



FLORA SANDES
PAPERS, LETTERS
AND PHOTOGRAPHS

Introduction and List of contents

This CD was originally intended for members of our family but it has been distributed to a considerable number of people who have expressed interest in Flora Sandes and her life. I intend to donate the collection of papers and photographs that were left in my custody to the Imperial War Museum. This will make the material readily available to those making a serious study and living within reach of London or Manchester but it will be less accessible to those having a general interest in Flora but unable to justify the travelling involved. I hope that the IWM will sanction the distribution of the CD without the need for strict copyright permission.

Arthur Baker

January 2010 Marple Stockport (amended 2012)

Contents of Flora Sandes CD

**The members of the Rev. S.D. Sandes family
are shown in a separate file on this disc**

Filename

Explanation where necessary

Documents

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- 02 FS obituary
- 03 Flora Sandes will
- 04 Flora, summary of life - This is a very broad outline only.
- 05 FS text of memorial plate in Marlesford Church – The plate is difficult to photograph.
- 06 FS first 3 days of August 1914 – This is a short extract from her first wartime diary.
- 07 FS Certificate of her army service.
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- 09 FS Order conferring the Gold Order Kara George with swords
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- 13 The Autobiography of a Woman Soldier, page 1.
- 14 The Serbian Soldier – An article written by Flora for the Morning Post while on leave in 1918.
- 15 Yurie's Service record (while in the White Russian Army).
- 16 S. D. Sandes diary – This was a brief account of his life written in 1902 after leaving Marlesford.
- 17 S. D. Sandes diary (summary). This is included because the original can be somewhat confusing.
- 18 FS first driving licence – (1908).
- 19 FS Second driving licence – (1910).
- 20 FS French driving licence – (1938)
- 21 Note for Marlesford Church guide about the Sandes family.
- 22 FS Suffolk connections – This was written because of the many enquiries from Suffolk people.
- 23 Diaries of Mary Baker.- Mary was Flora's second oldest sister. She and her husband emigrated to Canada and later to Australia. Her diaries show that Flora was not the only adventurous member of the family.

Diaries transcribed from Flora's original notebooks

- 01 Transcript of diary 12 Aug 1914 – 4 Dec 1914
- 02 “ “ “ 18 Oct 1915 – 9 Dec 1915
- 03 “ “ “ 12 May 1917- 28 Sept 1917
- 04 “ “ “ 31 Aug 1918 – 14 Oct 1918
- 05 “ “ “ 1 Feb 1940 – 13 Sep 1940
- 06 “ “ all Flora's diaries from 1914 to 1941. This is included to allow them to be read without repeatedly opening files. There are a number of other short records of her activities, mostly holidays, but these are of little interest except to family members.

Letters

- 01 To Sophia Baker 21 Nov 1915
- 02 From Sophia Baker to Croydon Advertiser 1915
- 03 Open letter from the trenches 14 Oct 1916
- 04 Open letter from the trenches 27 Oct 1916
- 05 To Sophia Baker 2 May 1917
- 06 To Sophia Baker 4 June 1917
- 07 To Mrs. Haverfield 15 June 1918
- 08 To Fanny Johnston 24 June 1941

Photographs

Sandes Family

- 01 SDS 1907
- 02 SDS in old age
- 03 Sophia Julia Sandes
- 04 Stephen Sandes
- 05 Sophie Baker (nee Sandes) in 1907
- 06 Mary Baker (nee Sandes) in 1907
- 07 SDS junior
- 08 WBS in 1907
- 09 Fanny Sandes
- 10 Fanny Sandes at 40
- 11 Sandes family at Marlesford Rectory 1893
- 12 SDS & SJS grave (in Croydon cemetery)
- 13 Yurie Yudenitch

Flora

- 01 FS at 18 months
- 02 FS with toy cat
- 03 FS at 4 yrs
- 04 FS at about 6yrs
- 05 FS at 15 yrs
- 06 FS at about 17 yrs
- 07 FS at 18 yrs
- 08 FS playing violin
- 09 FS fencing
- 10 FS in her French car 1910
- 11 FS playing chess with army colleagues
- 12 FS in sergeant's uniform (seated)
- 13 Her Kara George Star
- 14 FS in Captains uniform seated
- 15 FS in Captains uniform standing
- 16 FS head and shoulders from advertising leaflet
- 17 Flora & Yurie after their wedding
- 18 FS epaulettes -1 star
- 19 FS epaulettes – 2 stars
- 20 Her sergeants and captains cap badges
- 21 FS Ribbon with 1 star (unknown use)
- 22 Enamelled brooch of unknown origin
- 23 Flora June 1956 1
- 24 “ “ “ 2
- 25 Statue of Flora at Imperial War Museum

Places

- 01 Poppleton Vicarage , rear view taken by Fanny Sandes in 1909
- 02 59 Sundays Well, Co. Cork
- 03 “ “ “ “ “ from across the lake
- 04 Marlesford Rectory 1893
- 05 Rectory- View of the garden and house
- 06 Rectory - Back gate
- 07 Rectory -Front gate
- 08 Rectory - Rear of the house
- 09 26 St. Pauls Road, Thornton Heath where the Sandes family retired to on leaving Marlesford.

Flora Sandes Birth, baptismal, marriage, death and

Certificate



of Birth.

Pursuant to the Acts Anno Sexto et Septimo Gulielmi IV. Regis,

Cap. LXXXVI., et Anno Primo Victoria Reginae, Cap. XXII.

(Page 39)

1846 BIRTH in the District of Poppleton in the County of York

No.	When & Where Born.	Name (if any).	Sex.	Name & Surname of Father.	Name & Maiden Surname of Mother.	Rank or Profession of Father.	Signature, Description, and Residence of Informant.	When Registered.	Signature of Registrar.
192	<u>January 1846</u> <u>Nether Poppleton</u>	<u>Flora</u>	<u>Girl</u>	<u>Samuel Dickson Sandes</u>	<u>Sophia Julia Sandes formerly Besnard</u>	<u>Wine of Poppleton</u>	<u>Samuel D. Sandes Father Nether Poppleton</u>	<u>April 6 1846</u>	<u>Robert Thompson Registrar</u>

endent Registrar of Births and Deaths for the District of Great Ouseburn in the County of York
 TRUE COPY of the BIRTH REGISTER, Entry No. 192 And further Certify that the said REGISTER BOOK
 custody.

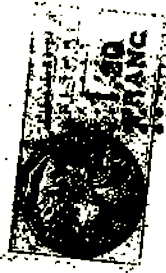
Flora's Baptismal Certificate

BAPTISMS solemnized in the Parish of <u>Verker Poppleton</u>						
in the <u>County of York</u> in the Year 1876						
When Baptized.	Child's Christian Name.	Parent's Name.		Abode.	Quality, Trade, or Profession.	By whom the Ceremony was performed.
		Christian.	Surname.			
March 14 th 1876 No: 503	Flora	Samuel Dickson F Sophia Julia	Sandles	Verker Poppleton	Clergyman	S. t. Sandles Vicar.

I certify that the above is a true copy extracted from the Register Book of Baptisms, belonging to the Parish of Verker Poppleton
October 10th 1900. John [Redacted] Vicar.

Printed and Sold by G. L. & R. E. BURNHAM, Booksellers and Stationers, 8, Parliament Street, York, where may be had Parish Register and other Forms.

Flora's marriage Certificate



DÉPARTEMENT DE LA SEINE

COMMUNE DE BOULOGNE-BILLANCOURT

CERTIFICAT DE CÉLÉBRATION CIVILE

Le mariage de *Youry Youdenitch*
et de *Flora Landes* a été célébré en
cette Mairie aujourd'hui *quatorze mai* mil neuf cent vingt *sept*



Le Maire,

P. Richy

DÉPARTEMENT
DE LA SEINE

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

LIBERTÉ — ÉGALITÉ — FRATERNITÉ

Année 19 24

COMMUNE D _____

Registre _____

Numéro _____

Du quatorze mai mil neuf cent vingt sept

Mariage

ENTRE

Yoursy Youdenitch

Né le 21 Juin 1888, à Mogilew

Arrondissement d _____, départ d Russie

Profession : manœuvre

Domicilié à Boulogne 93 B^e de la République

Fils de Vladimir

Et de Olga Kouritowskaya mariés.

Veuf de _____

Et

Flora Sandes

Née le 22 Juillet 1876, à Poppleton

Arrondissement d _____, départ d Angleterre

Profession : sans

Domiciliée à même adr^{ss}

Fille de Samuel Dickson

Et de Sophia Julia Bernards mariés,

Veuve de _____

Contrat de mariage néant

SIGNATURE DE L'ÉPOUX,

Youdenitch.

SIGNATURE DE L'ÉPOUSE,

Sandes

Taire et signature.

Délivré le 14 mai 19. 24

L'Officier de l'état civil.

R. Michy

Flora's death certificate

CERTIFIED COPY OF AN ENTRY OF DEATH



GIVEN AT THE GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE

Application Number W001381

REGISTRATION DISTRICT	<u>Ipswich</u>
1956 DEATH in the Sub-district of <u>Ipswich Western</u>	in the <u>County Borough of Ipswich</u>

Columns:-	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
No.	When and where died	Name and surname	Sex	Age	Occupation	Cause of death	Signature, description and residence of informant	When registered	Signature of registrar

205	Twentyfourth November, 1956 Ipswich and East Suffolk Hospital, (Anglesea Road Wing), Ipswich.	Flora SAJDES-YUDENITCH	Female	80 years	of 6, Lower Macton, I a. Blyth, Widow of Uri Yudenitch, Retired Colonel, Serbian Army.	Obstructive jaundice Certified by Cyril V. Lewis, L.M.S.C.	Mr. J. J. J. J., Nephew, Three Chaucers, Orford, Woodbridge.	24th November, 1956	F. Bradley, Registrar
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CERTIFIED to be a true copy of an entry in the certified copy of a Register of Deaths in the District above mentioned.

Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, under the Seal of the said Office, the 23rd day of April 1999

DXZ 575607

See note overleaf

CAUTION:-It is an offence to falsify a certificate or to make or knowingly use a false certificate or a copy of a false certificate intending it to be accepted as genuine to the prejudice of any person or to possess a certificate knowing it to be false without lawful authority.



Flora's Burial Certificate

After buried in November 1956 plot in garden of Remembrance Ipswich



TEMPLE OF REMEMBRANCE AND GARDENS OF REST

IPSWICH CREMATORIUM. Telephone : Ipswich/2931

No. 11529

FLORA SANDES-YUDENITCH.

CREMATION on 27th day of November, 1956.

For particulars of Book of Remembrance apply :—

SUPERINTENDENT, CREMATORIUM OFFICE, CEMETERY GATES, IPSWICH.

From "The Times" Sat.Dec.1 1956

Obituary

MISS FLORA SANDES

Combatant in Serbian Army

Miss Flora Sandes, who died recently at the age of 80, served for seven years in the Serbian Army as a fighting soldier and was decorated for her bravery in the field.

She was the youngest daughter of the Rev. Samuel Dickson Sandes, Rector of Whitechurch, Co. Cork, who later moved to England, where she was born. She was adventurous by nature and learnt to ride and shoot and, in the days when motoring was not just a means of transport, acquired an old French racing car. In such ways she relieved the monotony during the period when she had to earn her living as a secretary in a London office.

At the beginning of the 1914-18 War, having been a member of the St. John Ambulance Brigade for some years, she had a chance to go out to Serbia with a small nursing unit. She later joined the Serbian Red Cross, and when the Bulgarians invaded Serbia she obtained permission to join the ambulance of the 2nd. Infantry Regiment as a dresser. The Serbian Army was gradually being driven back by overwhelming odds with their only line of retreat through the Albanian Mountains, and conditions were such that Miss Sandes drifted by successive stages from a nurse into a soldier. The soldiers took it for granted that anyone who could ride and shoot would be a soldier under such conditions, and it was not unusual for Serbian peasant girls to fight with the army. When, therefore, they reached country impassable to ambulances she took the Red Cross badge off her arm and said she would join the 2nd. Regiment as a private. The procedure was simple; the colonel took the little brass regimental figures off his own epaulettes and fastened them on the shoulder straps of his new recruit, and official sanction came a little later. She was regarded as a considerable asset, for the simple peasant soldiers looked upon her as representative of England and a pledge that in the end England would help them. But their personal affection for her soon increased almost to idolatry, for under the stress of war she showed all the qualities they most admired - outstanding courage, cheerfulness, and sympathy.

Mountain Warfare

Her services with Serbian Army lasted seven years and she experienced the hardest conditions of mountain warfare, with terrible losses, through defeat and victory until the general demobilisation in the autumn of 1922. The 2nd. Regiment was known as the "Iron Regiment" and spent most of its time in the front line where she fought in every battle until she was severely wounded by a Bulgarian hand grenade in November 1916. Sergeant Sandes, as she then was, was taken to a British military field hospital for Serbians, where she remained for about two months, and where she was decorated by the aide-de-camp of the Prince Regent with the Order of the Kara-George - a rare decoration given for conspicuous bravery in the field.

She was given sick leave in England, where she raised more funds and collected comforts for the Serbian soldiers, and in May 1917, she returned to her regiment and took part in all further operations. She was given a commission in June 1919, and promoted to lieutenant on demobilisation in 1922, and in 1926 she received the rank of captain.

In 1927 she married Yurie Yudenitch, who had been a colonel in the White Russian Army and had escaped from Russia during the revolution. He had joined the Serbian Army as a sergeant and had been in her regiment. They lived in France for a time and later in Belgrade where during the last war they were both interned by the Germans. They were later released on parole. They had little to live on, but she had her army pension and taught English. Her husband died in 1941, and at the end of the German occupation she settled in England in a small cottage in Suffolk where she lived until her death.

SOME BRIEF NOTES ON FLORA SANDES

Extract from the Sandes Family Bible

"Flora Sandes born at Poppleton Rectory, Yorkshire, January 22 1876. Baptized privately March 19th 1876. Received into the church May 28th 1876 at Nether Poppleton. Godfather Rev. John Williams. Godmothers Mrs. Williams and Sophia Sandes. Confirmed at Wickham Market."

As can be seen from the family tree Flora was the youngest of eight children with 19 years between her and her eldest brother.

1876-1885 (Aged 0-9) Her parents moved house very frequently so she had an exciting, or unsettled, childhood depending on your viewpoint. (See S.D.Sandes, "Wanderings in the Wildernes", for details of all their movements).

1885-1894 (Aged 9-18) Probably the most settled period of her life. Her father was Rector at Marlesford, Suffolk for these nine years- the longest time he spent in any living in England. Little is known of her education except there is (or was until recently) a lady living in Marlesford whose mother taught her mathematics. She may also have been taught by a governess as a Miss Mangan was living at the Rectory for a time, but this may have been only as a friend rather than in employment. Flora's father had assisted a Dr.Mangan in Canterbury in 1878; it is speculated that it was at this time that the Sandes and Baker families became acquainted.

1894-1914 (Aged 18-38) Living at 26 St.Pauls Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey with her parents. Her mother died in 1911 and her father in 1914. Very little is known of this period except what can be gleaned from photographs. e.g.her hobbies included motoring, horse riding, fencing, violin playing, camping etc. My father spoke of going on motoring holidays with her. There is a certificate stating that she had passed an examination of the Automobile Club of Great Britain in mechanical proficiency on 24th June 1908. She is believed to have had secretarial training and she certainly worked as a secretary but it is not known in what office. In the 1901 census her occupation is given as "Correspondent".

1914-1922 (Aged 38-46) Nursing and fighting in the Serbian Army, raising funds for Serbia. All very well documented in her books, diaries, letters, articles by and about her. Lecture tour in Australia in 1920-one of her lectures is available and the tour was widely reported in the Australian press. Demobilised October 31st.1922. Curiously there are no entries in her diary covering her demobilisation.

1922-1929 (Aged 46-53) In the early years of this period she seems to have travelled around a great deal between U.K. and Yugoslavia. She had to have a series of operations associated with the wounds she received during the war. In 1924 she appears to have bought or rented a cafe called "Cape Finish" which she ran with Yurie. Its location is not clear but probably near to Belgrade. When in England she lived either with her sister Sophia in Croydon or at a house in Thornton Heath as a paying guest with a Mrs. Wyndham. At some stage they moved to Paris where she taught English and he worked as a taxi driver. She acted as a matron looking after some of the junior Tiller Girls for a short time while they were appearing in the Folies Bergere. Flora and Yurie were married in 1927.

Extract from the French Civil Document.(Livret de Famille). Departement de la Seine, Commune de Boulogne-Billancourt.

Mariage entre Youry Youdenitch Ne'le 21 Juin 1888 Nogilev depar'd Russie Profession manoevre Domicilie a Boulogne 92 Bd. de la Republique Fils de Vladimir et de Olga Scoritowskaia et Flora Sandes nee le 22 Juille 1876 a Poppleton comte de York depar'd Angleterre Profession sans Domiciliee a meme adrs. Fille de Samuel Dickson et de Sophia Julia Bernard Contrat de mariage neant
Signature de l'Epoux, Signature de l'Epouse Youdenitch Sandes

Delivre le 14 mai 1927

The date of Flora's birth and the spelling of Besnard are both wrong. The spelling of "Youry Youdenitch" is unusual, however a number of different spellings appear, presumably because it is being transposed from the Cyrillic alphabet. At least this is how he wrote it when he signed the marriage book. Flora always used "Yudenitch". "Manoevre" can mean any number of occupations from labourer to engineer.

