embarkation on Overseas service, very little warning was given of the latter order, so that, except for those members of the unit whose homes were in Kingston, no time could be granted or "last leave" or farewells.

The Sisters who were composed the Nursing Staff having been called in, a General Muster of Officers, Sisters and Men was held on the University Campus on the afternoon of May 5th, 1915, and afterwards a Farewell Tea was given in Grant Hall by the ladies of Kingston. Immediately following, the "March Out" began. On the way to the railway station a halt was made at the Kingston Armouries, where the unit joined forces with a battalion of the Eastern Ontario District, which had orders to proceed Overseas by the same boat as ourselves. Here addresses were delivered by the Mayor of the City and Mr. W.F. Nickle, M.P. Then began the memorable march to the "Outer Station" (Kingston Junction). The street and roadway for the whole distance were packed with citizens to wish us "Bon Voyage" and a speedy return. We doubt if ever a send-off was more general and hearty.²

² No. 7 (Queen's) Canadian General Hospital, March 26th, 1915 – Nov 15, 1917, extracts from pages 4 – 6.



Figure 1 - Sergeant N.V. Freeman

~~TRIPPLICATE~~ ATTESTATION PAPER

No. 780

Folio.

CANADIAN OVER-SEAS EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

QUESTIONS TO BE PUT BEFORE ATTESTATION.

(ANSWERS)

1. What is your name? Norman Victor Freeman
2. In what Town, Township, or Parish, and in what Country were you born? Inverary, Ont.
3. What is the name of your next-of-kin? Dr. A. E. Freeman
4. What is the address of your next-of-kin? Inverary, Ont.
5. What is the date of your birth? April 24, 1892.
6. What is your trade or calling? Student
7. Are you married? no.
8. Are you willing to be vaccinated or re-vaccinated? yes.
9. Do you now belong to the Active Militia? no.
10. Have you ever served in any Military Force?
If so, state particulars of former Service. no.
11. Do you understand the nature and terms of your engagement? yes.
12. Are you willing to be attested to serve in the CANADIAN OVER-SEAS EXPEDITIONARY FORCE? yes.

N.V. Freeman (Signature of Man.)

D.W. Thirif (Signature of Witness.)

DECLARATION TO BE MADE BY MAN ON ATTESTATION.

I, N.V. Freeman, do solemnly declare that the above answers made by me to the above questions are true, and that I am willing to fulfil the engagements by me now made, and I hereby engage and agree to serve in the Canadian Over-Seas Expeditionary Force, and to be attached to any arm of the service therein, for the term of one year, or during the war now existing between Great Britain and Germany should that war last longer than one year, and for six months after the termination of that war provided His Majesty should so long require my services, or until legally discharged.

Date May 1 1915 N.V. Freeman (Signature of Recruit.)
D.W. Thirif (Signature of Witness.)

OATH TO BE TAKEN BY MAN ON ATTESTATION.

I, N.V. Freeman, do make Oath, that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to His Majesty King George the Fifth, His Heirs and Successors, and that I will as in duty bound honestly and faithfully defend His Majesty, His Heirs and Successors, in Person, Crown and Dignity, against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of His Majesty, His Heirs and Successors, and of all the Generals and Officers set over me. So help me God.

Date May 1 1915 N.V. Freeman (Signature of Recruit.)
D.W. Thirif (Signature of Witness.)

CERTIFICATE OF MAGISTRATE.

The Recruit above-named was cautioned by me that if he made any false answer to any of the above questions he would be liable to be punished as provided in the Army Act.

The above questions were then read to the Recruit in my presence.

I have taken care that he understands each question, and that his answer to each question has been duly entered as replied to, and the said Recruit has made and signed the declaration and taken the oath before me, at noon this 1st day of May 1915

J.M. Samuel (Signature of Justice.)

I certify that the above is a true copy of the Attestation of the above-named Recruit.

G. Hetherington (Approving Officer.)

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DESCRIPTION OF Norman V. Freeman ON ENLISTMENT.

Apparent Age 23 years.....months.
(To be determined according to the instructions given in the Regulations for Army Medical Services.)

Height.....6 ft.....ins.

Chest measurement { Girth when fully expanded.....38 1/2 ins.
Range of expansion.....3 1/2 ins.

Complexion.....fair

Eyes.....blue

Hair.....fair

Religious Denominations { Church of England.....
Presbyterian.....yes
Methodist.....
Baptist or Congregationalist.....
Other Protestants.....
(Denomination to be stated.)
Roman Catholic.....
Jewish.....

Distinctive marks, and marks indicating congenital peculiarities or previous disease.

(Should the Medical Officer be of opinion that the recruit has served before, he will, unless the man acknowledges in any previous service, attach a slip to that effect, for the information of the Approving Officer.)

Scar on right wrist

CERTIFICATE OF MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

I have examined the above-named Recruit and find that he does not present any of the causes of rejection specified in the Regulations for Army Medical Services.

He can see at the required distance with either eye; his heart and lungs are healthy; he has the free use of his joints and limbs, and he declares that he is not subject to fits of any description.

I consider him* fit for the Canadian Over-Seas Expeditionary Force.

Date.....May 1st 1915

Place.....Kington

S. E. Kidd

Capt. A. M. C.
Medical Officer.

*Insert here "fit" or "unfit."

NOTE.—Should the Medical Officer consider the Recruit unfit, he will fill in the foregoing Certificate only in the case of those who have been attested, and will briefly state below the cause of unfitness:—

CERTIFICATE OF OFFICER COMMANDING UNIT

Norman V. Freeman.....having been finally approved and inspected by me this day, and his Name, Age, Date of Attestation, and every prescribed particular having been recorded, I certify that I am satisfied with the correctness of this Attestation.

Date.....May 1st 1915

9.8. Kington.....(Signature of Officer.)

May 1. Having received word that my services were required I immediately fulfilled all requirements and duties demanded, presented myself for examination, faced the inoculation against typhoid and determined to play the game to the finish. Obtained leave for Sunday.



Figure 2 - The Unit – Kingston, 1915. Credit – No.7 (Queen's) Canadian General Hospital.

May 2. A sick day with a sore arm and high fever. 102 +.

May 3. Reported for duty but day was taken up with obtaining my uniform and outfit. Expect to move May 5th.

May 4. My first drill had its blunders, but as it was of short duration I did not wear out my nerve supply. Afternoon spent in minor personal duties such as bidding Father, Mother and Mary "Farewell".

May 5. "Day of days and night of nights" "Shoppen" Drill at 4 P.M. College Campus. Due at Armories 6.20. March 6.30. Entrain 7.30 for Montreal.

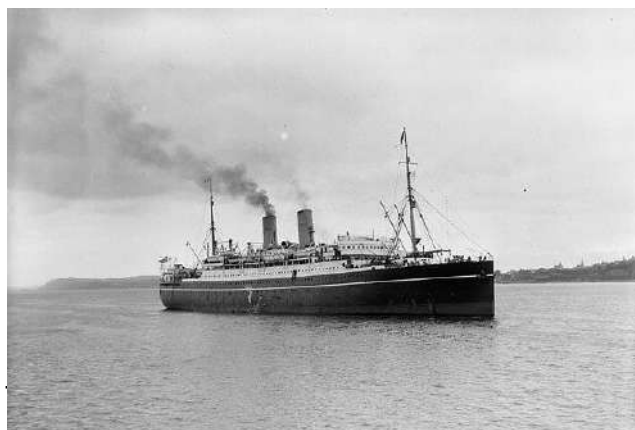


Figure 3 - Megagama 1915 Canadian Pacific Lines.
National Archives of Canada PA-166332 ca. 1927.

May 6. After a sleepless night we arrived in Montreal shortly after 5 a.m. Shortly after 6.30 we were marched into the dock, where we as Hospital Corp were obliged to remain for nearly three hours, in fact until all others were safely on board. The birth tickets were given upon entering and in each were four berths.

We were situated at the stem, on the right side and are fortunate enough to have a port hole in the birth. All was in commotion at the dock, the loading of mail, baggage, etc. We helped with the nurses trunks. Our ship the Metagama is 550' long and 64' wide, of 13000 ton displacement.

Two smoke stacks are about 20' in diameter and the flagstafs are about 150' above water. The flag is red + white, three red and three white squares. Almost everything but floors and life boats are steel, siding is $\frac{1}{2}$ " sheeting. We are third class passengers in every regard, same as the ordinary soldier. At 11 a.m. two little red and white tugs pulled us away from the wharf with the air and our ears being rent with the constant blowing and tooting of the whistles of other boats, factories, automobiles, etc, etc. Then having us fairly straightened on our way off we went on our own steam, the deep set screws throwing up the water for a distance back of a couple hundred yards. Then away--- "O Canada, we go for thee"--- The country, flat, green, slight second growth and dotted with quaint little one story, white houses with red roofs. The small country villages each has its picturesque little church spire. All along the river which is as yet quite narrow we are passing floating buoys and small low islands. As I write this I am sitting on the bow of one of three life boats set inside of each other, they are about thirty feet

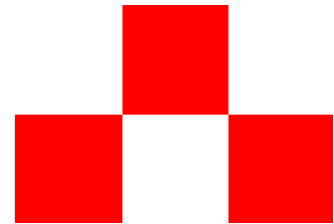


Figure 5 - Canadian Pacific Lines Flag



Figure 4 - Departing Montreal. NV Freeman Photo.

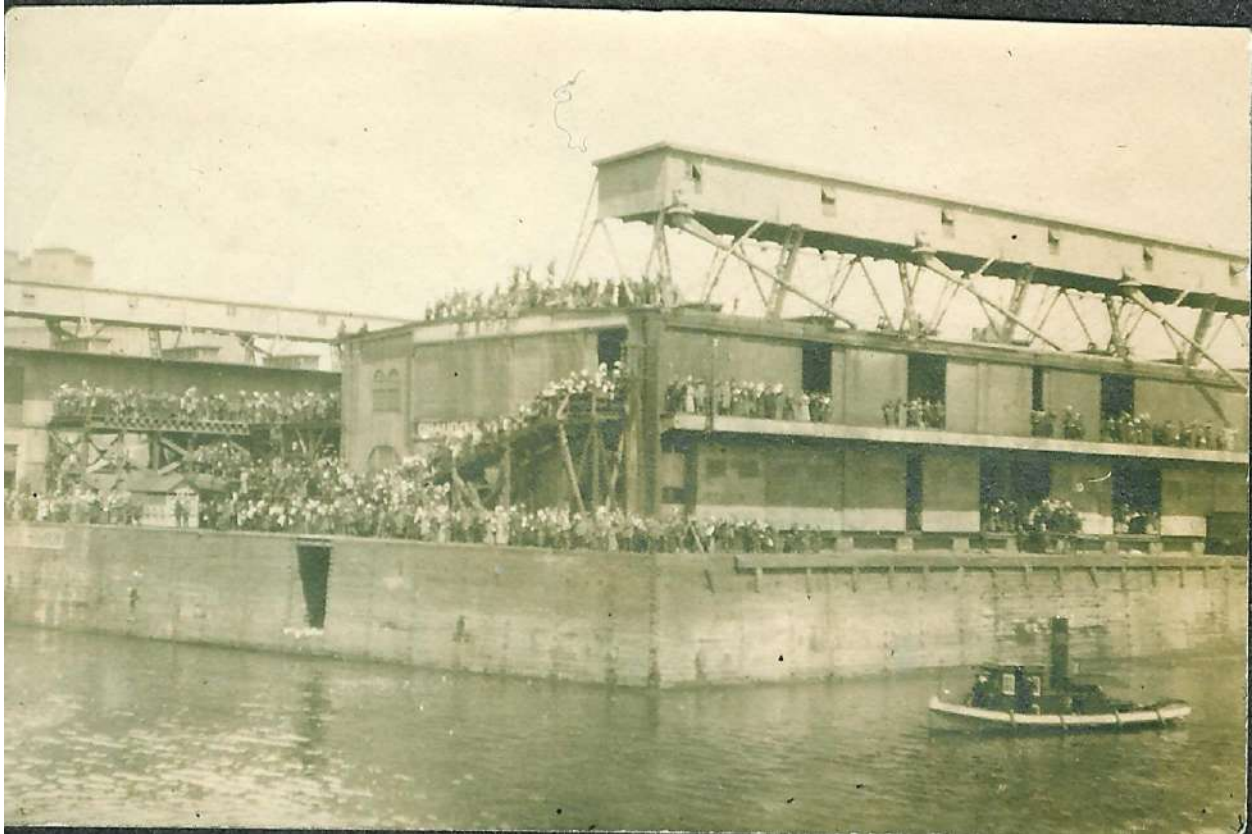


Figure 6 - Crowds Cheering - Montreal Departure. NV Freeman Photo.

long, eight foot beam, four foot deep and very strongly made, from where I sit I can see twenty such, I dare say that in the bow there are others, but we cannot go there. The remainder of the day was taken up with covering the space between Three Rivers and Quebec. We arrived at Quebec in the evening, all the lights, on both sides of the river made a very pretty sight. The boat was stopped, a tug took off our last mail and then as Wolfe of Old we drifted quietly past and seated in the rear canopy of the upper deck I drank in the sights, the high rugged cliffs, the beautiful edifices on the top, the row of lights along the water's edge and all the other lights set in the dark background made a very pretty sight. But being tired as soon as the sight began to dim in the distance I went below. From Montreal to Quebec 10 hrs.

May 7. Lusitania torpedoed.³

The bell was jinked this morning in good style and although we were to answer to roll call at 6.15 a.m. we found that time had been set on twenty five minutes at midnight and as most were late. I am down for first sitting at meals, time being 6.30 a.m.: 11.45 a.m.: 4.30 p.m. The water is a little rougher this morning but it is often worse on our home lakes. The gulf, for that is where we are, shows its misty banks in the distance, we are travelling closer to the south bank. Father Point was passed this morn where we

³ On May 7, 1915, the British ocean liner RMS Lusitania, which primarily ferried people and goods across the Atlantic Ocean between the United States and Great Britain, was torpedoed by a German U-boat and sunk. Of the 1,959 people on board, 1,198 died, including 128 Americans. The sinking of the Lusitania enraged Americans and hastened the United States' entrance into World War I.

dropped off our river pilot. The day is bright and the boys are all feeling musical, singing their songs to the delight of the nurses. As the banks recede into the misty horizon I feel as if I will be without anything to write about but no doubt something will turn up. I have just been back figuring out the Speedometer. It consists of a large brass spoon on a line of about seventy five yards put out at the rear of the boat, the spoon in passing through the water whirls and this turns an eight inch wheel to which the line is attached near the deck rail. The wheel keeps whirling and it is attached to a brass instrument on the rail, on the face of which is two dials, one which registers the single miles and the larger which registers the number of miles. At present we are thirty-five miles past Father Point and are travelling at rate of a mile every four and one half minutes or thirteen and one third miles an hr. Land has disappeared on the North for the present at least. To the South is a barren shore, blotched with snow and backed in the distance by smooth topped snow- covered mountains, the mountains in turn are shown up against a background of clouds, the only clouds in the sky today---the water is as peaceful as the shy. So we travelled until towards evening when the wind sprung up and caused one to feel chilly on deck, the result being that our audience did not contain many nurses. We danced, laughed and sang, but about nine as most others I made for my berth to be tethered until morning.

May 8. Third day on deck. At daybreak there was no land in sight, but after breakfast Newfoundland loomed up on the North and some islands on the South, but they soon disappeared and then the only thing left was the land on our port. It is quite cold today and a little rougher but nothing to signify as yet, although the bunks keep up a teeter. We had our first inspection on board ship this morning and I was unfortunate enough to wear my toque and so was obliged to return to my berth for my hat. This morning was the first for me to visit the bow of the boat, rather cold up there but by hiding behind the machinery, deck rail etc, one managed to keep warm. The crew are repainting the boat, the body part a drab and the inside of ventilators red. On the front mast are three lookout stations, the man in the upper one is sure up in the air. Newfoundland disappeared but shortly after two islands loomed up to the North---St. Pierre and Miquelon. In the evening all were merry, and the time soon passed when one was enjoying themselves with singing and dancing. A good night's sleep changed things a good deal and in awakening in time for the third breakfast.

Convoy System

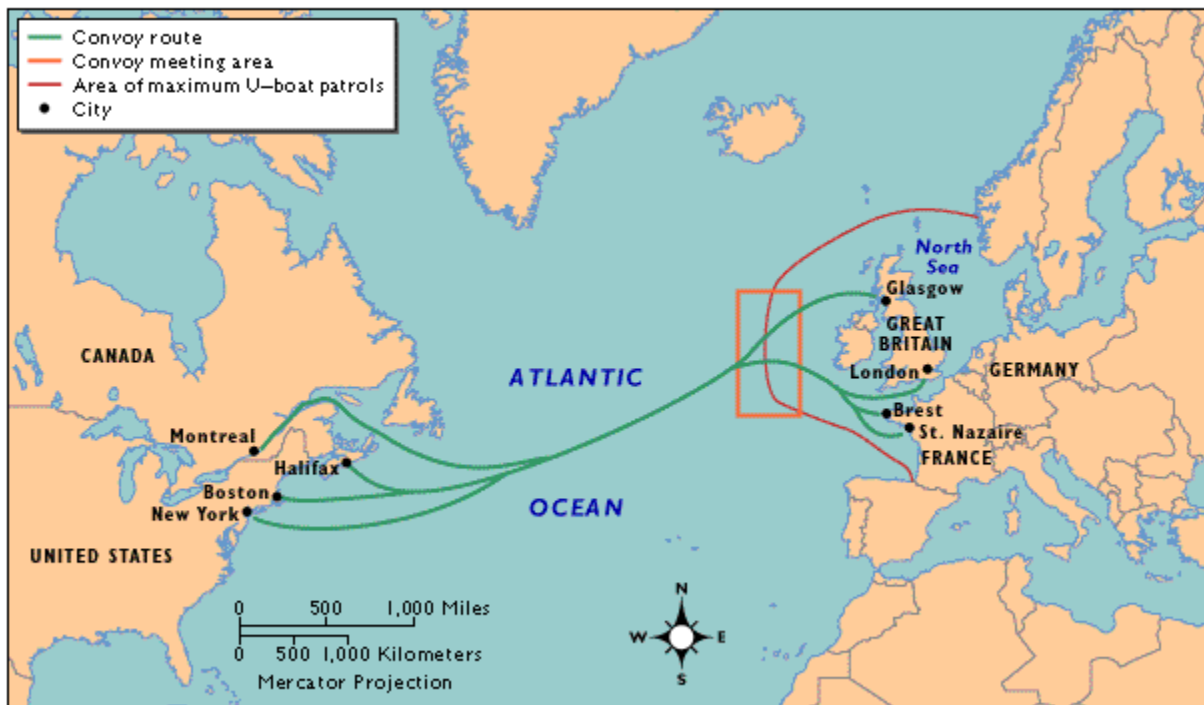


Figure 7 - Convoy Routes WWI. Axis History Forum

May 9. We were enshrouded in a fog running slowly and continually passing through floating ice. No land in sight and a heavy dead sea is rolling. Some sea sickness today alright. I took a walk to the bow just to feel her pitch, plenty of look outs up there for icebergs. Sunday service was held on the aft deck at 10.30 a.m. Band supplied the music and the deck the chairs. By noon I had my first touch of sickness, did not feel like eating any dinner but forced a little down, just enough to make one good heave after I returned to deck. Later when two large icebergs were passed my symptoms of sickness all vanished and I came below to write this. A whale was sighted but not by me, I saw a seal, a number of ducks, many Guillemots gulls and other sea birds. I made out a good supper but as the waves increased in size I did not remain on deck long after. The waves today are about thirty feet high with a higher wave on top of that, it is the big lads that heave us and make one feel so uncertain of themselves, first you weigh several hundred weight and then only a few ounces. I like to get up on deck and parade up and down practicing the seaman's stride or trying to walk a board or just to dodge through the crowd there assembled.

May 10. Up early today as I had several hasty calls to make, those over I returned to my bunk and there remained until dinner, which consisted of soup, meat, potatoes, black turnips, bread, water, orange and cream of wheat. (Enough to eat, but the dirt--- Oh, my!). A patrol boat came in sight this morning, signals were exchanged and then off she went. The afternoon was taken up with boxing, potato races, spar pillow fight and then Inoculation. I have got quite used to the rising and falling of the boat, although I can't walk a board yet, but my stomach is not as good as it might be. The ship with

her twin screws is covering about 375 miles a day, so by now we are a good bit over half way over and rapidly drawing near the danger zone.

May 11. All bunged up today, a sore arm, a big head and a cramped stomach, so I have to and remained in my bunk nearly all day. This afternoon it was rainy, so very few remained up on deck. The derricks are all ready for lowering the boats and on each bridge two rapid fire guns are mounted. More whales were sighted today, also porpoises and dolphins, but as I was not on deck I missed the sights. I went down for supper and took a slice of bread with a cup of tea, that being the total amount for the day with exception of nurses treat - chocolates.

May 12. The white horses are running high today about fifty feet, it seems spray is flying over the upper deck, but we are somewhat used to the motion now and so it does not effect us so much. I tried to eat some breakfast today but the coffee-tea combination got me. At 10.30 a.m. we had parade on upper deck with life belts, they are taking all precautions and making all preparations for the worst that may befall us. Our berth is a very compact room 6' x 8' containing four beds each 6'3" x 2', a rack on the ceiling for four life belts, a ventilator, a port hole on one side, two small shelves, a looking glass, a zinc water tank on top of which is a bottle for drinking water and two tumblers, below which is brass wash basin which dumps into a bucket underneath by lifting on one side of it. Along side of this are four small hooks for towels, while above are large hooks for hanging clothes etc. upon. The beds are located two on each side of the door, one above the other, they are supported at end next wash basin by two upright rods. The berths are numbered A.B.C.D, the lower ones are about 18" above floor, the upper one are about 2' higher up. The outer edge of the bed is bordered by a 10" board painted red. The bed itself consists of a set of springs in the bottom, a mattress, two blankets and a pillow, everything bearing the initials C.P.R. This is the best tossing yet, I have spent most of the afternoon in my bunk and it is a continuous heave down here, from head to heels and from side to side. I was vaccinated today on my right arm so that keeps me from volunteering to heave coal tomorrow when eight more boilers are going to be set agoing, that will give us a bit more speed.

May 13. The sea is still running high, very few turned out for breakfast, but I managed to get around for dinner. Spent most of the afternoon playing cards. The sailors have all been busy today, extra men volunteers were taken below as stokers, then there were the boats to swing clear, the ropes to coil and the portholes to close, besides many another thing that a land going man would never think of. Officers received orders to wear their automatic pistols to prevent any stampede in case an alarm was sounded. We had a feed before going to bed consisting of apple pie, partially cooked and ginger bread. Then came orders for lights out and we all rolled in ready to make a hasty move to upper deck.

May 14. A grand day today, I don't know whether that optimistic view of things is due to the feast last night or not, at any rate I did not go to breakfast, but I took two bowls full of pea soup with a couple slices of bread for dinner. Had a shave and hair cut today and with the return of firm footing and my appetite I will be myself again. As for the appetite

we are making a start on it by feasting again this evening. Just at present, it is about six o'clock in the afternoon we are in the vicinity of many ships on the horizon. How little conception I had of the sea, of the British Patrol System or of anything I suppose. A light supper in preparation to a bigger feed later in the evening made up of chicken and many other expected delicacies but - they were chucked and instead we had bread, buns and butter. Meanwhile darkness had fallen, then suddenly there was a hurrying to the lower decks and in the distance one could see the flashing of a light in signals and then lo! The low, long dark monster that shot along side, like a shadow it came and there remained. I went to the opposite deck and peering through the darkness, behold there was another silent, low-lying streak keeping pace with us. The word "Escort" passed from lip to lip. One ship ahead, one on each side and one on each side of the rear. Farther out in the distance one can see the occasional flashing of signals, so that there are more of our friends in the distance. We feel quite secure now with our British Guards and by morning we expect to be in port, so Good Night.

