Letter No 5.

Telegrams Bookcraft London
Telephones Museum 1232-1233

KINGSLEY HOTEL
(NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM)
HART STREET
BLOOMSBURY SQUARE
LONDON

June 25th 1915.

Dear Mother,

I can't believe this is Friday, & that I haven't sent you a line since Sunday — In some ways have had to waste a good deal of time this week on way Hanover, but feel so lucky @ being kept in London so long, that I've no right to grumble. It seems Miss Macdonald our Matron-in-chief apparently trips to keep a few nurses always in London on reserve, & apart from that the Hospitals in England at any rate, are very well supplied.

But as Miss Macdonald (almost too grand a personage to speak to me when in her office, being a Major) seems to like Mildred, there is every chance of our being kept together.

Well to go back to Monday. In the a.m. I spent quite a time in Westminster Cathedral where I ran into a full choral service, high mass — Of course it is more finished than when we were there, but it is hard to realize it has been 9 yrs work. I must say the whole place appeals to me immensely — it is so

spacious & the colouring so subdued.
In the afternoon we had an awfully nice time poking around the Temple - Saw the Hall, Church, & walked round several of the Courts - It was a perfect day, & just a treat to wander round these quaint old places. Then we went into St. Clements Danes, to find we were in a gem of a church. It is really of course very old with some beautiful old-carved wood work, but apparently the late rector has spent a great deal on the place fairly recently, put in a number of beautiful windows & the whole place has an air of being well looked after. Came back to the Hotel for tea, a rest & dinner, & ended a perfect day by going to a musical comedy of which we had heard much called "To-nights the night" @ The Gaiety - A good show, in fact splendid, beautiful gowns etc. but couldn't compare with "Betty" as regards detail in staging & artistic effects in the combination of gowns etc. Rather a big day wasn't it?
Tuesday a.m. Invent with luildred dam to Victoria St. & finding she had a little work to do wandered on dam to Westminster Abbey, planning to meet her there in Jaffan Lr. Had a good look round, came back

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to our meeting place & after waiting some time wandered to back to Victoria St. to find her still said @ it. After some time she had a message or live to go which made us miss the train we had arranged to take to Cliveden where we were to spend the afternoon with Davies. So instead we spent the time in Kensington Gardens & Hyde Park. The Peter Pan monument is the most exquisitely dainty thing you ever laid your eyes on.

In the evening we went to a popular concert in the Albert Hall by the New Symphony Orchestra. Miss Macdonald gave Miss Forbes 2 seats, so we went in style. They proved to be in Earl Greys box, so we had an idea of how the Hall looked from the best seats. Of course for these concerts the crowd is very mixed & but few of the boxes used. Imagine allowing smoking in such a Hall. The programme was a mixed one all of it most enjoyable, but decidedly popular in type. The following evening was to be entirely Tchaikowsky so hindered & I made up our minds to go, & got cheap seats, & it proved to be all

of the greatest treats I ever had in my life. Just 4 items on the programme, each are a concert in itself. It was a delightful evening — but the rest of the day we did nothing, although we had planned much. To begin with it was a dull morning & turned to rain. Headquarters phoned Mildred to get certain girls off by a specified train & we spent the whole day rounding them up. It was Alexandra Day & twelve of our number were selling flowers & so were scattered all over the place. However Miss Macdonalds orders were to keep at it until we found them & so we did nothing else. It all ended A. L. & as say we had a great evening. However we missed our one chance of seeing the Queen who drove all over the place in the afternoon. We no idea how much money was made, but you can imagine how well the whole affair was managed when I tell not a person in London, that one could see was without a rose, from the poorest little urchin in the street who begged them from someone better off, to the wealthiest.

Yesterday Thursday stayed in bed for break. Once again we had to put off our trip to.

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Cheedal - It wasn't actually raining but the mist was so heavy, you couldn't see beyond your nose, & felt it a pity to go to the country in such weather.
Went down to the City Temple where they have a weekly service @ noon Thurs.
Unfortunately Mr Campbell did not preach as usual, but we heard the Rev. Mr Hugh Black who evidently is thought a great deal of. At present he has a church in the U.S.A. & is only here on a visit. He has a strong Scotch accent, & we can't pronounce his t's

& yet is a wonderful speaker in a way — but too much of the Shatford type to please me. Un-attractive in appearance, not a bit, the gentleman, several times made smart remarks causing laughter. But he undoubtably has power. Mr Campbell is such a different type. To begin with he looks like the better class of English Clerk, has a striking face, & very sweet voice. He only said a prayer of about two lines, & one immediately felt his personality & spirituality — I'd love to hear him preach & will make an effort to do so, though I understand he is more or less of the revivalistic type —

In the afternoon we went out to Harrods & had tea. Mildred had some shopping to do, & I wanted to see the shop again. Also we wanted to have a look at the Brompton Oratory. It is undoubtably a wonderful building, but to me much too ornate, with tiny & there enough trash to give the whole the laundry appearance so many Roman Churches have. Just behind the Oratory is the old Brompton Parish Church rather spoilt by too apparent recent renovations, but so prettily situated in an old grave-yard, & at the end of a lovely avenue of trees.

Last evening we went to the Haymarket Theatre & saw a farce called "Jimmeys" really a splendid thing & not a bit over-done. Henry Ainley took the principal part & was immense. There was also a splendid little curtain raiser called "Five Birds in a Cage," in which Miss Ellis Jeffreys took the main part. Do you remember we saw her in Canada? I can't remember in what but I do remember the name & also the woman.

Well that brings us up to this a.m. Mildred has gone down to Victoria St. & stayed at home to write you. Once again

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the sun is shining & we wired Davies to see if it suited for us to go to Clivedon, so are waiting a reply. We had no letters from home, but realize from what we've seen air mail is being most carelessly looked after, so wait nearly worry if I don't hear for some time, much as I shall be disappointed. Gave no idea what ages it seems since we left home, or had any news. Funnily enough Mildred got a line from Mrs Claxton this a.m. I sent it always the ~~one~~ way the one letter you don't want arrives first. I sent a line to Mrs Conboin, & Mildred & I go there to tea to-morrow. I don't know whether I've mentioned how comfortable we are here. Curiously enough the people in the office have been rather snippy & certainly have not treated us as though we were ordinary guest so Mildred lost her temper the other day, & feeling sot conflamed to Miss Macdonald, who was furious, for she says it is a splendid thing for a hotel of this type to get the nurses as of course there is little tourist trade these days.

So this a.m. the Manageress (whom we have never seen before) asked to see Mildred, & the couldn't have been nicer, though apparently she felt Mildred might have complained herself - However as Mildred said it was not military etiquette, & she could only complain through her superior. The maids have all been alright, it is just the office. Its the old story of nurses in this country being treated like servants! But it does make you mad.

Well Mildred is back from Victoria St. & nearly died when I said I was still writing to you, so had better finish. I wonder when we will get settled! There are still 24 pus here. In the meantime we are making the most of our advantages. Love to Uncle George & Temple. Tell them Due such a slow coach they'll have to get the news from you.

Always love to you from Lillie.

P.S. Sent in your care, a few menu-cards as a birthday present for Uncle Geo. Kindly keep them - Was not over-pleased with what I sent, but although an awfully nice store on Regent, nothing specially caught my eye. The one sample I enclosed, wondered if Uncle would like for his annual dinner - They are 4/6 doz.