This is pretty well the sum total of our knowledge of Yurie's background except that he was a colonel in the White Russian army before joining the Serbian army as a sergeant. [However, since this was written a translation of a document has been made which gives his service record with the White Russian army. This is included on this copy of the CD.]

1929-1939 (Aged 53-63) In 1929 they bought a large car and drove it to Belgrade to start a taxi business. Flora kept a fairly detailed diary of the journey. (July 20-August 3 1929)

1939-1945 (Aged 63-69) Called up. Collapse of Yugoslavian army, imprisoned, released, Yuries death. Articles in Star, Johannesburg and diaries cover some of this period.

December 1945 - March 1946 (Aged 69-70) A detailed but extremely mundane diary for this period spent working in South Africa.

1946-1956 (Aged 70-80) Returned to England (I think via Australia but needs confirmation) and lived in a small cottage at Lower Hatcheston near to Marlesford. She died in November 1956 and was cremated at Ipswich Crematorium where her ashes were buried. Apart from the war years her diaries are fragmentary and contain details of daily activities such as entertainments, visitors and the weather. They are a little short on where she was at the time and have to be read with care to determine the principal facts.

A.de C.B.
1990.(revised 1992)

IN MEMORY OF

FLORA SANDES YUDENITCH

WIFE OF COL.YURIE YUDENITCH

AND DAUGHTER OF **THE REV. S.D.SANDES**

RECTOR OF THIS PARISH 1886 - 1894

FLORA SANDES SHOWED OUTSTANDING QUALITIES OF DETERMINATION, FORTITUDE, COURAGE AND DEVOTION TO DUTY AS A SOLDIER IN THE SERBIAN ARMY DURING THE GREAT WAR.

IN 1916 , WHEN A SERGEANT, SHE WAS BADLY WOUNDED IN ACTION AND WAS AWARDED THE KARAGEORGEVITCH STAR FOR BRAVERY AND WAS PROMOTED TO SERGEANT MAJOR. IN 1919 SHE BECAME THE FIRST WOMAN TO HOLD A COMMISSION IN THE SERBIAN ARMY.

SHE DIED AGED 80 IN 1956 AT WICKHAM MARKET

12th August, 1914.. Wednesday.

Left Charing Cross 2.5 with the Servian Red Cross 11 women., Sophie, Dodo, Bill., Dick and Mac came to see me off. W. and S. just as train left. Good crossings Folkestone to Boulogne. Surprised to see Highlanders (A & S) on the pier. Everyone cheered the boat. Waited around Customs, then walked to station and left for Paris, 2nd class. All night in train. Changed at Amiens, 12.35 a.m. English soldiers there, a British Sub helped us, but gave no information. French soldiers everywhere. Found our reserved carriage in the dark. Shared compartment with Mrs Barlow, Miss Sanders and Miss O'Brien.

13th August 1914. Thursday.

Reached Paris about 5 a.m. Had to hang about till 6 o'clock for omnibuses. Went to Hotel Albion. Had a wash and went out by myself shopping till about lunch time: bought 2 blouses. Awfully hot. Half the shops shut. Had lunch at the Hotel. Went out again afterwards. Had a bath. Awfully hot. Left Paris 6.16, awful skirmish for train. Hot. Slept in great coat on corridor floor in train. Trainload of soldiers passed in the night.

14th August, 1914. Friday

All looked rather the worse for wear. Stopped at Macon 6.30. Had a stretch and managed to get a cup of coffee in a seething mass of people. En route for Lyon 7.15 am. Fearfully hot day. Soldiers everywhere. Americans and I had a sleep in a 1st class compartment we discovered. Changed at Lyon 2.30. Had about 1½ hours there and dinner in the buffet. Then on. All changed, at Amberieux, train went no further. Awful scrimmage and quarrelling at station, nowhere to sleep. Finally after much excitement, an old General sent us to a hotel in motor and omnibus with a soldier to watch us and strict secrecy. Slept 4 in room.

C E R T I F I C A T E.

Sub-Lieutenant of the Reserve. Miss Flora Sandes, volunteered to join the Field Ambulance of this Regiment on the 27th October 1915, wishing to render assistance to our wounded and sick soldiers at the time of the Retreat of the Serbian Army.

Sub-Lieutenant Sandes showed the greatest self-sacrifice and devotion in nursing our wounded and sick soldiers. On Nov. 30th. 1915 she volunteered as a combatant, asking to be allowed to serve in the ranks of the regiment besides carrying on with her Ambulance work and was drafted as a combatant private into the 4th Company of the 1st. Battalion.

Sub-Lieutenant Sandes proved herself to be absolutely fearless in the attacks made by the Bulgars at Prens and Chucus, on the positions held by her Battalion.

When the Serbian Troops reached the Adriatic Coast, she appealed to her friends of the British Mission to help to the utmost the men who were worn out and sick. She herself gave her entire sugar ration, due to her for several months to her comrades in arms.

Sub-Lieutenant Sandes was promoted to the rank of Corporal on January 1st. 1916, and to the rank of Sergeant on April 6th 1916 for her gallantry in the field and services rendered to the wounded and sick during the retreat. After the reorganisation of the Serbian Army and its going into line on the Salonica Front, Sub-Lieutenant Sandes who was still serving in the same Company as before, was given the command of a party (10 men) and participated in all the battles in which the 2nd Regiment was engaged on the Salonica Front during 1916, up to the 3rd November, on which date she was seriously wounded in a Bulgar counter-attack on Hill No.1212 which was being held by her Battalion.

After convalescence from her wounds, she was given sick leave for England., and spent this time in raising funds and collecting comforts for the Serbian troops, who at this time were exiled from their country. Thanks to Sub-Lieutenant Sandes every soldier of the 2nd Regiment and all the soldiers of the Morava Division got underwear, socks and other necessities. On the termination of her sick leave she again returned to the 2nd Regiment, and took part in all the further operations, sharing the privations and hardships with the men of her Regiment. After being wounded. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent Alexander, conferred the Order of the Kara-George with swords on her, and at the same time she was promoted to the rank of Sergeant Major.

Sub-Lieutenant Sandes was given a commission in the Serbian Army in June 1919.

In general, Sub-Lieutenant Sandes was an example of courage and self sacrifice in every engagement and had a great influence on the men in her platoon, company and battalion being a woman, and a foreigner - and advancing with them in the first line, rifle in hand.

This certificate is issued to Sub-Lieutenant Sandes for her own personal use. The Government fee has been charged.

(Sd) CHIRO DASKALOVITCHY

11 Infantry Regiment
"Prince Michailo"
No.86383
24th November 1920,
Belgrade.

Certified true translation
(Sd) Milan A. Yovichitch

Major, Assistant Military

Copy (original in my possession)

From the O. C.

1st Company., 1st Battalion. 2nd Infantry Regiment

Dated 8th December 1918

Volunteer Sergeant-Major in this Company, Miss Flora Sandes, has accomplished the following exploits:-

She has stopped the enemies counter attack as head of the squadron on the left bank of the Cerna when the enemy counter attacked the 2nd Company of this Battalion covering (sic wrongly translated) the first with her soldiers in face of the enemy and opening rapid fire against them. On the 8th September a. c. in spite of the greatest difficulties arising from the inequality of the ground and from the want of water, she has supported all day upon the same position all the fatigues of the combat in which she has equalled the soldiers of her Company, surpassing them indeed to a certain extent.

I On the 15th September 1918, she fought very courageously at the position of St. Nikola, outstripping all the Company, despite the open ground, and leading by her example as usual the soldiers to accept with joy even the roughest combat.

On account of these exploits I mention Miss Sandes in this ORDER OF THE DAY.

Commander of the Company.

Captain in the 2nd Regiment

(Sd) SVET. K. STOIANOVITCH.

Copy

(Original in my possession.)

ORDER AD N. 83064 From the Chief of the Serbian
Army Staff, dated 20th November 1917 at Salonica.

Volunteer Sergeant in the 2nd Infantry Regiment Miss Flora Sandes, an English woman, has distinguished herself by her courage and by a rare spirit of self-sacrifice in all combats in which her unit has taken part up to the 3rd November 1916, the day on which she was wounded when twenty steps from the Bulgars; the 1st October at Gornitchevo, the 2nd October at Krouchograd.; the 6th@ October at Slivitza, the 28th October At Tchouke, and the 3rd November at Hill 1212, she served as an example to her Company by her bravery,

She has shown particular courage during the assault at Tchouke, when, on the 28th October 1916 her Company received orders to attack the enemy. Whilst marshalling her troops and throwing bombs she was amongst those who were first to penetrate into the enemies trenches, at the enemy counter attack undertaken for a recovery of the lost position she cast disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks, throwing bombs amongst the assaulting sections of the adversary.

At Hill 1212, repelling the enemies counter attack of the 3rd November 1916 she was the first to rush and meet the enemy, bomb and rifle in hand and was wounded by an enemy's bomb.

In view of this example of courage, the spirit of sacrifice and affection testified to the Serbian people on the part of this daughter of Great Britain, I mention Miss Sandes in this Army Order. In consequence of her courage the General in Command has awarded her the Military Gold Order of the Star of Karageorge with swords.

By order of the General in Command

PETER BOIOVITCH

Chief of the Staff,

Headquarters Serbian Army

Personal Section.

K.A. D. N. 111014.

Particulars of Service

Left England for Serbia 14th August 1914 as a St. John's Amb. Nurse.

Joined the Serbian Army as a private 3rd November 1915, 4th Co. 1st. Battalion. Second Infantry Reg. and did the Albanian Retreat.

In the same Regiment until February 1922

Feb. 1922 until 30th October 1922 in frontier Troops, 19th Co. 11 Sub-Rayon, 11 Rayon Frontier Troops.

Demobilised 30th October 1922 as a 1st. Lieut. of Reserve.

Private 3rd. Nov 1915

Corporal 1st Jan 1916

Sergeant 6th April 1916

Sergeant Major 8th Nov 1916 2nd

Lieut. 20th April 1919

1st. Lieut. June 1922

Captain 2nd class 11th Sept 1926

Captain 1st class 17th Dec 1929

Decorations

Order Gold Kara-George Star with swords for Privates and N.C.O's 1916

Gold Medal for bravery, 1916

Fifth Order of St. Sava 1916

Albanian Memorial 1921 (only those who did the Albanian Retreat)

Serbian Red Cross Silver Medal 1914

Order of the Serbian Red Cross 1915

Serbian Souvenir Medal of the 1st World War 1923

Mentioned in Dispatches Headquarters Serbian Army, Salonika, 20th November 1916

Mentioned in Company's Dispatches August 1918, 1st, Co. 1st. Battn. 2nd Regiment

From The Star, Johannesburg, Transvaal, Tuesday, October 2 1945

WAR EXPERIENCES OF A WOMAN SOLDIER IN YUGOSLAVIA

Captain Flora Sandes, the only woman to hold a commission in the Royal Yugoslavian Army, by special legislation, has fought in two wars. She has seven decorations, including the Kara George Star with Swords (the Serbian Army's Victoria Cross, the Order of Sava, and the Gold Medal for bravery. These decorations she won in the war of 1914-18. She was wounded in action.

Her citation for the Kara George Star read: "She has been an example of bravery to all her company, and distinguished herself by particular gallantry in the attack against Luke. At Hill 1212 she was the first to spring on the enemy, grenade in hand, and put failure among them . . ."

Captain Sandes (now Mrs. Sandes-Yudenitch) is an Irish woman. She was born at Sallow Glen, County Kerry. (*This is incorrect, she was born in Poppleton, Yorkshire*). She went to Serbia from England as a nurse, one of a contingent of 10 raised by Madame Grovitch [wife of the Serbian Ambassador at Washington] to nurse the wounded. In the midst of sanguinary fighting at Baboona Pass, where she was at work in a dressing station, she became a soldier. She had been brought up at home as a good shot and a splendid horsewoman.

In the following articles, the first of three, Captain Sandes describes some of her experiences in 1941, when again she donned her Yugoslav uniform to fight the Germans.

HOLOCAUST FOLLOWS DEFIANCE

by Flora Sandes

On Sunday morning, April 6, 1941 we in Belgrade were "for it." I knew when I was awakened by German planes roaring overhead, and by our pitifully few anti-aircraft guns doing their best.

For weeks we had been thinking and talking of nothing else but whether the Yugoslav Government would sign the pact with Germany, thus allowing the transport of German troops and arms in sealed trains through the country to Greece, in return for promises of non-molestation; or whether our Government would stand by the British and French and take the consequences. Nobody was blind to what these consequences might be.

The Yugoslav Government, with the Regent Prince Paul at its head, were on the point of signing, - in fact I believe they had signed - when a bloodless revolution, engineered by an Army group, thrust them aside at 2 a.m. on March 27. The pro-German Government was arrested, the pact torn up, and the War office occupied by the loyalists. King Peter of Yugoslavia, then a minor, was proclaimed King.

WILD ENTHUSIASM

Never shall I forget the scenes of enthusiasm in the town that morning. It was a fine sunny day. Everybody in Belgrade was in the streets; men, women and children marching in processions waving flags, singing patriotic songs, laughing and cheering. Shouts of the old Serbian slogan, "Bolje grob njego rob" (better the grave than slavery) were caught up by the crowd and became a roar of defiance.

Reports from the country revealed the same enthusiasm everywhere. Peasants had not forgotten how they fought shoulder to shoulder with the English and French in the war of 1914-18, how they were cared for by British nurses, how they fraternised with British Tommies in Salonica.

Some could remember becoming “blood brothers” of British soldiers at Salonica, though neither brother could speak a word of the other’s language.

A young officer said to me, half in-joke but half in earnest, “If the English and French together can’t beat the Germans, why we must.” Open-eyed with less than 100 small, antiquated tanks, and very few aeroplanes, the soldiers of Yugoslavia went to their fate.

For ten days we waited and nothing happened. Then the storm burst over a defenceless town.

MERCILESS BLITZ

“It’s nothing,” said Maritza comfortably, bringing morning tea. “They’re only practising.” My maid loved giving advice and was at her best in an emergency. This time, for once in her life, she admitted that I knew best, though she remained unruffled and undismayed.

Lulled into security by the quiet of 10 days, the people of Belgrade did not realise what was happening. Then they had to flee from their beds in night-clothes, some with babies in their arms.

There was no pretence of bombing “military objects.” It was a punitive expedition. At intervals all that day and night, and part of the next day, the planes zoomed low, blitzing every residential quarter, rich and poor impartially. When evening came the sky was alight over blazing ruins.

That was the only light anywhere. The power station had been hit, and also the water supply. Water had to be fetched from a well.

My husband and I lived in the suburbs, in a house with a large garden. Even there bombs fell close. Nearly all the windows were shattered, and three incendiaries fell in the garden. In a lull I the bombing I went to the end of our lane and watched the crowds of refugees tearing along the main road leading up from the town. They were carrying children or pushing perambulators. They had handcarts piled with such goods as they had been able to seize. All were making for the open country in flight from a holocaust.

Belgrade had very few air-raid shelters, and such as it had were not much good. One in a park received a direct hit, burying 150 children.

DAYS OF MISERY

Days passed before people buried in the ruins of large buildings could be dug out. Such shops as were not destroyed were closed. I was able to buy 500 cigarettes from the little tobacconist at the corner, when he was hurriedly liquidating his stock before he ran away. Looting was rife, and any kind of food unobtainable. Maritza scrounged bread from the gendarmes who alone had any.

The weather turned bitterly cold with heavy snow. The refugees in the open had an awful time.

Nobody knew what was happening to the army, or where anything was happening. Sinister rumours circulated freely; the Germans were getting nearer and nearer, and as soon as they entered Belgrade they would hang everyone they found.

A captain, our former Officer Commanding in the Frontier troops, where I did my last year of service many years ago, happened to be stationed at the gendarmerie post close by. He came in every day to bring the latest news and sometimes a loaf of bread. He insisted that I should be among the first to be hanged, probably in my own front garden before my husband’s eyes, on the double count of not only being British but also a captain in the Yugoslav Army, arrested in civilian clothes and thus most certainly a spy.

In the general confusion, partial but not full mobilisation had been ordered. Thousands of men all over the country were anxious to join their units but did not know where to go. Everyone seemed to have lost his head; but I was greatly impressed by an irate sergeant of the old school who I met in the street. He was surrounded by a group of men, all protesting that they would go if only they knew where to go.

“What are you skulking at home for” he shouted furiously. “Your country is in danger. Start out on foot at once and join the first unit you come to. Whatever it may be, you’ll soon find plenty of fighting.”

Although still a reserve officer I was over age, and also “war-disabled” or “a full invalid” as the Serbs call it. So I could not be conscripted. But after the Putsch I went to the War Office where I was well known, and volunteered in case of war. They were rather amused. They asked whether the last war had not been enough for me, and then they formally accepted me. So now it behoved me to go.

On Thursday April 10, urged on by my husband and the captain, who both were afraid that the Germans would hang me, I put on my uniform once more and started out to find the army.

I cannot say that I felt as enthusiastic as I did on joining up in the war of 1914-18, when I was considerably younger, not married, and moreover had the luck to be in the 2nd Infantry Regiment – the “Iron Regiment”, a nickname of which we were so proud that we had to live up to it. My husband was ill, and though as a “White” Russian he would be safe, Germany not then having declared war on Russia, it was a wrench saying “goodbye to all that.”

I started out at 7 a.m. in a snowstorm to walk six miles to the nearest headquarters. Maritza, determined to see the last of me, carried my small kitbag and blanket.