May 15. Was awakened with a start "Lands' End---Fellows", then did four sleepy heads open blinking eyes and decide to arise. On deck, the chilly, vapour laden air soon finished the wakening and behold "Land! Land! Land!" - a fairy land with its green fields, dark hedgerows, tree covered hills and peeping forth all dimly showing through the hazy mist that overhangs the water. Our escort ships are steaming away in the distance and in their place is a small pilot ship leading us into harbour. The sun begins to show in red streaks upon the Eastern sky and with the increasing light, a city shows itself in the background and then out runs the anchor, the Metagama comes too and we are safely in port at last. But orders and a pilot are soon received, the anchor is hoisted and the boat begins to move towards the city, she turns and there! - behold another glorious view composed of trees, hedges, fields, water, houses and boats differently arranged, the channel bends and twists, shutting out one beautiful view only to lift the curtain on a more beautiful one, and as we continued for a half mile or more and then we docked. Oh, the impatience of everyone to get off the ship and make away through this Fairyland of a country. The greater the impatience the longer the delay, how slowly the long weary hours of the forenoon passed with nothing to occupy our attentions but the embarking of 3000 men for the Dardanelles, the repairing of a damaged dreadnaught and the running back and forwards of the pigmy, pudgy John Bull station engines and the little ten ton wagon box cars---How funny they all look. Just before noon we were called out to unload the nurses' trunks, then came a scramble for the final dinner, next the entraining of the nurses for London followed by the unloading of the remainder of the hospital outfit and then our own "All Aboard". Finally after much hard jolting, jamming and screeching of the two or three toy engines we arrived at the main outer station where a real road engine snapped on to us, they are a fine type of machine, low, green, three large drive wheels, a screeching whistle, double consumption of fuel---no cinders or black smoke---and speed, fifty or sixty miles an hour. After a little delay we at last got started and then the sight seeing began, words of mine cannot describe the beauty of those hedgerows, woods, quiet streams, meadows, blooming orchards, rolling fields, brick red earth and flowers, flowers, flowers everywhere. The best I can do is to say that if anyone wishes to see the most beautiful place I know, let them travel from Plymouth to London. The similarity of the houses, built of brick and on the same pattern

as those all around, those on our side of the street being linked together in a long row of terraces. They are all so neat and each has its little backdoor garden about eighteen by twenty four or larger without a weed or a spare inch of ground. Along the railroad one seems to be continually running through villages and yet the country is everywhere apparently running right into the hamlets. The cattle along the road yesterday were red Durhams with an occasional flock of Aberdeen Angus (black), besides cattle there were sheep, sheep and still more sheep with a few horses here and there. We stopped at Exeter long enough to find out that no one would take Canadian Money and then sped on. London was reached after nightfall and Shorncliffe was not found until about two in the morning. At that time we were all beginning to dose as we had very little work ?? with plenty of sleep ??? the night before. We were ordered to "Fall In" rather unceremoniously and after much fumbling we did get into line to wait and wait before receiving orders to "Quick March" to Moore's Barracks, Shorncliffe which was about three miles distant. That was the longest and hardest march I ever made, I was sleepy and tired and the ground kept rocking all the way until I was nearly sea sick. Finally we arrived and were allowed to stand until my legs threatened to give away, then our quarters were assigned, blankets were spread out on the hard floor and with boots, putties, tunic and hat removed I slept.

May 16. After a day like yesterday which was the greatest of my life I slept like a log on the nice soft floor of our room. This morning I awoke at nine and after dressing proceeded to do a little investigating. Henry and I took a stroll along the main street of this village which is composed entirely of the military, officers and privates quarters, store house, cook house, etc, etc. After a three hours walk we returned and waited around for an hour ere we got our first meal for the day, it consisted of good bacon, a piece of cheese, two slices of dry bread and half a can of tea—the meal over Sully and I who bunk together washed up our pails in readiness of the evening meal, put up a few nails about the room and then he disappeared while I lingered to write up this and to fix up my mail for shipment. Our quarters consist of four fair sized rooms each of which has a fire place, a window, brick walls



Figure 8 – Moore's Barracks Shorncliffe. NV Freeman Photo.

with a few nails driven in and a fair amount of dirt. The larger room is supposed to be the Mess Room, the smaller serves as kitchen and pantry combined, the other two are the sleeping quarters for the party. A bit of warm soap and water applied with elbow grease would make the rooms passable whilst a bit of wood burning in the grates would make it a little home like, but the only thing there is to burn is brush wood of the finest kind, known here as faggots, which can be had if one wishes from a small pile in front of the cook house where each man must present himself in person, in line for his meals. This is a very pretty spot to be located, it is on the brow of quite a good hill, along the south east the hill drops down to the ocean, along the gravelly beach of which is a narrow row of houses stretching from one town a few miles east of us to another a few miles southwest of us. On the northern side is quite a large recreation ground, along the edge of which are a number of metal horse stables, whilst beyond this is a deep valley partly country and partly town. Beyond the valley rises into a hill with white banks, no doubt a part of the chalk cliffs of Dover separated through ages of erosion by the sea. Dover is south of us. This morning the coast was being guarded by a half dozen or more battleships and in the distance you could hear the roar of heavy artillery. I remained in the room this afternoon and as I was the only one around I received orders to wait on table at Officer's Mess at 4.45 p.m. Foolish or unlearned as I am I ate my mess before going on duty and then could not feast upon the real food that is served up to the officers. I was early to duty and so set the table and put up the food for the high gents to help themselves and by ones and twos they did until it was past eight o'clock, after which I sauntered around a bit and then rolled in on the hard floor to shift uneasily until overtaken by a restless sleep. A Zeppelin Raid about midnight.

May 17. Reveille at 6 a.m. Parade 6.30 a.m. Breakfast 7 a.m. House Cleaning until 10.30 a.m. when we were again mustered for parade but as it was raining we were set to work housing the hospital material. That over we returned to the



Figure 9 – How we were fed. NV Freeman Photo.

scrub brushes, brooms and water pails. Dinner at 12 o'clock found the work still undone but by 1.30 p.m. the black ceilings, muddy floors and aged dust covered walls were presenting a much different appearance; at present we are housed in decent looking quarters, all that is needed is a supply of coal, a few pictures, coat hangers etc. then we will be quite homelike. Had a kick at the Rugby ball and blocked a few shots on goal, then made for supper about 4.30 p.m. After the eats were over we went down town, Folkstone, rode down on an electric bus for thripence, the lads did some shopping, took in the sights some of which were wounded French, Belgian, English and Canadian soldiers, drunk women, haggard street walkers, begging kids, bold girls, stalwart policemen and noisy newsboys. We dropped in a restaurant and had some eggs on toast with chocolate and cakes, just ten pence a piece. To a Canadian it seems funny to see the traffic passing on the left side, to count in English money, to learn the customs, to cross a street with from two to twenty paces and to feel warm in this damp country without a fire in the room.

May 18. The day is rainy and promises to be much like the previous ones with exception that we will have more work, drill etc. to monopolize our time. The laundryman - an Irishman - called and we had a good laugh. Mustered for parade 10 a.m. Physical Drill 10.30 a.m. Dinner 12 o'clock. My day to put up the treats—dates at four pence a pound. Route March at 2 p.m. took us out to the camp of Queen's Engineers, we had a shake with the boys, spent the best part of an hour in their tents and then back over the up hill, down dale, through field, over creek and by gardens into the town. Was called out to get a couple of beds for officers, these were transported and set up, then we were ready for our supper. Went foraging in the evening and got the bed allowance - three boards and three stands.

May 19. The same awakening. Porridge for breakfast. Drill from 9.30 a.m. to 11 a.m. and now we await our dinner. For which we received potato, carrots, meat, bread, butter, cake and tea - Ach, it was good. In the afternoon's route march we made a circuit of about seven miles, saw Hythe, several camps, some pretty country scenes and an old church which was built in the tenth century. Over the door was inscribed "A Refuge of Safety and a Shelter from the Heat". Inside on the walls were the Commandments, Creed, Lord's Prayer and many other marble tablets in memory of men and women long since returned to dust. Among these was one dating back to 1122 carved in the marble isle and another erected to the memory of a granddaughter of Sir Walter Raleigh. Over the alter was inscribed "Draw nigh unto the Lord and He will draw nigh unto you". The seats, organ, alter and pulpit were somewhat modern, down the center of the church ran two rows of pillars, some octagon and others square. About the church was a grave yard filled with time worn tombstones in memory of the "Dead"; we are living therefore under orders we pass on and finally arrive at our quarters. Supper over another lad and I walked to Folkstone two miles and a half, we scoured the town but found to our disappointment that on Wednesday all stores close at 1 p.m. So we took in a movie where the men do not remove their hats and where all smoke. On the road home I scoured an asparagus bed for greens and no doubt found some.

May 20. Breakfast over, morning paper read, diary written up, we are ready for duty. Our officers drilled with us today - I was between Dr. Anglin⁴ and Dr. Kidd⁵. Route march consisted of a wide circle round through the little towns. Spent evening in Folkstone at the theatre. The play "Venus" was not of my liking - Women made beautiful by paint and attractive by their nudeness. Home before lights were out. A good sleep.

May 21. My first experience of Stretcher Drill, I made a go of it but not without some blunders. Our blankets sewn up in bag form aid one a great deal in enjoying a night's stay on a soft pine board. Received our half month pay today - mine amounted to a ten shilling note after all deductions were made. Spent the evening at Folkstone's Pleasure Gardens. First we took a swim and shower then a roller skate but altho I could not make a go by myself yet when doubles I did fairly well. I soon tired however and then I promenaded, taking a look at the dancers, poor foolish girls, skaters and Belgian refugees. We were home shortly after "Lights Out".

May 22. Route march to Tin Town - a military town of ten thousand capacity made of cement, iron, wood and zinc with stone roads and pebble walks just freshly laid down. McGill⁶ are moving out there today, we expect to go the first of the week. I expect it will be a little more like soldier life out there. Took a ramble with the camera this afternoon and got a few snaps, also an insight into the rustic life in these parts. In the evening another lad and I had Bovril and toast at no one's expense. Did a little printing by gas light but not the best of results.

⁴ Dr. William Gardiner Anglin was born October 8th, 1856. He graduated from Queen's with his medical degree in 1883 and then moved to Scotland where he spent 18 months as the house surgeon at the Royal Infirmary, the Sick Children's Hospital, and the Royal Maternity Hospital. Before he returned to England he took the M.R.C.S. exam (Member of the Royal College of Surgeons). When he returned to Kingston in September of 1885 he took a position lecturing surgery at the Women's Medical College. In 1886 he began lecturing pathology at the Royal Medical College, eventually becoming a professor, and then head of the clinical surgery department. He remained at this post until 1915. In addition to his lecturing duties, Dr. Anglin was also appointed to the body of Attending Physicians of Kingston General Hospital by the Board of Governors in 1892. In 1904 Dr. Anglin was severely ill, and lost a finger due to this illness. His illness is mentioned in the papers, with much relief when it was announced that he would live. He remained a member of the Medical Staff until May 1915 when he departed with the Queen's Stationary Hospital for Cairo. He served in the Queen's Stationary Hospital as a civil-surgeon with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He remained at the hospital in Cairo until 1916 when he became ill with Malta fever and phlebitis, he was given a medical discharge and sent back home. From 1918 to 1919 he served as an Examiner on the Canadian Pension Board. In May of 1920 he was appointed surgeon/physician of the Kingston Penitentiary. He was a progressive and compassionate doctor, treating inmates with the same care a first class citizen would receive. He once remarked to a reporter: "Because a man has broken the law is no reason why he should not be given the same chance and comforts when ill as he would have got if he had never come into the penitentiary." Dr. Anglin remained in this post until his retirement in 1929. Queen's University Website.

⁵ Dr. Edward William Kidd was a 60 year old physician, who was working in Trenton, Ontario up until July 15, 1915 when he decided to help out overseas during WW1. Edward graduated from Queens University in Kingston, Ontario. Although he was quite old to be volunteering for war activity, he joined the No. 7 Canadian Hospital Queens. His military records indicate that he had served in the Canadian Militia 25 years as as Medical Officer of the 16th Regiment and the 4th, although there is no other reference to this in our family history. (He was the Mayor of Trenton for several years). - See more at:

<http://www.wartimememoriesproject.com/greatwar/hospitals/7canadiangenerallhospital.php#ewkidd>

⁶ No. 3 General Hospital (McGill University): Shorncliffe 16 May 1915 to 16 Jun 1915; Dannes-Camier 16 Jun 1915 to 5 Jan 1916; Boulogne 6 Jan 1916 to 29 May 1919.

May 23. Sunday, and how little it is like all previous Sundays. The day is bright but in all other particulars it is more like a holiday; the newsboy shouts his “poipers” in the street; the soldier lads are on their beats or doing fatigue work - my day in the kitchen; the London Hospital boys are moving into new quarters, and all goes on the same as every other day in camp except that drills and marches are called off. I am beginning to get bed sore, and no wonder three six foot boards on three uprights which raise one off the floor about six inches Over these spread your oil cloth then crawl into the two blanket sleeping sac, fold up your trousers for a pillow and throw the great coat over you, then, sleep if you can. Our pink walled, white ceiling, one window, one door, one fireplace and dirty oilcloth room contains three such beds for Eaton, Henry and Freeman, Sully prefers to sleep on the floor. Besides these we have a long school desk and a bench, these serve as chairs, dressers or tables in turn. Nails driven in between the bricks serve as coat hangers and cord stretched across as clotheslines and for light we have a gas jet. Attended Baptist Church in the evening and heard a well delivered but narrow sermon. Italy declared war on Austria.

May 24. Victoria Day, a holiday which was celebrated by thirty three of our lads at Canterbury. We made the trip in a large motor bus which took us through a very pretty part of rural England, this country certainly gets me, the hedgerows just coming into white bloom, the green fields, the countless number of sheep, the smooth hills, the wooded valleys, the rolling fields, the quiet pools and streams, the dense, dark woods or the woods trimmed out leaving the timber trees and tying up of all the branches into bundles—faggots, worth seven pence hapenny each—are marvellous, wonderful to the Canadian. It is no wonder that this is the home of poets. Canterbury has as its main attraction the cathedral, we arrived in time for early service, that over we were shown through that ancient architectural wonder of a building, the stones of which all came from France and have been accumulating since the time of the Druids. Ethelbert changed it into a Christian church. The Old English added to it, then came the Normans and under **Wm** of Normandy a large wing was added, it is characterized by the round arches and more elaborate carving. And so it has gone on decade after decade something has been added and even now one tower is scaffolded. But it is not the outer grandness, with the carved images standing in their niches, it is the inner grandeur with the history of each spot. Here are the tombs of past heroes of church and state, the archbishops and the kings and princes lying under the same roof. The nameless grave of Becket, the mark of blood on the floor, the square cut in the stone floor to mark where he fell; all these add to the place a certain righteous awe that removes hats, that checks all frivolities and makes one feel the grandness of history and the meaning of it all. No words of mine can express what I saw or felt whilst visiting this place. Dane John Rork was visited in the afternoon, there we saw one of the first locomotives and also some very pretty shrubbery, white and violet lilacs, horse chestnut trees in bloom, another tree with yellow blossoms and still another with rose coloured flowers these intermingled with holly, evergreens and others give a beautiful effect. Later we went to the bowling grounds where we shouted ourselves hoarse over a baseball match between Fort Garry Horse of Winnipeg and Queens Engineers, our lads won by a close score of four to three. The game over we had supper and then rambled through the town until the bus arrived which sped us to Shorncliffe along the finest bit of

road I ever rode upon, we passed Lord Kitchener's Estate and many other beautiful and interesting places finally alighting at Moore's Barracks. Called on our sick pal Fallis, had some eats and then to the boards.

May 25. Moving day for No. 5. Our quarters were cleaned up in the morning and at two o'clock all were in readiness for a shift which was not long in coming. Tin Town presented a number of jobs, after our rooms were located, beds had to be found for the bunch, then came the unloading of our stores, the dividing of the officers quarters, the filling of mattresses, the erecting of tables and benches and then tea. My cold sticks to me in rather rough style, so I feel like lying around on our straw filled mattress most of the time so Good Night.

May 26. Another housecleaning day, I spent the forenoon on fatigue work at the Orderly Building and while we were cleaning up down there the lads cleaned up our shack, so all is spic and span. Our quarters consists of three wood huts about twenty (*ink smudged here*) by sixty with tar roofing. The one I am in has a door in each end and six windows in each side, also a single stove about the middle along one side. There are twenty beds on one side and eighteen on the other, whilst down the center are five tables with a bench on each side with accommodation for four men each. The building is fitted with electric wires but our only lights are lanterns. Our beds are much more comfortable with straw filled mattresses and pillows. Spent the afternoon having a shower, lounging around the hut and going to Folkstone. Got a book at the Y.M.C.A. and enjoyed it very much.

May 27. Off on sick parade today, so did considerable reading but very little else. Our beds etc. were carried out this morning and the high wind filled them with sand before they were returned after the lecture. Did some printing by lantern light in the evening with fair results.

May 28. My duty for the day has been "fatigue". Scrub out the hut, clean up the yard and gather in supplies. Besides I finished my book "Grenfell in Labrador"⁷. Was called out at 9 o'clock to unload three **drays** of tents. The trucks were late and so it was nigh midnight before we hit the bunk and then you did not mind a noise if you could go to sleep.

May 29. "A day's leave to go to Dover". The run of seven miles was soon over and then we sauntered around the wharves in a maze of funnels, bows, spars and tars. From this we strolled along the water front and then climbed the cliff, had a look over the harbour, listened to the planes whirring overhead and then up to Dover Castle which is now used as barracks. Outside of a few old towers and old guns we saw very little but the boys in karki. After dinner we took in the Museum, the one point of most interest to which I have been since coming to this country. The bird collection in particular interested me and although they had a number of our Canadian birds among the rest I felt that we were being done an injustice by the mounting of a large number of our

⁷ With Dr. Grenfell in Labrador by Cuthbert Lee, with a chapter by Wilfred T. Grenfell. New York, The Neal Publishing Company, 1914.

specimens. The cage of pheasants was magnificent and the gorgeous colorings of the tropical birds was beyond description. The college grounds and the Town Hall were visited and then we spent the remainder of our time wandering aimlessly about. We entrained at 6.30 p.m. with a couple of loud talking English women and they kept up the loud laugh until we landed at Central Station. I then made for camp and on the way met Baker — Pres. of Wesleyan Club of Sydenham Methodist, we had a good chat, he visited the camp and I shortly afterwards went to bed and to sleep. The boys had a “Double Quick Night Movement”.

May 30. Sunday and I am on Picket⁸ from 10.30-12.30 and 4.30-6.30 so that means no church for me today. Some of the lads are printing pictures but I have been reading the “Sky Pilot”⁹ which I finished err night fall. I rolled in early with an allowance of six blankets to sweat out my cold. After the lights were out we had a song service which was indeed a fitting thing for Sunday Eve.

May 31. Turned out for physical drill and stretcher drill this morning and now await the call for dinner. All were lined up for pay and imagine my surprise when I was handed out ten shillings with a promise that I would receive a similar amount for the next two pays. Some of us tightened up our belts and decided that we would not go up to London just yet, although the homecoming of the lads on leave stimulated one to go as soon as money was to be had.

June 1. We are enjoying the finest of English weather and so I have decided to shake off this cold of mine, turned out for drill and route march. Twenty of the lads got leave for London and so the corp is reduced in numbers somewhat. Finished reading “Rose of Dutcher's Coolly”¹⁰ a splendid book for a girl especially.

June 2. Another splendid day. I am on picket from 12.30-2.30 and 6.30-8.30 but it is getting to be little more than a joke for most of the time there is nothing to guard. This life is certainly a ruinous one, I know of nothing else that can spoil a man so quickly - it leads to laziness, shiftlessness etc. etc.

June 3. I dropped out on sick parade and found out that I have a dose of bronchitis. Turned out for drill and had the opportunity of watching some good sheep shearing - fleece 7 to 8 pounds. Our huts are being painted by a spraying system, some method all right. Mail from home today, I was mighty glad to get it and don't you doubt it.

June 4. On kitchen fatigue and on sick parade so my day was filled. The first picket was selected for our new post of duty - a Venereal Hospital.

June 5. Our morning drill was cut short by orders which took us to our new post where we spent the morning putting floors in our hospital tents. Being placed on picquet at the

⁸ Meaning keeping watch or sentry. An example would be “fire picket”.

⁹ Sky Pilot by Ralph Connor (Charles William Gordon) published in 1899.

¹⁰ Rose of Dutcher's Coolly by Hamlin Garland, Chicago Stone & Kimball MDCCCXCV Copyright, 1895, By Hamlin Garland.

hospital for the night I had the afternoon off when I finished my book "Richard Carvel"¹¹. At six we went on duty and sure had some comfortable time as a guard on the blanket tent.

June 6. On duty all day so I did not get to church, but spent my time in writing letters and reading, to say nothing about sleep. Took a walk in the eve.

June 7. Everyone is called out for itched work today at the hospital on the hill. As usual I got my share of the work. We pitched tents and shifted tents and picqueted tents all day long.

June 8. Moving day again, the monotony of this life is greatly relieved by changes in locality. We are now chief cooks and bottle washers at the temporary Venereal Hospital. I was placed on picquet and for twenty-four hours at that.

June 9. Off picquet at twelve. Dined at one. Lecture at two on Venereal Diseases and now I have the next twenty-four hours to let the talk soak in. Had a good sleep for a start, then took a punt at the pigskin and after supper dodged by the guard and over to Tin Town to purchase a few goodies to aid digestion.

June 10. It rained during the night and still does some odd sprinkling. We were all out for "Parade" this morning with all buttons and boots shining. This is our first experience of tents during rainy weather, so you may be sure it was rather damp in certain portions of the camp. The graduates left for London today. "Good luck" to them. I went on picquet again and spent a cold wet night with not a few things to remember and laugh at in future years; of how Didley slept, the picquets collected, the cook treated and the birds sang.

June 11. On duty until noon and then twenty-four hours off. I saw a pair of wild ducks flying yesterday which was a surprise to me. Slept and read during the afternoon. The boys did some photographic work.

June 12. Up at five thirty and off to the sea for a swim with Captain Sparks and three others. I was appointed as policeman for the camp. Duty consists of guard duty every other two hours. A lazy day at best.

June 13. Still on police duty so church is out of the question for me again. I faithfully performed the duties of my office until midnight when after awakening the next for duty I ate my supper and went to bed and to sleep.

June 14. A day off, so in the morn I endeavoured to gain a little sleep but although the sky larks sang me into a dose a couple of times I did not long remain so with a bugler practicing next tent. After dinner I was awarded with a job in the Orderly Tent, here I am to look after the records of all patients. I saw more sore boys this afternoon in making

¹¹ Richard Carvell by Winston Churchill, 1899.

the rounds with Major Connell then I ever expected to see in all my life. "The way of the transgressor is truly hard."



Figure 10 - Example of a Dirigible. Photo by George Hamilton Wakefield.

being pursued by a woman from whom he had stolen a purse - and also some view of my first pound note. It is two weeks now since I have received a letter so I am a bit anxious.

June 15-18. Days full of work, so they are short ones. I have gradually got into the unmarked routine of admission, examination and discharges. And if I remain on the job I will in time get things going in the way I think best, already things are improving daily I have been rewarded with a "Well done". I have been so busy however that I have had little time to take in sights, but outside of seeing "things" I have had a close range view of a dirigible, a scene fit for the movies - a soldier

June 19. The busiest day that I have as yet put in but it is with a great deal of satisfaction that I rest in the evening, knowing that I am helping in some small way to the getting of our hospital into good working order.

June 20. A busy day again, but if I have my way it will not be so again. We just discharged seventeen men today. I deliberately took the afternoon off and went for a walk up the heights on which Caesar's Camp was at one time pitched. The day has been a glorious one, the French coast can be quite easily seen from the heights back of Folkstone. We had service in camp this morning and I took it in. My second service I took as I wandered through this beautiful land watching the birds and picking the flowers. It seems like a huge dream that I am in England. In the evening I attended St. Martin's Church and enjoyed the service very much.



Figure 11 – St Martin's Church.
www.warrenpress.net.

June 21. Not too bad a day at all, a few patients came in and a few went out. In the evening I went down town and took in a show which was mostly burlesque. The musical number was marvellous especially that part played upon the old empty tins. As for the burlesque, well when the actresses were clothed they had some grand costumes and produced a fairly good impression from the manner of their movements, this was especially so when they dressed as soldiers, but as for the nude show it were better for man if he were not present.

June 22. The forenoon as usual, the afternoon quite unusual as notice was received to forward one hundred men to Newcastle on the Tyne.

June 23. Up at four o'clock and to work and now, at dusk, I am too tired to write. One hundred men to transfer and fifty to enter made a days work which I hope is not repeated for some time to come.

June 24-25. Work as usual - enough to keep me going.

June 28. Serbian national day, held in memory of the Battle of Kossovo 1389. And again marked as the time when the match was set to the European War, just one year ago at the town of Serajevo 1915.

June 26-30. We have made out to find plenty of work to make the time fly. One hundred men shipped to Newcastle-on-Tyne, to say nothing of the steady influx of wrongdoers, at the present rate of increase we will have a shipment to make every week. On Sunday last I attended church at Folkstone and heard a sermon on Canada = a land of giants, not a land of roses - and much more rot.

July 1. Dominion Day - I worked all day, but got a pass for the evening and made my way to the concert put on in the open air between Dibgate and St. Martin's Plains. The concert was chiefly musical and was indeed much more than I expected. The musicians were made up of four brass bands, three pipers bands and two bugle bands. Each marched into the valley playing their marching tune, then they played "O Canada" ensemble, next we were treated with medleys of Scotch airs followed by the same of the Popular airs, Perfect Day, and many other choice selections, the best of all being "Nearer My God to Thee". Besides we were amused by the musical directorship of a drunk, entertained by the "Highlauffing and Sword Dance" and uplifted by the address of Capt. Gordon—Ralph Connor.

July 2,3. Work, note, read and learn. Sad are we who mourn the death of a clever classmate of Medicine 19 - Rose. Death due to operations to remove abscesses.

July 4-8. A continuous flow of men into our hospital, until all tents have overflowed, then came more tents and when they were only half up, along came a wind with showers of rain and then trouble came to keep the tents up. Five fell.

