Letter 69.

The usual address.
June 8/16.

Dear Mother.

The girls have not yet left for England so dear knows in what order you will be receiving my letters! You will have heard long ago of the un-settled condition of affairs in this part of the world, making it very difficult for us to write about anything for we feel the censor will be more vigilant than usual. We are not allowed in Cairo just at present. It is an order from general headquarters, & not specially for the medical unit of affairs, the idea being I am told, to keep everyone in their own camp, ready for any trouble, but rather imagine there won't be any yet awhile. Now that I am as right duly it makes little difference tome, for I have no energy to want to go anywhere. Not but what I am feeling well, but it is hard to sleep comfortably as it is so warm, & one gets up feeling like a rag - once as duly however, it is perfectly cool & comfortable & I'm ready for anything. The first three nights I was awfully busy but things have quieted down now. Came as duly last Sunday

night & so have just a week & one day more. Did I tell you I was now on a surgical line? Really a change does one good. The surgical patients are so much brighter & more cheerful than those in the medical lines — The latter poor souls are usually half dead when they come in, whereas a man who has had an accident is in perfect health. It's a great relief to get away from the meals also, & the usual fights & squabbles as to who is to do what. Well holiday letters No. 1-2 & 3 have arrived. What an awfully nice time you must have had in New York! I was so interested in hearing about all the people. Can just picture Anita's delight in having plenty of money to spend — certainly she makes an awfully attractive hostess. Hearing about Mrs Chandlers children being engaged etc. makes me realize what an old stager I am, for they were almost babies when I knew them. I suppose it won't be long now before you leave for the west. Am so glad you are going to have that trip, but wonder what Uncle will do so long without you.

You seem to have engaged your room with Miss Emerson - I judge from your letter Miss Willard must be living with the former. Of course the daughter of more Lofty Candy makes my mouth water. Tell Lofty they turn up alright.
By the way I wrote just a line to Miss Porter on April 2nd - let me know if she received it o.k.
Have I ever mentioned Miss McCullough who is now at Miss Porter's has been just as good as Lipton & her successor Miss Scobel. We really have been most fortunate, the girls in mine have worked so hard & been so interested, that our meals are really excellent. I can tell you after those few weeks on Lemmon with nothing fit to eat, we appreciate all good things to eat, & realize how important it is to have wholesome food. But now I'd hate the job myself! Miss McCullough is the type who gets on famously with men — is good-looking, stylish, has nice clothes, silk stockings etc. & everyone is anxious to help her, so her buying has been most successful.

But food is a villainous price, & worse than ever since the blockade. However we're being paid good salaries & so can afford it.
Lately we have had a little trouble in the line of Creek children straying around & stealing. Our huts are on the outside line of the hospital grounds, & consequently we are the people who have suffered most. In consequence we have had a good barb wire fence put around the place to-day.
In the a.m. the O.C. caught four wee children in the lines — tied them all together & put them in the dug-out for an hour. Then one of the men who speaks their language came & talked to them, & warned them they would be severely punished if found stealing. Poor sacks. none of them were our kin — & they had had nothing that since the previous morning. So they were given a meal finally & sent off. And there are hundreds of others like them. I found as early as 4 a.m. one this morning of them walking over the hills — heaven knows where they have come from or where they are going. Each garbage heap they pass is picked over & any

possible food rescued. No wonder they steal anything they can lay their hands on. I wonder what will become of these people when they grow up — one can't expect much from them. What a shock the death of R — must have been to everyone. Somehow one never even thought of such a catastrophe. One regretted he didn't at least live until peace was declared — & yet I can't help but feel he did his greatest work; & saw its result in one sense. It may sound curious, but undoubtedly it has effected Cologne here far less than one would have been at home. Twelve is an average the men — all of whom admire him tremendously, & were they at home would feel deadfully; but somehow the majority have been through so much, & had so many surprises, that nothing upsets them now. Less it is bad news from their families.

This is dead sleepy work anymore, so good-night. My love to Uncle, & many thanks for his long dearly letter. Heaps of love for yourself —

Ever yours lovingly
Lottie.