INTO THE BLUE

When I reached the temporary headquarters a harassed adjutant, who knew me, said that already he had more than 300 officers there, all clamouring for orders. Nevertheless he found time to write an order for me to present myself at general headquarters at Udjice; he gave me a pass to travel by train – always supposing there was one – and, wonder of wonders, a car to take me to the station some miles distant. For this car I was truly grateful, as the snowstorm had become a blizzard.

Maritza, in floods of tears, was convinced that she would never see me again. I embraced her, and assured her that of course I should come back. Then I set out into the blue.

At the station the transport officer cheerfully said that there was no direct train to Udjice; but possibly, in the course of time, there might be one to Palanka, and I could change there. When eventually a train appeared, packed with civilians fleeing from Belgrade, he put me into a mail van and told the guard to give me a seat there.

We jolted along with many stops. Then we stopped finally in the middle of nowhere. Nothing in sight but snow-covered fields. We remained there for the rest of the afternoon, all that night, and the following day till nearly midnight.

TANKS AHEAD

At first we thought the engine had run out of water, but presently we learned that German tanks were ahead of us. This was cheerful, as we could now go neither backwards nor forwards. It was bitterly cold and we had nothing to eat. Then I blessed my 500 cigarettes, for myself and for the mail guard and his mates who had none at all.

In a car between the mail van and the engine, several families of refugees had installed themselves and soon we were as one family. They thought that, as I was an officer, I necessarily must know more about the situation than anybody else, and they kept coming in to ask me what they should do if tanks or aeroplanes attacked the train. I reassured them as best I could, but did not reveal what Dragitch, the mail guard, had told me. The chances were that the train would have to be abandoned, and the passengers would have to take to the fields.

I have been at an entertainment in Montenegro, in peacetime, where the ballroom was tastefully decorated with loaded rifles. Every guest as he entered unslung his rifle from his shoulder and lent it against the wall. Indeed, among the Serbs, guns, hand grenades and other weapons are part of common household furniture. But tanks were unfamiliar, the very mention of them struck terror into the passengers hearts. And now tanks were near blocking the way to Palanka, preparing to make matchwood of our train, to say nothing of the aeroplanes which we could hear at the distance.

ESCAPES UNDER NOSES OF ENEMY INGLORIOUS ENDING OF A SHORT WAR

We got out into the snow and slush, and helped to bring water to the engine. Then the driver offered to make tea, for he rightly surmised that I should not be travelling without any. It had a queer taste, but was hot and comforting.

At last, about midnight, Dragitch got orders and we steamed slowly back to Mladenovatz. "Come along captain," he said, "we must get you fixed up first."

He led the way in the dark to the station, over a bewildering number of railway lines. We found the station master seated in his office alone; a monkey-faced man wearing a red cap, and lacking only a barrel organ to complete the picture.

"If you want to be killed," he shouted, clasping his head with both hands, "stay here and be killed with me, for the station is going to be bombarded in five minutes." He seemed distraught.

I replied that I had no wish to be killed just yet, and least of all with him. I went out to the wet deserted platform. Pitch dark, not a chink of light anywhere and pouring torrents. Even Dragitch had vanished.

THE ARMY AT LAST

For a moment I thought I was back in the terrifying nightmare that I used to get in hospital after I was wounded. In that nightmare I had lost my company in the dark, and was alone on the Macedonian mountains searching for it. So I felt immensely relieved when sharply challenged by an invisible sentry. On opening a door I found myself in a large room filled with soldiers. They had been guarding the station and were on the point of clearing out.

Back to the army at last. We trooped out to a goods train in a siding where I found their major shepherding men into a boxcar. I introduced myself, saying I would join as his "Vodnik" (platoon officer) if he permitted. He showed no surprise; nor would if the devil himself had dropped from the skies into their midst, provided he wasn't German.

The train was bound for Belgrade, but at daylight it halted and we piled out. I was wondering what had happened to the passengers on the other train when Dragitch bobbed up from somewhere and told me it had been abandoned outside Mladenovatz station. The passengers had taken to their heels across the fields. Poor souls, on such a night and with all those children!

DAWN TILL DARK

For two days we tramped from dawn to dark across hilly country. The rain stopped, but the tracks were deep in mud. The going was hard as the sun came out very hotly.

No one knew how the war was going, except perhaps our taciturn major. We passed not far from where one of our field-gun batteries was engaged. Several times we had to lie down under hedges or haystacks while German planes searched the roads. We passed the time by consuming quantities of bully beef and bread.

We reached Arangelovatz in the evening, to be greeted by the news that the Germans were just entering the town. We numbered only 80, of whom only 40 had rifles, the others being part of a labour battalion. So our major led his force back to a wood, dispersed them, and told them to make their way to their homes by devious routes.

For Yugoslavia the war was virtually over. This is not the place to explain why the Army, which had performed such wonders of valour in the war of 1914-18 collapsed after 10 days in the war of 1939-45.

NEWS OF THE GERMANS

I walked into the hospital, taking with me the only other officer, a lieutenant in the labour battalion who was a very sick man. By rights he ought to have been there long before. The doctors

and nurses received us kindly and plied us with coffee and cognac, and put us in two beds side by side in a ward full of soldiers.

In the middle of the night a young sergeant from the students battalion, so of a man well known in Belgrade, roused me gently, whispered that everyone was expecting the Germans to come to the hospital and cut our throats, and that the hospital staff except a woman doctor and a few nurses, had fled.

He was not going himself, he said, but had come to tell me in case I wanted to. I did not. It seemed a choice of being hanged at home, shot in the woods, or having my throat cut there. So I might as well stay where I was for the moment at any rate comfortable in bed. Nor did I wake the lieutenant, who could not have got far.

The Germans had taken the town, but they did not come near us for four days. Then they gave a lorry to evacuate some of the patients to the military hospital in Belgrade. My young sergeant friend was in charge of this lorry, and he wangled me a place in it, telling me to stick close by him if there was trouble en route.

The Germans let wandering soldiers go home after disarming them, but all the officers they took prisoners. I lay on the floor of the open lorry with the others, and covered myself with a blanket when we were stopped by German sentries. I got through safely, feeling very much as if I were being rescued by the Scarlet Pimpernel.

ESCAPE IN BELGRADE

It proved to be one thing to get into the military hospital at Belgrade, but quite another to get out. I could not walk in uniform through the streets patrolled by Germans. Two days later the Germans took over the hospital, and all officers there became prisoners of war. The gates were closed, and no one was allowed to go out.

I thought it might be fun to stay and puzzle the Germans. There were many air raid casualties in the hospital besides the military wounded. The Germans could not send me to a prisoner of war camp with the other officers, and I did not think that they would hang me. But I decided I must get out, as my husband would be frantic with anxiety, having had no news since I left home. Yet as I had been entered on the hospital register as Captain Sandes, I could not be discharged as Mrs. X.

Eventually I managed to smuggle a letter home and Maritza brought me a parcel of clothes. She bribed the sentry at the gate to let her in. I changed into women's clothes, and regretfully gave away a perfectly good uniform. I said goodbye to the officers who were in the know and with the connivance of a junior doctor walked past the sentries at the gate with my nose in the air.

I arrived home very fit, very sunburnt and looking – so my husband and friends declared – 10 years younger, and as if I had had been away for a holiday.

A SAVAGE CURFEW

The discipline and behaviour of the first German troops to enter Belgrade were exemplary – to everybody's surprise. Officers billeted on private families were very correct. Nevertheless they ruled with an iron fist; but if you strictly obeyed orders you were safe. If you did not you were shot out of hand. There were no two ways about it.

Every quarter was patrolled night and day, and curfew came at 6 p.m. At first the Serbs, who do not take kindly to discipline, could not grasp the seriousness of curfew. All night one heard shooting, and in the morning there were bodies lying in the streets with a paper pinned to the chest, "Found out in the street after 6 p.m." One woman living near us went a few steps outside to call in her cat, and she was shot.

I cannot remember a night when there was no shooting; but later, when the people had learnt their bitter lesson, I think it was only the patrols keeping in touch to encourage themselves.

A friend of mine, happening to meet a German sergeant in a café, talked to him about German discipline. "Yes", said the sergeant, "it is all right now we are the army, and are here only to do our own job. Our discipline is very severe. It is the death penalty for molesting a woman. But you just

wait till the Gestapo comes along. It has been the same in every country. When we have done our own bit, the Gestapo follows on our heels”.

The first thing the Gestapo did was to hang three men from lampposts on the Terrazia, the main street, one Sunday morning. They advertised their intention, so that all could see. They intended thus to terrorise the Serbs, but proved only what rotten psychologists Germans are. Far from being terrorised, the Serbs became infuriated. Smouldering resentment at length flamed out I organised form under Drage Mihailovitch.

He was the first to raise the flag of rebellion, and to wage guerrilla warfare, long before Tito ever was heard of. The finest young men flocked to the woods to him, though this entailed the arrest of all their relatives by the Gestapo.

The Gestapo by now were arresting people right and left; even taking them from their beds at night. These people simply disappeared, and one heard no more of them.

One hot night at the end of June I was sleeping on the porch when the bell rang at the garden gate. I ran to the gate, wondering who could be there at that time of night. I asked, “Who’s there?”

“Never mind who’s here, open the gate.”

“I certainly wont, unless you tell me who you are.” I tried to hold my big dog, Pat, growling furiously. “Besides my dog will fly at you.”

“Gestapo,” came the curt reply.

A Woman Soldier – Part III, dated Thursday October 4 1945

INSIDE A PRISON IN BELGRADE

LIVING UNDER NAZI RULE

When the two Gestapo officials had finished examining everything, turning out my big desk, they waited while I dressed in the bathroom. They had been so correct and polite that it never dawned on me that they were taking my husband and myself to prison. So we took nothing with us, not even a blanket. I protested that my husband was very ill, but I suppose they didn’t believe it. They would not hear of taking me only.

We certainly must have been the most naïve pair they had ever arrested. When we were in their car I said I hoped we would not have to walk back. As my husband had a very bad heart and could not walk far. The officer looked at me queerly and said no, we would not have to walk back.

We had heard appalling tales of people being brutally beaten directly the prison gate closed on them; but we sat calmly in the office while the Gestapo men wrote down our particulars, and then we were told to turn out our pockets and my handbag.

They put everything, cigarettes, pencils, money (which they counted out before us) into two large envelopes and sealed them. One of the guards patted over my husband in a perfunctory manner to see if he had anything hidden, but did not touch me. Afterwards I learnt that money was commonly concealed for the purpose of bribing guards.

THE PRISON CELL

The grinning guards – most of them were mere boys – escorted us down a stone passage. One took my husband upstairs, and the other unlocked a door on the ground floor. He turned up the light, pushed me in unceremoniously and locked the door.

The room was packed with women sleeping on the floor, on two rows of sacks filled with straw. I did not see space for another, but several squeezed up even more closely to make room for me. There were fourteen women in that room – British and Serb; some well-to-do and even there still well dressed. There were also streetwalkers and so on, but we were bound together by our common misfortunes and became astonishingly good comrades.

The room had no furniture, and only one small window with bars instead of glass, high up in the wall. The door had a circular hole for the guards to look through. We had to get up at 5 a.m. and

then went two by two to the “ladies room” at the end of the passage. There was one small sink to wash in. Then we scrubbed stone passages and floors and took blankets into the yard to shake them.

This yard was a hot, cobbled-stoned place enclosed by a high wall, but it might have been the Garden of Eden, we were so keen to get into it. We were allowed out three times a day for half an hour, but if one caused trouble all were punished. Shortly before I came all had been locked in for three days.

A STRIP OF SKY

The days were very long. We had no books or even pencils. I used to gaze up at a narrow strip of blue sky, all we could see through the high window, and promise that never should I keep a bird or animal in a cage.

Dinner came at 12.30; a plate of haricot beans and a piece of maize bread. Breakfast and supper never came at all. Relatives were allowed to bring food every day (later on only twice a week)

We never let our gaolers see that the hardship affected us; certainly the British women never did. We told each other funny stories, joked and laughed till an angry gaoler what we thought this place was – a theatre or a prison. Yet hardly a woman there was not broken hearted with fear for a husband, son or brother. When “transport for Germany” as announced there were heart-rending scenes.

ROMANCE IN CHAINS

Romance finds its way even into prison yards. A man under sentence of death, whom we called the man in chains because he was heavily manacled in a cellar, fell in love with a beautiful girl. She was in prison, with her old mother-in-law, because her husband had “gone to the woods” – joined Drage Mihailovitch.

The man’s cell had a small barred opening on a level with the yard, and through the bars he gazed intently at her. She dropped between the bars some of our very rare cigarettes, which came from friendly guards.

When the men were out for exercise at the same time as ourselves, they were forbidden to speak to us, or even come near to us. But the man in chains clanked his way unconcernedly across the yard to talk to his beloved. The guards turned a blind eye because he was so cheery and popular. One night, by way of a joke, he thrust an arm through his bars and seized a sentry by the leg. The terrified sentry yelled blue murder, and we all lay petrified.

SILENCE OF THE TOMB

We had no means of communicating with the outside world, and might as well have been in our tombs. Political prisoners of importance, and the hostages, were in another prison outside the town. There every night 20 or 30 were taken out and shot. All over the country, for every German soldier killed 100 Serbs paid with their lives.

One morning the head gaoler flung open the door and called my name. “Take your things and come.” I had nothing but the clothes I stood up in. He waited a moment, while some women stood rigid with horror, thinking that my end had been at hand. Then he said “Home.” They crowded round, shaking hands and wishing me good luck. I could hardly believe it: and I felt, in an odd way, rather mean at leaving those women there.

In the office the guards handed me back my money and I walked home feeling dazed, and wondering where I should find my husband. I had learnt that he had been sent to hospital, but they would not tell me which one. When I was nearly home he hailed me from a carriage. We had both been released at the same time.

Thereafter I had to report myself to the Gestapo once a week. Food became scarcer and scarcer everywhere. The Germans took everything. Neither firewood nor coal was obtainable, and winter fell exceptionally hard, even for the Balkans. So I had to break up tables and chairs to make fires. Poor people stole every wooden fence and cut down trees.

We had ration cards but they were useless when there were no supplies. Had it not been for the black market, which flourished openly, we would have starved. I never ate meat, as the ration of 100 grammes a week, chiefly bone and gristle, was not worth waiting for all day in a queue. I rang the changes on haricot beans and potatoes. If sometimes I went short that faithful guard and companion, my dog Pat, never did. Sometimes I was able to get horseflesh for him.

My husband died in the autumn and Pat and I were alone

The people who felt the pinch most were office workers, and men and women living on pensions. The working class made lots of money on the black market. No servant could be had for love or money. Every family did their own work, and lived in one kitchen to economise fuel. In the summer things were a bit easier in regard to food as there were tomatoes and fruit.

ALLIED AIR RAIDS

In the spring of 1944 British and American air raids began. It is bad to be bombed by the enemy, but doubly so to be attacked by one's friends.

I had moved into another house in the same neighbourhood and as everyone in Belgrade seemed to be learning English I was kept busy teaching it. One by one, all "your boys" as they called themselves, disappeared "to the woods" and only girls and older men were left.

Almost every morning the air raid siren sounded. I sat on my balcony drinking tea made of lime tree flowers or- a rare luxury - tea made of the stalks of morella cherries. I watched endless streams of men women and children passing my gate on their way to the open fields. At sundown they came back weary, footsore and sun-scorched; or wet through in one of those frequent thunderstorms.

There were no air raid shelters in the neighbourhood, as there were no "military objects" within miles. One cloudy morning the Americans made a mistake and "blanketed" us. The casualties numbered 2000 in a radius of half a mile round my house. Not a single German suffered, for they were safely ensconced in deep dugouts in the town.

A GERMAN FLOP

One day the Germans paraded some British prisoners of war through the streets of Belgrade, with the idea of impressing the Serbs. It proved a terrible flop, for the prisoners marched whistling, their guards could not prevent the crowds from cheering and pressing cigarettes on them. One prisoner, on passing a donkey, shot out his arm in the Nazi salute and shouted "Heil Hitler," whereupon the rest of the column followed suit.

What with air raids, shooting in the streets, house-to-house visitations by the Gestapo or the gendarmes or, later, Tito's partisans, one rarely had a quiet night. I never went to bed without placing a dressing gown handy in which to receive the police; and a pair of slacks, warm jumper and thick shoes in case of acute emergency.

At last, Early one morning in October 1944, we heard that the Russians were coming. At first we did not believe it. Yet actually they were there; with tanks "Katushkas," armoured cars and all. We gave them a terrific reception. All young, tough looking fellows, dusty and dirty after marching and fighting for days, but full of high spirits and splendid soldiers.

They turned the Germans out of Belgrade at the point of the bayonet. For 10 days heavy street fighting prevailed, bullets whizzing along every street as the Russians hunted out isolated groups who were in hiding. On the Russian's heels came Tito's partisans, the self-styled "Army of Liberation".

I came away in a British aeroplane in the following February. I regretted having to leave behind so many good friends among the Serbs, who would have got out too, had it been possible.

Flora Sandes Bibliography

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Note This needs updating

The Autobiography of a woman soldier
A brief record of adventure with the Serbian Army, 1916 - 1919

CHAPTER I

EXCHANGING THE RED CROSS FOR A RIFLE

To Serbia as a Nurse - Collecting Supplies -Typhus -Close to the Front-
The Albanian Retreat - Salonique-Taking the Field again.

When a very small child I used to pray every night that I might wake up in the morning and find myself a boy.

Fate plays funny tricks sometimes, so that it behoves one to be careful of one's wishes.