July 8-11. Still we are handling the "Tail end of this war". But today we have been honoured by the Rev. Dr. Gordon - Ralph Connor - who gave us a helpful, inspiring and uplifting talk this morning. As a man he is of fair height, thin of body, with a resemblance to Rev. Curtis and with eyes so slightly crossed that you are never sure when he is looking at you. Our quartette gave us two fine selections.

July 12-16. All work and no play. This afternoon we were marched to the campus behind Moore Barracks and there we beheld a very impressive review of some forty thousand or better of Canadian troops. What a fine body of men they are! After some of the big guns looked at us we returned in order and in rain to our own tent towns. We

have had a lot of wet weather of late. The Queen's lads in the reinforcements to the P.P.C.L.I.'s¹² leave today.

July 17-18. Yesterday was a day of work but I took the night off and went down town to see the "Yeoman of the Guard". It was a light opera, the singing was splendid, the costumes well suited, the plot tragic and the humor fine. We walked home and today I have sore feet, the big boots got to me to often. This morning we heard a moving sermon upon the text "Behold thy Mother". We were forced to think of all she has done and thought of us, and it was rather hard to keep the passions called forth, in check. I, and there were more like me, would fair have been alone to give my eyes a wash.

July 20. German offensive on Eastern front commenced.

July 19-22. Weather rather disagreeable, windy and showery and chilly. Patients still coming in. Reached the even four hundred last night, shipped thirty to Lichfield this morning and so have a little to play on yet. We are having a grand change in lay out of tents. Our quarters were moved yesterday, the wards were shifted today and so I have extra work for tomorrow in making out a new ward book. A Zeppelin scare last night, lights out sharply tonight.

July 23-27. Work goes on much the same, changes are being made in the camp and weather is much the same. On Sunday I took a walk out to Beechborough Park to the Queen's Hospital and got some good snaps. Rumour has been running through the camp that we are soon to leave for the sight of trouble in the Dardanelles, I hope it proves true.¹³ I now sleep in the Inspection Tent and jolly good sleeps I have on a hair filled mattress.

July 28-30. All has been rumour for the last few days, the hospital is to be taken over by the No. 4. Casualty Clearing Hospital from Winnipeg. The officers have been around getting an idea of how things are being done, they expect to begin work here tomorrow and we hope to move out. It rained very heavily today, a violent electric storm with plenty of mud afterwards. The English workmen are slowly but surely getting the new additions to wash house etc. in readiness for use. We have stayed here long enough for the mud is beginning to show up more than grass.

July 31. Our duties of the day told us plainer than words that we move and move very soon. Our reinforcements came in at two o'clock this morning and all is hurry and flurry in the Orderly Room.

1915 leaves England for Egypt (see 6 pages over) aboard "Asturias"

¹² Princes Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

¹³ The hospital was soon so overcrowded that we were instructed to add another 200 beds. We just had the additional equipment in place when another order reached us on July 24th instructing us to indent at once for equipment for a 400-bed Hospital, with accessories, for men on Overseas Eastern Services. (Page 10 No.7 (Queen's) Canadian General Hospital)

August 1. At three thirty the bugle sounded for us to roll out, our breakfast was served at four, by five we were on our way for the Shorncliffe Station in heavy marching order. The train moved out by six and after a six hour run in this beautiful country we arrived at South Hampton where a Red Cross Ship, the Asturias¹⁴, awaited us. It was after one o'clock before we went aboard, at three the tug pulled us clear of the dock and with no other salute than the waving handkerchiefs of some nurses and the lusty cheers of

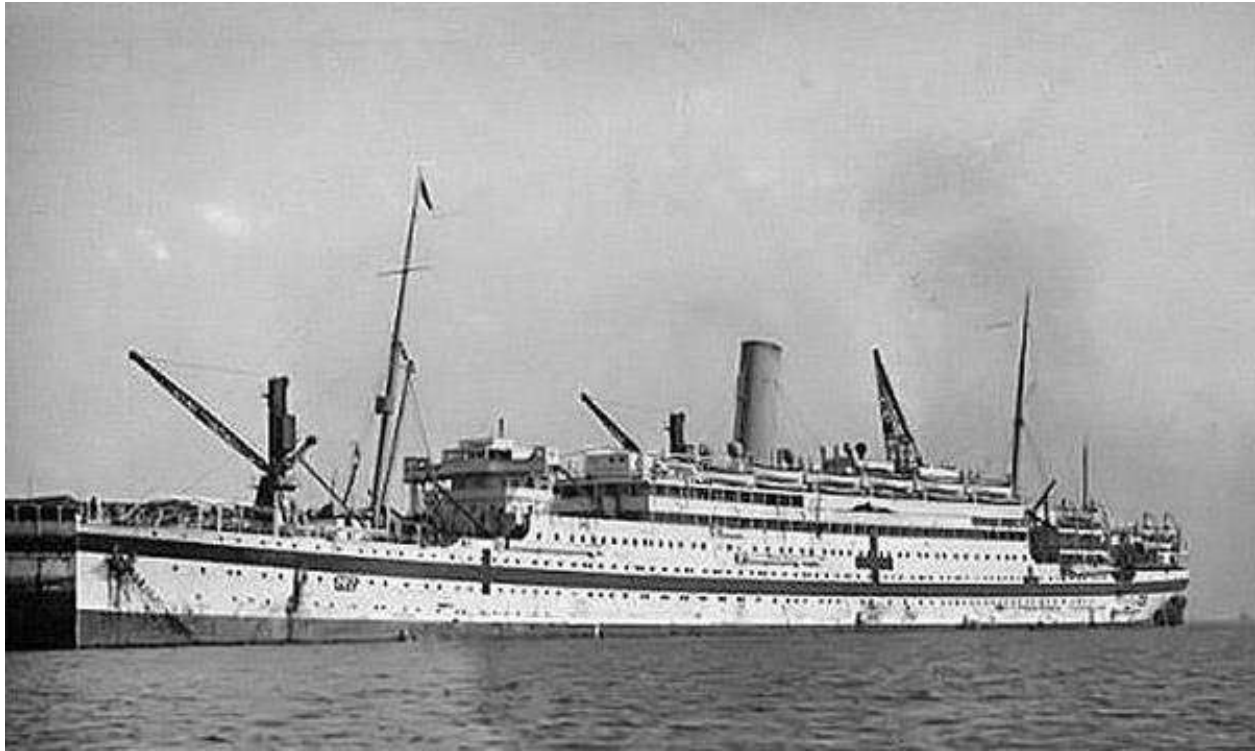


Figure 12 – Asturias. (Source <http://www.uboot.net>).

some lads in khaki, we steamed away. How different from our departure from Montreal! And now we are making for the English Channel at the rate of eighteen knots an hour. Little does one realize of what “England’s Merchant Marine” means until he passes by whole fleets of her transport ships lying idly at anchor. Just off Spithead we got a look at the system used to guard harbours from submarine warfare, right across the channel at that point you can see what appears at first sight to be a row of rocks, but which upon closer observation prove to be a row of buoys supporting the nets. A gateway was opened for us by two guard ships, this was closed after we passed. Just now we dropped our pilot and are heading for the air and water line. At present we are passing the “Needles”, on the hill back of this is a nice patch of heather. It is now in bloom and looks very pretty, a change of green to purple makes a great change on the appearance of the land. In another hour we shall be out of sight of all land. So here goes for German Submarines.

Aug 2. The wind heaved us a bit whilst crossing the Bay of Biscay, and as a result most of us stuck to our berths, from which not even our meals could move us. I managed to reach the deck about four o'clock.

¹⁴ The Asturias was torpedoed on 20 March 1917 by a German U-boat. 35 lives were lost.

Aug 3. The sea was much quieter this morning than yesterday and so very few of us remained below. At present we are just passing out of the bay and sighting the shores of Spain, from the appearance of the coast, we are looking at a portion of the foothills of the Pyrenees. The sun is getting much warmer, yesterday it was cold, but today the **urges(?)** are too warm for comfort. The coast appears quite rough and barren, it remained in sight until mid afternoon when it disappeared as a bank on the horizon. This morning we were entertained for a while by a large school of porpoises, they raced ahead of the boat, run along side, every little while leaping out of the water, they put me in mind of our favourite fish toss, pointed at each end, chunky and of two colors, dark and light. The coast appeared from time to time as a dim bank on the eastern horizon throughout the whole day. The night was splendid, the myriads of stars overhead seem to shine much brighter than at home.

Aug 4. The anniversary of the beginning of the war. Many a thousand of brave hearts have ceased to beat during the past twelve months. Oh God and may the slaughter soon cease. It is very hot today but the days that are in store for the Kaiser in the next world if not in this, shall in all probability be thousands of times worse. He shall most surely be purged with the fire of remorse, the fire which is unquenchable and yet burns not to utterly destroy but to save that which would otherwise be lost. Oh! What a load of care must rest upon the men who are daily sending men by the thousands to the war zone. And yet, what is such a load to that which must fall to the man who must acknowledge to his God that he was the rash leader who plunged the whole of the civilized world into a war, the like of which the world has never known. Truly the world was in a sorry state morally, and we must acknowledge that only the most severe lesson could make her stop to consider the way of her actions, yet, what a terrible price to pay in human blood and life. When one thinks of the thousands of saddened homes, of widowed mothers, of orphaned children, his heart fairly bleeds and in a slight degree at least he feels himself more humane towards the sufferings of the world. How thankful we should be, who as Canadians view the awfulness and folly of these European countries that in their making ready for war practically caused the structure they had erected to fall upon their own heads,--may we learn the lesson and learn it well for it has cost Europe very dearly. Amen and Amen.

The sailors are putting up a canvass top for the deck and that shall help a great deal in keeping cool. The day was rather uneventful, a large number of ships were passed and we also ran within a mile of the shore, off Cape St. Vincent. The shore along here was marked by a steep, wave-worn rocky cliff, on the outer extremity of which a large lighthouse stood and back from the cliff the treeless land could be seen marked off with more or less regularity into farms or something similar. In the distance appeared a row of misty mountains which soon disappeared as our ship sped on over the calm waters of the Eastern Atlantic.

August 5. I spent the night on deck and although I was awakened a good many times by the wind yet I succeeded in sleeping while we passed Gibraltar, but as it was dark I did not miss much outside of flashlights. All day we have been running east against a stiff breeze and along the Southern coast of Spain. This coast appears very

rough, some of the mountains are snow capped, but the greater majority are not, from the distance they appear to be covered with forest in patches, but it is hard to state definitely for the telescopes on board do not work to any advantage when the air is filled with mist. At one time this morning the sea seemed to be filled with porpoises, for they were jumping by the dozens in every direction. The only excitement was caused by a few boxing bouts and also by the sea washing the decks, I got a couple shower baths for nothing.

Aug 6. Still running east against a good breeze. This morning we are just off the north of Africa, the coast appears as a misty lines of hills, what the nature of them is, we cannot make out as yet. All day long we continued along the coast, sometimes quite close and again a good way off. The entire coast appears rough and barren.

Aug 7. This morning the sea is much smoother. We are still in sight of Africa. On our left are two small rocky islands sticking up out of the sea, the sailors say they are called Cante Clarion. All day long we have been running through small, rocky islands. Just at dusk we passed Pantelleria an island of considerable size and with quite a large population. The highest point of this island was hidden from our view by a cloud which hung over the whole island as a mist but above the town and about the highest points it appeared as a beautiful cloud. From this island to Malta it is just a ten hours run of fourteen knots an hour, so we expect to arrive at daybreak. Good Night.



Figure 13 - Map Pantelleria (Red Dot)

Aug 8. I began the day early---4 a.m. --- Upon gaining deck I beheld in the distance a low line of lights and soon as the ship sped on this line appeared as a bank of land, then a city appeared upon the bank resembling a thickly crowded graveyard ornamented by white-head stones. The engines stopped. I took my seat at the bow along with the rest of the lads and they are all getting up. At each moment the city of Valetta appears more distinct, the crowd of white objects become so many buildings, next the towers, domes and spires appear here and there among the mass of rectangular buildings, moreover an occasional pink coloured building shows itself among the white ones. The sun appears. The narrow line of old rose becomes a sector of red then a semicircle and finally a complete orb of red in an old rose setting which soon changes to a golden yellow and then slowly fades. Someone says "They are just getting up, see the lights" And now taking another survey of the city one sees the gentle splash of the dead swell against the cement wall built on a firm foundation all along the water front. The main part of the city looks as if it were located on an isle, for there is apparently an inlet on each side, across the largest of them is a low black breakwater with a one pier bridge of the same color on the right. In behind this we can see a few masts and a deal of smoke which obscures a distant view of the island of Malta---once merely a spot on the map to me, but now and forever more much more. The city apparently is located about the center of the island, we approach the harbour on the North side, extending from the city towards the extremities of the

island is a many housed rural district, dotted profusedly to the West with green spots. These houses are all white and one storied. Slowly the sea carries us inward and some fine looking buildings appear, a roadway along the waterfront shows itself and besides a few green coloured buildings can be seen. A few ships now are seen on the sky line, whilst a small French Torpedo Boat Destroyer runs around us so much as to inquire who we are. All appears contented, yet watchful. The other ships on the horizon draw in and soon are alongside of us, all patiently waiting for the pilot. The pilot ship came out at six o'clock and gave us orders not to land, but as there was no order as to where the Hospital Corps were to be located we were delayed for four hours until a wireless order could be received from London as to what our destination was to be. Our orders finally came to sail for Alexandria where further orders would be received. The remainder of the day we ploughed through the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

Aug 9. All day long we steamed ahead with the blue waters below and the blue sky above. Lt. Col. Connell gave us a short talk on Tropical conditions and the care we should exercise in our habits of eating, etc.

Aug 10. Another day straight ahead. Another lecture on Tropical Life.

Aug 11. Alexandria next. I was up shortly after three, but all that could be seen was a light ahead, I went below as soon as the engines stopped, knowing that we were lying too until daylight. When light came, the ship started and I awoke and made for the deck. We were travelling very slowly and as one stood on the bow we got full benefit of the heavy dead swell which added to the scenery of the shore line by its continued splashing. The water appears so blue---a cross between (?) water and the sky. The city lay scattered over a large area, as we drew nearer a maze of ships appeared to our left behind lengthy breakwaters. The pilot came next, his boat being drawn by a tug, whilst he himself shouted orders and threw signs. An Egyptian? Yes, his dark complexion and red fez confirms the answer. Under his guidance the Asturias steamed ahead, passing some small craft and meeting many others especially small sailing, fishing boats. The city upon nearer view appears to one a combination of the ancient with the modern. The loose unorganized appearance of the buildings makes one think of the Prairie Cities. But the palm trees with a mere tuft of leaves soon chase this thought from the mind. At any rate the city is a splendid change from those seen in England. We glided into the harbour and amidst a few hundreds of ships we dropped anchor to await our turn to draw in alongside the wharf where a few thousand of soldiers are being loaded. The little fishing boats are all around us. The city in front of us stretches to West, to East and to South. The odd little trains and street cars are running back and forth. A few clouds are in the sky. And here are we impatiently awaiting orders. The next interesting scene was staged by a fruit vendor and his son who drew alongside with a boat load of melons, grapes, lemons, apples, tomatoes, chocolate and cigarettes. He threw up a rope to the end of this he fastened a basket, drew this up, put your money in it, let it down and draw up your purchases. The appearance of the Police boat soon caused our salesman to set sail. Several large boats moved in and out of the harbour this morning. Orders came about three o'clock for us to unload, but a little later a confusion of orders arose and all activities ceased. Alexandria is a city of 700,000

population, whilst Cairo has a population of one million. The latest rumour is that we proceed to Cairo by train as soon as possible tomorrow.

Aug 12. A day of idleness again, and altho' we are at last along side the wharf, still our stores remain unloaded and we on board the ship. We hope however to get away tomorrow. A bunch of us got passes and took a ninety minute run through Alexandria. We did not waste any time, but we did some sweat. A walk through an Oriental city will make one sweat at any time, but hurry and then you sweat properly. The motley throng of sights have left little more than a blur upon my mind, but with time all shall come out. The populace whilst mostly Egyptian contains a good many of the non-veiled women and lighter complected peoples. Altho' the city is paved with well worn rectangular blocks and appears very ancient and smells more so, in most of the streets, yet in one spot it is very modern and there we feasted whilst the populace gazed open eyed. The time flew quickly and so we made shipwards, but among the maze of lights we had some difficulty in locating the Asturias, but at last it was accomplished and we assembled once more, shouted for Allah, ruffled his fez, shouted, hollered, bathed and then to bed.

Aug 13. The day of muscular exertions, I worked in the third hole, some sweat. The evening was spent in promenading on the wharf and in listening to the natives as they jabbered over the heavy loads which they were carrying on their shoulders. Such a jabber, I never before heard. They sure make a noise. The offensive odor of their bodies makes one feel like taking a bath. After going on board several of us visited the spotless engine room and dirty stoke hole. We had our shirts open and sleeves up so did not mind sweating. The coal bins look like coal yards. Two hundred ton a day for the thirty-five boilers make some work for the wheelbarrow men, who shoot down the smooth incline like a flash. The ashes go out the smoke stack except when in port. After seeing all this we ascended and after a chat made off to bed where blankets were a nuisance and the electric fan a luxury.

Aug 14. Up to the sound of the bugle and then wait and wait some more. The forenoon passed and one thirty arrived before we left the boat. Then the stand on the dock till four o'clock when we took a warm walk to the station and entrained for Cairo. Through the fertile valley of the Nile we flew, one hundred and eighty miles in three and one half hours. The country here vies with the prairie for flatness, but unlike the latter it has plenty of water, not due to rain but to irrigation. It is watered by ox-turned water wheels which pour bucket after bucket full of H₂O into a ditch which serves to water as well as to fence the land. The country life is still in the pastoral stage, the natives live in clay backed towns and till the land about by means of oxen that very closely resemble their ancestors the African buffalo. Miniature donkeys carry their goods when they travel. White donkeys are used as their saddle beasts, they present a queer sight. Camels were quite in evidence as we neared our destination. The land is very productive, the only fertilizer that is used is fresh earth taken from the ditches or elsewhere. The inhabitants work the land well and stayed in the fields until dark. The large station at Cairo was a scene of life as we were unloading our train and loading the baggage onto trucks. The populace looked wide eyed at us and many a fair one used

her alluring eyes, but to no avail for we had work to do. After the work here was finished, they put on the finishing touch by putting us on the quick march and so leading us through the winding streets of this city we travelled for about one hour. My feet are still sore. The best part then awaited us. The first real meal that we have had since enlisting, next a hot and cold shower bath and finally a soft mattress and blanket underneath the starry firmament.

Aug 15. Another day of stand to and await orders. Our light suits were issued and so we managed to keep cool through the day. The meals also were of the best and so we gladly sweat from the exertion of eating. Another night upon soft mattress and under a good blanket was not amiss.

Aug 16. Moving day again. Part of the boys went by transports, but I was lucky enough to go by street car to our new quarters---Abbassieh Barracks. In the afternoon we started to clean out our quarters, they are loaded with lousy bed bugs, some pest, but ere we had finished orders came to cease work. Twenty six of the reinforcements were sent back to Nasrieh Primary School Military Hospital. A bunch of us got a chance to run down to Cairo for a couple of hours to look over the peoples of this place. It is some job to do any shopping; to make them understand and to understand them as well as beat down their price to one quarter as much as least is the game.

Aug 17. My first experience of feeding vermin was during the past night, they are some lively boys and no doubting it, but daybreak with its flies changes the program. The only thing for today is "Await Orders". There are some fine concrete block buildings scattered over the sand hereabouts, to the north of us is the city, to the east and south appear sandy lands with hills of the same material as a sky line, to the west are the pyramids. Our location is not one to be spurned nor is it to be desired when the noon day own beams upon the burning sands. Orders are to remain here, so the fatigue squads set to work and gave the vermin a chase. I was appointed for guard duty, so remained in camp and got rid of some of our past eats at intervals during the guard.

Aug 18. Onguard all day. Took a trip to town in the evening and saw some sights. I have a fair imagination but never did I dream that such hovels and inmates existed. The unknowing evil of such creatures is pitiable. There is surely a great need for the right kind of people in such places. After considerable ramblings we decided that we did not know where we were going, so we began to ask questions and so finally came out right and made for our present home Albassieh. I slept in barracks for the first and the bugs did not bother me, although they got to some of the rest in good style.

Aug 19. Awaiting orders again, expecting a good deal of work today. My duties consisted inhelpping clean out rooms for X-Ray Outfit and also Laboratory. Went down town in the evening, saw a nice park and also some dark alleys and their inhabitants.

Aug 20 A day of unpacking, I hope it is some time before we repack it. Spent the evening in Heliopolis—The City of the Sun or the Sun-City. It is surely a Model City at least, the buildings are all built of stone or brick and they have the characteristic greyish white color. It is here that the finest hotel in the world is located, a red cross flag flutters on its flag staff now. Every building is a splendid piece of architecture, no two alike. The streets, although they are not all paved, are laid out with the idea of artistic effect, curves are common with here and there a straight get away stretch, closed at its further end by some building of exceptional beauty. The stores are filled with artistic articles of all kinds, especially designed for souvenirs, for such a beautiful place is sure to have a good many tourists. This is fully proven by the prices asked for everything just double that of Cairo. The reason of this city's existence is that a speculating firm of France and Belgium erected it with the idea of attracting the tourist traffic, but they did not finish their good work for the Egyptian Government refused to grant a gambling license and so they closed down, but not before they had completed the buildings now standing, the like of which I never saw before.

Aug 21. Italy declared war against Turkey.
Worked in the morning, but got away for the afternoon by a bit of deliberate talking. About forty of the corp gathered at the Soldiers Home and under the guidance of the good man in that house we made for the Pyramids. A run of eight miles brought us to the desert station, our destination. Here some of the boys hired camels, others donkeys and the rest walked. There are four large pyramids here, all in a row, the second one still has a cap of alabaster which at one time covered each one, but all was removed to build the Citadelle. Cheops, the largest one is four hundred and fifty one feet high, it covers thirteen acres and is composed entirely of rock. These rocks were brought fourteen miles and as the work progressed it was buried in sand up which the slaves rolled themse mammoth rocks. The work was carried on by 300,000 slaves and thirty years elapsed before it was completed. These immense piles were erected as monuments to King Cheops and his Queen in 370 B.C. When one considers the workmanship and age of these works, he has just cause to be respectful as well as thoughtful. Our modern stone workers have made very little progress on the ancient Egyptians. After taking a hasty look at the exterior of Cheops we proceeded to the Sphinx or the Old Woman. This was erected 1000 years previous to the Cheops, the material being brought six hundred miles. Along side of this is the Temple of the Sphinx, another bit of wonderful work. The monster granite pillars and cross pieces are still in place and very little eroded due no doubt to the fact that it was completely buried by sand for some centuries. Our hasty look through these parts being over, we made for Cheops, where we took off our boots and began the slide down a polished steep incline, in which were slight depressions hers and there for toe hold. Then we began a climb to the King's Chamber or Tomb, his mummy is in the British Museum. Next we retraced our steps and crawled into the Queen's Tomb, also empty, then all perspiration we sought the fresh air and upon a donkey's back made for the station. The cars were slow in getting away so he? sang. Our good friend took us to the Mother Soldiers Home where we got something to eat and then beat it for Abbasireh Barracks and beds.

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Aug 22. Sunday. After working almost all morning, I got away and made for the Zoo. There we saw some fine collection of animals. I got a few pictures, but it is hard to get good snaps as the animals stay in the shade and only come out to go back again as quickly as possible. At five o'clock we took the car and made for the British Soldiers Café where we got our supper and then went out into the park and listened to the band music and thought of home and church and people. Tiring of this we left the crowd and made for home and bed and bugs.

Aug 23-24. Days of preparation for the real work. Pay day made us all hundred aires? in the firastre? line. The head of the Egyptian forces inspected us yesterday and pronounced us a fine bunch of men, he also led our O.C. into the kitchen for the first time and then sapped it all by sampling the food. We took in the city by moonlight and found a much more respectable part of it.

Aug 25-26. Working as usual, and that is enough to tire one in this hot land.

Aug 27. The first patients arrived for our hospital.

Aug 28. Hired a bicycle in evening and had lucky escape from accident when a motorcyclist and I collided. In parody on "Sir Galahad", I can say,----"My luck is as the luck of ten, because my head was clear."

Aug 29. First mail for us since arriving here. Took in Zoo, Giszeh Gardens & Park.

Aug 30-31. The daily round, the common task.

September 1. Took a trip down town and looked up a Play House where we saw a one ring show performance that was good, altho' the jokes were wasted upon us as they were in French.

Sept 2-4. Work, work, work in poverty, hunger and dirt.

Sept 5. Took the afternoon off and went to Zoo. The evening was spent at the Ezekiah Gardens, there I had a very nice time, meeting a young Egyptian who is also an English Medical Student.

Sept 6-9. The only things of interest are the nightly lectures given by Lt. Col. Connell.

Sept 10. Battle of the Marne ended in our favor one year ago.