Many years afterwards, when I had long realized that if you have the misfortune to be born a woman it is better to make the best of a bad job, and not try to be a bad imitation of a man, I was suddenly pitchforked into the Serbian Army, and for seven years lived practically a man's life.

Little did I imagine what Fate was hiding up her sleeve for me when the Great War broke out, and I joined Madame Mabel Grouitch's little unit and went out to Serbia as a nurse-surely the most womanly occupation on earth.

Our little unit of seven nurses left London on August 17th, 1914, just a week after War had been declared.

The first page of Flora's second book

The Serbian Soldier

(Transcript of an article written for "The Morning Post" by Flora Sandes)

When I left the Front at the end of November snow was already falling up in the mountains of Macedonia, where the remnants of the plucky Serbian Army are still grimly, silently, carrying on. On those bare peaks the cold is now intense, and in our shallow, rocky, wind-swept trenches the men are standing knee-deep in snow, and even when they come out of them for a short rest after fifteen days and nights of it, they are not much better off, for there is no wood in the country, and sleeping in their stone dug-outs, huddled together for heat - no Serbian soldier carries a blanket - they have no means of warming themselves and no camp fires to sit round.

One naturally pictures such an army, consisting of men who have fought through two wars before the present one was even thought of, men who almost without exception bear the scars of three or four wounds, sometimes more, and who have managed - somehow - more or less to outlive the effects of the Retreat though Albania, as being at least warmly clothed and fed, and being in receipt of everything that can possibly be given them to alleviate their unavoidable sufferings in order that a few at least may be saved to go back into Serbia. But no, on the contrary, these men are fighting for the Allies with less shelter than any other Army, less rations - such things as sugar, milk, butter, rum are unheard of luxuries - and *no warm clothes*. There is not a single man who has a pair of socks, and hardly any who have more than one shirt and that a cotton one. I do not know, and do not care, whose fault it is; the facts are there, and it is for us to remedy them.

These men in the trenches would give me anything they had. Our most prized ration - our one and only "luxury" - is a small mug of much-watered wine twice a week! More than once, having drunk mine at midday, I have been handed another mugful at supper by my orderly, and all objections waved aside with "Never mind where it came from; just drink it - you need it more I do". It was his ration.

To rescue me when I was wounded and unable to move some of my men risked their lives, and more than their lives (for no one knows better than they do what it means for a Serbian soldier to fall into the hands of the Bulgarians alive), yet they refused point blank to save themselves unless they could carry me with them.

This is the spirit the Serbian soldier shows towards his Allies; what are we doing for him? There are societies for the wounded and for the civilians in the villages, but, when all is said and done, it is the man in the trenches who is keeping the flag flying.

Besides the soldiers, fit or not - as the case may be - for the trenches, there are the "Cheechas" or old men, who in normal times would be sitting by their own firesides, having relegated the working of the little farm to their sons, but who are now doing the transport, dragging their aching, rheumy old legs for miles and miles alongside the pack mules, through mud and snow and rain in winter, scorching sun and choking dust and flies in summer, all day and every day on the endless trail, with nowhere to sit down for five minutes rest and be given a hot drink and a smoke, no one to cheer them on their way, and nothing to think of but the sons they have had killed in the war and the old home in Serbia which they lost hope of ever seeing again.

“Don’t these men complain?” I am often asked. No they do not. The only thing they ever complain of is that they are not allowed to go on the offensive, attack the Bulgarians, and fight their way home or be killed in the attempt. Home sickness, the longing, at any cost, to try to find their families, alone can undermine the morale of the Serbian Army. I have heard more grumbling since I came back to England from people because they cannot get quite as much butter or sugar as they would like than I have heard in the whole Serbian Army, even when we were going through Albania and frequently had no food at all; but then, perhaps when you are worn out by six years of fighting, when all your brothers have been killed, father murdered by the Bulgarians, wife and sisters carried off, and the old mother goodness alone knows where (and this is the history of almost any Serbian soldier you care to ask), and when in addition, your life-long enemy is in possession of your country, and you have lost everything you ever had in the world, well then I suppose you get past grumbling over anything; but if you have the unbreakable spirit of a Serbian you will still be a steadfast ally and an undaunted foe, “and what is more, you will be a man my son” - and a man worth doing something for.

I am working while at home on leave helping “The Hon. Mrs. Haverfield’s Fund (registered) for providing Comforts for Serbian Soldiers and Prisoners” 22 Old Burlington Street, where money and comforts can be sent. We have already dispatched a good deal of warm clothing, but nothing to what is required, and we hope to raise sufficient funds to start and maintain *free* canteens along the roads for the “Cheechas” and the soldiers tramping from hospital to rejoin their regiments.

(Reprinted by courtesy of the “Morning Post” Wednesday January 9th 1918)

Service Record (Made June 15, 1921)

Colonel Yudenich Yuri Vladimirovich

Chief of the horse artillery division of the Russian Army P

.2

Colonel Yudenich Yuri Vladimirovich - Chief of the horse artillery division

Awards: 1. lead-bronze medal in honour of 300 years reign of Romanovs. 2. Order of Saint Vladimir 4th degree with swords and bows.

Son of State Adviser, born in Mogilev

province Religion - Orthodox

Graduate from the Pinsk College, Military course St. Petersburg Cadet College by first-class and Major Officer's gymnastic-fencing school by first-class.

Service

P.3 - P.7 (#9)

Entered St. Petersburg Cadet College as a Cadet ordinary rank	1907.09.02
Got non-commissioned officer rank	1908.07.05
Got junior sword-belt Cadet rank	1909.04.14
By royal order appointed to serve to 43rd Artillery Brigade with advancement	1909.08.15
Arrived to the Brigade and appointed in 2nd battery as a junior officer	1909.09.04
Appointed as assistant-manager in School of Junior Lieutenants in the 2nd Artillery Corps	1909.10.01 - 1910.02.20
For the benefit of service transferred to the 3rd Battery	1910.09.10
Appointed as a head/chief of young soldiers	1910.11.20
Appointed as platoon commander into training detachment of the Brigade. Transfer to 3rd Battery.	1910.03.15 - 1910.11.20
Sent on a mission to the city of Grodno into 5th aeronautic company in the capacity of an observer from the air-balloon	1911.07.05 1911.08.05
Transferred to the 2 nd Battery	1911.09.15

Sent on a mission to Grodno into Corps gymnastic - fencing school	1911.11.25
Sent to Minsk province as a copyist of military horse and carriages census	1912.06.15- 1912.06.20
By royal order promoted to the rank of lieutenant for his service and sent into Major gymnastic - fencing school	1913.09.01
Graduated from Major gymnastic - fencing school	1914.07.15
Arrived to the 3rd battery	1914.07.17
Marched off against Austrian - German Army	1914.07.22
Wounded in a battle in East Prussia	1914.08.27
Evacuated to home front	1914.08.27
Left the military hospital (the state of health is 3rd category, 2nd class) and went to the Army of St. Petersburg	1915.07.20
Appointed to supply department of the North Front Army as a telegraph officer	1915.08.10
Appointed as an assistant of the head of inspector's department of North Front General Headquarters	1915.10.02
By royal order was awarded with the 4 th degree of the Order of Saint Vladimir with swords and bows for courage in the face of the enemy	1915.10.04
Detached to 4th artillery brigade	1916.03.01
Arrived to the front 12 Army as a commander of 9th detached battery of anti-air forces	1916.03.06
Along with the battery joined the Siberian Corps after the retreat from the city of Riga.	1917.08.25
Retreated to Great Novgorod along with battery and began the liquidation of the battery.	1918.03.06
Sent to the city of Rybinsk to the headquarters of the 12 th army	1918.03.10
Joined the Voluntary Army (White Army - commentary of translator)	1918.08.15
Sent on a mission as a recruiter to Mogilev province and Rostov, Gomel, and Bobruisk uyezds (districts).	1918.08.17- 1918.11.14
By order of inspector of artilleries appointed to organize the Crimea Artillery Division	1918.11.21
Arrived to Crimea along with the Crimea Detached Artillery Division	1918.12.12

Crimea Detached Artillery Division joined the 4th Artillery Battery.	1919.06.01
Appointed as a commander of a communication service in the Administration of 4th Artillery Battery.	1919.11.06
Administration of the 4th Artillery Battery was renamed to Administration Inspector Artillery's administration of 3rd Army Corps	1919.12.10
Arrived to city Nikolayevck (Crimea).	1920.01.06
3rd Army Corps was renamed to Crimea's Corps.	1920.03.24
Crimea's Corps was renamed to 2nd Army Corps.	1920.04.16
Appointed as a chief of connection	1920.08.15
Appointed as a commander of Artillery-transport-horse Corps.	1920.08.28
Evacuated abroad along with the Horse Corps.	1920.08.02
Arrived to Gallipoli (Turkey - commentary of translator)	1920.08.09
Appointed as a commander of Horse-Artillery Division.	1920.11.24
By order (#293, 19.. year) the Commander-in-chief (Vrangel P.N.- commentary of translator) promoted to staff-captain for his services.	1921.06.03
By order (#681, 1915 year) of the Commander-in-chief promoted to Captain	1921. 06.04
By order (#681, 1918 year) of the Commander-in-chief promoted to lieutenant colonel	1921.06.05
By order (#1950, 1919 year) of the Commander-in-chief promoted to colonel	1921.06.05

Outside of service

P.8 - P.12

#10

Evacuated to home front because was wounded and contused.	1914. 08.23
Was located in the field hospital in the city of Vilno	1914.08.30 - 1915.06.11
Was evacuated to Horse-Guards hospital in the city of Petrograd	1915.06.11 - 1915.07.20
Demobilized by the Committee of army doctors (the state of health is 3rd category, 2nd class).	1915.07.20

Lived in the city of Riga after demobilization

11

Married. His wife Paslovska Elena Pavlovna is a daughter of noblemen. The daughter (Natalie) of Yudenich Y.V. was born in 1919 May 9th Wife and daughter are Orthodox Christian.

#12

Does not have any property

#13

Never had punishments or penalties

#14

Participated in battles and campaigns against Austrian - German Army	1914.06.22 - 1914.08.27
Wounded and contused by a fragment of a grenade in a battle in East Prussia	1914.08.27
Participated in battles and campaigns against Austrian - German Army (General Headquarters North Front)	1915.08.10 - 1916.03.01
Battle near the city of Riga	1916.03.06 - 1917.08.25
Battle near the city of Wendenim in 2 nd Siberian Corps	1917.08.25 - 1918.02.28

Voluntary Army (White Army) Remote
Campaigns against an Enemy

Defensive battle for the barrage Perekop	1919.01.06- 1919.03.22
Defensive battle near the village Yumun	1919.03.23
Offensive battle	1919.03.21
Defensive battles near Ak-Mikansk	1919.04.14 - 1919.04.
Offensive battle by horses to the left flank and the rear of the enemy	1919.04.21
Offensive battles and wedging-in the enemy 1919.06.05	1919.06.05
Vanguard battle near village Terek 1919.06/06	1919.06.06
Offensive battle for stanitsa (Cossack village) Grammatikova	1919.06.09- 1919.06.14
Offensive battle for stanitsa Kolay	1919.06.15
Occupied the town of Dgankol	1919.06.16

Occupied towns of Armenia and Perekop	1919.06.19
Offensive and defensive battles along the river Dnepr from towns Kherson to Big Lepeticha	1919.06.21
Crossed over the river Dnepr near Kakhovka village	1919.07.20
Battles for towns Kherson and Nicholaenck. Occupied town Nicholaenck	1919.08.05
Battles for crossing over river Sought Bug	1919.08.06
Offensive battle near the town of Voznesenck	1919.08.12 – 1919.08.15
Offensive battle near stanitsa Pochatoy	1919.08.17
Offensive battle near stanitsa Golta and Olvinopol	1919.08.19
Offensive battle near stanitsa Xpictovka and Yman	1919.09.12
Advancement to North-West and surrender the town of Gollichan	1919.09.13- 1919.10.21
Battles against detachment of Machno near stanitsa Dolincka	1919.11.17
Battles in the city of Catherineslansk and outskirts of town and running fight from the town of Nicholaenck through stanitsas Verchovzevo, Znamenka, and Dolincka	1919.11.24- 1919.12.14
Running fight through the town of Kherson, Perekop, and Crimea	1919.12.24- 1920....06
Campaign to North Tavrida	1920.07.18- 1920.10.12
Battles against Red Army near Kakhovka village	1920.07.30-
Battles near Dmitrovka, Konstantinovka, and Lenatikha villages	1920.08.05
Battle near Demanovka village	1920.08.08- 1920.08.12
Crossed over the river Dnepr near Yshkanka village, offensive battles then retreat	1920.08.17- 1920.08.20
Battles near North Tavrida and running fight behind the isthmus to Crimea	1920.09.30- 1920.10.05
Battles for the isthmus of Perekop	1920.10.17- 1920.10.20
Battle near stanitsa Kourgan- Kelam	1920.10.24- 1920.10.28
Retreat to the city of Sevastopol, loading to transport "Saratov", evacuation to abroad to the town of Gallipoli	1920.11.01
Arrived to the town of Gallipoli, transferred to the camp nearby	1920.11.09

“A Brief Biography of S.D.S. Wanderings in the Wilderness from Nov.4th. 1856 till July 16th. 1894.”

[These notes are contained in a small black notebook which was left to Elizabeth Russell by her mother, Fanny Elizabeth Johnston, S.D.S.'s third daughter, and then passed on to me, A. de C. Baker, in 1984.]

“Stephen Creaghe Sandes, DD, Bishop of Cashel, was born at Sallowglen near Tarbert, Co. Kerry in 1778 and, when a junior Fellow of T.C.D. (Trinity College, Dublin), married Mary, eldest daughter of Samuel Dickson of George Street, Limerick (Merchant) in 1819. They had four children, William Stephen, born Dec. 2nd. 1820, Maria Catherine, born Oct. 26th. 1821, and Samuel Dickson and Margaret Eliza (twins) born Nov. 17th. 1822.

My father died on Nov. 14th. 1842

My mother died in July 1866.

My father was educated at Ennis School and T.C.D. Mary Dickson (my mother) was born in 1780 and died in July 1866, two months after Mr. Besnard who was the same age.

Samuel Dickson Sandes born in No.4 Fitzwim. Square North, Dublin, on Nov. 17th. 1822. Went to school in January 1832 to Eagle House, Brook Green, Hammersmith (Headmasters Joseph Railton Esq. and afterwards the Revd. Edward Wickham). In January 1837 went to the School House, Rugby (Head Master, Thomas Arnold DD). Entered Trinity College, Dublin, as Fellow Commoner in the Summer of 1840. Graduated, became a student at Lincoln's Inn and was called to the Irish Bar. Went back for four years more to T.C.D. to the Theological School, and was ordained at Ballinasloe on Feb. 8th. 1852, for Cork, by the Bishop of Killaloe (Ludlow Jonson, afterwards Lord Riversdale). Bp. James Wilson, the then Bp. of Cork, Cloyne and Roso, asked me to take, without pay for one year, the Curacy of Ardnagecky (Glenville) 14 miles north of the City of Cork. The Rector was the Revd. Freeman. At the expiration of the year I was admitted to Priests Orders and went to Queenstown. The Rector was Archdeacon Warburton. The Senior Curate was the Revd. W. Barlow. After nine months there I went to Kilmakon as Curate to the Revd. Wm. Rogers. In the month of Sept. 1855 I was appointed Rector of Whitechurch (Templegal) in succession to Revd. Louis Torrin who was appointed to Garrycloyne (Blarney).

On Nov. 4th. 1856 I married Miss Sophia Julia Besnard. I left my little workmans cottage near my church, and went with her to live at 59 Sundays Well, Cork. Lived there till March 1862, when we moved into No.2 Lansdowne Park, at the top of Patrick's Hill, Cork. In March 1864, gradually getting nearer to my church and Parish, we moved into Kilcully House. On the night of Dec. 23rd. 1867 the Fenians burned us out. Next day we moved into the Imperial Hotel, and then went to live on Charlotte Quay, till on March 25th. 1868 we moved into No.25 South Terrace as tenants to Wm. Lindsay at #60 a year. Then came (in consequence of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church) our finally quitting Ireland on June 3rd. 1872.

(Quel dommage!)

We went first to live at No.2 South Parade, Southsea. On March 4th. 1873 we went to live at No.24 North Street, Wandsworth. I helped Dr. Coghlan at St. Peter's, Vere Street, Steevie and John went to King's College School, Somerset House, where the underground schoolrooms were so injurious to the former's health that, Sir Prescott Hewitt, for eczema, ordered him to take a voyage to Australia for the benefit of sea air. (He afterwards sailed as midshipman in the “Carlisle Castle” belonging to Messrs. Greene, and was lost at sea on his first voyage at 12.40 am. on the morning of Dec. 4th. 1874).