Sept 10-13. Days full of duty. Duty that is a pleasure and yet differs from that of the war zone where the women do the work in the fields while their husbands, sons and brothers are ploughing the land with bullets and shells, and reaping a harvest that is red instead of golden. Their sickle is the bayonet, their whet stone patriotism, and their harvest home will be the greatest since the world began.

Sept 14-18. Day follows day and still the work goes on with nothing of greater interest than "Pay Day" and "Rumors of War" and "Mails".

Sept. 19. The afternoon off so a few of us set out to visit a bazaar but after walking a good deal and finding nothing but vegetable bazaars, we learned that all others were closed on Sunday. Then we took a tram for Vieux Cairo, a guide found us and after much parleying we came to a deal and then to see the sights. First we visited the Oldest Moslem in Cairo, altho' part of the pillars and roof have disappeared yet enough remained to give us some idea of its one time grandeur. The portion for the poor to worship in contained three hundred and sixty-five pillars, each of different design and from a different place. The marble pillars from Babylon, between which only the good can pass are still in use. The part of the building for the rich has a new roof and floor, it is upheld by one hundred and twenty-five pillars as before, with one of especial interest from Mecca standing near the pulpit of the priest. Next we visited the pottery makers and here we saw some rapid moulding work accomplished in a very primitive manner. From here we proceeded past the Dead City into Old Cairo, where we visited a Coptic? village which was erected by Napoleon's soldiers; here we visited the concealed church---Christian---and altho' ancient much like a Catholic Church on account of its many pictures and expensive furnishings, this church also had its division for men and for the women. Having finished with these sights we proceeded to the Nile, took the ferry boat and crossed to Rhode Island where we saw both the old and new Nilometers, and the exact (underlined word) place where Moses was found in the basket. We also tasted of the orchard fruits, that a dead Pasha had planted. The fruit were figs and guaffa? The former were very sweet and nice, but the latter were entirely new and altho' eaten rather reluctantly at first we soon grew to like their not-unlike-strawberry taste. I spent the evening in Esbekiah Gardens.

Sept. 20-21. The days may come, the days may go; but I work on forever.

Sept. 22. Our first death took place last night, a dysentery case was lost, a spirit was released. I attended my first P.M. this morning. The findings were, -- a diseased colon and an alcoholic liver. The former was preserved for Queen's; I mixed up the preservative. The evening was spent in Cairo, I took in a show that I had taken in a fortnight ago---some take in on me.

Sept. 23. Work---one of God's greatest gifts to mankind.

Sept. 24. Another P.M. the case being Tubular Meningitis. The findings were tubules on base of brain and a diseased lung.

Sept. 25. My day for cooking media.

Sept. 25- Oct. 8---Loos offensive which was partially successful.

Sept. 26. Sunday. As I stand upon the balcony of our residence awaiting the arrival of eight o'clock, I shall endeavour to write down something of the impression that I get

from the passing sights & sounds. Somewhere in the distance a band is practicing. From the horsestables comes the chatter of natives with the frequent neighing and braying of horses and mules; a sheep bleats; a native screams out an order; a bunch of soldiers march past, then comes the native water carrier with his swishing goat skin sprinkler. The horses are being taken to water in trios, their movements raise a cloud of dust that blurs the distant scene of Heliopolis to the East and Cairo to the North, the hospital buildings and barracks obscure the rest of the view. Over the sea of sand that lies between here and the cities floats the camel corp, what a easy rapid movement! A wagon rumbles by; some of the boys begin a game of horseshoes; the band tootes on; the natives still shout; a hawk screams now and then; the twitter of swallows is heard occasionally, and all is bright and full of life on this Sabbath morn. My work kept me busy till evening when I went to Esbekiah Garden.

Sept. 27. "The labourer is worthy of his hire."

Sept. 28. Another P.M. of exceptional interest upon a man who died from Cancerous growth that had spread all through his internal organs. The primary seat of the disease was the stomach, but the secondary nodules were upon the heart, lungs, diaphragm, omentum, pancreas and large and small bowels and liver. Such a state I never expect to see again, nor do I want to.

Sept. 29-30. The closing days of another month---the first Autumn month.

Oct. 1. Orders are "Grand Change", I have another week to serve in Lab.

Oct. 2. Each day is a repetition of the one previous.

Oct. 3-5. Heavy fog each morning with intestinal trouble for me.

Oct. 6-7. Last days in the Pathological Laboratory.

Oct. 8. A day off. I spent it in seeing Memphis, one of the foremost places of interest in Egypt. The train rolled out of Cairo station at 9:30 am. The scenery rapidly changed from plaster crumbling walls, mud huts and other crude dwelling inset here and there with some more up to date buildings to the level corn fields of the Nile with an occasional glimpse of a native village. How restful to the eye is the country scenes, for they show life, true natural life in its purest form. The groves of date palms with the abundant crop of cornstalks growing about their trunks, turn ones thoughts back to the Ontario apple orchards. But finally the train slows up and we alight at Badmachien where the shiek awaits us with his donkeys, donkey boys, guides and fixed price. After much palaver we choose our mounts; Black Diamond for mine whilst Whiskey & Soda and Moses make up the travelling trio. With stirrups adjusted and hat pulled down I sit my charger like a true cavalier. The donkey boy gives a shout waves his stick and we are away in good earnest, for a ways. I gripped the pommel but by degrees I become accustomed to my mount and his saddle. Six miles to the desert where the tombs are located, but as we travel we stop to see some statues of great interest that of Rhohesig

1 and 2, the former is carved in limestone, the latter in granite. Here also we see a small Sphinx discovered a few years ago by an American. The journey continues and through the date groves we race like madmen but with a loss of shade we journey more sanely. Along a branch of the Nile and next a flooded area we push on to the Lybian sands. First appears the Step Pyramid with wind piled sand covering it to the top. We turn aside to a ruined Roman temple, the bleaching bones were no doubt well buried but time plays many a trick and now one sees them everywhere. What a job it will be on the last day to reunite these scattered fragments, some of which may be in Canada. Over the sands we again proceed to the tomb of 115 spiral steps, the tomb of Sinhab; yes we descended and ascended and sweat in doing so. Next we visited the unfinished pyramid of Unas in which was located another tomb, of interest as are all the others due to the perfect state of the hieroglyphics which were cut in the limestone and natural rock some five thousand or more years ago. Another tomb of interest because light is let in from the top was visited, the carvings on the walls are truly wonderful, this was the tomb of P Dinner hour we spent at the Desert Lodge with a bunch of wolflike dogs watching our every move, they got the crumbs that fell from the travellers table. The meal over we walked to the Tomb of Sacred Bulls, how little outer show there was for the underground rock passageways with their twenty-four sarcophagi each in its own special niche which was far from small. Mounting the mules we next visited the Tomb of Mera, here we saw more elaborate carvings and also a life size statue of the king of Mera. One other smaller tomb we visited and then back by the way we came for six long miles. On our homeward journey we called in at a native date curing factory. The wall was made from papyrus stalks tied together, the floor was laid with papyrus and corn leaves on which the dates were spread out to ripen. The natives used us very kindly and from their gestures wished us "God Speed". Back to the station again and pay and shake with the shiek. Then wait for the 4:30 train. Finally it came and we tired and sore travellers swung ourselves into the first car and endeavoured to sleep. A young native of the upper class kept us awake by his kindness until we reached Cairo. I made for camp and duty at once, no sleep until tomorrow.

Oct 9. I have had my initiation as night orderly, but altho' one feels he is loosing the daylight he is amply repaid by the midnight and morning meals that he receives. It is hard to sleep all day when both flies and men annoy you.

Oct. 10. Sunday is a day of rest. I slept the day away.

Oct. 11. Took the morning to see the Museum. It is entirely Egyptian and consists chiefly of mummies, their cases, sarcophagi and ancient statues. Night work was enlivened by a jugular hemorrhage.

Oct. 12 Edith Cavell shot by Germans in Brussels. Another day for sight seeing, this time we took in a part of the Citadelle, seeing Joseph's Hell, the camp of Sikhs and Gurkhas, a birds eye view of Cairo and the Mosques of Mohammed Ali and Hassam Pasha. The former is indeed a most wonderful building, the red carpet with its beautiful designs, the host of lamps and chandeliers, the magnificent domes, the gorgeous altar and the alabaster walls all impress one with their grandeur and the words that

expressed ones feelings are, --- "A temple built to an unknown God." The other mosque altho' a wonderful building with its highest arches of any building in Egypt, was tame as compared to that of Mohammed Ali.

Oct. 13-16. Our dreams are truly Day Dreams, but most of them are broken, for between flies, and noise one must be hard of hearing to sleep through it.

October 14. Bulgaria declared war against Serbia.
October 14. Serbia declared war against Bulgaria.
October 16. England declared war against Bulgaria.
October 16. France declared war against Bulgaria.
October 19. Italy declared war against Bulgaria.

Oct. 17. Another trip to Vieux Cairo, this time we did it on donkey back and altho' we run no one down we came very close to it on several different occasions. Narrow crowded streets are a poor place for donkey racing. I saw nothing new but it was some ride. I slept well in the afternoon and so was ready for the night tussle with the D.T. patient. Some night.

Oct. 18. A sleepy day---a wide-awake night with my patient.

Oct. 19. The night had scarce begun---dr death took my D.T. patient. Morning saw me on my way to Matoriah. No bargain could be formulated with the donkey boys, so we walked to the Ostrich Farms, where the caretaker very kindly showed us around explaining things for us. They have one hundred birds, some are paired the male having black and white plumes, the female being greyish brown. We saw one nest of eggs which the red necked male bird guarded very carefully. The donkeys followed us up and accepted our offer. I got some mount---a Wind Splitter--- he staggered along with myself, momentarily expectant of a fall, perched upon his spiny spine. The Obelisk was visited, so also the Virgin Tree, the Holy Well and the Church of the Holy Family. In the latter we took a number of pictures and then proceeded to Heliopolis, some jaunt and after spending a few hours in the saddle, my donkey was glad when I dismounted--- so was I. "Poor Donkey---no good".

October 20. Russia declared war against Bulgaria.

Oct. 20-22. These are surely sleepy days. Our first cloudy day Oct. 22.

Oct. 23. With a donkey, a guide and a companion I saw one of the bazaars, such a clutter of open front cubby hole shops and such a clutter of venders, shop keepers, passersby and labourers. After an extensive ramble through those cartwide alleys I was glad to strike the wider streets where the air is fresher and where the donkey can run if the boy drives him to it. Some driving is required.

Oct. 24. My sermon had as text "Rod-el-Farag." I enjoyed the subject with its setting of water and boats very much. The discourse was mostly unintelligible to me but

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nevertheless amusing as was also the motley throng of men, women and ragged street waifs.

Oct. 25. A day of rest and also a restful day.

Oct. 26. Another one of those cloudless days intended for sightseeing. A lively sail on the Nile in a fluka took us to Barrage, and here we surely enjoyed ourselves rolling about on the grass like so many kids. The Government Gardens located at this place are marvellous, I shall have a few extra ideas to work into Canadian landscape scenery if ever I return. But a feast of green does not satisfy ones stomach so we, after much dickering, succeeded in getting a fairly good meal. The Museum of Models of the bridges, dredges, locks, dams etc. of the Nile was very interesting. The trolley hand car was infantile but serviceable. The whole even to the crowds of urchins that pestered us like so many flies at the station, was well worth the loss of money and sleep that enabled us to spend the day.

Oct. 27. My resolve is to make up for my past few sleepless days.

Oct. 28. Another day, another rest. Nothing more.

Oct. 29. Started for the Pyramids but turned back at halfway to see the fog lifted by the time we arrived in barracks.

Oct. 30. Some hot day, very little heat. Locusts flew over by the thousands all afternoon. This is the calving season in Egypt.

Oct. 31. Today sees the end of my first six months of army life.

Nov. 1-4. Duty must be done. Mine is now day duty.

Nov. 5. Afternoon off so I took in the Sultan Hassan Mosque, got some pictures but my visit was cut short by the hour of prayer. After being turned out into the street I returned to Esbekiah Gardens, dined and then sought the Kursaal.

Nov. 6. Last hours off so I made for the Kursaal Music Hall where I saw some bits of acrobatic work, juggling, dancing, and Italian playing. The singing was also good but in a foreign tongue. Back to camp in good time for bed.

Nov. 7.-14. Another week has slipped by and still I as orderly do my bit to help along with this World War or better, to help the poor unfortunates to get a little cheer out of what is left for them. During the week I had a couple of days "off color" due to an acne vaccine which I had Capt. Connor shoot into me. Tonight we had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Zwemer upon the subject of "Christianity versus Mohammedanism as the leading religion". He gave us a very forceful and interesting address bringing up a great number of new and convincing arguments for and against the respective religions.

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Nov. 15-20. How the time does go. The daily work keeps me going but occasional concerts, ball games etc, keep cheer in our life. Dr. Zwemer gave an illustrated lecture last night. The N.C.O's and Old Guard had an exhibiton ball game at the Gezira Gardens, the former won by a wide margin score of 15-9. Had roast duck for supper, it was genuinely wild for I found a No. 4 shot lodged in the breast. On Thursday last a bunch of us scrambled to the top of Cheops, some climb, we were all ready for a puff when the summit was reached. 461 feet up is a good way as you find out by climbing.

Nov. 21.-24. Things are going wrong with me. Generally bunged up so fell out on sick parade and entered hospital. My address is Davis A, Bed 16. My diagnosis is Pyremia? My treatment is voluntary starvation and rest in bed.

Nov. 25-30. Chicken diet raised me from the bed. Quinine (?) chased my fever away and to-day, wonder of wonders, it rained for five minutes, the first since August 1.

Nov. 30.-Dec, 4. Hospital Days and "Nights of Rest in Ease".

Dec. 2. Serbians evacuate Monastir.

Dec. 5. Free again so after the morning service and a good dinner, I went to Cairo for the afternoon and after a good supper at a bistro attended the American Mission to hear Dr. Zwemer.

Dec. 6-9. Preparation for the Medical Dinner is progressing favourably, at the last minute I received an invitation and did not throw it down. The dinner was held at the grand Continental Hotel and was a decided success, over seventy seating themselves at the festive board. The menu was very tasty. The guests were many and distinguished. The after dinner speakers did theirselves justice. And the night was ended by a smart march back to barracks.

Dec. 10-12. The days after the dinner. Received my first Christmas Present. It is very nice. Sunday evening I attended the Church of Scotland and again heard Dr. Zwemer.

Dec. 13-17. Fine weather, our morning runs show up our poor condition, so McPhee and I have returned to the tennis court. This afternoon we saw our first aeroplane in Egypt, tonight we saw our first ring about the moon. From Davis Dward I have been moved to Martin A, but ward work is rather slack at present.

Dec. 18-19. Saturday I worked. Sunday I played and in the afternoon visited the Government Aquarium. There I met a couple of young Egyptians and had a very pleasant time during the afternoon. At 6 p.m. I attended the American Mission.

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Dec. 20-23 Ordinary days in which the work was done, the tennis court used and the mail enjoyed.

Dec. 24. This was a day of decoration, the kitchen boys and I certainly made an improvement in the appearance of the offices and wards.

Dec. 25. "What's today?" Why Christmas Day." The day began when we were marched to the Q.M. Store and each presented with a stocking. The morning had scarce begun when A.J. McIntyre succeeded in influencing me to go with him to Mena where we scrambled to the highest point in Egypt. At 1.30 p.m. we were again in camp and gave a hand with the helping of the patients dinner. After this late but sumptuous repast we cleared away and allowed our appetites to increase until seven o'clock, when after a delay due to lights we seated ourselves to some feed. But altho' the food was excellent what followed was of the best. The list of speakers did themselves justice, each brought forth something to laugh about or something to think about. The music both instrumental and vocal was good and all joined in with "Auld Lang Sine" right royally. Then "Bon Soir".

Dec. 26. Our forces successfully withdrew from Suvla Bay (?), Gallipoli.

Dec. 26-31. The Christmas Holidays; how strange they seemed this year, nothing out of the ordinary daily round excepting the lack of lectures. Have had a slight cold but did not get it from exposure in the rabbit swamp or on the fox hills.

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Jan 1. '1916. Anno Domini, one thousand, nine hundred and sixteen. Another year has passed away and looking back one can see many mistakes, but they were not made in vain, the lessons still are with me. God grant that they may remain and help along the road of the New Year. "No feast to-day, no feast to day." Excepting the "Harvester".

Jan. 2.-6. The year is speeding on and altho' young as yet, it is cold and cheerless enough. In the past few days the sands have become solid under the influence of the rainfall. The "Great Issue" remains as something asleep. The "Persia" is no more and with it went all our Christmas mail. Some of the pleasures that were in store for us cannot now materialize.

Jan. 6 Gallipoli evacuated by British without a casualty.

Jan. 7-9. How the time does fly and yet our mail is not here.

Jan. 10. Dissection commenced. A. Eaton and I working upon the left arm of a rather husky looking Egyptian, masculine sub.

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Jan. 11. All were pleased to read in the morning paper that the Gallipoli had been successfully evacuated. Such news will cure a good many.

Jan. 12-14. Quiet dutiful days end with peaceful slumber.

Jan. 15. Another day that has something of lasting interest about it, so here goes to write about the Gezira Sporting Club Horse Races. The uneventful morning over all who could get away did so and after an hours travel we arrived at the race course. The afternoon was taken up with seven races, the horses though small were fast and money was in evidence everywhere. As the excitement increased so did the gambling and many of the boys came home with empty pockets. The last race was run by moonlight and when barracks were reached it was time for bed.

Jan. 16.-17. "Thank God every morning for work to do that day."

Jan. 18. Grind of the Axilla is over, now for the Brachium. Saw some of the better class of houses as a celebration.

Jan. 19-21 "Being forced to work breeds many virtues".

Jan. 22. Horse Races again. To-day most of the boys lost. The gambler's life does not interest me in the least; in fact it rather spoils my enjoyment of the races, for one can quite easily see they are being run to bleed the foolish betters.

Jan. 27. 1916 In Egypt.

Jan. 29. The Americans versus Canadian Base Ball Match at Abbassich Barracks, Cairo, Egypt. Score 9-11 in favor of Canadians.

Jan. 30-31. The last days of the first month of nineteen sixteen.

Feb. 1. Orders for the month—Gen. Fatigue for first year medicals.

Feb. 2.-7. Sweep, dissect, study and play, how is that for a day?

Feb. 8. Death has placed his hand upon us at last and in doing so has taken from us Lt. Col. Duff. Died of Pneumonia. He marched in a body behind the gun carriage and its burden, it was a long march but finally ended in a military cemetery in the dead city. The body was lowered, the farewell salute rang out, the 'last post' was sounded, the wreathes were left and all departed with bowed heads and painfully thoughtful minds. And from everyone came the quiet prayer "May we never come this way again".

Feb. 9-16. Nurses' Batman and General Fatiguer. Army rations.

Feb. 16. After a brisk sun shower, a perfect rainbow appeared.

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- Feb. 17. Another grind followed by a trip down town and a show.
- Feb 18. A twelve mile march today out to Matarich.
- Feb. 20-June 30. Battle of Verdun.
- Feb. 19-24. Continual round of rumors with very little work.
- Feb. 25. Rugby Match between Meds & Others. Score 11-5 in favour of latter.
- Feb. 26. On duty in Isolation Ward during the afternoon.
- Feb. 27. General Orders—The name of our unit is henceforth to be—No. 7 Canadian General Hospital.
- Feb. 27. Trip out to Helouan where we saw the sulphur springs and a neat little town. Our third class tickets carried us first class but not without some bluffing. The alfalfa and grain fields bordered by the desert waste which was horizoned by the grey limestone cliffs on one side and palm groves on the others gave us some nice scenery as we sped along. Attended the American Mission heard Dr. Zwermer again.
- Feb. 28-29. Mother's birthday and Leap Year. General Duties.
- March 1-2. The hawks, doves, wagtails & sparrows are busy these days. My trip to Luxor begins today at 8 P.M. This evening I was as anxious to get away as Grandfather or Bessie would be. Finally the train did begin to move and the movement carried me to the Lands of Dreams.
- Mar. 3. We awoke this morning to find ourselves covered with dust and our train running through a splendid bit of level agricultural land. The cane fields are worthy rivals of our great grain fields of the West. At the first stop all who had their boots on piled out for a wash at the station pump, a native worked the handle and we monopolised the spout and its contents. Luxor was reached at 9.10 a.m., we were conducted to the house boat, then we returned to the station and at 10 a.m. left for Assouan. After a dusty journey we arrived at the terminus at 4.15 P.M. A quarter of an hour later we again moved out for El-Shellal, our Egyptian Captain also going along to give us a good time. The best boat and four selected oarsmen conveyed our party over the quiet waters of the flooded region to the Temple of Philae. It almost made me homesick, the huge boulder piled shore live alone broke the imaginary picture of one of our homelakes. Returning to Assouan we found an excellent five course meal awaiting us. The captain called around, we went for a walk and had a splendid evening talk, every syllable of which was punctuated by the croaking of frogs. The soft bed soon o'ercome all feelings of strangeness and we slept.

Mar. 4. The tin pan alarm had scarcely ceased when my feet hit the floor, the others were not so lively and so breakfast was not over until seven when we took donkeys for the Dam. The ride out was splendid and the $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles of dam, 180 sluices, six locks and foaming maelstrom of waters afforded good chances for our cameras. The return trip tho' warmer was faster for there were no granite quarries to see. Upon reaching the village we took a fluka to Elephantine Island where we saw the Nilometer, Old Roman Ruins and sarcophagi of the golden sheep. When we rearrived at Assouan little time was left so going to the hotel I had a wash gathered up our purchases and with the rest walked to the station, took Class 1 ``Ladies`` and enjoyed a hot dusty ride to Luxor which was reached at 5 P.M. As soon as the sun dropped below the horizon four of us stripped and played fish, but owing to the swift current we soon tired. Finally dinner was served; and, after seven coarses my stomach is unusually full and my eyes heavy; so I guess I had best place myself upon one of the couches on deck and study out the artistic Egyptian designs which make up our awning. The croaking of frogs, the hum of some bothersome mosquitoes, the quiet cool breeze off the water and the far away barking of dogs makes me think of Shady Nook and of the quiet evenings spent there.

Mar.5. After a splendid sleep I awakened to find a swarm of flies enjoying my open mouth, these were soon routed but sleep refused to return and interest was soon aroused in the native earth carriers. Arising I took a walk, saw the excavators at work about the Temple of Luxor, watched the ferry boats taking over their loads of donkeys and then returned for breakfast. At 9.30 a.m. we crossed the Nile, took donkeys and proceeded o`er the white way to the Tombs of the Kings. When almost there my donkey boy as an act of goodness applied his stick once too often to the heels of my donkey with the result that the saddle slipped and I presented my body as a road bed for the hooves of the donkey behind he found me with three of his four feet and I arose quite satisfied and the dragoman got his breath back whilst he crumbled the limestone and applied it to my bleeding brow. Three tombs were visited. Amenophis II 1600 B.C. XVIII Dynasty; Seti I (accent on the e here) 1300 B.C. XIX Dynasty; Ramcuis VI 1200 B.C. XX Dynasty. These altho' alike gave us a great deal of interesting scenery. Next we scrambled over the mountain and slid down to our lunch room. After an hours stop we visited the Temple of Shep-Su 1600 B.C. XVIII Dynasty. Having tired of the heat, the sand and the tombs we wended our ways Nilewards, took a fluka and crossed over. The sun had scarcely disappeared when a number of white lads were playing at a fish's game, my sore joints altho' a draw back were not preventatives.

Mar. 6. My massage certainly took the soreness out of my joints. The boys did not arrive on the train so shortly afterwards we started for our trip. The Ramesseun was visited first; then we saw the vacant tomb of Sennofer the ceiling of which is very artistically decorated with paintings of grape vine and fruit. The significance of the ceiling decorations stands for the fact that Sennofer was chief gardener of Amenophis II. Next in our list of sights was the temple, Deir el-Medinch founded by Ptolemy IV. The early Christians destroyed many of its inscriptions. The Tombs of the Queens are much more brilliant than those of the Kings, due to the use of colors which have remained in perfect condition, of the three visited Tomb of Nefret-ere (accent on last e here), wife of

Ramesis II was the best, the ceiling is adorned with stars and the walls of rooms and hallways are handsomely painted with portraits of the queens. Medinch Habu was our next stopping place and after seeing the temple we ate dinner and then took any pictures that we had not obtained. I climbed the 123 steps to the top of the Pylon and took some snaps. This temple is made up of two parts, one built in 18th dynasty and the other by Ramesis III. From here we headed for home passing the Colossi of Memnon; these immense stone images originally stood on either side of the Temple of Thebes, but outside of a few large stones the flourishing grain field did not show many signs of its one time greatness. The height of southern figure is 69 feet, each foot 10.5 feet, breadth of shoulder 20 feet and middle finger 4 ½ feet. Upon reaching camp, one of the lads and myself struck out upon a hunting trip, our following was large enough but our bag was small for quail proved as difficult to shoot as woodcock and I only winged one, this with four other birds were brought in and sent to native taxidermist. The table was set for supper when we returned and as the boys were all fussed up we suspected something was doing but they shielded all until I plunged into the Nile, then it was, "For God's sake get your clothes on, here comes the Sisters". I dressed rather hurriedly and was able to make an appearance upon their arrival. Such a jolly evening I have not spent for many a day. Dinner over we went sailing on the river where we were entertained by a native band and dancer. At a late hour we returned and paraded the grounds of Luxor Hotel. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves and we were all rather late in getting to bed.

Mar. 7. If late to bed we were early to rise, for we stood upon the pylon of Karnak's Temple when the sun first showed his rim. The next two hours and a half we were all busy seeing sights and getting them down in black and white. In the meantime the guide filled in the spaces with the history of the different parts. The Hypostyle Hall showed the great repairs that the government is carrying on with regard to the columns, walls etc. The temple covers 888 acres of ground, has seven pylons and a great number of statues and obelisks. Its erection tho' incomplete was carried on from XII to XXXVIII dynasties throughout the reigns of seventeen kings. The largest obelisk of the world is here it is 99.5 ' tall, one solid block of granite. From the time they started to cut it out of the Assouan quarries until it was erected eight months elapsed. The avenue of sphinxes which reached from here to Luxor contained 1000 statues each made up of the head of a ram upon the body of a lion. Upon the arrival of the train a new bunch of joy seekers from No. 7 dropped in and to waste no time we visited the Temple of Luxor and took some snaps, then came lunch and a lazy afternoon during which diaries were rewritten, debts settled up, sweats resweat and the events of the past few days rehearsed. "All aboard", and the train began to move. Night soon followed and dust also, but sleep relieved us of all worries.

Mar. 8. Our train was a bit late, but we were at Abbassia by nine.

Mar. 9 Germany declared war against Portugal. The third year medicals departed for Kingston this morning.

Mar. 10 & 11. Doing my bit as a M.P. for this month. I'm a 196 pounds P.C.

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Mar. 12. The day was ended by a dinner at the Australian Sisters Quarters., the good meal was followed by a pleasant chat in the gardens. One of the party got a sore finger by a camp chair collapsing, this event added a good joke to the evenings doings and we heard about it next day.

Mar. 13. Up late again but developing films this time.

Mar. 14. The thief of the corp was up before the O.C. this morning.

Mar. 15-16. My business is to demand "Passes" from one and all.

Mar. 17. Celebrated the day by a moonlight donkey trip to Maturich with nurses.

Mar. 18. The final grind on the arm was taken off today.

Mar. 26- Tennis is my most strenuous duty these days.

Mar. 27- Went to Barrage this afternoon and took a bunch of snaps.

Mar. 28- The hot weather has struck Cairo at last, and everybody sweats.

Mar. 29. Visited the Museum and clinched the sights of Thebes & Luxor.

Mar. 30. A day of baths, I endeavoured to keep cool by six showers, one "backshush".

Mar. 31. Played a great game of tennis, winning all of eight sets.

1916 After 8 mos. Leaving Egypt

Apr. 1. "All Fool's Day", there was very little fooling done amongst the men.

Apr. 2. Took a walk through the Musky this aft, visiting El-Mohayed Mosque.

Apr. 3-5. No work and all play. Games are Solitary and Tennis.

Apr. 6. Met Mr. Holden of New Zealand and enjoyed a visit to the Zoo.

Apr. 7. Waiting for orders, but orders have not as yet arrived.

Apr. 8. Loaded all our hospital goods in three hours this afternoon.

Apr. 9. Spent the afternoon with Eaton in the Esbokiah Gardens. Moved our kite.

Apr. 10. All astir this morning for we begin to move at 10:30 a.m. There was the usual bustle at the last minute, but finally we "Form Fours" and in full marching order

proceeded to the Abbassia tram. Our train pulled out of the central station at midday, and by four o'clock we were upon our Red Cross ship "Delta". After supper passes were issued and off we went to see the city. Profiting from previous experience we took the first tram we met and succeeded in going the longest way around the center of the city. There we paraded the best streets and then made for the boat.

Apr. 11. After a night spent upon soft mattresses we were all in good spirits. Our beef steak breakfast was a genuine treat as also is the sea breeze. The day wore on and at 5:30 p.m. the gangway was hoisted and the puffing, snorting little tug gradually pulled us from the wharf. Our leaving Egypt today is quite a coincidence as exactly eight months ago we (?)entered this harbour. Out through the maze of ships we gradually found our way and by six thirty the engines brought us to the sea.

Apr. 12-13. "The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea". And as we plow our way through these white crested blue waters, the climate changes from hot to warm, and from warm to chilly. Last night we enjoyed a thunder storm, the first real lightening since we left Canada. Our ship is making good time but she has a slight motion which is affecting some of the weaker stomachs; not weaker, stronger.

Apr. 14. We passed Malta at eight o'clock this morning. All day we ran against stiff head wind and at dusk we passed the cloud capped island of Pontelaria; with the sunsetting amid dark cloud bands and throwing its rosy rays about the island was formed one of the most beautiful ship pictures that I have seen in some days.

Apr. 15. All day long we have been in sight of the misty coast of northern Africa. This morning we passed the wave washed island of Galieta, the green valley with its white houses looked tempting for some of our 'mal de mer' comrades. The wind is now in our side, so we feel the roll a bit more. The sensation of passing through an (more than angle sign) 45 degrees is something that is entirely new to land lubbers, so no wonder our stomachs are a bit sympathetic at times, especially at meal hour.

Apr. 16. Our first really glorious day, a fit sea on which to enjoy Palm Sunday. All day long the misty bank of Africa hung on the south. The schools of porpoises plunged along the boat quite frequently and many shore birds found rest upon the ship. Our Satan preached.

Apr. 17. We awakened early to view the snow capped mountains on the south coast of Spain. The water is very quiet and so everyone is enjoying the upper deck and utilizing their binoculars. The green fields and vineyards running high up the mountain sides with a plenteous scattering of white houses gave us some very pretty views. About noon the cloud capped rock of Gibraltar loomed up ahead of us, but the intervening waters took some time to cross and so dinner was over before we drew near enough to make out an odd gun or two. The east side of the rock is heavily reinforced with concrete. We swung round the rock and the cameras were all busy; dropping anchor in the outer harbour. From here the buildings and roadways were seen to good advantage; the west side of the rock which we viewed is covered quite thickly with

vegetation and two distinct villages are located upon this side. After a few minutes stop, the anchor was hoisted and away we went with a stern breeze which freshened as we advanced. The Pillar of Hercules looked quite close by, yet it is nine miles across the strait, truly Gibraltar is one of the gateways of the world and just here we met and passed more shipping than anywhere else so far. As we rush forward past the rolling green fields of Spain the coast of Africa gradually fades away. I wonder if I shall ever again see that continent! The concert put on in the evening was much enjoyed by all. Even Archibalds' "John Willie come on" was encored.

Apr. 18. All day we run along the coast of Portugal against a stiff head wind.

Apr. 19. American ultimatum to Germany re. torpedoing ships. A wet foggy day with a heavy sea tried the staunchest stomach but mine altho' rather threatening remained neutral. We entered the Bay of Bissay about eleven o'clock in the morning.

Apr. 20. 300,000 Russians landed at Marseilles, France. The night was certainly a restless one,- it was the fault of the sea but I managed to dream of the pines and so did not mind. This morning I ate a light breakfast and went on deck where I remained all day, one of the boys bringing me up my dinner. This evening we entered calmer waters and our troubles were set at ease.

Apr. 21. Sir Roger Casement was captured in attempting to land from a German submarine, in Ireland. Another day of unexpected things. Upon reaching deck this morning we sighted the south coast of the Isle of Wight, the Needles disappearing to the West. After the usual delays we received our pilot, passed the checker board forts that squat along the wire fence that shuts off the undersea marauders and proceeded to the dock by a much twisted course. After putting our magnoons on shore the gang plank was drawn and we were ordered to proceed to France. The engines started and some of the crew were ashore, two of these succeeded in getting on board after a bit of fun, they rowed close enough to catch a rope thrown them but did not know enough to stand in the bow and haul the line. Profiting by experience they got alongside and one man caught the ladder, the other drifted back tumbling over oars caught the rope and hauled himself under the water spout but finally just like an Englishman got aboard. The outer harbour of Haore was reached about nine o'clock and the numerous searchlights that were sweeping the clouded sky interested us for some time. Finally we went below and to bed and to sleep but only to awake,

Apr. 22. To find ourselves lying along side the quay with the tide gradually carrying us upwards. The rain was falling quite heavily and the chilly air did not brighten the appearance of the town very much. About noon the weather cleared and a gang of the "Derby Men" came along to unload us but they did not work fast enough so the O.C. called out his men and then things moved. A large number of us slipped away and took a couple hours walk in the town meeting our officers, some Canadians and the English picquet; but in spite of all we were back to the ship in time for supper and to finish unloading.

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Apr. 23. Everything was off the Delta early and she steamed away leaving us to enjoy our "bully beef and biscuit" dinner in the horse cars, but due to our kind officers, I guess, we were finally put into coaches of second and third classes, these loaded with our equipment with ourselves in the van left the station at three o'clock and until dark enjoyed the pleasant sight of the green fields, planted forests and carefully kept garden lots along the way. We enlivened our trip by endeavouring to buy bread along the line, our purchases meant our supper.

The "Delta" brought them back from Africa to Treport, France.

Apr. 24. Anniversary of Italy's declaration of war against Austria. Sinn Fein uprising started. My two doventh birthday was ushered in with a restless slumber in our cold, jolting railway carriage, but morning came at last and with it Treport our destination. Work began early and by nine the train unloaded, then came the pitching of tents and storing of goods upon our future field of labor. We had a good many French on lookers all day, but at noon I was called off duty and held in reserve for guard tonight; it is almost a year since I did such work.

Apr. 25. The duty hours from midnight to two were somewhat chilly ones, but those of the morning were brightened u by the songs of skylarks and other birds. The day was uneventful excepting the fixing up of our tent with table, chairs etc. 'Tis like old days again to squat about on the tent floor. Spent the evening strolling about the cliffs.

Apr. 26. We had the full list of general orders read to us this morning. Moustaches are necessary now as also is strict military discipline. I was called out on a fatigue party to level the grounds before dinner. Afterwards I went down town for a ton of straw, some job.

Apr. 27-29. More glorious weather and we with very little to do are enjoying it to the full. I have been trying my hand at sculptor work and do very well.

Apr. 30. On guard, so I remained either on my beat or in the guard tent all day, and as it was Sunday I felt rather unfortunate for I longed to wander.

May 1. The fines and punishments meted out to our 'Jam Hodders' were in orders this morning. A fine showing for the beginning of another month. I have spent my first year in the army without an offense, and my Canadian issue of boots are still in use as also are my serges, but they shall soon be discarded.

May 2-4. Fatigue work consists chiefly of erecting tents and stowing our stores.

May 5. One year ago our train took us from our native county and started us upon a journey which is still being carried on. As I look back over the past twelve months wanderings, there are many things that come to mind, some of which are already set down in this book, but more are not, and were I to attempt putting them down this book would prove far too small. So to eradicate all minor grievances and evils I shall have the

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past in the safe keeping of Father Time, knowing that at some future date the good of the past shall be relived.

May 6-13. We have been enjoying a bit of wet weather during the past few days, but the tent raising has never ceased, each night sees a few more wards ready.

May 14. The first time that I have been to church for some time was this morning. This evening we took part in a funeral parade for some officer of high rank. Being Sunday the populace turned out in numbers and we showed ourselves up by poor marching.

May 15-19. Fine weather again. The tents still go up. Each evening I take a ramble thro' country lanes, along orchard hedge rows and always the birds do sing with cheery voices.

May 20. My good work was rewarded today by the degree of Lance Corporal.

May 21. This afternoon our tent took a stroll over the fields and far away, by many a road and pathway. Finally by leaping over a hedge we found ourselves in a well kept game preserve; the deer shooters got buck fever and all were interested in seeing the game scamper away. Our aimless wandering took us down a pretty glade, out through a well to do farm yard and into Eu where we had our drinks and eats. Taking a Treport car we soon found ourselves strolling over the hard damp sands of the sea beach. Tiring of this we betook ourselves to camp by means of the lift.

May 22-23. General fatigue work consists of putting up and taking down tents.

May 24. A half holiday during which our boys proved to No. 2 Canadians that they didn't know everything about baseball. We won by a nice score of 4-1. Last year at Canterbury Queen's Men won by a narrow margin of four, three.

May 25-27. Tents raising one day, rope winding the next and path dipping the next.

May 28. "Et Dimanche nous prions Dieu". Attended the church dedicated to an unknown God this morning and the church dedicated by an unknown God this afternoon, -namely the Game Preserve Farm near this place.

May 29-31. These have been splendid working days; the danger is that the work will run out and then what will they do with us; "probably" remove hinges from locked boxes.

May 31 Naval engagement off Horn's Reef, Jutland.

June 1. A fine day to commence Summer on. I was excused from duty on account of a lame leg caused by my sprinting to a bully beef breakfast. This afternoon I received a charge of Typhoid vaccine in my left arm, it still stings and will likely prove sufficient excuse for a couple more days of rest. It was just thirteen months ago that I received my first shot of that stuff, may it be twice thirteen before I have to take the next taste of that preventative.

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June 2. After a sweaty, chattery, and sleepy but sleepless night I lifted heavy eyes to the M.O. whilst the heavy aching head was too much to raise off the pillow until near evening when I was able to eat some bread.

June 3. 'A young man with an old man's back'. But I lounged about all day and by nightfall was able to smile and tell the boys of the tent what fun they had in store for their left arms and right heads.

June 4. June 4-Aug 12 Russian offensive against Austrians in Tolhymia & Galicia. Not a very nice day altho' it is Sunday, yet as usual we wandered about, went to church, scratched our arm, visited the sick, ate our three meals and whatever else in the eatable line I could lay hands on.

June 5. Kitchener drowned off the Orkney Islands. The heavy wind gave us a job tying down tents. Our first convoy of patients arrived about midnight. I was appointed night ward master of the medical ward, so was kept busy for a while but had a snooze towards morn.

June 6. Night duty with a well prepared midnight meal, a jovial nurse, no serious patients and eighteen hours to sleep is all right even if it does rain.

June 7. The long expected reinforcements arrived in time for supper.

June 8. After my morning sleep I took a trip to the village for the afternoon. The night was a bit more lively as another convoy of patients arrived.

June 9-15. Arabia took up arms against Turkey. The chief excitement these days is caused by the newsboy. The war news appears to be very promising for the allies, we all hope for more of it. The weather has been fine for rheumatism and I have had my hands full on night duty. I can still juggle bed pans in good style.

June 16-17. Night duty these nights is made up by doing justice to empty beds.

June 18. My remaining patients were moved, so I am out of a job. Our new sisters arrived this evening and flocked up the road like a bunch of sheep.

June 9. On general fatigue again, and it sure is 'the life'. More reinforcements.

June 20. Assigned to an empty ward which requires a bit of work to put it in readiness for surgical cases. Took a country walk with McPhee during the evening.

June 21. The longest day of the year which also means the highest and lowest tides. The officers played a howling game of baseball but were defeated by our fifth team. This evening a rainbow stood high overhead, a rather rare thing from my experience.

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June 22. Having completed the work about my ward, I took time to know my sisters better.

June 23. Another trip to Eu, with a strawberry feast as its object. The report of the boys.

July 1.- British offensive on western front.-Somme offensive mentioned in despatches for their service in Egypt came out this evening and of course the mob gathered round, hoisted them on shoulders and shouted "Speech! Speech!" All complied with laughter, save one who with mad reason played the fool to his own hurt.

June 24. "Field Day." Our men had the good luck to loose in every event contested.

June 25. Spent the afternoon in Ferme de Parc with McPhee. In the evening we took a pleasant stroll along the cliff, visited the castle at Mesnil Ville & then home.

June 26. Another quiet wet day. A convoy of sick & wounded arrived in evening.

June 27. Promoted to Acting Corporal this morning. Besides running my ward of three patients, two sisters and an orderly, I helped in the operating theatre.

June 28. A full day to witness the doings in an operating tent. Some butcher shop.

June 29. Another convoy, out of which I received nine patients, all light cases.

June 30. A day of ward duty, was comfortable busy outfitting & transferring my men.

July 1. Dominion Day and a finer day never was, even the clouds put on their gayest appearance to be in keeping with the warmth of the sun. We lost the ball game and something more-?, but we won seven other events and so did not make a bad showing. In the evening we enjoyed a splendid concert put on by the boys of No. 2 Canadians.

July 2. All last night the rumble of distant doings could be heard. Today we admitted four convoys amounting to some hundreds of the Sommecourt and Hebeartaine casualties. Poor lads they are shot up in rough style. My work is all with the head cases.

July 3. The day was begun at three this morning and lasted to ten tonight.

July 4. The National Day of the United States of America.

July 4-6. "Active Service in the C.A.M.C." The first that we have seen. The patients are rushed in and those who do not die are rushed out so fast that all in charge report "Confusion". Yet the time does not go by without seeing something accomplished. Over fifty major operations are performed daily.

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July 7. Took over duties of ward master on ward, number one, some job. The majority of patients here are limb cases and so are quite helpless.

July 8-9. Some deaths and some Blighty boys are lessening the work but still I keep my shirt wet all day and have sore feet all night. Yesterday I took over the duties of corporal in charge of Section No. 4 for roll calling.

July 10. In charge of fatigue party to clean out Operation Room. Moved camp later.

July 11-12. Germany's final effort to reach Verdun. Put in charge of Post Operative ward with orders to get ready for work.

July 12-13. Plenty doing getting ready for duties and prospects for a busy future.

July 14. France's Day. I celebrated by working in the operating tent. We had a busy time of it for besides several minor bits of surgery, four legs were removed, two disarticulated at the hip and the others amputated.

July 15. The twelve operations today kept the operating staff on the move.

July 16. Sunday, so after the morning service we had an afternoon walk and a genuine supper at the Hotel de Commerce in Eu.

July 17-18. Each day has its bloody work to do and we have our share of it.

July 19. Hazlewood and I skipped convoy, met our O.C., Adjt, and others but pulled the bone and took a good strole through the countryside.

July 20. A slow day and to liven it up we went to Treport in the evening.

July 21. Belgium's Day. McPhee, Eaton and myself hired bicycles and did up forty kilometres this afternoon and saw some of the country hereabouts. We stopped at the village Café's, had our drinks and then on. We picked wild strawberries in the "Foret d'Eu" and after returning had energy enough left to take a cold shower and rub down, but shortly after we fell down.

July 22. Rather stiff in the leg muscles this morning but quite able to carry on duties if allowed to sit. Our boys got trimmed in another game of ball with No. 2. Some excitement was aroused by umpires decisions.

July 23-24. Days of minor operations when our chief work is in keeping clean.

July 25. At two this morning, another convoy arrived and we were a bit rushed in the theatre all day but night ended our labours and we slept.

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July 26-31. Operations major and minor, from morn to eve have constituted my sum total of duties during these last few days.

Aug 1. New duties on a new ward with new sisters promises new things.

Aug 2-5. Work has been going quite smoothly but not so the sister (Irish).

Aug 6. A half day off but our passes were shortened by three hours to help out with a convoy. But after rushing through a supper, several streets, up a funiculaire and into camp we found the work finished.

Aug 7-12. A week of fine weather, good news and sufficient work.

Aug 13. Dave H. and I spent the afternoon in Le Treport, saw the cinema of Antony & Cleopatra, had supper with the poilus and returned to camp.

Aug 14-19. A rainy week but in our depleted household we sleep well.

Aug 20. Sunday is the day that I take my half day off. Today as usual we went to Le Treport, took in the show, had supper at Mers and returned in time to help in with the double convoy. This is the first that the wounded have brought in their full pack with them.

Aug 21-22. Another spell of fairly busy times for most the boys but not for me.

Aug 23. My first swim in the "Briny" since coming to France, at Mesnil'ville.

Aug 24-27. Wet weather with very little to keep our lagging spirits from souring.

Aug. 27. Italy declared war on Germany.

Aug. 27. Rumania declared war on Austria.

Aug 28. Germany declared war on Rumania. After another dip in the deep, we were entertained on our homeward journey by a couple of dainty bits of French fluff. My French wouldn't work.

Aug 29. We had a real rain today, something of 'a wash out on the line' nature. Our Sextette was broken today when McPhee left us for England.

Aug. 30. Macedonia takes up arms independent of Greece against Bulgaria.

Aug 30-31. The last days for me to have a say about the doings of Ward III.

Sept. 1-3. My new ward is somewhat of a holiday as I have a good staff.

Sept. 3-9. Fairly busy time again and it is somewhat of a treat to be sure.

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Sept. 10. Spent the afternoon in Le Treport. Met an old '70 veteran who entertained me for some time with a conversation only semi-sensible to me.

Sept. 11-13. The papers report a busy time upon the Somme. We work.

Sept. 14. Eaton and Mitchell left us today for Blighty. Now, we are three.

Sept. 15-17. We are getting exceptional good news from our front these days.

Sept. 18-20. The equinoxial storm not only soaked us but gave me a nasty cold. Tents are doing a bit of fluttering these days.

Sept. 20-25. Between my cold and a swollen face I have had a fat time.

Sept. 26-30. Feeling much better. Weather is fair. News continues favourable.

Oct. 1. Three of us took a cycle trip this afternoon. Off for the Somme, the day was fine, roads in good shape so we enjoyed ourselves, well, until I had a puncture six kilometres from the river. About face for me and back I hoofed for nine French miles to get my horse repaired. After which I made for home meeting the boys in Treport.

Oct. 2-10. Rumors of moving are the orders of the day. But 'tis quite evident that we are to go somewhere as no more patients are being admitted and some empty wards are being packed up. I still am the 'lile Gode' of the skin ward. Have a Malaria case of interest who is trying to knock the end out of the thermometers; 110 degrees.

Oct. 11. Clearing Day. All patients were transferred or discharged today.

Oct. 12. Packing Day. I sacked my ward and found many things.

Oct. 13. Pay Day. The day of days to a soldier. Our boys celebrate, regularly.

Oct. 14. An off day with nothing for anyone to do. I tidied up & wrote letters.

Oct. 15. Sunday. Church Parades are in vogue again. Spent the afternoon in the town below the hill. Attended the cinema, dined and came home.

Oct. 16. Six wards were removed from the grounds today. Good work.

Oct. 17. Route march was the event of the day. Making ready for a move.

Oct. 18. Squad and Company Drill made up the days events.

Oct. 19. "Physical Jerks" has come to life again. Another route march.

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Oct. 20. After the morning torture, we attacked the tents, striking many.

Oct. 21. It was cold yesterday morn but today we awoke shivering to see an old friend 'Jack Frost'. He had covered the pools and coated the grass. I knocked off today, a bad cold. "Trafalgar Day".

Oct. 22. Spent the early morning in making up for sleep lost at the concert the boys put on last night. Managed to crawl out for church. Took in the movies for afternoon pastime. Dined in the ville.

Oct. 23-28. Have done very little during the past few days but lie round in our tent; Studying French, Playing Chess and writing letters.

Oct. 24. French regained part of lost ground before Verdun.

Oct. 29. My day for down town. Church in the morning: Cinema in evening.

Oct. 30-31. This life of idleness is getting very monotonous.

Nov. 1-3. But still we idle with Physical Jerks for morning.

Nov. 4-8. Rain, Rain, Rain with the resulting mud. But I have splashed through enough mud puddles to have no daintiness as to where I place my kitcheners'. Last night I had my first station party. We had a good time. Tonight we enjoyed a feed of dainties sent by some of our sisters. Some eats.

Nov. 9-12. Days of Scotch Mist and renewed rumors of our moving.

Nov. 13. Everyone on the jump today as we are to shift very soon.

Nov. 14. Orders for the day included mention of our moving. A busy morning, and early dinner, a march to the station and after an hours wait. "Fairwell to Le Treport". We are still enroute and I am writing this as the daylight rapidly dies. Our destination- Etaples was reached shortly after ten, and by midnight we had rolled into our blankets to shiver until morning. The soft floor reminded us of past experiences.

Nov. 15. We took over the hospital today. I spent the morning at the station, the afternoon in the operating theatre and the night in charge of the night orderlies.

Nov. 16-19. Serbians recapture Monastir, capital of Macedonia. Very cold but I am all right for I spend the night in warm quarters and the days under a copious covering of blankets.

Nov. 20. Weather man has changed his program again. It rained very hard today.

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Nov. 21. Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria Hungary died. After finishing my lounging night duty, I helped out with an evacuation and later took a walk north to Camiers. Some war time sights were being enacted on both sides of the road amid the sand dunes and between the pine woods. The village-typically French- with its red tile roofs, white washed walls, green shutters, blue window sills and red doors, located along the shore of a large pond would make a fine frontispiece for some artist to attempt. Exercise for the morning then sleep for the afternoon.

Nov. 22-25. My duties still keep me awake o' nights, so I dream by day.

Nov. 26. Gave up my afternoon sleep to see the towns of Etaples and Paris Plage. The former as compared with the latter is, in many ways, its opposite, to it one does not care to return, but to the other there is a great deal that one returns to see. The magnificent bathing beach, the beautiful houses, the well kept wood park and the many upper-class people met there are the chief items of interest unearthed during my first visit. This ville is the best yet that we have had the pleasure of living near. Here it not for the abundance of soldiers, and consequently the strict discipline, we should be "in clover" and that well up above our knees.