I was instituted to the Rectory of Bp. Middleham, Durham, by Bishop Baring on June 18th. 1874 on the nomination of Lord Cairus. I went up and was hospitably entertained by W. Forster, the brewer. They all left Wandsworth on August 5th. 1874, and I met them at Seaton Carew on the 6th. On the 7th. I returned to Bp. Middleham. On Sept 3rd. we all moved into the Vicarage. On Sept 23rd. I took John to school at Dr. Collis's school at Stratford-on-Avon. On the 28th Soph. and Steevie went to London for his outfit. On October 6th. the "Carlisle Castle left the Docks for Melbourne and Mater and I saw our darling boys face for the last time on earth. On April 20th. 1875 I went to live as Rector of Poppleton near York, and on the 26th. all drove in cabs to our new home. Flora was born on January 22nd. 1876. On July 4th. 1877 I left Poppleton, and we took for 3 months, 83 Upper Gloucester Place. On October 4th. Sam and I went to St. Leonards. The rest followed on the next day. Mary and Fanny went to school to Miss Saunderson, Sam and Bill to Miss Duff. We lived on the Undercliff, and afterwards moved into No.12 Clyde Road. Gran died there on April 10th. 1878. In the following month of May I went to help Dr. Mangan at All Saints Church, Canterbury, while he looked after his other Church, St. Mildred's. We took a large house near All Saints Church (76, St. Peters Lane). On August 11th. 1879 we left Canterbury for a tour in Ireland, and sailed from Bristol for Cork in the "Juno" (Capt. Starr) on the 12th. On the 21st. we left Cork by rail for Macroom where Driscoll met us with a wagonette, and the nine of us drove to Inchigeela where we slept that night, and next day drove to Roche's Hotel at Glengarriff. Next day lunched at Kenmara and drove to Killarney to lodgings in the town to which I was recommended by Mr. Perry, the ironmonger in Patrick St. The house was owned by Miss Cox in New St. On August 30th. moved into Lake Hotel. On Sept 4th. went to Lackabawn Farm (Courtney). On Sept 18th we all left Killarney by evening train, and went to Mrs. Moore's, 13 Morrisons Quay, Cork. On Sept. 20th. 1879 Soph. and I to Youghal for a house on the hill. On the 25th., at Riordan's Hotel, Midleton, and Concert. On 26th. Mater and I drove to Kilmahon and I offered Jellet £800. Nov. 28th. left Youghal for Cork (Mrs. Moore's). Dec. 2nd. left via Dublin and Holyhead where we slept. reached Euston Hotel at 6.30 p.m. on 3rd. 4th. Lodgings in York Street. 8th. House at 3 Upper Gloucester Place. 1880 January 22nd., moved into No.12 The Terrace, Farquhar Road, Upper Norwood. March 4th. moved to 7 Highland Road, Upper Norwood. April 20th. St. Georges Rectory, Canterbury for a month (Mr. Mc. Gahan's). June 2nd. House on Esplanade, Deal. July went with Willie Wilson to Calais and Boulogne.

On the 30th. moved into No. 74, St. Peter's Lane Canterbury. In October Soph and I went to look at Titchwell Rectory between Hunstanton and Cromer. Too Bad! Bp. Pelham offered me the Curacy of Monewden. Accepted it.

1881 I quitted Canterbury and reached Woodbridge (Mrs. Wigg's) at 7.30 p.m. on January 8th. Dolly and I went out to the Rectory (very cold and snowy). On the 13th. they all came out to Monewden.

1882 January 16th. John to Madgdalen College, Oxford. 25th. Sam and I to Derby for him to go Fletcher's "Masson Works". June 26th. Sam and I went for a day from Derby via Chatsworth, Matlock, Buxton, The Peak, Dove River etc. and lunched off cold salmon at the "Isaac Walton" hotel.

1882 Arranged to take the Chaplaincy in the Rue du Temple, Boulogne.

1883 February 1st. Crossed to Boulogne and went to M. Richonnas in the Rue du Prince Albert afterwards the "Boulevard Auguste Marriotte".

Accepted the Rectory of Monewden (Corrected by S.L. Baker in 1968 to "Marlesford" but this is incorrect).

1885 Instituted on June 5th. by Bp. Pelham. August 13th. All moved into Marlesford, Mater, Dolly, Flora & I in carriage, Mary, John, Dicky (dog), Womary Tizey (cat) and James Hall in dogcart, Bill on bicycle.

29th. Sam home for holidays from Derby. John to Davos Platz for his health.

August 25th. Sammy and I started on our Swiss tour and returned on Sept. 14th. (See General Summary).

On March 20th. 1894 I sent in my Resignation of Marlesford. On 29th. Mater and I drove to Aldeburgh to look out for some house to live in. We looked at "Independent House" (Mrs. Lovett's) Smyth (House Agent). The Red House was promised to another by him. April 2nd. Flora and Bill walked to Aldeburgh, and we all went home by the last train.

April 4th. The "Cancer" (Causeway)

July 16th. Soph, Emma and I left Campsea Ashe by the 4.6 p.m. train and arrived at this house (No. 26 St. Paul's Road, Thornton Heath) at 7.30 p.m., having been Rector of Marlesford from June 5th. 1885 till March 20th. 1894.

I have lived in this house now since July 16th. 1894

Dated October 1st. 1902

Samuel D. Sandes.

A further note appears on the next page and is included although its significance is not apparent.

"Mr. Charnley of the Co. Waterford was a landlord under the Archbp. of Cashel's 21 years lease. The Archbp. ran his life against 21 years and refused to renew the lease annually. But he died after 20 years, and my father became the 1st. Bp. of Cashel after Archbp. Lawrence. Then Mr. Charnley paid my father £12000 to renew his lease."

At the end of the notebook are a collection of cuttings, probably from a second hand booksellers catalogue.

Summary of S.D.Sandes' brief biography

1822 17 November.	Born one of twins, the other being Margaret Eliza, at 4 Fitzwilliam Square North, Dublin.
1832 January.	Went to school at Eagle House, Brook Green, Hammersmith.
1837 January.	To school at School House, Rugby. (Thomas Arnold Headmaster).
1840 Summer.	Fellow Commoner at Trinity College Dublin. He graduated, became a student at Lincolns Inn and was called to the Irish Bar then returned to T.C.D. for four more years to read theology.
1852 8 February.	Ordained at Ballinasloe and took the Curacy of Ardnagecky 14 miles north of Cork.
1853.	Admitted to Priests Orders and went as Curate to Queenstown.
1853.(late)	Curate of Kilmakon.
1855 September.	Rector of Whitechurch.
1856 4 November.	Married Sophia Julia Besnard and lived at 59, Sundays Well, Cork, where they remained until March 1862. Stephen, Sophia, and Mary must have been born there.
1862 March.	Moved to 2, Landsdowne Park, Patrick's Hill, Cork. John must have been born there.
1864 March.	Moved to Kilcully House, where Samuel Dickson and William Besnard were born.
1867 23 December.	Burnt out by the Fenians and moved to the Imperial Hotel and then to Charlotte Quay.
1868 25 March.	Moved to 25 South Terrace where Fanny Elizabeth was born.
1872 3 June.	Left Ireland for 2, South Parade, Southsea.
1873 4 March.	Went to live at 24, North Street, Wandsworth. He helped at St. Peters, Vere Street. Stephen and John went to Kings College School, Somerset House. Stephen sent on a sea voyage for his health.
1874 18 June.	Rector of Bishop Middleham, Durham. Moved into Rectory 3 rd . September 1874.
1874 23 September.	John to school in Stratford-on-Avon.
1874 6 October.	Stephen sailed as a Midshipman on the Carlisle Castle.
1874 4 December.	Stephen lost at sea.
1875 20 April.	Rector of Poppleton, Yorkshire.

1876 22 January.	Flora born.
1877 4 July.	Left Poppleton and lived at 83, Upper Gloucester Place (near Regents Park).
1877 4 October.	Went to St. Leonards where they lived first at Undercliffe and then at 12, Clyde Road.
1878 10 April.	Gran died at St. Leonards. 4(I don't know who Gran is but may have been Sophia Besnard (nee Baker), Sophia Julia's mother. [A.de C.B.]
1878 May.	Went to help Dr. Mangan at All Saints, Canterbury, while he looked after his other church, St. Mildreds. Lived at 76, St.Peters Lane near to All Saints.
1879 11 August.	Left Canterbury for a tour of Ireland.
1880 22 January.	Moved into 12, The Terrace, Farquhar Road, Upper Norwood.
1880 4 March.	Moved into 7, Highland Road, Upper Norwood.
1880 20 April.	Moved to St. Georges Ractory, Canterbury for a month.
1880 30 June.	Moved to 74, St. Peter's Lane, Canterbury.
1881 8 January.	Moved to Monewden, Suffolk as Curate.
1882 16 January.	John went to Magdalen College, Oxford.
1882 25 January.	Sam went to Derby to work at Fletcher's Masson Works.
1883 1 February.	Took Chaplaincy in Rue du Temple, Boulogne.
1885 5 June.	Accepted the Rectory at Marlesford.
1885 13 August.	Moved to Marlesford.
1894 20 March.	Resigned from Marlesford at the age of 71.
1894 16 July.	Moved to 26, St.Pauls Road, Thornton Heath.
1911 11 October.	His wife, Sophia Julia, died.
1914 23 August.	Samuel Dickson Sandes died.

A REDUCED COPY OF THE CERTIFICATE FOR MECHANICAL PROFICIENCY.

Awarded to Miss Flora Sanders
2nd July 1908

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,
119, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

This is to Certify that

Miss Flora Sanders
of 26 St. Dunstons Rd., Thornton Heath,
Surrey
duly passed the qualifying examination held by the Club on
the 24th day of June 1908, and is
granted this 3rd class Certificate for

MECHANICAL PROFICIENCY.

Dated this 3rd day of July 1908

Signed

J. W. A. L.

Secretary.

ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB

No. 1243

Date of issue 29th June 1910
RENEWED

This is to Certify that

Miss Hora Sanders
of 26 St Pauls Road
Thornton Heath, Surrey

has been examined by the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB,
and that he satisfied the Examiners.

Tested on a 12 h.p. Singer

Remarks:—

H. Sanders

Signature of Holder.

RENEWAL.

Secretary.

This Certificate is hereby renewed so as to be in force
from 19 to 19

Secretary.

For further information apply to the F. O.

**This Certificate is only valid
for one year from date of
issue (unless renewed)**



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N° 134728 REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE MODELE A

PERMIS DE CONDUIRE LES AUTOMOBILES.

Sans mentions spéciales inscrites au verso, le présent permis n'est pas valable pour la conduite des véhicules ci-après : 1^{er} Voitures affectées à des transports en commun. 2^e Véhicules pesant en charge plus de 3,000 kilogr. 3^e Motocycles à deux roues.

Signature du titulaire

TITULAIRE : M. me Goudenitch
Glava

demeurant à La Garenne Colombe
70 Rue du Rouet
224178 à Copenhague

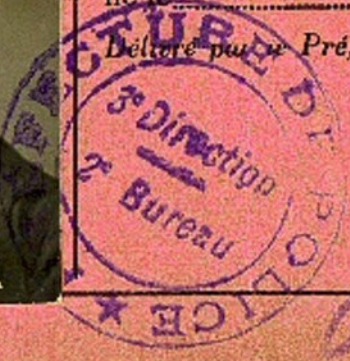
né le 22/1/78 à Copenhague

Délivré par le Préfet de Seine-et-Oise

Le 3 Mai 1928

Goudenitch

98-28/R.-1927. [27956]



Note for Marlesford Church Guide.

On the south wall are two brass plaques in memory of members of the Sandes family. The upper commemorates the lives of Samuel Dickson Sandes, who was Rector from 1885 to 1894, and his wife Sophia Julia, and the lower records some of the fascinating story of their youngest daughter, Flora.

At the end of the war Flora could not remain in the same regiment as only nationals were allowed so she was transferred to another doing frontier duty. She remained in the army until 1922 when she retired with the rank of Captain. She lived in Paris and in 1927 she married Yuri Yudenitch, a White Russian who had been a Colonel in the Russian Army until the revolution and had served as Flora's sergeant on the frontier. They moved to Belgrade and were there when the 1939 war broke out. Both were briefly imprisoned by the Gestapo but were released when Yuri became seriously ill. He died within a few days of their release. Flora had to stay in Belgrade until the end of the war when she returned home to England via Palestine and South Africa. For the last ten years of her life she lived in a tiny cottage at Lower Hatcheston on the outskirts of Wickham Market and close to Marlesford where she had spent her teenage years and near to her relatives who lived at Campsea Ashe and Orford. She died in 1956.

In 1881 Flora`s father, Rev. Samuel Dickson Sandes, was appointed as Rector of Monewden. He was there only about one year. We have a photograph , including a figure that I think is Flora, in the garden.

In 1885, when Flora was nine, he accepted the living at Marlesford near Wickham Market where he remained until 1894. Flora thus spent her formative teenage years in the Suffolk countryside. Her older sisters, Sophie and Mary, married in 1888 and 1887 but Sophie continued to visit frequently and for a while lived at Bridge House, Lower Hatcheston, near Wickham Market.

When her father retired in 1894 and went to live in Thornton Heath, Surrey the Suffolk links were broken except for camping holidays with her nephew Stephen (my father). Soon after Sophie`s husband died in 1923 she came to live in the school house in Orford and not long after that her younger sister, Fanny, also came to live in the village and it was a natural place for Flora to come to when on holiday from either France or Serbia.

Her husband died in 1941 so after the war she had little reason for staying on in Belgrade and returned to England after a short spell with a nephew in Rhodesia. She had always been close to another nephew who had worked as a Government chemist in Palestine and when he retired to Campsea Ashe at the end of the war she was happy to rent a small cottage at Lower Hatcheston which was within walking distance of his house and later, when she became less mobile, within easy distance for her battery powered chair. She would sometimes drive her chair to Orford where she still had a sister and two nieces and she became a familiar sight on the local roads.

There is a memorial to her and to her parents in Marlesford Church.

Diaries of Mary Baker (nee Sandes) [Meg or Ga]

A number of diaries kept by Mary Baker still exist. Mary McClymont (nee Baker) has those for 1887 and 1888 and Ruth Priestley (nee Garland) has those for 1907 to 1913, 1933, and 1938 to 1941. The following notes from her diaries were made by Arthur Baker (Midge) during a visit to Australia in 1998. The extracts were selected mainly in order to give an impression of her life style but some are included because they refer specifically to my close family.

The 1887 and 1888 diaries start when Meg was still living with her parents at Marlesford Rectory and cover her marriage to Jack Baker, the journey to Cannington Manor in Canada and their first two years there. The early entries give what is probably a reasonably accurate picture of the life of a country parson's daughter. Marlesford was, and still is, a very small village some distance from a major road. However, at that time it had a railway station within very easy walking distance which meant travel to Framlingham, Woodbridge and Ipswich presented no problem. There were frequent connections from Ipswich to London and to Cambridge. The ease of travel to Cambridge was of considerable significance to Meg as it meant Jack could visit often.

There were four girls at home, Sophie, Mary, Fanny and Flora (otherwise known as "the Brat"). Sam was training as an engineer in Derby, John was probably at University (?) and Bill was the only son still at home. There are frequent trips to Framlingham and Ipswich, much walking, visiting the sick and elderly, and village activities in the tithe barn adjacent to the Rectory.

Mrs Sandes has periods of illness; at one time in January 1887 she is said by "Dr. Brodie" to have a congested right lung. Mrs Baker (Jack's mother) died on 26th February 1887 at half past eight in the evening and was buried at Old Warden on 3rd March.

Meg's diaries are very similar to Flora's, there is very little emotion expressed, everything is very matter of fact.

"Tues. 10th March '87 - Trimmed a bonnet, took a walk, sat on a haystack, rescued two rabbits (*from what?*), wrote to Jack"

On St. Patrick's Day someone in Ireland sent a shamrock from Cork.

"Tues. 17th March '87 - Fanny left for Surrey"

"Mon. 28th March '87 - Sophie, Brat & I drove to Iken, stayed there 2 hours, got back at 8"

12th April '87 - Meg went to Cambridge with Sam, where they met Jack and went to St. Neots. They met Bob Baker and went boating "in Town" (? Cambridge) and then on to Old Warden where they had tea in a "Public Ouse". They then went on to London where they met Sophia Julia (Mater) and on to Streatham Hill where they saw "The Birds". Meg went on to Croydon and had a long walk with Uncle Irwin, Sophia Julia's brother. They returned home on Saturday 23rd April.

"Wed. 4th May '87 - Sophie, Brat and I went to lunch at Parham Hall and assisted at a concert afterwards"

Mon. 9th May '87 - Meg and her mother went to London to do shopping for her wedding, including her dress. They were joined by Jack on Thursday and bought blankets, sheets etc. Jack left and they were joined by Ellen (?Gibbins), Uncle Irwin, Sophie and Fanny. Sunday was spent with the Mangans. (*It is thought that Miss Mangan was Flora's governess*).

"Friday 24th June - Mr. and Mrs. Disney arrived" (*presumably for the wedding the following Tuesday 28th*)

"Tuesday 28th June 1887 - Was married to the biggest of all beasts of husbands"

They spent the night at the Crown Hotel in Craven Street off The Strand and then went to Cowes where they stayed at 3 Medina Road. They left for Winchester on 2nd July where they stayed at St. Cross. They went round Winchester Cathedral with Amy Andrewes and left for Canterbury on 4th July where they stayed at St. Stephens (presumably at Beverley with Mr. and Mrs. W. de C. Baker). They watched a cricket match on the cricket field with "Uncle Bill" on Thursday morning. They left Canterbury for Ware on Friday 8th July. On 9th July they drive to Haileybury near Hertford and went round the College where Jack had been at school (also probably Arthur). Arthur joined them there. On 11th they left "town" for Barford where Jack's eldest brother, George Whitbread farmed. This was Jack's 29th birthday. On 12th they went to Bedford and Nottingham where Jack's sister was married to Robert Barber, a solicitor who looked after the family affairs. They left Nottingham on 14th July for London and arrived back in Marlesford at 8.0 pm.