Nov. 27-30. My duties are much too easy to last for long as I have only the medical section to look after. Of course I can talk to my sisters a wee bit.

Dec. 1-7. As I had foreseen so it comes to pass-I have a little more to do since one night corporal was removed and I am over all. My undertaking business is good, every night I had a stretcher, sometimes two.

Dec. 6. Bucharest fell into the hands of the Central Powers.

Dec. 8. We forestalled the traitorous Greek by a blockade. Stirring nights are these with tetanus, convulsions and socure.

Dec. 11-15. The last nights for this term of duty. I have been real busy for some time back trying to give my influenza a knock out blow. Today I entered upon day duty alone on one of the heaviest wards in the hospital but it had to go and in going the time flew with it. Dec. 15. French won back all Verdun territory lost to Crown Prince.

Dec. 15-18. I have been spending a very busy time for the past few days. My cold keeps me blowing; my cough keeps me choking; my sister keeps me running, and my patients keep me going.

Dec. 19. The atmosphere today says 'snow'. And before night the ground was covered with its white robe. To me it is an old friend returned and right welcome he is to my sight.

Dec. 20. Another man on duty with me today and he did not come any too soon I can assure you for I am about on my last legs.

Dec. 21. Altho' the shortest day of the year, it seemed to be the longest.

Dec. 22. Not dead yet nor in hospital but feeling much better today.

Dec. 23. The day started early, two o'clock, but after a twelve hour run our good sisters entertained us en masse by a sumptuous repast and a fine concert.

Dec. 24. The day before Christmas and all through our camp what a hustle and bustle to make ready for the morrow. Everything clean and all the decorations completed we spent the evening first at a song service and later with the carol singers, but my throat gave out so to bed I went.

Dec. 25. Last year in Egypt, this year in France, where next? I arrived on duty to find all up and in the best of spirits. The day went off splendidly, the wounded never had a finer lay out, I'll wager. Our own dinner came at six and after eating to the full, the impromptu toasts and replies commenced. And 'twas then that our thoughts were directed homewards and in our minds eye we saw them seated once again around the family table partaking of the Yuletide joys as in the days when we ourselves were with them. God's blessing on that group. But finally the feasting was ended and after 'The King', why to bed.

Dec. 26. The day after Xmas should in accordance with the animal code be a quiet day, for after feasting comes rest. But not so in our hospital for after feasting came "No. 9's"- the soldiers delight and the orderlies special menace to a quiet, restful time. So it was with me today.

Dec. 27-31. Day by day the old year goes out, 'tis only now that we see it so.

1917

Jan. 1, 1917. Begin a New Year with a clean page. Start the beginning and make it a year of events, then when the end comes there will be no cause of sighs as we review the work of the year. This has been another quiet New Years Day. How many more? O God!

Jan. 2-4. We are well away with this another year and as each day ends I feel that I am "doing my bit" in Ward A.

Jan. 5-6. Yesterday they sent all my up patients to Con. Camp, today they removed my second-mate. Now I do more than a bit.

Jan. 7. I saw my first Portugese soldiers today. They are fine looking chaps.

Jan. 8-12. French winter weather has been in full swing for the past few days. Raining and snowing alternately; quite windy and very raw.

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Jan. 13-20. Cold, ah, yes! A bit, but 'nae si culd' as 'tis raw. If it would only snow the clouds away, then Father Sun would soon warm this bit of winter weather away.

Jan. 21. Attended Sunday evening service-the first in some time. Took my borrowed fiddle along just to help play the songs sung.

Jan. 22-28. Last days of duty on A ward and first of duty as wardmaster for wards from one to five. Attended two splendid musical concerts the past two evenings and expect to give a hand at service tonight.

Jan. 26. Australian national day. Commemorates discovery by Cook.

Jan. 29-31. Well the clouds have snowed themselves away, but alas, the moon is not so warm as the sun, so we have full pleasure of some frosty moonlight nights.

Jan. 31. Germany announced ruthless submarine warfare.

February 1. We are surely having ideal winter weather, but our quarters are a bit uncomfortable for early rising, and so we all shiver as we await the S.M's explosive "Hun". But the days are ideal and the mantle of whiteness over all makes this the best of winter weather.

Feb. 2-6. Last days of duty as wardmaster. Great interest is taken in the doings of the neutral nations resulting from Germany's drastic threats.

Feb. 3. United States broke off diplomatic relations with Germany.

Feb. 7. Holiday to U.K. Notified this morning to hold myself in readiness for my holiday trip to the United Kingdom. Here I am all ready penning my last few words before dinner and before we are off. God luck to our trip! Were at the central station Etaples at 1.30 p.m. sharp but no train until almost three when we proceeded to Boulogne. Arriving too late for the boat, I decided to skip the rest camp by dropping out of the column route and finding a soft bed in town. This Pelton and I succeeded in doing. After tea, we took a walk, attended the Kursal and now we are about to roll in. Prospects for the night are good.

Feb. 8. No bugle this morning, but we did not oversleep-soft beds are things that we must accustom ourselves to. The first meal over we betook ourselves to the dock and there we spent a long two hours in useless waiting at the A.M.L.D. office. About eleven our boat left port and made for the distance dimmed banks of England. Four destroyers guarded us, and for a long ways out we travelled between lines of nets. Finally we arrived and after a short delay found our train for London Town. It was past four when we landed at Victoria Station and were picked up by the Maple Leaf Club people. A hot bath and change fitted us for supper, then the barber fitted us for the street. London in the dark is a bewildering state for a greenhorn from France, but we found our way by frequent inquiries and here we are at His Majesty's Theatre enjoying "Chu Chin Chow".

This musical tale has an eastern setting. The costumes and scenery are of the best. The acting perfect. Our box seat well to the front and we thoroughly enjoying it scene by scene and act by act. "On with the show". The performance over I received my first insight into the sins of the women folk of this metropolis. The streets are full of these fishers of men. Oh! Why do we fight to protect such as these? And why do our leaders not utilize all of these wayward creatures for something of national importance? Went home by underground electric railways, a marvellous system of travelling in a city and one of which I new nothing. Our cots were certainly welcome after our day.

Feb. 9. Slept in this morning. After our nine o'clock breakfast we took a good walk to see Walsh, but he was out and so we journeyed on past Westminster Abbey and Parliament Buildings until by bus we arrived at Madam Tousseaud's Art Works. This building with its crowded rooms was rather awesome at first but as it was with the undertaker's job, so with this. These life like effigies of the great dead-and in the Chamber of Horrors, of the better dead soon changed the crowded silence to a keen interest in the marvellous work. Having given the place a thorough study, we dined and then out and by bus to the Agricultural Hall to Cruft's Dog Show. Here we spent the remainder of the afternoon looking over some two thousand odd pedigreed dogs of various classes-Fox Hounds not included. If I had the way and the means I certainly would have made some purchases. We dined at Tottenham Court Road and then proceeded to the Drury Lane theatre to see that gorgeous pantomime 'Puss in New Boots?' The fairy land scenes were most beautiful; the costumes varying from cabbages to butterflies were both elegant and eiry yet how marvellously they fitted in to the color scheme. The show over we rushed for home, got on the wrong underground car and took a pleasant run out into the country and back with results that we escaped locking out by a narrow margin. Then to bed and to sleep.

Feb. 10. I wonder why it is that one no sooner reached London than he gets a cold-we all have it. But on with the sight seeing. Slept in this morning but at last reached the street and headed for the Parliament Buildings and made the trip through these and Westminster Abbey before luncheon. The architecture and art work of these buildings are marvellous, they are fairly crowded with statuary and yet they do not oppress one but rather give him the sense of great, grand and noble things. The collection of Canadian Flags, in safe keeping, in the Abbey were of much interest. How different this war is to those depicted by the artists in these buildings. Here we see our flags left behind in safety and there the artist shows us the numerous slain as the body guard to Englands banner in olden days. After luncheon we visited the Canadian Emmigration Office and revisited Canada again in our mind's eye. Then with a twinge of loneliness we went out to Leicester Square and up the Strand and down a side street to a theatre where we again got a glimpse of Canadian life in the play "The Land of Promise". The change in surroundings from a Lady's home in England to a settler's cabin in Manitoba was a striking one, and the change in life necessary to a peaceful life was still more striking. Yet the grip of the prairie lands held the adventuress as it had held the adventurer. After show I made back to the central Y.M.C.A. and meeting my companion shortly after we proceeded to dinner and then to the Savoy Theatre where the "Professor's Love Story" was seen. The absent minded, thinking man, unable to

continue work puzzled the boy chum doctor finally he diagnosed the complaint as a "coeur case of chercher la femme". His brother practitioner up North claimed it was Lumbago, but was rather puzzled with the afore said diagnosis as he could not find it in the "s's". The professor finally discovers the cause of his trouble in his charming new stenographer and after some pathetic scenes all is well. The show over we again took the underground for our home station Victoria and arrived there in due course.

Feb. 11. Up a bit early for holidaying, dined shortly after nine thirty. Made our way to St. Paul's Cathedral, entered, took a seat and listened to a very fine sermon. This over we journeyed to Leicester Square and then via Regent Park to Buckingham Palace, where we saw the Canadian Gates, given in the year ten to our late King Edward. They are very fine and are the first to be donated by the overseas dominions. Other colonies have their stone work completed, but the metal is still lacking. Met an old guide with whom we bargained for the morrow. Had luncheon and then returned to the club to write a letter before going out to tea. Found our way to Herne Hill all right and arrived at our good ladies quarters O.K. There we remained until well on in the evening having a jolly good time with our kind lady, her three jolly daughters and five other lively lads. Home to bed in good time and now for a fine healthy nights sleep.

Feb. 12. Awoke this morning feeling much better than last night. Arose, dined and off for a barber shop in lively style. Our guide picked us up at ten and we proceeded to see the royal guard change at Buckingham Palace. Saluted the colors for the first time. There surely was some barking of orders and some lively movements around there for some time. Then we proceeded, seeing all the nobilities dwellings, en passant, to Westminster Abbey and took a more cautious look around. This over we headed for the Tower of London, passing the Scotland Yards where one can stay free of cost, and arriving by tube at our destination in short time. We visited the Bloody Tower, saw the rooms where the two princes were murdered, where Raleigh was imprisoned and where many another too great a man spent his last days. The crown jewels are a majestic display but my pen cannot give an idea of their dazzling brilliance, my feeble words fail to give any idea of their golden, bejewelled, mass of artistic wealth. It struck me as peculiar that the vessels of state should be chiefly salt sellars and salt spoons with a single wine fountain. It must be to keep the princes from getting too fresh on such occasions. Next we passed through the White Castle where all the ancient armour, guns and other war paraphernalia are kept. In the court yard is the spot where Henry VIII knocked off his wives heads. After seeing that we left no place for us. Then we visited the Exchange, Dirty Dicks, the Jews' Quarter next Petticoat Lane. From here we went to St. Paul's Cathedral, seeing the crypts, poets corner, Bobbies resting place, Wellington's Carriage and many other corners of interest. Then after having luncheon we took a bus for Victoria and were in good time to go through the King's Stables. Oh! Talk about stables but they are some billets. I wish I had half as good while stopping in France. And horses, all of the very best, in the best of condition and getting the best. The king has reduced his horses since the outbreak of war. He had one hundred and forty then but has only one hundred now, has turned the others out. None but blacks and bays in the stables now. The state carriages and harness are very, very rich. Took in Zig Zag during the evening, but it was a bit too patchy to satisfy after what we had

seen during the past few nights. I went to bed with a pair of sore eyes, hoping to awake a bit better in the blinkers.

Feb. 13. Slept in this morning and awoke with gummed up eyelids. As soon as possible I made for the Zoological Gardens in Regeant Pk. Had a fine walk and saw a great deal of interest before returning to the Y.M.C.A. to await Pelton. Dined at the same eating house as usual. Had a bit of fun on the streets and then went in for High Jinks at the Adelphi. It was a fine little musical farce and with its bit of pantomime kept the audience in good humour for the evening. We left early to go North from Euston station. Took the 11.45 p.m. for Liverpool, arriving there at seven in the morning. The trip was a bit tiresome being made in third class carriages and in a crowded compartment.

Feb. 14. Here we are in Liverpool. The first thing we did upon landing was to book a hotel, go to our room and then to bed. Awoke at ten and then up and out for something to eat. After which we took a taxi to look up one of Harry's letter friends. Found her at work but did not fail to make an appointment for the night at the Empire theatre. This accomplished we returned to our hotel and to bed. Up at four o'clock to make ready for the evening doings. Called a taxi and out after our lady birds at six, fifteen. Returned to theatre and had a fine time-doubled our joys. The whistling and violin selections were excellent, but the trip home and the evening chat about the fireside and dinner table were a "little bit of heaven" to our war weary selves.

Feb. 15. Failed to make connections for the north altho' we were up at eight. So have decided to see Liverpool today, the ladies tonight and back to London tomorrow. After breakfast and the barber and the boot black, came the taxi which took us down to see the Mersey, but we were not permitted to see much of the docks. Returning from the Landing Stage we visited the Museum and here we found some very interesting sights. The Natural History exhibit was the best. The birds in their native haunts, the animals also, and each species enclosed by itself in suitable cases presented a most scientific and artistic sight. The albino cage and the season cage were also very good. The skeleton room was most interesting, especially the human skulls of different peoples and of ancient times. In the afternoon we visited the Walker Art Gallery and saw some excellent work, several large rooms with their walls filled with masterful work. The greatest pieces to me were "Samson" and "Neptune". In the evening we had four seats at the Court theatre where the American Mr. Manhattan gave us a real treat in droll jokes and droller songs. After which we had a very pleasant hour at Mrs. S's. Then we made for our hotel and were lucky enough to get a taxi.

Feb. 16. Up at nine and ready for our train to London at eleven. No missing the train this time much as we should like to. The train pulled out from No. 7. Platform sharp on time and soon we were flying towards the great capital city. The country side in its winter sombraness and scanty patches of snow did not present a very attractive bit of moving scenery, so we dosed and slept by turns with an occasional awakening for a change. Eriston station was reached shortly before four and from there we set out on our different ways to accomplish various odd jobs about the city. This done I headed for

the Y.M.C.A. and who should I meet but Fletcher, "Old Flet", is just the same as ever altho' in a captain's uniform. Dined at the same restaurant and then rushed over to the square for our show "The Maid of the Mountains". We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves throughout the three scenes of this Romance and then betook ourselves to our night's lodgings, the Ivanhoe Hotel. Some sports are we.

Feb. 17. Awoke to find my sore eyes well sealed, but perseverance and water removed the crusts and then I could see. Breakfast at the Hotel and then after some delay made our way out to the Imperial Hotel, Russell Sq. where we met Lt. Johnston, my old seat mate at Public school, well he is just the same rollicking Bert as ever and we enjoyed our long chat with him. "Gee but it is great to meet a friend from your home town". Bidding our "au revoir" we made back to the city and began preparations for the night. I also did my bit of shopping and so am ready for our return tomorrow. Took in Harry Lauder in the "Three Cheers", a very suitable show, so we thot, to end our theatre going with. Having finished laughing at Harry we made back to the Maple Leaf Club.

Feb. 18. Was awakened very early this morning in order to catch the 6.15 train which did not run today, so we had an extra day in town. Of course upon returning from the station we returned to bed. Our beauty sleep ended we arose, dined and proceeded to the Kew Gardens. They are nice now, I hope to see them in their summer dress at some future date. Returning to the city we found all the pleasure houses closed, so returned to the club, wrote a letter, had a feed and then set out to find the City Temple. We had a good search in the dark streets for it but finally succeeded and were rewarded by hearing a fine sermon. Then we went out into the dark streets to wander here and there to find a clue as to where we were or how to get home. Finally a Bobbie directed us to an Underground where we found ourselves and proceeded from East Kensington to Victoria.

Feb. 19. Another day with no leave train, so we slept in quite content. After breakfast I went down to the Pay Office, and practically wasted half my day for when I returned for my book, I found it balanced but no new book and as I could not wait the old one has to suffice. Made arrangements for a theatre tonight, wandered aimlessly about for some time and then dropped in here-Y.M.C.A.-to read the paper, have a rest and await my side kick. Outside the city rush is going full tilt. The crowd of pedestrians, the jam of vehicles that pass and pass and always on the left tire my eyes and so it is with a sense of relief that I can come to a quiet spot like this to rest my wearied orbs. Dined at a new café this evening and so missed our lively chat with the waitresses. Took in the "Girl from Ciro's" at the Garrick Theatre. Altho' shady in spots, it was very good. The complicated prevarications that were caused by a single marriage were astounding; and herein lay the cause for our mirth.

Feb. 20. The Germans started to retire along the Somme.

Feb. 20. We are surely lucky lads with regard to our leave. No train today. But it is raining instead and so the streets are not very pleasant for walking. Spent most of the morning knocking about the club. Finally about noon I set out for South Kensington to

see the Natural History Museum and there I walked until my feet were sore beholding wonders of the present and from the distant past ages. In this hike the reptile room held out the greatest attraction in its giant dinosaur. This collection is much more extensive than that of Liverpool yet its collection of birds in their native haunts is no better, excepting of course, Gould's collection of hummingbirds, which are truly marvellous. The loft of fancy pigeons was an additional object of interest. And the case of mice showing the results of crossing the albino species with the Japanese waltzing mouse was very instructive. As also were other cases exemplifying the Mendelian Theory. All in all I spent a very pleasant and instructive afternoon there. Dined at the old place again, were something of a surprise to the girls, but they did not take long to recover. Then we walked over to Picadilly Circus and took in "Romance" at the Lyric theatre. This was the best of all the shows I have seen during my holiday. The plot, a common occurrence in society circles, had the added attractiveness of a love affair between a rector and an actress. The prologue and epilogue give us a character study of dear old grandpa and his two grandchildren. The three acts explain in part where and how and when his soul went through the fires of love.

Feb. 21. Up early as there are trains to convey all to Folkestone. Reported and after a deal of standing about got a seat in the train. Slept most of the journey and 'twas well for a long tedious day it has been. We stood on the station platform until tired, went on board and stood about all day until more than tired, then another turn at the platform and finally up the long Folkestone hill to the upper enclosure where the animals were fed at five and are booked for the night. The gov't has commandeered these buildings and enclosed them with a high corrugated iron fence, all for our benefit. What a kind and thoughtful parent the British government is! Went to bed early and slept quite well considering the quietness of my bed fellow and the softness of the floor.

Feb. 22. Up quite early this morning. The layers of fat on my hip bones are not too thick yet. Had a wash up the street a ways. Dined on bread and ham. Folded our blankets and am now ready to take up my bed and walk. This we did at 8.45 a.m., and as the fog lifted off we started for France the three channel boats packed with soldiers. A perfect maze of shipping were crossing both ways. Upon landing we tried to escape the rest camp but nothing doing. The mounted police were very irgilant (?), so we had to take the long, up-hill walk to the muddy rest camp. Here we fed and then sat about until 'twas time to turn in for the night.

Feb. 23. The hard floor, scanty covering, and bad colds kept me from sleeping too soundly. Up in good time, dined and at the appointed time "fell in" upon the muddy parade ground. I almost had trench feet before we moved off. At the station we had another long wait before the train pulled out. But finally we rolled into Etaples (E has an accent here) station and then hiked for camp. Passes were turned in, clothes were changed and at last we were ourselves again; glad to get back and from the handshakes others were glad to see us again.

Feb. 24. British recaptured Kut-el-Amara.

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Feb. 24. Reported for duty but most of the morning had passed before I took over the work on ward twenty-two. Here I am to hold out for a short time at best. Felt a bit lost at first but soon found myself.

Feb. 25. The word of the day is that the second year medicals return to England for Canada this week. I feel a bit under the weather.

Feb. 26. Slept in this morning and then reported on "Sick Parade". The officer would accept no excuses and so I found myself a patient in Ward 17 before noon. Spent the remainder of day in bed.

Feb. 27-28. Ailed with a wheeze and cough. Swinging the lead, I be.

Mar. 1. On this the first day of another month I have changed my tactics and here I sit decked out in blue- convalescing. But not for long, the sister has ordered me back to bed. My wheeze must be cleared up.

Mar. 2. In bed all day. Am getting fed up. Was unable to sleep during the night, have about rested my body a sufficient length of time.

Mar. 3. The second year medical boys left us this morning for Canada.

Mar. 4. Was allowed to get up today. So did the right thing by going to bed(?).

Mar. 5-6. Back to ward work again, a handy man, alright.

Mar. 8. A blustery March day with snow and sun. Reported for duty and was made Orderly Corporal-a new role for me.

Mar. 9-11. The first days of spring. Starting with snow flurries and improving until we are enjoying sunshine and skylarks again. My Corporal's stripe was confirmed by yesterdays orders. About time.

Mar. 11. British captured Bagdad.

Mar. 12-14. Spring weather with its moist warm days is with us. I was honored by the office of Presidency of the Men's Mess on Mar. 12.

Mar. 15. This spring weather is getting into all of us. We are all taking a turn on the ball grounds these evenings.

Mar. 16. Tsar Nicholas II abducted the throne of Russia. The papers seem full of expectations. Russia is a querie.

Mar. 17. Ireland's Day was a day of deeds. Bapanine has fallen. St. Patrics Day was rather uneventful with us but we enjoyed a Moving Picture Machine in our mess during the evening.

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Mar. 18. The historic Peronne and Noyon, the birthplace of Calirim. The splendid news of yesterdays advances has filled us all with the high spirits. The news of Russia's great step was of all news the best we have had since the siege warfare began.

Mar. 19. Nor does the advance confine itself to one day, nor the captured towns to a few. The enemy retreats on an eighty two mile front today, being harassed at all points by our cavalry. The weather is turning wet again, this no doubt will retard our operations a great deal, much to the displeasure of all.

Mar. 20. The good ship Asturias was torpedoed, but did not sink/captured. Our advance is meeting with greater resistance and the daily communiqué gives us little else that is raids and air fighting. Of course we are gaining a few more villages but they are completely destroyed by the enemy and so are of very little value to anyone.

Mar. 25. Summer Time was adopted today, so we have lost another hour. But the splendid long evenings more than make up for the loss, so think we.

Mar. 26-31. My duties have been increasing during the past few days. The Orderly Corporal-Sergeant job was not too bad but when they attacked the duties of ward master of huts from 17 to 35, I found that my time was about all taken up. Consequently I have had but little chance of late to read or write. I am working full limit again.

April 1. 'All Fool's Day' passed with never a joke. The flux of patients leaves no time for idle pranks. Our new reinforcements arrived at a very opportune time and we are surely making good use of them.

Apr. 2. More men arrived today. The regular Mess Meeting was held in the evening, the attendance was good and the program much appreciated. During the night a heavy snow storm fell upon this place.

Apr. 6. The United States declared war against Germany.

Apr. 3-7. Spring weather, but a little late in arriving. I have been pretty much on the jump of late, but today I was relieved of the ward master job and so had things a little easier.

Apr. 8. Another day of restful jobs. They are quite welcome for trouble is in the air and very shortly we will be head over heels in work.

Apr. 9. The British Offensive for 1917 commenced in earnest.

Apr. 9-12. 'Twas well for us that we cleaned out the hospital during the last couple of days, for now we are getting nothing but conveyer. The night rest is broken by a continuous string of patients, the day is little. I was sent to the Operating Theatre and there we surely are doing something. From eight in the morning till two, a lengthy day.

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Apr. 13-21. I have been given a new job that of traffic cop in the corridor. Some men can think out systems by which I could manage the traffic but after a weeks work, Col. Kidd says that I am the man to do it. "Freeman is a good man, a good boss and he is doing good work". Some such recommend must have been the cause of my promotion for tonight's orders name me for a third stripe.

25 years old on April 24

Apr. 22. I am quite pleased that my promotion came no sooner, for now every man has a handshake for me and his words of greeting are always to the effect that I got no more than I had well earned. May my earnings always be regulated by my deservings, then they will be the better appreciated and will do me the greatest good.

Apr. 23. The day was springlike and I very nearly got homesick dreaming about the old trap line and all its many natural beauties.

Apr. 24. 25 years old on April 24. A quarter of a century old-what have I accomplished during these years? The next quarter will no doubt answer my enquiry in part. To me it has been very free from care and pain, much more free than I can expect of the next. My work has seemingly all been preparatory-so far I have been sowing. The harvest is yet to come and may God grant that it be both beauteous and bountiful. Of the foul seeds sown; my life's work will be to smother them and thus prevent their spreading. The past year has had its hard spots and tempting moments, but I have fought again all and have overcome most with the result that I have been awarded for a part at least of my many struggles.

Apr. 25-30. At last true spring weather is here. From early dawn to dusky eve the skylarks pour out their joyous song to those of us who are fighting here below. Oh! God, what a contrast-and what a lesson to both our enemy and ourselves. This the best of the year we make the worst.

Apr. 29. The One thousandth day of the war for the British Empire.