On Tuesday 19th July Jack went to London for tickets (to Canada) and the 20th was spent packing up. They finally left Marlesford on 22nd on the 9.18 train for London with Bob Baker and then on to Liverpool by themselves where they arrived about 7 pm.

The diaries covering the first two years in Canada are difficult to follow without some background information about the setting up of Cannington Manor. Mary McClymont has an article which provides some help and which is summarised here.

"Cannington Manor – Historic Park

This is an account of the beginning of the "Manor" around 1882. About this time British newspapers carried advertisements that extolled the virtues of Canada and offered as an incentive to immigration, 160 acres to any male over 18 years of age. A failed English banker, Capt. Edward Michell Pierce, went out with his family and obtained five homesteads for himself and his four sons. He constructed a house and decided to set up an agricultural college to teach farming to the sons of wealthy Englishmen. Gradually Cannington Manor was built up but everything had to be hauled for 40 miles from Moosomin. The college was a failure because of the lack of farming knowledge among the supposed teachers. By 1884 a church, All Saints, was built. In 1887 Capt. Pierce began to develop industry. With partners he formed the Moose Mountain Trading Co. They built a roller flour mill and a general store including a post office. Farmers were usually short of cash until crops were harvested so the store had to give credit. Produce was often taken in trade but the long journey to Moosomin where it could be sold resulted in deterioration of perishables and the store was never successful. Other businesses set up were a wagon shop and a paint business. A sawmill with a 48" circular saw was started. In the Spring of 1888 a new group of English families (including Jack and Meg) came to Cannington Manor and built elaborate houses. A class system already existed separating the English from the Canadians and this influx served to reinforce it. A James Humphrey, engineer and marine architect set up a pork packing factory but the supply of pigs was too irregular and the business failed. By 1890 residents of the Manor included a doctor, two Mounties, two JP's, a teacher and a land agent. There was, in addition to the flour mill, store and post office, a blacksmiths shop, a carpenters shop, a cobbler and a school with a Town Hall above it. Capt. Pierce died on 20th June 1888. Shortly afterwards three Beckton brothers set up "Didsbury Stock Farm". This became a large establishment. Ernest Beckton married Pierce's daughter, Jessie. A racing stable was constructed and stocked. A hunt was formed and Jack Baker was asked to get hounds of Isle of Wight stock from Iowa and he was the first Master of the Cannington hounds. The Becktons entertained lavishly and attracted groups of hard drinking young men. There was a Tennis Week, a Cricket Week and a Hunting Week. There was drama and music and social activities suitable for the ladies. By the mid 1890's most of the industries had failed and many of the prominent families began to move away. Didsbury closed in 1897 due to heavy losses. The district was left to the Canadian pioneers who gradually established successful farms."

They sailed from Liverpool for Canada on the “Circassian” at 10.30 on Friday 23rd July, stopping briefly in Derry harbour. The weather deteriorated and Meg was very sick. They sighted the Labrador Coast and Newfoundland on Saturday 30th July and then sailed up the St. Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal where they boarded the Canadian Pacific Railway. They had three nights on the train before arriving in Winnipeg where they stopped for a day. Another train took them on to Moosomin close to the Saskatchewan/Manitoba border (see map). Their luggage “had gone astray and the hotel was full of bugs”.

On Wed. 10th August they had a 40 mile spring-cart journey to Cannington where they arrived about 7.pm.



The “Birds” had either arrived at the same time or were there already as they spent much of the time with them over the next few months. [Ernest and Robert Bird were partners with Capt. Pierce in the Moose Mountain Trading Co.]

“Jack went to see Capt. Pierce.” They seem to have been given or bought section 21 on which to build a house. It is not clear where they lived until the house was built but there are frequent references to a Mrs. Field (? the parson’s wife) so they may have been staying with them.

On Wednesday 17th August “Jack gave a plan for the house to “Pryce”.”

By 11th November the builder was putting shingles on the roof. The intervening period seems to have been a round of socialising and shooting with all and sundry.

Sam Sandes arrived on 25th November. He helped with the house but from Meg’s comments he was also a drinking partner. By 8th December Jack and Sam were sleeping at the new house but nearly froze. There was an attempt to move into the house on 9th but they could not get a wagon. Tony Pullen arrived on 10th December and on the same day they moved into the house which was not really finished and a

considerable mess.. Tony made up a threesome with Jack and Sam and they seem to have done everything together.

Thursday 15th December – “Jack started making a dining room table”. The house continued to be made into a home for a considerable period but being in their own home obviously raised culinary problems as her diary now mentions the food they ate almost every day.

On 27th December Meg “sent a cheque for £37-16s to Capt. Pierce for a piano he is to order”

Pork plays a very large part in their diet and this relates to the pork packing factory set up by John Humphrey.

“28th December- Pork pie and fried plum pudding for dinner”

“30th December- Soup, hashed venison and hasty pudding” “1st

January- Beef steak and mince pies”.

“2nd January – Tough Curry?

“3rd January – Soup, hare, mince pies”

“4th January – Charles Dawson came over with flour from the mill. Soup and pork”.

“5th January – Roast beef, cup pudding”

“6th January – Soup, curry and hasty pudding”

“7th January – Potato pie, soup ,ginger pudding”

“Sunday 8th January - 32° below freezing. venison, macaroni cheese.”

“9th January – Hashed venison, rice and prunes”.

“10th January – Pork chops and ginger pudding”.

“11th January – Ploughing hard all day. Soup, roast pork, rice pudding”.

“12th January – Sam made window for the stable, Made sausages, Venison, carrots, rice, prunes”.

“13th January - Hashed venison, macaroni cheese”.

“14th January – News that Mr Blagden is lost. Soup, pork chops, pancakes (which were a dead failure). Turton brought pigs”.

“15th January – Made sausages. Roast pork, mince pies”.

“16th January – Cold pork and fried pudding”.

!17th January – Pork chops, raisin pudding”.

“18th January – Soup, roast beef, hasty pudding”.

“19th January – Soup, hash, macaroni cheese”.

“20th January – Pork chops, mulligatawny soup, cup pudding, 37° F below freezing”

“21st January – Soup, stewed steak, rice pudding”.

“Tuesday 31st January – Sophie and Arthur married”.

The menus continue in much the same manner but tend to become more basic e.g. potato pie two days running, boiled ox head. There is a long period of boiled pork and pigs cheek but then Turton brings 17½ lbs of beef and things are better for a while.

“21st April – Boys (Sam. Jack and Tony) busy putting up shed for oxen.”

“25th April – Steped and hung out and ironed all my baby clothes. Cold pork and hasty pudding.”

“7th May – Montgomery came over with a sow which I bought for 8 dollars. Made our first butter.”

“23rd May – Baby born 8.15 am. (George). Several small pigs born a few hours later.”

“26th May – Verry feverish all day. Temperature nearly 104°, perspired profusely at night.”

“29th June – Capt. Pierce died.”

Her diary is less detailed after the birth of George, understandably. Food clearly becomes a problem. A fairly long period of no meat. However she made many attempts to get a servant.

“14th Sept. – Bob Baker arrived”

“9th November – Letter from Mum (Sophia Julia) with news of Sophie’s baby born 24th October (Steve)”

At the end of the diary are her monthly accounts.

The remaining diaries, which start in 1907, are owned by Ruth Priestley, Midge Garland’s youngest daughter, who lives at 17 Graham Street, Calala, Tamworth, NSW.

In response to questions from Mary McClymont her father, Ernest Malcolm Baker, said he thought the family probably finally left Canada in 1899. He was born at Cannington Manor on 21 February 1896 and Gerrard Andrewes, their youngest was born in Canterbury in 1900.

1907

They were living at Highlands, Elham, Kent at this time. The first page lists a large number of cheques received mostly from R.B. This must be Robert Barber who was married to Jack’s sister, Elizabeth Catherine. He was a solicitor in Nottingham and looked after all the family affairs for many years. The cheques were usually for £10 every fortnight. Also quarterly cheques from someone called Tebbs for about £13-18s. On 2nd January she received a cheque from Flora for £23-18-7 for Hilda’s school fees. (*Was Flora Hilda’s Godmother?*)

“4th Jan.- Dorothy and Bob (Baker) were staying and went to see Nurse (?)”

“21st Jan.- Mac started school with Miss Douglass.”

“16th Feb.- Went to Hastings, Baldocks met me and Hilda.” (*The Baldocks were cousins on the Baker side*)

Hilda, at 17, was still at school at Copelands School, St. Leonards. She is occasionally referred to as “Toody”. John Harold as “Punch” but later as “Friday”. Meg is still corresponding with Mrs. E. Beckton.

18th March – Went with Lizzie to fetch Hilda in morning. Dorothy (who was 15) came to Brackledown after dinner. Escorted them both to school in evening. (Brackledown was the Baldock’s house in Hastings)

Meg was very involved with the Mothers Guild.

“18th April – Steve arrived about 5p.m. from Hastings.”

“26th April – Steve started for Croydon on his bike about 8.30.”

“22nd May – Jack went to Folkestone to teach cricket at Bedford House School.”

“25th May – Bob ill with pleurisy at Haling Park Road (Arthur and Sophie’s house in Croydon).”

“28th May – Wrote to R.B. for money.”

Over the whole of the period covered so far Jack seems to be going into Canterbury nearly every day (? by bicycle). Meg seems to have two people working for her Mrs. Blanche and Gertrude.

“19th August – Alice B....., Florence Fagge and Gertrude (Jack’s cousins) came over from Dover in afternoon.”

“12th Sept. – Bill and Lil (Meg’s youngest brother and his wife) were at Deal”

“24th Sept. – Flora and Steve arrived in motor about 6.30 and stayed the night”

“30th Sept. – Mac started school at Bedford House School.”

“14th Oct. – Hilda started her miniature lessons at Folkestone School of Art. (fees £1-1s).” *Meg refers to a cheque for £8-8-0 interest on her legacy which has now dwindled to £300.*

1908

Cheques for the year from R. Barber and Tebbs amount to £248-10-0

In February people are coming to look over the house (at Elham) and in March Meg and Jack go to Blean to look at the bungalow. A ton of coal was costing £1-10s.

“21st July – They all moved from Elham to Blean. Bill and Lil and the Becktons were living nearby”

“25th July – Paid Carrie 2/- for her 4 days work.”

“19th August – Cheque from Tebbs for £22-10-6 bonus from railway company. Sophie B. (Lil’s sister) is also living somewhere near.”

“27th August – Dick Sandes and Dorothy visited.”

“31st August – Jack went to see his cousins Emily Frazer and Florence Fagge.”

“24th Sept. – Letter from Fan asking if I will go to Ireland to fetch Mater, wrote back to say yes.”

“29th Sept. – Set off for Ireland; arrived Cork about 12. Saw Mr. Disney.”

“1st Oct. – Took Mater to Sundays well but couldn’t find the right house.”

“7th Oct. – Mater and I went to Douglas to see the cemetery and Mary’s grave.” (Which Mary is this?)

“9th Oct. – Went to Sundays Well and saw over the old house. Left Cork.”

1909

“23rd Jan. - Hilda had a letter and commission for miniatures from Fanny.”

“26th June – George had a letter from motor people at Aylesbury telling him to go at once. He left here by 10.40 train. First indication that Bob Baker is unwell.”

“19th July – Punch skimming wurzel all day. Bob is to have a shelter in the garden.”

“25 July – Doctor advises a nurse for Bob. He is very breathless.”

“29th July – Bob died.”

“3rd August – Bob’s funeral. Charlie Andrewes and his wife at funeral.”

“27th Sept.- Hilda started work at the “Weavers” [*this was in Canterbury*]. Hours 9.30-12.30 & 2.0-4.30.”

“1st Oct. – Wrote to Flora about Australian shipping.”

“22nd Oct. – Punch examined by Dr. Williams who pronounced him quite fit. He is 19.”

“1st Nov. – Punch sent papers to Agent General.”

“6th Nov. – Punch had papers fro A.G. granting him an assisted passage.”

“11th Nov. – Heard from R. Barber about Punch.”

“27th Nov. – George home at 1.0 got his first weeks wages of 15/-. [On 4th December he came home saying there was no more work for him at Biggleston]”

“1st Dec. – Punch’s heavy luggage packed.”

“6th Dec. – Punch left home for start of journey. Sailing on the “Ceelong” on 7th from Tilbury. Jack, George, Flora and Steve saw him off.”

“30th Dec. – The Bennett family all came to spend the afternoon and have tea.”

The 1909 diary ends with a summary. “This has not been a happy or prosperous year. Bob came to us from a nursing home on Feb. 16th. He got gradually worse and died on July 29th (*see note below) . Fanny was married in Hong Kong on April 17th. Punch left us for Sydney on December 7th. Mac left Bedford House School at Xmas for good. Bob (*Gee*) started school at Kent College in September. Our financial affairs at a very low ebb, only getting £50 per annum out of the estate. Hilda started weaving September 27th.

**Bob Baker, Jack’s youngest brother was a taxidermist and contracted tuberculosis in the course of his work. He was a very much liked member of the family, particularly by Steve who was his Godson. Bob had inherited the family house and farm in Canterbury from his aunt Charlotte Maria Baker, the widow of William de Chair Baker. Jack had worked with William on the farm before he married Meg and it was*

supposed that he would get the estate when Charlotte died. In fact the estate was sold after Bob's death and Jack and Arthur were left the interest on the capital. There is no record of what happened to the capital.

From now on Meg provides a summary of the years events in December.

1910

"An uneventful year on the whole.

Mac left Bedford House School at Xmas and started the next term going to the Kent College with Bobs. Hilda got her first wages at the "Weavers" the first week after her return after Xmas, she has often made as much as 19/6 in the week.

Jack had an illness for a few weeks beginning on Jan. 1st and had Dr. Williams every day at first. He went to Hastings to convalesce. After that I had a nasty attack of piles which lasted about 6 weeks and necessitated a doctor.

Fanny came over to England at the end of February and stayed till the end of May when she went back to Hankow.

George left us on March 17th and sailed for Sydney on the 19th in the Media, White Star Line. He stayed with John a fortnight and then went 500 miles north of Sydney to work with a man named Finn but soon left him and found a good place with Mr. Cosh, The Wattles near Inverell. After a short time he wrote to Punch to join him and they have both been there ever since.

King Edward VII died on May 6th and was buried on the 20th.

Dolly Williams came to stay with us on May 23rd for a few days before going back to Canada.

We had a wet and cold summer. I had several trips to Thornton Heath (*where her parents lived*) during the year, the last in October. Fanny Baldock stayed with us in the Cricket Week from Tuesday till Friday.

Mater and I to Glen? On August 6th for 3 days. (*This was where Bill and Lil were living*).

Bobs had whooping cough in June, he and I went to Margate on 30th June for 10 days. Flora paid expenses."

1911

"We had a very hot summer this year.

Fanny and Ben came over from China in May for Ben's long vac.

Bobs had two illnesses, one in May and one in October. The latter kept him in bed for a month.

Mater died on October 11th.

Fanny had an operation towards the end of October and was 5 weeks in a nursing home.

Sophie had her neck operated on in the London Hospital on November 10th and was there a fortnight.

Hilda, Bob and I went to Elham November 11th for a week. Miss Gerrard lent us her house.

Horrid wet muggy weather for Xmas. Gerry spent a couple of days with us."

1912

There is no summary but the year seems to have been uneventful. They were still at Blean. At the end of the year, about mid November, they started selling unwanted things and were selling furniture by December so plans must have been made for emigration although there is no mention of it in her diary. They finally left Blean by the 2.28 train on 16th December for Hastings and the Baldocks. Tar Baldock had a shop.

"18th December – At Hastings, Mary Baker came to lunch. Jack and I left for Battle at 6.0 pm. Willie Baker met us with a cab and we drove to Old Stream Cottage". (*They eventually ended up at St. Pauls Road, Thornton Heath to see her father.*)

"20th December – Cabin boxes arrived."

“22nd December – Flora, Bill, two boys and I walked from Haling Park Road to Mitcham Cemetery (*to see her mother’s grave*). Last few days spent in Thornton Heath saying goodbye to family at Haling Park Road and around including Uncle Irwin”.

30th December – *There is a note that Arthur has refused to join the Panel so there was a great commotion about the Doctors Insurance Bill.*

1913

“3rd January – Left Thornton Heath in a taxi at 9.0 for St. Pancras for Tilbury. Steve and Phil went on board the “Otway” to see us off.”

Flora seems to have sailed with them. All but Jack appear to have been very ill the first few days.

“Flora and Miss Steer left in Gibraltar. Stopped at Toulouse, Naples and Port Said.”

“25th January – Hilda spent the day at Columbo with Mr. Newberry.”

“3rd February – Hilda’s engagement to Mr Newberry declared. Jack does not approve.”

“4th February – Arrived Freemantle.”

“8th February – Got to Adelaide early.”

“10th February – Arrived Melbourne.”

“13th February – Arrived Sydney Harbour about 7. George and Friday and John came on board. All lunched with John at Benmans. Sat in Botanical Gardens. Got room at Ellis’s Coffee Palace.” “14th February – Left Sydney at 3.25, travelled 2nd class.”

“15th February – Changed trains at Moree and breakfast at Warialda about 10.30. Arrived Greenwood 2.30. Friday got out at Russell for provisions. Torrents of rain, thunder storm all afternoon and night, house full of mud. We have no mattresses or bed clothes or any furniture except one table.”