May 1. 2 years in army. The second anniversary of my soldiers career. The two past years have taught me much of the world and the peoples dwelling thereon. My military career has been without a stain, so I have won my first "Good Conduct Stripe". Moreover I have also risen to the rank of Sergeant; a task not a gift, it has been; yet I have gained the distinction and by doing so have gained the ill will of no one,-a rare enough occurrence in a corp such as ours has been. But the past is done, I have but the present with hopes of the future. May I make the best of each day as it arrives, and may but few pass before Peace has nestled once more amongst the peoples of this war wracked world. 'I long for home'.

May. 2-5. We are enjoying the most glorious of spring weather. I feel that I could stand and keep up the deep breathing exercise all day with pleasure.

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May 6. The day of rest-would that it proved true at present. At any rate the padres carried out their part this evening by holding their first service in the new Red Cross hut.

May 7. This day is noted for the fact that at the meeting held in the men's mess I cancelled the last tie that held me, namely the presidency of the mess. My term of office expiring when I was promoted to sergeant, but the cutting loose was done tonight.

May 8-12. Holding down the old job in the theatre, but the work is getting slack and I am expecting a change to be made. The weather still continues superb, I had a long tramp today around the pine woods Le Touquet.

May 13-20. As I expected I have been given a little extra work. Now I am Orderly Sergeant during the forenoon and Operating Sergeant in the afternoon. But as the surgical work has slackened, I am as busy as usual.

May 21-22. Ideal summer weather, and an ideal war as far as our conditions go. We were entertained tonight by a very fine troupe, they gave us a sight into the laughable side of the life in the front line. The boys were entertained in our mess after the show and the two who acted the part of the girls, gave us a very lively time before leaving.

May 23. Sully and I had it out on the Le Touquet tennis courts, he put it over me but I gave him a run for his money. But, tho' a loser I had a very fine time during the entire afternoon and mean to return at the earliest opportunity to try again for a place.

May. 24. Celebrated by remaining on duty; not much of a celebration as our work is very slack. The camp sick are about our only arrivals.

May 25-30. The chief topic these fine days is in relation to the concert which we as "The Orchestra" intend to put on for the patients in the afternoon of June 1. We feel quite confident of being able to give them something worth listening to. The work is still slack.

May 31. My girl May will soon be leaving me for this year. As a means of amusement and pastime I again visited the courts of Le Touquet and had a few sets with my friend Cameron Sully, he came out victorious again but I kept him very busy.

June Brazil declared war on the German Government.

June 1. That concert of ours came off O.K. everyone was very much pleased with our first attempt. The much delayed Canadian mail arrived to-day.

June 2-6. Still an easy time with plenty of heat during the day. We had a splendid thunder shower during the evening and early night.

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June 7. Taking advantage of the slack spell, the pathologist is re-inoculating us with anti-typhoid serum. I received mine this evening-what a sensation follows that pin prick. An electric shock of slight intensity run down my arm lodging first in the "funny bone", and later reached my wrist where like a confined weight it remained. Then a somewhat similar feeling settles in the axilla while the whole arm has a heavy, choked sensation. Anon, and my pectoral muscles as well as stomach seem to have a first cousin of Mr. Heart Burn for company. The twitching of the arm muscles, the choked pain of fingers, wrist and then arm at point of injection and the loss of power in hand grip are followed by a definite ache throughout my whole arm like that arising from continued and excessive muscular exertion. I think it is time to retire.

June 8. Spent a very restless night-frequent chills. Arose this morning with a painful, leaden arm and general febrile symptoms. These remained with me all day and now-twenty four hours after the inoculation-my back is sore, my abdominal muscles painful, my eyes bloodshot and my head aching. But the stiffness has to a large extent departed from my arm and only the muscle at point of insertion is inflamed and enlarged.

June 9. Forty eight hours after my inoculation and again I am feeling fit with exception of localised, inflamed portion of arm about pin prick point. Spent the afternoon in the theatre as the new advance means more work.

June 10-15, 1917. The weather continues fine, have had a couple heavy thunderstorms, so all is well with this part of the world. The Germans have pulled off another big air raid on London; John Bull had best look to his right little, tight little island. Last evening I took my first walk up through the country east of the camp, it is very fine up there. At last I succeeded in obtaining a German automatic as "bon souvenir".

June 12. King Constantine of Greece gave up his throne to his second son.

June 16-20. As I listen to the birds during these early mornings I think with Walton; "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?"

June 21-22. Long days and short nights. The former are filled in with a combination of work and play, the latter with work and rest.

June 23. Sully and I tried the Le Touquet tennis courts again, and as usual he put it over me, but I had plenty of time for laughs at his attempts to recover some of my corner line shots.

June 24-28. Weather continues showers; work still is moderate.

June 26. First American troops land in France.

June 29. Greece declared war on Germany.

June 29-30. In preparation for Dominion Day, when we propose to place flowers upon the graves of Canadian dead, we have been turning out for drill at five in the morning. This evening I and some others marked the various graves with Union-Jacks.

July 1. The Russians commenced their '17 offensive. Canada 50 years old. In 1867 the Fathers of Confederation welded the different provinces of Canada, that extend from "sea to sea and from the rivers unto the end of the earth" into a Dominion. Today we are celebrating the fiftieth birthday of our nation, and it would be well if at this time we should remember the words of the prophet Amos, "Thus saith the Lord; seek ye me and you shall live". For we are the men who must lay down the foundation stones for a healthy national life. Canada is a country rich in all forms of natural resources, its' future in the material world is assured, but we must ever guard lest the spiritual life be forgotten. The memorable service of decorating the graves of our Canadian warriors which we participated in this morning will have been in vain if we, as they, do not adhere to the cause of right even unto death.

July 2. Since yesterday was Sunday the sports were postponed until today. I remained in camp as an orderly sergeant is supposed to do. Our boys won the baseball match by a wide margin and also gained a fair percentage of the other events contested. The sisters gave the boys a feed of strawberries and cream for supper, "Three Cheers". In the evening an excellent program was given the hospital personnel by the I.B.D. Opera Troop and the C.C. orchestra. The performers were afterwards entertained in our mess until the wee hours of the morning. Long eer which I was in the land of dreams. Striving to catch up the sleep lost during the last three mornings.

July 3. Another day of the Great War in which I did my humble share of duties.

July 4. "Well, there are 25,000 of us over here, by heck, an'I reckon that we'll take over a weak spot in the line and see you fellers through, and, by heck, if that isn't enough there will be another 25,000 over right away-by heck.

July 5. Sully and I had a short afternoon on the Le Touquet tennis courts.

July 6. Queen Mary spent the day in visiting the camps in Etaples area.

July 7-15. Another week has slipped by and without the fulfillment of our expectations. But we are still looking ahead for busier times.

July 8. The 100,000th Sunday of the Christian Era.

July 14. France's National Fete Day. Commemorating the fall of the Bastille.

July 17. The name of the Royal Family of England changed to Windsor.

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July 16-24. Still the times are quiet. But we have not been wasting them, but have completed our tennis court and have been pounding ourselves into good condition upon its cinder surface. No more trips to Le Touquet courts.

July 24-31. Our work is livening up a bit more due to the new lachrymatory gas that the Germans are shooting over. It has the same effect as mustard upon the skin. Owing to its properties it can neither be seen or smelled and its action is slow, so those becoming affected are quite ignorant of when they were exposed to the attack. Several of the more severe cases have died, but the majority are only temporally inconvenienced by an acute conjunctivitis or blistered skin or both.

July 31. We gave Fritz another set back in Flanders.

Aug. 1. Rumors confirmed the date of attack as yesterday morning. The wounded besieged us this morning. And we are still under full steam ahead.

Aug. 2-3. The last days of the third year of our war and still the Dove has not returned to our ark, the war ravaged world.

Aug. 4. The first day of another year of strife. "Time continues to turn over its' pages" and all too soon this year will also be one with those of yesterday. May my deeds be good deeds!

Aug. 5-15. Rain! Rain! Rain! It seems that the Master of the Heavens would wash away the sins of this land. At any rate he has destroyed our plans, delayed our push and saved the enemy for a time at least. Yesterday the weather faired and we treated our tennis court with a top dressing of tar and pebbles.

Aug. 16-20. The warriors are not losing any of this fair weather. The line has sagged forward again, and we are busy once more. A new gas "oil of mustard?" is putting large numbers of our men out of action for a short time, so far we have had very few deaths from it. The theatre has claimed me again for the rush, so my days are fairly well filled with double duties.

Aug. 21-27. The receding portion of the wave of work is our lot these days. So it is in the present mode of warfare, rush one day, and hush the next. The Italians are doing good work again.

Aug. 28. All last night and today, the elements have been wild. The dashes of rain and bursts of wind have wrought great havoc in the canvas section of the camp. Our favourable location has protected us, but some dozen of our tents are in tatters.

Aug. 29-31. The tail-end of the storm is still with us, harrying us with its high wind, fitful showers and cold temperature.

Sept. 1-3. A complete change of program in the weather line. The days are quiet,

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warm and bright; the nights clear, cool and luminous with a most beautiful harvest moon. Our work is very slack.

Sept. 4. Took a holiday trip to Paris Plage for the afternoon. Enjoyed a healthy swim "dans le mer", followed by a "blacksnake" on the sands. Returned to camp in time to attend a splendid concert put on by the "Debonaire" concert party. This was but finished when two aerial bombs dropped in the vicinity and distant detonations bespeak others.

Sept. 5. The American Hospital at Canuers suffered four casualties last night, six bombs fell, four exploding, killing one officer and three men besides wounding a score or more besides.

Sept. 6-8. Splendid weather and but little to do. An ideal life? No.

Sept. 9. In answer to that question. Riot at the base at Etaples. The Imperial troops at this base are in riot. Many rumors are about the camp, at least one man had been killed, probably more. The mob spirit is loose, all detention compounds have been destroyed, the police are kept out of sight and bands are striving to sooth the trouble by the best of music. What the outcome will be is rather uncertain.

Sept. 10. The Scotch regiments refused to turn out for drill at the belle ring. And this evening there is a great deal of noise in camp.

Sept. 11. The "red tops" or policemen have all been withdrawn. Etaples has been put "in bounds" by the troops. But still the spirit of riot is astir. The camp compound is kept under armed guard.

Sept. 12. The mob have overstepped the line by raiding the estaminets and seriously injuring a French woman. With all results that large picquets are posted and the machine gunners have been called in. Further rioting means casualties of serious nature.

Sept. 13. "Fools rush in, where angels fear to tread". So have the rioters carried on, with results that this evening several received cracked heads from the picket's batons. All is in suspense.

Sept. 14. The pickets carried out a wholesale system of arrests last night, thus clearing the town of the troublesome law breakers.

Sept. 15. I commenced a vaccine treatment for my acne infested hide. As no rumors are afloat I suspect that the town is "in bounds".

Sept. 17. Took a walk down town in the evening. It was like old times-the life in Cairo-to go crowding ones way through thousands of soldiers.

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Sept. 18. I received a shift in duty this morning, so reported to the operating theatre for further work. Now, under Capt. Hanna, I shall learn a little about giving anaesthetics. My experience so far has been limited to seventy five, but the very near future may see a much larger number to my credit upon the old hospital book of # 7 C.G. Hosp.

Sept. 19-22. Times are looking up a little. News from the front is good, and the convoys are not too many. But we have a fair share to do.

Sept. 23. Sunday and concert day for the orchestra. We entertained the O.C.'s guests and in return he gave us a dinner. After which we were amused by the impromptu speeches & stories that went round the festive board. The dinner over we took a walk 'eer retiring.

Sept. 24-30. We have had a fairly busy time during the past week. The weather has remained splendid, so the fighting still goes on.

Oct. 1. Our orchestra leader invested one hundred francs into a violin for me. Now I have a fairly decent instrument to play upon.

Oct. 2-6. The recent moves along our front have kept us well supplied with work. We are averaging forty operations a day in the one theatre.

Oct. 7. The Summer Time was changed to Solar Time at 1 a.m. when all clocks were put back one hour. Thus today is a twenty five hour one.

Oct. 8-13. If all these days were like the seventh, still we would be tired as the convoys come one upon the other. We reached our record expansion number today when we had 2306 patients in the hospital. The theatre has been very busy and but now-another convoy has arrived.

Oct. 14-20. This is ideal autumn weather, every day is so bright, yet hazy; and each night until last night, the haze has turned to clouds and through the dark hours the rain has fallen. But last night the haze cleared away and in the wee hours we were all awakened by some dozen very heavy detonations accompanied by many far distant shrapnel explosions that lit up the heavens in the neighbourhood of those long arms of light that swept the heavens in vain endeavour to locate our unwelcome visitor.

Oct. 21. The 'Daily Mail' informs us of the fiasco of our zeppelin visitors. Four out of seven down, one or two more drifting out of control. Not bad eh!

Oct. 22-26 A few more days of work to my account. My bit is increasing.

Oct. 27. Took a half day off and visited the Le Touquet Woods. From the Observatoire de Bellevue I had my eyes full of the autumn colors of a French landscape. Beautiful it was but not so beautiful as are those rugged forest lands of my native land at this time of year.

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Oct. 28. Sunday and I was obliged to work from one emergency to another all day with but a short interval in the evening when I went to church.

Oct. 29. Took a long walk this afternoon, got caught out in a shower, but arrived home not too wet. After a bath, some supper etc. I attended the orchestra practise, where we are preparing some choice music for our nest.

Oct. 30-31. It seems a shame that these choicest of autumn days should go by and I cannot get away for a shoot. But such is my job that I must attend the mangled remains of what has been shot. On this the last of the month I and a companion repeated the walk that I enjoyed so much two days past. On our return we lent a hand in repairing a puncture that one of the ambulances suffered.

Nov. 1-10. For autumn the weather is very fine. I have taken a few long walks in the few places left open to us, and in spite of the confinement have enjoyed the autumn tints of leaf & blade. At our monthly mess meeting I was honoured by being appointed President. In the theatre I have been honoured by the chief anaesthetist who has named me as the bet of his coworkers and understudies. The war drags on and the future gets darker and darker. Oh. God, how long? How long?

Nov. 11-17. Owing to trouble in the theatre our captain anaesthetist has left us to carry on by ourselves. So I as the 'Sergeant in charge' have a bit more responsibility. But to counteract this I have a very fine bunch of sisters and a very good crowd of workers.

Nov. 18. Sunday. After finishing our days work I went for a walk to Carniers in the evening. We found a pathway along the brook's bank and here wandered in solitary thought until the Manor House was reached where we had tea and then returned to camp and to church.

Nov. 19-26. Another week of war has passed and with it has come and gone the daily quota of sick and wounded. Still we work away looking to the future with hopeful hearts, praying that the end may not be far off.

Nov. 27-30. The weather has been more stormy; The war news more gloomy; the work about par. So we keep on carrying on.

Dec. 1. The first of the last month. The chief chatter of the camp today has been with regard to the coming elections.

Dec. 2. The recent fighting is increasing our work. But still after the days work I felt like helping along with the song service.

Dec. 3. The first meeting of the mess under the new president. And as I had visited the turkey farm in the afternoon I was able to make my report upon Christmas preparations etc.

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Dec. 4. The orchestra supplied music for a 'Smoker' for the men.

Dec. 5-6. Nothing to do but work and then more work.

Dec. 7-12. I am still the dope-pouring fiend of the O.R. But on these glorious days it is a hard job to keep oneself satisfied with conditions, my whole nature rebels against this indoor work in fine weather.

Dec. 9. Jerusalem captured by British. America declared war against Austria.

Dec. 13-15. The work is becoming lighter, our patients are now mostly sick. As a result the operation room is being prepared for more aseptic work such as hernias etc.

Dec. 16. Winter has dropped down upon us at last in the form of a fine little snow storm. It came at a rather inopportune time for our orchestral concert, yet the crowd was very good considering.

Dec. 17. King Winter had a rough time to keep his place against King Sol, but evening found him still here with his hold tightening.

Dec. 18-22. This has been the very best of wintry weather. Frosty and clear-the type of days that makes ones blood bound in his veins.

Dec. 23. Back at the ward master job, and glad to enjoy a rest. Everyone is busy with preparations for the Yule tide season.

Dec. 24. Our third Xmas overseas, and in spite of the U-Boats we were able to partake of a meagre three meals during the day. In the morning I called in and acted as Santa for the operating room tree which was sumptuously loaded for all. In the evening the sergeants established a precedent for the unit in waiting upon the men at their sumptuous feast. We all were pleased with the success of all endeavors, and went to rest with hopes for the morrows half day off duty and genuine dinner.

Dec. 25. Boxing Day was celebrated by the sergeants, staff-sergts,. warrant officers, officers, waiters, cooks and entertainers in right royal style in our mess. AT the close of an ample feed of all that was good and wholesome came a lengthy impromptu toast list. I proposed the toast to "Our Allies". This part of the program having been completed the boys continued to drink the toasts until the wee hours arrived and our stock ran out.

Dec. 26. The day after the night before proved to be a big headed one for the toasters. I enjoyed myself in the afternoon by snowballing.

Dec. 27-30. During these days we have been ridding ourselves of the past indulgences in anticipation of the approaching one.

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Dec. 31. The day passed quite uneventfully, but the evening proved otherwise. First we made a record in admitting of 200 patient convoy. Then followed an entertainment par excellent, at which the orchestra supplied the music. The amateur theatrical stars gave us cause to criticise. Whilst the ghosts quintelle made us laugh. Midnight followed close upon the refreshments. Then as the chimes struck the hour, the old folk by the fireside rose, drank to the new year and sang to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne'. This over we musicians struck up "We won't go home until morning". But in spite of our energy they did go home and after a shake all round we too betook ourselves to our resting places.

1918 Commences

Jan. 1, 1918. Another year has opened up its pages and upon this the first we find little else than Duty and Good Cheer. What we meet as we turn to each succeeding leaf, we must live to realise, for without doubt, this is already marked by Dame Rumor as a year of important events.

Jan. 2-7. A few days of Christmas mails and all that word implies.

Jan. 8-9. Ward work with the added duty of Convalescent Parade to #6 Camp.

Jan. 10. At last I have been given my belated term of night duty. On this my first night I handled the usual evacuation of Blighty Boys and prepared a case for an appendectomy in the morning.

Jan. 11. The usual evac and a catheterization of above mentioned patient.

Jan. 12-15. Ditto the above, with a bit of art work as an extra; a memo book.

Jan. 16-22. The usual evacuation. The occassional convoy. Nightly visits.

Jan. 23. A morning long to be remembered, but not to be talked about.

Jan. 24.-31. How provokingly true is the law of extremes. For instance; here am I well away on night duty, everything arranged for a pleasant time during the next ten days-when my plans are all upset by a change in the nursing staff. How provoking!

Feb. 1. But if I lost some fine sisters, I at least gained one who has the job of Night Supervisor. The best part of this fact is that I have worked with her before and so far have not found her wanting in any of the fine points.

Feb. 2-3. My first death for this term of night duty. Another record. No. 507.

Feb. 4. I was re-elected President of the Sergeants Mess for ensuing quarter.

Feb. 5-9. The spectacular wind up of a lazy man's term of night duty.

Feb. 10. A change of duty brought one another easy man's job. Wardmaster.

Feb. 11. Chinese New Year's Day. Oh! what a life of ease; there among the tents and trees. And with the moon as lamp by night; the sun as light by day; who is there among our crowd who would not be pleased to stay-as a lotus eater.

Feb. 21. At last, the long looked for leave warrant for Paris and Nice arrived. Sully and I set off about 2.30 p.m. and succeeded in climbing on to the moving train for Paris. After a jolly trip with a bunch of French soldiers and sailors, through marsh and wood land we arrived at 'Le Gare du Nord' at 8.15 p.m. Found our way to the Leave Club at Hotel Moderne and here I sit ready to visit this, the home of art. We did not venture out again but had a light lunch, heard a fine concert and then to bed.

Feb. 22. Awoke this morning much refreshed, rejoicing in that no bugle sounded. Up and away without breakfast, visiting 'Le Place de la Bastille' and 'Le Gare du Lyon'. We had a good long walk in that portion of the city, returning to the club and departing again before noon. This was our business day and so we did a great deal of running around without accomplishing so very much. An American beguiled some of our time in the afternoon, and insisted that we drink with him. I am a poor boozier as my head soon hits up an ache. We had tea in the club and count on remaining in for the evenings' dance.

Feb. 23. Up and breakfasted in time to start with the sightseeing company. Our guide a stout English lady started off with ten, taking us to the Museum of Chiny-a marvellous collection of antiquities in an unsuspecting Roman ruin-The Sarbonne or University of Paris was visited next. Then we dined. That task over we next called at the Senate-a most gorgeous building. The Museum of Luxembourg entertained us with its marvellous art works of statuary and paintings.

Feb. 24. We were awakened early and 7.30 a.m. found us at the 'Gare du Lyon'. After a light dejeuner we took the train for Fontainebleau. From the station we took tram car to the palace and there we passed through the gorgeously decorated rooms, halls and chapel of the early French kings. The building dates back to 1515 when Francis the First came to the throne. Having completed our sight seeing tour of the palace we proceeded to the 'Aigle Noir' where we dined and from which we took carriages for a drive along the fine roads of the immense forest. Our coachman spent the afternoon in showing us the various things of interest in the forest, such as odd shaped stones, large trees, the race course and general view of the woods. We entrained at 4.15 p.m. and were in Paris by six. From then until seven we were a little rushed having tea and journeying to the opera where Aida was played. This Grand Opera with its ancient Egyptian setting, numerous characters, gorgeous costumes, wonderful singing and pathetic love story of Aida the slave and Radames the leader of Amneris's father's army. The jealousy of Amneris, the success of Radames, the capture of Aida's father Amonasro, the plot and treason of Radames, his lover and her father. And the entombing followed by death of the true lovers. All this to music and in music-what a night! But even then the play did not do justice to the building in which it was staged.

This place is a glorious work of art, never could I have imagined such architectural beauty. The promenades, marble colonnades, painted ceilings, gilded statuary, immense mirrors, rows of boxes, large pit and orchestra stall make this the best of buildings I have ever seen.

Feb. 25. Whilst dressing this morning Sully and I formed our plans for the day, but in the interval between leaving our room and arriving downstairs we made another change and as a result saw the most beautiful palace-Versailles. We journeyed by train, dined at the Hotel Suisse, then we did our sightseeing. But owing to the preciousness of the furnishings, about all that is left are the masterpieces in painting. The majority of which are upon the ceilings. Our party was so large that I did not learn the particulars of each room; but the one I prefer is that with the walls covered with battle paintings. The grounds about the palace are limited yet most artistic. At present the workmen are busy sandbagging the monuments. Next we visited the Trianon Palace, a beautiful little, plain yet rich building. It was near here that we saw the Royal Coaches and 'Traineaus'. After this round we betook ourselves toward the station, boarded the train and landed back at the club without mishap. In the evening I wasted so much time in preparing for the dance that I was late, yet I enjoyed the last lap to the fullest.

Feb. 26. We were up early this morning and after breakfasting in the hotel betook ourselves to the R.T.O.'s office where we arranged for our trip south this evening. Next we betook ourselves to the 'Magazines du Louvre' where we saw the finest of shops. From here we walked through the 'Jardins du Tuilleries' to 'Le Place de la Concorde' where the obelisk from the Temple of Luxor stands. We turned aside here and visited the Magdelaine which was in process of decoration for mourning. Having completed our visit we took a cab and drove through the 'Champs Elysees' to 'L'Arc de Triompe', a wonderful masterpiece in architecture, a very fitting head to a street like that we drove up. It was near here that we had dinner, which was sumptuous enough to fit us for the afternoon visit to the Invalides where we saw a fine museum of war trophies, ancient & modern. It was here also that we saw Napoleon's Tomb, but owing to the sandbags we did not have an uninterrupted view. From here we travelled by taxi to the Trocadero where thanks to our friend, the lady in residence we saw the interior as well as the exterior. Then there was the hurried trip by tube to 'Le Place de la Republique' where we dined and then betook ourselves to the station, where we located our train and were soon rolling over the rails toward the south in company with a couple of French ladies- and the same of Australian soldiers. After an introduction we slept.

Feb. 27. In spite of our sitting posture I slept fairly well and was only awakened this morning by the bright sunshine. All day we have been passing through a land of vineyards, olive trees in leaf and almond trees in bloom. The blue green waters of the Rhone have appeared from time to time whilst the rough countryside has presented a very picturesque scene almost all day. Our travelling compagnons have done their best to make the journey pleasant for us by conversation. We arrived at Marseilles at a quarter to one, and thanks to the stop I have been able to catch up with my diary. The trip from here was much slower and more beautiful. For many miles we travelled in sight of the coast where the blue water, red rocks, green trees and yellow flowered

mimosa gave us one of the very finest of views. The terraced hill sides and copious vineyards added a new feature to the landscape for me. Nice was reached about seven and then we were delaying in finding a carriage to take us to our hotel. Finally we landed at the 'Queen's Hotel', Rue de Victor Hugo, where the proprietor in his most genial manner made us welcome. Being tired we retired.