Flora's Diaries

Transcript of Diary

12 August 1914 – 4 December 1914

12th August 1914. Wednesday

Left Charing Cross 2.5 with the Servian Red Cross, 11 women. Sophie, Dodo, Bill, Dick and Mac came to see me off. W. and S. just as train left. Good crossing Folkestone to Boulogne. Surprised to see Highlanders (A&S) on the pier. Everyone cheered the boat. Waited around customs, then walked to station and left for Paris, 2nd class. All night in train. Changed at Amiens, 12.35 a.m. English soldiers there, a British Sub. Helped us, but gave no information. French soldiers everywhere. Found our reserved carriage in the dark. Shared compartment with Mrs Barlow, Miss Sanders and Miss O'Brien.

13th August 1914. Thursday

Reached Paris about 5 a.m. Had to hang about till 6 o'clock for omnibuses. Went to Hotel Albion. Had a wash and went out by myself shopping till lunch time: bought 2 blouses. Awfully hot. Half the shops shut. Had lunch at the Hotel. Went out again afterwards. Had a bath. Awfully hot. Left Paris 6.16, awful skirmish for train. Hot. Slept in great coat on corridor floor in train. Trainload of soldiers passed in the night.

14th August, 1914. Friday

All looked rather the worst for wear. Stopped at Macon 6.30. Had a stretch and managed to get a cup of coffee in a seething mass of people. En route for Lyon 7.15 a.m. Fearfully hot day. Soldiers everywhere. Americans and I had a sleep in a 1st class compartment we discovered. Changed at Lyon 2.30. Had about 1.5 hours there and dinner in the buffet. Then on. All changed at Amberieux, train went no further. Awful scrimmage and quarrelling at station, nowhere to sleep. Finally after much excitement an old General sent us to a hotel in motor and omnibus with a soldier to watch us and strict secrecy. Slept 4 in room.

15th August, 1914. Saturday

Up at 3.30, left Amberieux at 5.40, drove to station in bus. Train for Modane (frontier). Lovely country and cool. Great reception from French soldiers everywhere, one gave me a Tricolour which I stuck in my cap. Had a chat with one "supply" soldier, "Ag* voila du courage, c'est ce que j'admire moi." Americano and I sat on steps of train. One old chap gave us a lot of edelweiss. Forts up in mountains. Talked to some soldiers who were going up there, the old woman asked them to "wait for her" a minute. Reaching Modane about 8, tremendous send off and cheers from the whole station and the General. Reached Turin about 11 p.m. Awful hunt for hotel. Mme. Grouitch and poor Cariose!

16th August, Sunday

Spent the day in Turin. Madame G. gave a big luncheon party to us and to students. After lunch three of the boys took American and me for a lovely motor drive for 2 hours. Some of the others went for another. Tea afterwards: the Poet played. Left

*Cannot establish what this should be.

Turin about 7 in 3rd class carriage. Changed trains at 11.30 and sent our luggage along. Usual night in train.

17th August, Monday

Awful day, worst on trip. Fleas, etc. Ran along all morning by the Adriatic coast. Desperately hot all day, fearfully crowded. A and I managed to get a little rest. We changed carriages at St. Lucia, and were told we should have a reserved 1st class. All tumbled back in same old compartment. Everyone hot and cross. All afternoon across barren hot land. Miss Saunders lost her purse and Americano her reputation, neither ever found again. Spies stationed in our carriage for hours. Mme. G. told us to give information. Tried to keep the boys quiet. Finally reached Brindisi 9 p.m. Awful wait at station. No rooms to be found. Coffee in a café and then drafted into different houses. Mrs Barlow and I shared a room with 4 beds. I broke two of them. Bugs galore.

Inserted in pencil "From 17th to 24th diary missing. Americano and I got left at Corfu by mistake, caught up to others again at Athens

24th August, 1914. Monday

Boat got in about 5 a.m. after the most appalling night. They wouldn't let us get off for a long time on account of the meal bill, finally compromised. We took a row round the ship with 3 boats and piles of luggage, although there was a gangway the other side! Usual excitement and hanging around for luggage. Tried several hotels, finally went to the Bristol. Slept till lunch time. Shopped with Mrs Barber and American. The Athens Legation man took American and me out to tea, and afterwards we sat around, had dinner with the boys. Mr. ? the War Correspondent, sent us a bouquet which nearly caused a battle. Drove round till about midnight with the War Correspondent Attaché and sundry others and A. Said goodbye to the boys. A. quite serious.

25th August, Tuesday.

Waked at 4.30 to say we were not to go. Madam's husband arrived. The boys all went by early morning train. Very sorry we could not go too. Did some shopping in the morning. Had lunch at Hotel Roma. Slept all afternoon. Shared room with American. Dinner in evening at Hotel Roma. Awful frost after last night. Sat in the girls room for a bit, all rather depressed. Bed early.

26th August, Wednesday

Called at 6 a.m. All ready 6.45. Rough drive to station over bumps and dumps. Train at 8 a.m. Mr. Price came along with us. Long hot journey all day. Americano and I sat on train steps all day. Lovely scenery. Talked to Servian Engineer, Miro, who was also on train. Changed at Skopio in pitch darkness, awful scrum with baggage. A lot of the boys met us at the station. Petit Frene, and Cheer Up (Radiolovitch) etc. Everyone wanted us to stop and help at the Hospital there, 1200 wounded. Had hurried dinner and came on to Nisch. Train all night, damn cold. Arrived Nisch about 8.30 a.m.

27th August, Thursday

Arrived at Nisch about 8.30 a.m. after very cold night. Drove to Madam's Nephew's house, where we had jam and water! Then to the bath. Americano and I shared bath and came out shades lighter. Drove to restaurant to dinner. Then walked back to Nephews. Slept all afternoon and slept on seat in the garden. Mrs Barber, Americano and I went out and had some tea in a café. Met Mr. Baldwin and the poet. Dinner at Hotel Europe. Small melodrama on stage. Drove to hospital where we all slept in an empty ward on straw mattresses. Big airy room Cavalry Barracks turned into a new hospital.

28th August, 1914 Friday

The crowd woke up about 6.30. No more sleep. Had some tea. Miss O'Brien, Miss Saunders and myself went to the Hospital and worked 2 or 3 hours bandaging and dressing. Mostly hands and legs, nothing very serious. Servian soldiers very plucky. Had huge lunch in a restaurant where we were the guests of Red Cross at Nisch. Very hot. Nisch an awful hole with fearful roads. Some of us drove back to our quarters at the Hospital where we had a good sleep till 6. Then back to the Nephew's. Dinner at the Europe. All wrote letters, for Mr Baldwin to take home. He could not get to the Front. Baggage again. Left Nisch 11 p.m. for Kragurawatz.

29th August, Saturday.

Arrived Kragurawatz 8.30 after very good night in Reserved carriage, which pulled out to sleep 3. The Head of the Red Cross met us at station. Drove to the late quarters of the Army Staff who moved forward yesterday. Rooms cleaned for us amid great confusion. Americano and I doubled up. The others went to lunch, we did not. Had to pack up again at once and remove to one large room in the hospital where we live and sleep and eat. Same rations as wounded officers, straw mattresses and blanket.

30th August Sunday

Started in to work. Americano and I have Wards 1. 2. 3. 4. & 5, and the corridor, 140 patients. Worst ones in corridor. Made the acquaintance of the Servian ladies in the wards, and the men.

5th September Saturday

Madame Grouch came up and said goodbye to all of us, as she was going back to Nisch. Took some photos in yard.

6th September 1914. Sunday

Usual rounds in morning. Went to Casino after lunch for a coffee with Americano. Met Passport man, who took us to his office for coffee, etc. A. and I went down Town after dinner, had omelette and coffee. A's night duty. Went up with her till 11.15. Lovely moonlight night.

7th September Monday

Mrs. Hartley and Miss Mann went to Hospital XIX.

Americano had morning off so hustled round alone. Gave several baths etc., and rubbed backs, ad. Lib. Dinner 12.30. A. and I sat under tree till 4. Took photos of No. 14 ward, and one of two specials in yard. Usual round in afternoon. Supper 7.30. Mme. Martley's night duty. One amputation and one tapping to-day.

8th September, Tuesday

Usual rounds. A and I. Sat under tree at midday. Very hot day. We went down town in afternoon and ordered bread and cheese and beer at Hotel Restaurant. Got it with great difficulty. Mme. Brodrich and Mrs Barber halved night duty. Noisy night in our room.

9th September, Wednesday.

Hot day. Usual rounds. Didn't go out at midday. Had a sleep on the bed. Everyone had clean pyjamas. Gave a great many bedbaths, including the Officers. About 100 fresh wounded come in at 4.30. Not very serious. We had a good many in our room. I had night duty.

15th September, Tuesday.

Fine day. Usual thing in the morning. Americano and I went down Town after lunch and did some shopping. Round wards afterwards as usual. Tried to move 5 men from corridor under Doctor's orders, and nearly had a free fight with the whole Hospital in consequence. D. Servian ways! Violin and played in Officers' room.

11th October 1914 Sunday

Pouring rain all day. Hospital work as usual. Americano and I took a long walk out towards the country.

12th October, Monday.

Pouring rain all day and night. Had a not from Dr. Ridley to say he was in bed with Dysentery. Told the Director with the usual results! No one seemed to be getting any move on, so Americano and I went down directly after lunch. We both stayed there that night. I went up to Hospital about 10.30 and stole a B.P. Met O'B and had a row with her on the subject.

13th October, Tuesday.

Ridley vary bad. The Servian doctor came to see him and also the Director. Americano and I nursed him and did the Hospital work too. The Happy Family all furious and wont speak to us. What ho! Dr. R. had a very bad time while A. was at supper and I was glad to see her back. She stayed with him the night and I went to Hospital.

14th October, Wednesday.

Ridley still bad. Either A. or I there all day and doing Hospital as well. I took night with him. Bad night.

15th October, Thursday.

A came down in morning. I had an hour's sleep. A. not well, sick etc. She stayed down at R's and lay down.

17th October, Saturday.

My night for Hospital night duty. Scotland took till 2 o'clock for me. Miss O'Brien took night with Ridley!

18th October, Sunday

Fine day. Hospital, etc. as usual. Americano well again. She takes night duty at Ridley's to-night.

19th October, 1914. Monday

Ridley is a bit better. I take night duty to-night.

20th October 1914, Tuesday

Fine day. Wards as usual all morning. Dr. Ridley had had a pretty good night. We all went to tea at Miloyavitch's in the Gardens. Ridley better. I take night duty.

21st October, Wednesday.

Fine day. Americano came down in morning to Ridley's. He had a good night, slept well. Doctor came at 7.30 a.m. A. and I went down town in afternoon. Rained. Did the wards all morning and went back to them about 5 (came off at 2.30). I took night duty with Ridley. Played chess with Otto till 9.

22nd October, Thursday

Fine day, rained in afternoon. Awake nearly all night with the Doctor. Ha had a bad night. Americano came down to breakfast. Was promised a ride at 2, but it didn't come off. Servian doctor came to Dr. Ridley at 7.30. In afternoon A. and I went down town. Tea at Ridley's room. A. and I invited to Theatre by Captain and Cheerful Idiot. C.I. and Captain had a row and the upshot was that we went with Tommich and the C.I. Not too bad, drank beer at little tables and watched a play. Americano took night duty with Ridley and I went back to Hospital with C.I.

26th October Monday

Lovely Day.

27th October, Tuesday

Lovely day. I had a ride with an Officer's Orderly in the country. Slept up at Dr. Ridley's.

28th October, Wednesday

Lovely day. Americano and I went for a walk in the afternoon. A. spent night with Dr. Ridley, not so well.

29th October, 1914, Thursday

Lovely day. Dr. Ridley not so well. I was promised a ride but it didn't come off. My night for inspection at the Hospital. Americano stayed with Dr. Ridley.

30th October, Friday

Lovely fine day. Stayed in bed till 11, but got no sleep. Ten was routed out to be photographed with "Mummy's Boy". Officer's extension had his leg off. Very bad. Americano stayed with him all afternoon. Dr. Ridley very much worse. Greek doctor called in. Gave him injection, etc. Came again 7 p.m. I stayed there all afternoon, till 11.30. Americano stayed the night. Chip broke his leg again.

1st November Sunday.

Moved Dr. Ridley up to Hospital at 5 p.m. I took night duty with him. Another all night. Mme. Bradisch came in at 1 p.m. for tea.

2nd November Monday

Dr. Ridley better.

3rd November Tuesday

Dr. Ridley better in morning but got worse later on. Mrs. Hartley stayed in afternoon. Americano took night. Called me at 3 a.m. Doctor sinking rapidly. Did all we could but he died at 5 a.m. No one else there.

4th November Wednesday

Dr. Ridley died 5 a.m. Stayed there till he was put in coffin.

5th November Thursday

Dr. Ridley's funeral at 10 a.m. Big military funeral, music, soldiers, gun salute and all Kragurawatz turned out. Mrs Grouitch arrived after the funeral.

8th November, 1914, Sunday

Took night duty for Americano. She promised to be a sister to Otto. Left them after one game of chess in the dressing room while I made rounds. One in 18 very bad all night.

10th November, Tuesday

Took night duty.

12th November, Thursday

Said goodbye to all our men in the morning and gave them cigs, and sweets. Then went to the Director who just discovered there was no train till midnight. Mrs Hartney, Miss Mann and Scotland came to see us off at station. Train crowded. Waited and changed at Lopovo 2 hours, raining. Two brothers looked after us. Shared compartment with them and travelled fairly comfy to Belgrade.

13th November, Friday.

All day in train. Arrived Belgrade 5 p.m. Oceans of mud. Train stopped about 12 miles from Belgrade. No carriage after much waiting and the usual excited consultations were put on a trolley and taken further along the line to the next station where they got us a returning carriage. Got a meal in little café. Hotel Slavia, Belgrade. Went to see American Mission. Met Mr. Petronievitch and the other three. They took us back to their house, spent the evening and had the last W & S in Belgrade.

14th November, Saturday.

Mr Petronievitch called for us 10 a.m. "Bath ready Miss". Took us most of the morning. Raining. Lunch at Hotel. Looked round Town at the ruins. Tea with American Mission. Dinner at Hotel. Fire in our room. Police visit.

15th November, Sunday

Called for 9 a.m. by Mr Kafala and told to dress in 10 minutes and drive with him and Prince to the Zigana to see Major Jewhitch. Saw a dead Austrian. Had tea 400 metres from the Austrian lines. Drove back under fire. Lunch and Bombardment all night.

16th November, 1914, Monday

Went and saw over the American Hospital in the morning. Hd lunch with them, and a smoke afterwards. Went to Petumicouitvh's. Discovered we could not get a carriage. Had tea and stayed there until 7 p.m. Dinner at Hotel. Crawled into bed in the dark as they wouldn't let us have a light. Worst bombardment known in Belgrade about 2 a.m. Shells whizzing over Hotel.

17th November, 1914, Monday.

Went round to Petuniecotch and made sure about carriage. Walked wound Town and saw the Fort, etc. Lunch at Hotel. Went to Minister of War for carriage, who sent us to another man who told his soldier to take his gun and go and bring a carriage! Called at House for letters, then drove to train through seas of mud. Pandemonium at station: train left at 6. We had reserved carriage.

18th November Wednesday

Travelled all day, Another female in our carriage. Arrived Nish 6 p.m. Raining “Name” carriage. Walked to Hotel Europe leaving luggage at station. Enquired for Slavco. Had dinner at Hotel Casella Blanco. Slavco eventually turned up about 9. Took us home to his house (hotels all full) and gave us his room.

19th November, Thursday

Roused up 5 a.m. Mme. Miloyavitch, family and babies arrived from Kragujevatz, dressed quickly and made them tea. We had breakfast at the Europe. Went to Slavco G. Then to Col Subatitch. He took us round to see a room in the stables. His man met us at 3 at the Europe, fetched luggage took it to room, then moved it again and took a room down Town with one bed. Awful room. Broke our brandy bottle on the way down.

20th November, Friday

Walked through mud up to our necks to Col. Subatitch. Worked at his Hospital all day. Comical lunch with the Russian doctors. Decided we were too many in dressing room. Saw Soubatitch again who took us down to our new room, awfully nice and asked us to stay as his guests. Dinner at hotel with Mr. Georgovitch.

21st November, 1914 Saturday

Awfully nice people at our new room. Their fete day, had cakes, jam, brandy, coffee and candles with them in moving. Tried to see Rudolph. After many difficulties finally managed it at 4 p.m. Had long talk with Rudolph in presence of Interpreter. Dinner at R with Mr. Parr, who helped us find our room afterwards.

22nd November, Sunday

Pouring rain. Parr called for us. Went to Hospital to see Dr. McKenzie who seems pretty bad. Lunch at Hotel Ruskie. Met Mr. Vojinski. Spent a Servian Sunday afternoon with our hosts, who packed our bags and saw us off. Arrived station 5 p.m. Drank coffee, etc. with stationmaster and his friends till 2 a.m. when our train finally arrived, and Mr. Grouitch’s man got us a 1st class restaurant carriage.

23rd November, Monday

Travelled all day. Changed at Ushub 3 p.m. Saw a Boy Scout from Paget’s mission. Changed again at frontier 1.30 am. Travelled comfortably by ourselves in reserved 1st class. Cold feet.

24th November, Tuesday

Arrived Salonica 5 a.m. Pitch dark, raining, couldn't find satisfactory hotel. Finally met our Servian captain who smoothed matters for us at the Bristol. Slept till 12 a.m. Lunch at 2 p.m. at Hotel Roma. Hit it up on whisky and soda which was brandy we think. Then to Servian Consul. Went to Good dinner at Olympus Palace. Benedictine.