Feb. 28. The forenoon was given over to seeing various parts of the city. Arrangements were made for a motor trip on Sunday. The grounds above the Suisse Hotel were visited and a good many snap shots were taken of the city. We dined along the sea front at a second class restaurant, were entertained by beggars and a boy violinist of ability. It seems a shame that such a lad should be playing for his livelihood this early in life. For the afternoons pastime we took the tram to Villefranche, and climbed the mountain road to the Grand Corniche Road and followed it back to Nice, part of the way it was only a gravel bed, being incomplete. Upon arriving in town we visited one of the finest stores and there made some trifling purchases which evoked the greatest pallover I have been in for some time. From this shop we made our weary way to the hotel, supped and retired early to the welcome 'lit'.

March 1. We were up with the birds this morning but owing to an unprepared breakfast and a cloudy sky we decided to call off the trip billed for the day. After 'le petit déjeuner' we went downtown, called for my films and then walked through the flower and vegetable market. This was well worth the seeing, especially to the lover of flowers. Returning from the market to took a walk through the town, but a rain came on so we hied to the tram line and by that means made haste to arrive at our stopping place, where we betook ourselves to a nice 'déjeuner' Owing to the wet weather we rested in our room during the afternoon and evening. After 'diner' we mingled with some French people and had a jolly time in our combined English and French dialects.

Mar. 2 Altho' we were not called, yet we were up and off for Monte Carlo by the seven o'clock tram, and in spite of the rain we made a good days trip. We first visited the gardens, then the casino with its gorgeously decorated gambling rooms, where we learned how the game of 'roulette' is played. The theatre was also seen and a beautiful place it is. After this we posted some cards and took the tram to the French-Italian frontier. There we took several time exposures and then returned to Menton for dinner. It was in this town that we purchased some mosaic wood work. About two o'clock we took the tram for the town of Monaco, which is the capital of the smallest kingdom in the world—one mountain, one hill and two bays. Here we visited the Prince's palace and then by tram to Nice.

Mar. 3 Day of days, one that I shall never cease talking about. The reason being Gods handiwork, set off my man's labor, as seen by me from a mountain climbing, ten passenger touring car. We started at ten thirty, the day being very unfavourable. The crowd consisted of two Belgians, two Canadians-Sully and I, and the other six Americans, one a woman. The chauffeur, a heavy set but efficient man talking French only, gave us the drive of our lives. Once we had reached the mountains the road wound and turn and twisted, a snake never left so tortuous a trail; at times we raced on

the edge of a precipice, again the mountain hung over us and anon we turned a corner that seemed well nigh impossible. The Gorge du Loup presented the most beautiful scenery. We dined at Le Pont du Loup on trout taken fresh from the river. After dinner we began the ascent to Gourdon, a blinding snow storm set in and after leaving the 'escalier de la cascade', where all made part of the ascent to the mountain top, we practically saw nothing but snow and the looped trail that we continued to leave behind. At one point we suddenly surprised a man leading a mule and the latter gave the former an interesting few minutes in space. When at Gourdon we saw an old chapel of the eleventh century and for a few seconds the clouds lifted in the valley giving us a fleeting glimpse of the route we had wended in the morning. The snow continued until we left the mountain and then it rained until we almost reached town. The evening was spent in conversation with our newly made French friends. They are awfully nice, and we are enjoying their company.

Mar. 4. We did not hit the trail in such good time this morning, but we had bad weather to contend with again—that is the reason. By midday we were at Monte Carlo. We dined at Menton where there are no food restrictions. Visited the Museum and Aquarium of the Prince's scientific collection. The first museum of skeletons and stone weapons found in the caves in Italy, near Menton was interesting, but not so fascinating as the much finer building the 'Musée Oceanique'. Here one sees not only all the results of the Prince's Arctic trips, but also the implements used and a great deal of the 'sights seen', such as scenes of a fishing village, with samples of how the catch is handled. After completing the upper part of the building we went down to see the aquarium, this proved to be the best part of the show, for through plate glass we saw the denizens of the deep in their natural colors—so much better than Prof. Klugh's specimens. Having made a round of this place we ascended, walked to Monte Carlo and took a tram home. In order to see the town by 'lamp light' we visited the jetee after dinner and there took in the cinema and during the 'entre acte'—the sirens. What a waste of beautiful women, one would not believe it did he not see with his own eyes.

Mar. 5. We breakfasted in bed this morning and tried a snap shot of each other. Called at a few shops before dinner. Visited Cimiez and Val Rose after dinner. Spent the evening with our friends in the sitting-room and retired early.

Mar. 6. We were moving early, so were obliged to wait about three hours for what is ironically termed the 'Rapide'. The trip to Marseilles was quite uneventful other than we had seats on a forbidden train. All changed at the sea port and left at seven for the capital. Luck was against us as the corridor was our resting place. After several attempts I dined. Soon after I stretched out on my blanket for a restless semi-conscious sleep.

Mar. 7. We awoke to find our train travelling through snow covered fields. Paris was reached at 10.30 a.m. We made direct for the Leave Club and then cleaned up. After dining at a common place sort of restaurant we returned to the club and joined a party for the afternoon, visiting first the famous Gobelin Tapestry Works and then the Historic Conciergerie where so many of noble birth rested for their last earthly days before

proceeding to the guillotine. The crypt with its perfect gothic arches and the small rooms of Marie Antoinette and Robespierre were all seen; and in the chapel where they made their last confessions, many relic of the revolutionary days remain. Of which probably the guillotine blade and the pin prick letter written by the queen are the most interesting. Having seen this much we returned to our room and had a couple of hours rest. Then came 'diner' and then 'diary' and next a concert is being given here. This proved to be one of the best but owing to our fatigued state it was not enjoyed.

Mar. 8. We took a long sleep last night so did not move much before ten o'clock. Then we visited the Bibliotheque National to look up the records of the great **Duc** de Sully of France, after a deal of doing we got inside but failed to find anything of note. We dined at one of the first class restaurants. Then took a turn out of the Ferris Wheel. Later called at the Daily Mail Office and then went shopping at the Grand Magasin du Louvre. That over we made back to the club for suppers. The dance began at 8.15 p.m. and a half hour later the sirens sounded the air raid alarm. We danced after the lights went out, and what a dance it was, a one step. The dance over, the raid still lasted, thus all traffic except the taxi's was stopped. The girls departed in groups by means of the latter and not until 12.15 a.m. did the 'All Clear' resound through the streets. Then I settled down to peaceful slumber.

Mar. 9. We arose early, breakfasted, walked to the station and purchased a ticket for Etaples. At 9.10 a.m. we pulled out and had a fast run through the Oise and Pas de Calais. The weather was splendid, so fine that we sweat walking into camp. There we were met by many a warm hearted hand shake. After supper a convoy arrived, which I scouted. The English class I attended and then returned to the mess to learn of the death of my old friend Mrs. Drennan.

Mar. 10. The time was forwarded an hour last night. My bed was not as comfortable as some I have enjoyed of late. So----I was a bit late in rising.

Mar. 11. Up for roll call, once more. Back at ward duty again. Musical in evening. Went **cocoling** in P.M.

Mar. 12-13. Our wonderful weather still continues. Fritz passes overhead occasionally.

Mar. 14. A shift in the ranks gave me a new job. Mine is now that of Gen. Fatigue Sgt.

Mar. 15-21. All has been fair sailing in smooth waters; but anticipation is high.

Mar. 21. The German offensive on the Somme commenced.

Mar. 22. The convoys are rolling in today. The German push is on, on a wide front.

Mar. 23. Again I take up the bottle; "To kill or not to kill!". Still the convoys come.

Mar. 24. Thanks be to God, that I have strength at this time to aid in mercy's name.

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Mar. 25. Never has the war been so realistic to us. Our haven of rest is overflowing and still the wounded come by rail and road. Refugees are also coming both military + civil.

Mar. 26-29. The stream of wounded is slackening, but the theatre is kept real busy, doing on an average about sixty cases a day.

Mar. 30-31. Back at the Gen. Duty Job once more. And after a spell indoors one is mighty thankful to breathe the pure air again.

April 1. 'All Fool's Day' and never once in the whole day was I fooled, or did I see anyone else attempt to or succeed in fooling another. So changed are we.

April 2-4. We surely are seeing a great deal of what a retreat means by way of congestion of traffic, these days. The road and rail are packed with all sorts of moving troops and equipment. And as one would expect we are kept working.

April. 5-10. Last days of Gen. Duty, but in giving over this duty I feel that I have not be unfaithful to my charge, but have accomplished considerable.

April 11-12. My new job is hat of Orderly Sgt. And with hospital full to overflowing it is no 'easy mans job'. Today I gave my 600th anaesthesia.

April. 13-23-To keep me busy they have added General Duty Sgt's duties to mine. And then I drop into the theatre occassionally; in fact I fill any and every breach.

Apr. 14. Gen Foch appointed commander in chief of Allied Army.

April 24. The time has again come round when I mark my age as one year older. 26 years old. What a difference in my doings during this, the first year of my second quarter century, as compared with that of my first quarter.

Apr. 25-30. The days fly past. The clerical work of the various duties is taking up most of my spare moments. The weather is a little colder.

May 1-2. May 1--fourth yr. in Army Commences. Here begins the first of my fourth year of army life. And again I have been re-appointed as President of the Serpts. Mess.

May 3-6. The last days of my third year and the first of my fourth. What a life.

May 6-10. Weather, rough + fair. Very like the experiences of life. I am beginning to feel like an old soldier. At times I feel that I must get away from this life lest I become useless.

May 11-19. Beautiful weather with intense heat. I am resting during the day and staying up at night, visiting the "forbidden ones". I am very healthy.

May 20. It would be rather funny if this booklet did not contain something of the nature of warfare as experienced by the author. So I write of an air-raid in which some hundred bombs were dropped and some hundreds of men wounded. About twenty bombs fell in our hospital grounds wounding and killing over fifty men. When the raid commenced I was on Ward C, where I was kept busy for some little time calming the nervous ones. When the wounded arrived I went to the O.R. but having no lights, and almost a continuous rain of bombs was able to do nothing. The head wounds I then helped carry to Ward D and there I busied myself until the raid was over. During the raid one of the marquee wards was fired and destroyed. Fritz made good use of the flame to drop more pills with sad results. After a restless sleep of two hours I arose to carry on and had a very busy day. At seven we started a dugout and when a convoy arrived at eleven we were just completing the work. Then I reported for stretcher bearing and assisted with a weary body in carrying in fifteen stretcher cases. Then a "cocoa" + to bed.

May 21-26. We had a very busy week. Dug-outs and sand-bags are the order of the day. But the paper report was a scandal which should be made punishable. To-day I attended a picnic of the old timers and then to memorial service.

May 27. Great German drive on Paris—reached Marne.

May 27-31. These hot clear days have quickly passed to starlit nights of suspense and raids. Last night Fritz hovered over us for a couple hours but dropped all his eggs on Etaples and along the river, but to-night he gave us all a touching up and a very nerve racking time it was to await his next one. The English hospitals received the heavy hits this time and the wreckage is **tremenduous**. They are talking of closing down the shop.

June 1. We buried two more of our boys this morning making our staff loss four, the rest are being shipped to England as quickly as possible. Everyone has nerves today and we are all going to the country tonight. I and three others made down our bed upon Mother Earth's bosom some kilometres from here and there with the hares to watch and the nightingales to sing we rested our nerves till early morning when we tramped back to camp.

June 2-6. The daily round consists in evacuation of patients; the nightly parade is to remove all possible personnel to the fields. It is some life.

June 6. Americans defeat Germans at Chateau Thierry.

June 7-14. Every day we think of moving; every evening we move to the Indian's life.

June 15. Last night I remained in camp to give the knock out to a touch of bronchitis.

June 16-19. The packing has changed to unpacking, and again we are admitting patients and barricading the wards.

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June 20. A friend from Boulogne with whom a very pleasant afternoon, evening, and night was spent. The weather, though cloudy, was most favourable towards our plans, thus it was that we were able to slip away unnoticed to a quiet shady nook.

June 21-30. Gradually we are getting everything into running order again. The rumor of a move to England is most persistent; but after a week's run a cablegram from the O.C. dissolved all our hopes into thin air. We stick. Fritz was over last night but did very little damage with his dozen bombs.

June 23. Italians drive Austrians back across Piave.

July 1. Another day of work for celebration. Fritz called and unloaded again.

July 2. Took a duty trip to Boulogne and had a very pleasant time in the carrying out of my duty. There was a woman in the case and as guide she led me along many quiet, secluded ways, making the day something to be remembered all through life. Everything was as one could wish and I arrived in Etaples safe.

July 3-6. Reading is filling up no small part of these days. Then I dream.

July 7. Attended church in the morning. Entertained a lady friend the rest of day.

July 8-10. Time flies and once again I am ward master, and with it comes the most welcome of news that pertaining to the return of all medical students. Hurrah.

July 11-13. A little of my old time 'pep' has returned and I am keeping very busy.

July 14. Having promised and having a promise of meeting on the E. + B. road I set out by cycle in spite of weather and had a most enjoyable trip to B. where I clicked + spent the afternoon in the corner café. I had company part of the way home, and came the other half on top speed. Had **couche** my weary limbs by midnight.

July 15. The Sergeant's Mess entertained the medical students right royally.

July 16. Ex-Czar Nicholas of Russia was shot by order of **Bolschvik** government. Packing. Posting. Planning. The Sisters Mess entertained us. A good time.

July 17. Definite orders of a move tomorrow arrived today. I wrote my good-bye letters.

July 18. Packing to return to England. Busy all morning packing and shaking "Good Byes." Left at 11 a.m. Arrived in Boulogne too late for 4 o'clock boat, were sent to the "Soldiers Rest Home" for the night. After tea we walked up to No. 3. met the girls and took them out for dinner. Then went for a pleasant walk and all too soon had to betake ourselves to quarters.

July 19. Shifted quarters, roved about the town all morning. Paraded to boat at three and were on the channel three hours later. Had a pleasant trip until we arrived at

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Shorncliffe and then we did some walking to find our billets, but at last we were housed, fed and bedded down.

July 20. The morning was spent in shifting, reporting, applying for leave, etc. In spite of the rain we went down town to **shu** a show "The Gondoliers".

July 21. On parade this morning, went to church. After dinner we went to pictures.

July 22. My first fatigue for this camp. Had a gang down at station yard. We work?

July 23. Rain all morning. Leave came through so rushed off on 5 o'clock train. Caught the 8 o'clock train for Edinburgh and had pleasant company all way.

July 24. After a sleepless night I arrived at the "jolie ville", found my way to the Lodge. Took a sight seeing drive about town in the morning. Visited the Castle and Holyrood Palace. After dinner I visited the art museum, then met a couple of the boys and we looked up Wood's friends and had a very very pleasant evening. Then I slept.

July 25. Took a walk in the morning down Princess. Took a train at two for Aberdeen. Pleasant journey through homelike farming country + seaside resorts. Oh joy! Arrived safely met Cpl. Ritchie A.P.C. and we met some girls. Went to show.

July 26. Up early and visited the Fish Market, then dined. After, we climbed the Citadel of S.A. building we visited the beautiful university building and mounted to the top of its tower, and then we saw the lighthouse before dinner. For the afternoon we visited the bridges of Don and Dee, also the Granite quarries and then to tea. The evening was spent with and without the company of the ladies. Thus ended a very busy day.

July 27. Late in rising, but with a bit of rushing was in time for the 9.45 a.m. train. The trip was a homely one, it could quite easily have been a part of Ontario, with the one exception-the heather. Arrived at my destination with only one change, at Keith, I was directed to the Murray Temperance Hotel and here I think I will be able to live quite well for a couple of days, although I believe it has a hard name in this town. Spent the evening in looking up and visiting with the Donaldsons. Also, I saw the Free Library, Museum and Town Hall. I was in bed before midnight after a nice day.

July 28. Sunday. I started the day by a walk along the canal + river out to Tomnahurich where I had a most delightful view of the little church bedecked town, the ship dotted firth and the Black Isle in the background. During the afternoon I revisited the Islands that Miss Fannie D. showed me last night. They were crowded with people and I almost regretted keeping my most pleasant appointment at five. I had tea with Mr. McRae and Miss Ruby. After we took a walk and on return were most delightfully entertained by the sweet voices of McRae and Fanny. Thus another happy day passed.

July 29. I entrained for Glasgow via Perth shortly after nine and a fine bit of hill scenery greeted my hungry eyes as we sped through the Grampians. I made another friend en

route and upon arrival we stopped at the YMCA, a very central spot. I called upon the McLeod's, 33 Westend Park St. and they gave me a brief run round, showing me where to catch boat and train for sight seeing trips. Then we went to the pictures.

July 30. Up just in time to have breakfast and arrive at the steamer at ten o'clock. The day turned out fine and the boat was crowded. The sail down the Clyde was an eye opener. On either hand were shipyards. Hundreds of ships, of all kinds, and in various stages of construction, are seen growing upon the sticks. Back of the yards loom up the factories while back of that and here and there linking up every part are the rails. What a wonder age is this, to be sure. Iron from holes in the earth, make steel roads to convey the ore to smelters, the pig iron to the moulders, the manufactured parts to the assembling centers and thence to the yards where the thrill of the steam riveter is signifying the construction of a steel ship which shortly will fulfill its purpose in conveying to all parts of the world man and his works. The yards past we turn into one of the beautiful locks and wind our way, calling at certain points until we reach the last village **Lochgorrhead**. Here we disembarked for three quarters of an hour and then about turn and homeward bound. Upon arriving in the city I had a good dinner and then visited Queens Park for a half hour walk before turning in. Thus ended another day.

July 31. Fortune favoured me again with splendid weather, for by the time our train reached Ballock the smoky mist had broken away and the sun shone out. The steamer trip down Loch Lomond was very beautiful. The water itself with islands might quite easily have been a home lake, but the high, heather covered and wooded hills dipping down to the loch were a new feature. It surely is a fitting subject for a song. We left the steamer at Inversnaid and journeyed by coach to Stronachlachar. Then down Loch Katrine-the water supply to Glasgow-to the Trossach's. En route I had the pleasure of chatting with the captain's youngest daughter, she had spent all her life in this beauty spot and was an enjoyable though shy conversationalist. I stood on the bridge whilst she steered the steamer around Ellen's Isle. At the pier we were met by coaches and from there we travelled to Callander along the narrow highland road. There are great changes in store for these parts. The woods are being cut down for war purposes. New dams are to be built for more abundant water supply for the city. So the present state of affairs will shortly change. We had a two hours stay at Callander before our train departed. At 10.30 p.m. I returned.

Aug. 1. Up in respectable time this morning and took the 9.15 for Edinburgh. The trip was quite uneventful and all morning was used in getting cleaned and polished and written up to date. During the afternoon I visited the zoo and later called on my friends. They made me feel quite at home and with the coaching of Sister Dorothea I even attempted to sing. The hospitable board was again loaded and I was forced to eat, then I attempted to sing but soon it was a rough and tumble contest of three against one. Cards came next but after a mere introduction of Five Hundred I had to leave and walk home.

Aug. 2. Had a splendid sleep, then I met Elmo E. We played a game of billiards before I went out to keep my appointment with D.K. I took my morning walk in escorting her

home. At one thirty Champagne and I took a char-a-banc and visited the Firth of Forth Bridge: But the day was as gloomy that we made but a short stay. About five I called at the music store, chatted with the girls and in all put in a pleasant hour till closing time, then I repeated my midday walk. Upon returning to town I tramped about and finally settled myself in front of Ramsey Lodge to complete this days proceedings in the "wee bookie". From where I am seated one gets a splendid view of the city. The castle looms up on my left hand. The valley in front with its continuous trains shunting back and forth, but leads to the main city street on its opposite bank. Through the trees I can see the moving crowds, the cable cars, etc and all that goes to the make up of a city's sights. A few spires, monuments and noble looking buildings show their gloomy outline through the mist. My next move is towards the station, for tonight I must say farewell to this land and Au revoir to my friends. At the station I delayed to see my friends and as a result the train was jammed full when I began looking for a seat, so I did not go, but escorted the girls to a car and then kissed them Good-Bye. Some send off that for a stranger to receive from decent girls such as my sisters.

Aug. 3. Slept well on the sofa, but was awakened early. This last was a necessary thing as I had to travel by the morning train. The trip was as usual a tiresome one, especially for my eyes as they are on extra duty to see all the sights along the eastern coast line. The country, has more trees and bushes along the fences, but otherwise it would pass for that wonderful land. We trotted about London a bit before finding lodging in the Shakespeare Hut. Then a fine nights rest was ours.

Aug. 4. Up in decent time. Took a stroll through Petticoat Lane. What a market place, especially on a Sunday morning. After dinner I found my way over to Piccadilly Circus and spent an hour or more in the Naval Pictures Gallery. Then back to the hut for supper and later to the train. Arrived in camp late but in fine form for sleeping well on a blanket mattress.

Aug. 5. In which I learned the correct manner in which an Orderly Room should be held. I being the victim and penalized one day's pay for over-staying my leave one day. In the evening we went down town and escorted some painted cheeks to the picture house on **jetee**. Some fun!

Aug. 6. German "75 mile gun" bombarded Paris. A wet day but no fatigues. Paid a visit to Cheriton and met a **female (he used the female symbol)** fool.

Aug. 7-8. Medical students are standing too. Took in "The Maid of the Mountain" and "The Boy". Two very fine shows; the first for its music, the other for its humor. This with afternoon route marches are the only things worth note.

Aug. 9. Medical students fall out on the right. Then we paraded to the Quarter Masters where our kits were cut down a bit. At 2.30 P.M. we saw the medical officer. In the evening paid a farewell trip to the town.

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Aug. 10. Up at six, dined; fell in at seven; entrained at eight; in London by ten, dined; entrained at twelve, reached our destination about five. A pleasant days trip, I had the pleasure of entertaining a fair one for aways. In evening visited the Gardens of Buxton. I was well bitten by a small flea like insect. Played a game of bowls with Capt. Duff.

Aug. 11. This being Sunday we attended a church parade to the theatre. Heard a good sermon on what results from the death of a wheat kernel. Wrote letters in afternoon, took a walk round the town in evening and attended the musical concert in the Gardens. A real treat for us all.

Aug 12. Still knocking about, saw dentist and quarter master this morn. Expect to be detailed to billets this P.M. This is a glorious place for a rest, so quiet and pretty. I saw Martin Harvey in "The Cigarette Maker's Romance". He was very good. The plot was an interesting one, so the night was well spent.

Aug. 13-16. The regular routine or parades, rout marches, meals and "walking-outs". Billiards have taken up a couple nights. Fire Picquet one and the Gardens the other. It was there that I sported myself in an esquinox canoe for the first time. After heard some first class music and met an interesting ex soldier.

Aug. 17- Being Saturday I had a half day off when I with some others visited the hydropathetic hospital and later the naturel baths. Both were much enjoyed. For evening entertainment several of us went to see "High Jinks".

Aug. 18-20. Sunday and church parade; Monday and Last Pay Certificate parade: Tuesday and Leave parade-not granted, try to-morrow. Wired my friend.

Aug. 21. Paraded 8.15 a.m. Dismissed 10 a.m. Paraded 10.15 a.m. Dismissed 10.30 a.m. Paraded 11.00 a.m. Dismissed. Paraded 2.15 p.m. Leave granted. Departed on 5.30 p.m. train for Manchester, **Crews**, Chester and finally **Llanderndno**. Arrived at 11 p.m. found my way to the Marine Hotel on sea front. A fine place.

Aug 22. Up and fussing in good time. Dined at nine. Called at Brig-y-Dons but my friend was out. Took a scramble over the Great Orme, then a promenade on pier where I found my friend. We had a short walk before lunch. In afternoon I had a look along main business street and later met my friend, but wind and rain rather spoiled our walk. In evening we tried the Pier for concert but turned back on account of crowd and took in "Mary Pickford on Sunnybrook Farm" in movies. Real good.

Aug. 23. We three and a fine day-what could be better than a morning on top of the Great Orme? So there we sunned ourselves until lunch time. After luncheon we turned our faces in same direction and amused ourselves with scrambling by sheep paths up and down the sheer sides of the limestone ledges. Then having found an appetite we betook ourself to a hotel on Conway Bay for afternoon tea. In the evening as all was clear we took a walk and a climb which landed us on top of the Little Orme. There we stood – a man, a maid and a war widow,-with the wind fanning our faces whilst the sun

sank to rest in the west and the moon rose to glory in the east. Stones were gathered by the girls and a motto made by yours truly, "Oh God, what a view". But the chilly evening air soon made my companions uncomfortable. So we headed for home, -I doing my best to keep the fair ones warm and steady on their feet.

Aug. 24. The last holiday, so we took a turn at station, then did a bit of shopping and after an hour upon the water as oarsman and instructor in rowing. The afternoon was entirely given up to our departure. Being in good time for the train we had seats and a very pleasant time all the way to Chester. There we parted with a friendly salute from the "Cave-Man" for each, and just time to catch the next and last train for Crewe. At that station I changed for Manchester. It was in that station I dined and then by the 9.45 p.m. I travelled to Buxton in the Derbyshire Hills-one of England's beauty spots.

Aug. 25. British cross Hindenburg line north of Scarpe. In which time I met and was entertained almost nightly by a very fine little Wife. Attended "General Post" and "Dear Brutus" in theatre line: Parades and route marches-when it didn't rain, which was but seldom-in the military routine: and C.D.D. Fair in the amusement class. A fine week.