25th November, Wednesday

Waited for Consul's man to come at 8 a.m. Didn't come so sent round and finally he sent his men who saw us on to Greek steamer at 11 a.m. Paid 3rd class. Agent gave us 2nd Cabin for 2. Cold and rough. Greek American gave us his loaf and sardines and cheese. Turned in at 2 p.m. Removed to 1st class but not liking it went back to our Steward's Cabin. Sick most of night. Went up St. George's Hill.

26th November, 1914. Thursday

Got in about 6 a.m. Took train at 8.30. Met an Englishmen there who helped us. Arrived Athens 11 a.m. Hotel Central. Lunch at Averoff. Met Dontchich with Servian American Mission. C in

27th November, Friday

Went to Piraeus in the afternoon. Saw Mr. Hutchinson. Had tea with Mrs H. and Daisy. Went to M.M. Agents, but Agent out. Dinner at Averoff.

28th November, Saturday.

Went to Peraeus to M.M Agent. Saw Mr. Hutchinson again. He said Captain's boat would be in and left a note. Went to Servian Legation, had coffee with Mr. Douthich. Telephoned M.M again. Had a bath. Dinner in evening.

29th November, Sunday.

Lovely day. Went to Acropolis. Lunch at Averoff. Met Mr. Douthich. Left Hotel 2.30 M.M about 5. Waited on tender nearly 2 hours. "Ernest-Simon" Good bath. 1st class cabin.

30th November, Monday

Lovely weather. Played bridge in evening with M.Vidal, Edwards, Eldridch and another Frenchman. Boat full of Monks and Nuns.

1st December, Tuesday

Lovely weather. Boat got in at Malta about 10. Went ashore with Mr. Vidal. Saw round town with him, Lunch at an English hotel, the Osborne. Bought some lace. Admiral came on board to see us and had to wait an hour, much to Captain's disgust. Bridge in evening.

2nd December, Wednesday

Lovely weather. Much the same on deck all day. Lovely sunset. Full moon. Played bridge and listened to sailors playing guitar, with Mr V.

3rd December, 1914. Thursday

Lovely day. Arrived Marseilles about 1 o'clock. Took long time coming into Harbour. Took room at Hotel de la Poste. Went to British Consulate, had passports visad for nothing. Photographed. Dinner at Restaurant du Commerce. Very good. Raining. Met a boy from Thornton Heath.

4th December, Friday.

Went to Military Chef du Gare and got 1st class passes to Calais. Tried to go to Hindoo camp but took wrong tram. Took our passports to Prefecture of Police. Cinema in evening.

Transcript of Diary
18th October 1915 to 9th December 1915

18th October, 1915 Monday.

Caught 7.15 a.m. from West Croydon to Victoria. Sophie, Bill and Fanny came up with me. Left Charing Cross 8.30 a.m. Mrs Llewelyn, Cis, and Bunny and Mr. Black there. Travelled with Mr. Black. Good crossing. Showed passports about 150 times. Arrived Paris, 7 p.m. Could not go on by night train to Marseilles as four tickets together, Lady Herbert, Miss Linden, etc. Stayed at Hotel Louvris, Place Louvris, quiet and comfortable.

19th October, Tuesday.

Had tea in bed. Mr Black and I tried to find Miss Livingstone; after much search we located her and left a note, but she didn't come. Shopped. Left by 8 p.m. train for Marseilles. Fairly comfy, but very hot. Grumpy old chap about window in other corner.

20th October, Wednesday.

Arrived Marseilles about 8.30. Had to pay excess on luggage as it was not on my ticket. Took all our luggage to M.M. at Quay. Had lunch at Hotel Regina and made it our headquarters. Did some shopping, Mr. Black got a rug. Pouring rain. Went on board 4 p.m., then found boat not sailing till next morning. Went ashore again> Tea at Hotel Regina, then went to Picture Palace. Dinner Cape de Commersly (American and my old waiter) Picture Palace afterwards in Rue Fevreol. Went on board at 11. Boat so full that I had agreed to take a 3rd class bunk, Red Cross apparently not changing name on passenger list, and the first taker of my ticket expected Miss Miles, but she did not turn up so I took the bunk. Very hot. Two Greek ladies in cabin.

21st October, Thursday

Sailed about 6 a.m. in the old "Messail". Lovely weather. Moonlight. Slept on deck to-night in my camp bed. Scottish Women's Hospital on board, also another lot of nurses and V.A.D.s for Lemnos.

22nd October, Friday

Lovely weather. Sat on deck all day with Mr. Black. Moonlight. Lot of French soldiers in forecandle; they sang in evening. Slept on deck.

23rd October, 1915 Saturday

Lovely day, calm as glass. Sat about on deck. Read, 'Pays des Balkans' by Gen. Niox. Awfully good moonlight. Soldiers and nurses concert on deck. Looked most fascinating. The "Poilus" on the lower deck, and the nurses above, leaning over the rails in the bright moonlight and sea like glass. Two transports preceded by an escort passed us. Great excitement; was it the enemy!! Slept on deck.

24th October, Sunday

Reached Malta about 8.30. Got ashore about 10 with Mr. Black. Did some shopping. Tried to get breakfast at Hotel, Toyal, and had a row with them. On board at 1. p.m. and were told we do not leave till to-morrow on account of submarines, and are to have an escort. Sat on deck and read; some of them went ashore again. Mr. Black took Miss Story, who was anxious to go ashore. Most of the shops shut. Bought cigarettes.

25th October, Sunday

Mr. Black and I went ashore. Did the rest of our shopping. Tried to have breakfast at the Royal Hotel, but they wouldn't give it to us, and had a row with them. Bought a violin and case from Major Eady's daughter. Had breakfast in a little tea shop. Back on board at one, but didn't sail. No one allowed on shore, as we were awaiting orders. Ashore again in evening with Mr. B. Dinner at Westminster Hotel. Came on board about 11; found the police in charge searching the ship and passengers for some missing document, which was not found.

26th October, Tuesday

Left Malta 6 a.m. bound for Piraeus. Began to get choppy. Most of them sick. Had a torpedo destroyer with us. Slept on my camp bed most of the day.

27th October, Wednesday

Put a coat and skirt over my pyjamas, as I couldn't stop long below. A good many still sick. I had lunch on deck, but went to dinner.

28th October, 1915, Thursday

Not quite so rough. Went to all meals.

29th October, Friday

Fine day. Going through islands in the Greek sea. Our little friendly destroyer kept alongside. Took photo of it. It left us in the evening.

30th October, Saturday

Got to Piraeus 6 a.m. Lovely sunrise. Went ashore early with Mr. Black. Drove to Acropolis and spent the morning there. Saw everything. Took photos. Climbed the hill above Socrates prison. Visited the old theatre and all round. Lovely day, hot. Had breakfast at the little café in front of Acropolis. Dr. Emsley joined us there for a short time. Then went to Grand Hotel de Bretagne for lunch, about 2.30, and had to sort of tea-lunch. Went to Serbian Legation, but Douthitch was out. Climbed St. George's Mount, stiff climb. Picture Palace. Saw some good Serbian films. G. Hotel de Bretagne for lemon squash and smoke. Went aboard about midnight.

31st October, Sunday

Did not go ashore again. Signalled "Foylemore" Johnston Line, lying alongside, and went aboard to meet her with 4 of the "blue ladies". (Mrs Doughty, Wyllie) and two little Scottish dispensers. Had an enthusiastic welcome from the Captain and officers. Had ginger beer, etc. in the cabin. Went back to Mossoul for lunch, and sailed about 1. All the officers and crew of the 'Foylemore' gave us a great send off with flags and cheers etc and sheets wildly waving. Had an escort who told us to go to Lemnos. Very heavy rainstorm and wind. Moved my bed to lower deck.

1st November, 1915, Monday

All Saints Day. French soldiers had a service on deck. Reached Lemnos, Mudros Harbour early afternoon. Dr Keer asked me to signal the 'Lord Nelson' lying near, for Dr. Barros. Managed it at last and he came aboard about 4. Some of them went ashore, but I did not. Dr. Emsley, Miss Ring and I got a French naval launch to take us over to the Hospital Ship 'Mauretania' to visit. Were nearly frozen out, but a doctor finally took us over. Met a lot of the old 'Andania' nurses and Miss Muggridge, who is ill in bed. Fine boat but most inhospitable. As no one seemed to trouble about sending us home we walked down the gangway into the Staff Captain's pinnace. Sat for a long time while permission was being accorded to take us. Finally three very jolly young junior officers took us. Couldn't find 'Messail' so went round the harbour for sport, finally got aboard. Very hungry as we'd had no dinner, and persuaded the stewards to give us a scanty meal of cold mutton and cheese, which we supplemented with honey. Gave a thrilling description of the glories of the 'Mauretania', and some of the others are going to-morrow. About half a dozen French naval officers came on board in the evening and drank champagne and played the piano. Dr. Emsley and I at last screwed up our courage and chipped in, great dance. The others were the Harbour Master, and our little man who took us in his launch, and three others. Had champagne, etc., and waved them goodbye about 12 p.m. Moved my bed back to upper deck. Lovely night.

2nd November, Tuesday

Mr Black and I went ashore in a launch. Met the harbour Master again. An Australian boy showed us round first, then the H.M. turned up again, and took us into his hut, new kind of hut like a big hollow tube in two sections. The H.M. got us a launch and said he would come aboard in the afternoon, but unfortunately we sailed at 12 midday. Mrs Harley and party went and visited 'Mauretania', and were not back in time. Captain greatly exited. They had an even worse reception on the Mauretania. Got off 12 o'clock sharp. Miss King, Dr. Emsley and I went forward to wave to her fat man on destroyer No. 310.

3rd November, Wednesday

Arrived Salonique 6 am after a very strenuous night dodging submarines and nearly running down a destroyer. Whistles blowing and Captain cursing all night, and every one getting up and admiring scenery at dawn! Lovely sunrise. Got off with Lady Herbert and Co. about 10. Went to Olympus Palace, and then to Bristol where

we all got rooms, or dog kennels. Had lunch at Olympus Palace. Went to see Serbian Consul who couldn't tell us anything, Talked to some Serbian officers at Hotel, and generally foraged round trying to find a way up to Serbia, Salonique a scatty mess of soldiers and officers of all nationalities. Good many British officers. Saw Fitzpatrick at Olympus! Had dinner at Olympus up in balcony part, and met 3 English officers at same table who were very decent chaps. Went to bed fairly early. Met Dr. Beavis at Behren's office. Had tea at Continental and agreed to join forces. Tried to meet Stevens, a journalist, but didn't succeed.

4th November, 1915. Thursday.

Had breakfast at Roma Café. Did some shopping in town. Decided we would all go to Monastir tomorrow. Lunch at Olympus. Met Mr Smith, a reporter, on the Melbourne Argus, who knew John. Had tea with him. Went to Serbian Consul again about passports. Dinner at Olympus. Very crowded; like watching a picture show. Packed up a lot of things in a packing case, and left them at the Bristol. Very late to bed.

5th November, Friday.

Up at 6.30. Left by 9am train for Monastir. All day in train; arrived 8pm. Were met by the Upravnik of hospital who drove us up. Had some supper, and we 5 females turned into one big room, slept like a top.

6th November, Saturday.

Were called about 6.30. Very sleepy but thought we ought to get up, the men didn't turn up till about 9. Went down to town at 11. Saw Nihotitch, but didn't get much forwarder. Lunch at hospital with the Danish sisters, etc. Tea with Mr. Grey, the English Consul. Met Mr. Stevens, who is going to try and get up again in a few days. Tried to get B. to form some definite plan of action, but didn't succeed. We want to start 1st Aid station beyond Prilip. Nothing settled. Dinner at Prespio Hotel. Found very nice rooms in the Town. I shared one with Mrs. Beavis.

7th November, 1915. Sunday.

Fine warm day. Had breakfast in the garden with Mrs Black and the Beavises. Walked up to Hospital with B. to fetch his rug. Put collar on my blouse. Took walk with B. in Turkish quarter. Visited a rather fine Mosque, also the Bulgarian refugees place, and had a weird Serbian conversation with the hands. About 200 men, women and children, refugees from villages round Prilip and Velos, all their houses and goods and chattels gone, 'name nissta', rations a loaf of bread each, place looked rather like a prison with men behind bars in long corridors, and sentries everywhere. Took a photo, also one of our awfully handsome gendarme. Sat up in the office and exchanged cigarettes and pow-wowed in Serbian. Dinner at Hotel. Had two games of chess with Dr. Beavis.

8th November, Monday.

8.30pm. I am sitting up in my sleeping bag writing this, in a very small room in Hotel Slavia, Prilip. The room contains, besides my camp bed, a rickety chair, and

a small table with my little rubber basin, etc, and a mirror and the faithful tea-basket. From the café below comes a deafening chorus of Serbian soldiers. I am glad I locked the door as someone is making violent efforts to come in, apparently under the impression that this is his room. There is a fierce altercation going on now between him and the boy chambermaid. We left Prilip this morning about 10.20 after sundry delays. Dr. Beavis. Miss Linen, Mr. Grey, the Consul, and two chauffeurs in the car, Mr. Black and I, two English chauffeurs and 3 or 4 armed soldiers in the lorry behind. I elected to go in the lorry, which though rather bumpy, was not so bad as I expected, and brought with me my camp bed, rug and knapsack. Had a pretty drive of 25 miles. Lunch on arrival at the restaurant – save the marks – then went up to Hospital. I asked if I could go to Field Hospital, but the Director said Dr. Nikotitch must send me, failing that I could stay and work there, but they had only 11 wounded. Not a very enthusiastic reception. Still they'll let me stop, and here I am. After the first satisfaction of getting my own way in spite of hell and high water, when I waved the cars goodbye I felt the loneliest thing on earth. They left me Joe, a Serb who speaks English a little, but doesn't appeal to me as being a very trustworthy henchman. The view from my window is not calculated to inspire confidence either. It looks on a stable yard, where the pigs and horses and about two dozen of the most villainous looking Turks, etc. These I tell myself as I sit smoking endless cigarettes and waiting for dinner time, are the ones who will come in and cut my throat if Prilip is taken tonight. I'm not exactly nervous, but in all my varied career I've never felt so utterly lost among savages as this time. I don't know a soul, and I don't think any responsible person in the town even knows I'm here. I shall move to a private house tomorrow, if I am not murdered tonight. Joe came for me at 6. 30 and I presume for reasons of his of his own, took me to what he assured me was a better restaurant – it was not, very much worse in fact, and full of comitadges and soldiers. At first I could get no food, and when it did come was uneatable. Probably things will look better tomorrow, but certainly the idiot Jackson would be preferable to this last man on earth feeling. Anyhow the lock on my door seems fairly solid and I have a flash light and a revolver under my pillow. Oh, ye suffering Serbs, what a fool I am.

9th November, 1915. Tuesday.

Woke up about 6.30, very much surprised to find myself still alive. Made tea. Joe came for me at 8.30 and escorted me to the hospital. Dressed a few wounded in dressing room, usual Serbian style, half a dozen incompetent people falling over each other. Then went round the rooms, and, as I expected, found plenty to do. Had lunch with 2 doctors in the cancellariat, 3 doctors, a professor of sorts, and 2 nondescript females who hinder in the hospital. Went back to hotel, and about 3.30 the doctor came to drive me to the Chief Police or Mayor, who was most polite. Got me a room close to hospital and apologised for not being able to take me to his own house as his wife was 'in the last days of an interesting condition'. This is more the sort of treatment I've been used to in Serbia. I've fetched my things up from Hotel in the carriage, and I settled in with Grandma, daughter, married widow and baby and nephew, all of whom sat round me and talked Bulgarian hard. As I expected my room is empty and things don't look quite so dark as the Hospital seems to have accepted the inevitable with a very good grace. Went to dinner at the Restaurant where I met the American doctor, and had coffee with him afterwards at a coffee house. Felt quite cheered up.

10th November, Wednesday.

Got to hospital at 8 o'clock. My garden gate opens into hospital square, so I can just hop across. Dressings, etc. Then went round with Dr. Ilia. Went through Dysentery Hospital with little American doctor, awful state! In the afternoon little 'Goaty', the American and I motored to see two Regimental Ambulances. Found about 20 poor unfortunate dysentery chaps lying on the bare ground in 2 ragged tents groaning. Dysentery rapidly becoming an epidemic. Had coffee and cigarettes in the Commandant's room, a loft over a stable. He talked Turkish. Visited an empty barracks on the way back and made arrangements for it to be turned into a dysentery hospital. Went all round the wards when I got home at supper time to see if the men were getting their grub; found a few who were not getting their eggs etc. and rectified it. As usual they've all discovered that I am on their side, and raise a howl about anything they want, but they seem fairly well fed on the whole, though I wish I had some cocoa and jam for them. Had supper at Hospital. Bed early. Had a wash in a teacupful of hot water. I wish my bath would come.

11th November, 1915. Thursday.

Hospital 8 am, and started in right away without waiting for anyone. Had a fair number of dressings, but they scamp them through horribly. Did rounds. Doctor didn't come till afternoon, so that kept me working all day. A lot of Greek Volunteers came up sick, but couldn't be kept as we are full up, 150 sick and 11 wounded. Dysentery increasing rapidly. Serum arrived this evening. The poor looney very bad this evening. I went back to him after supper, and then the doctor came. Tried to give him a lumbar – but not successful, needle too short. Gave him warm bath amid wild excitement, 4 Bolnichars and the usual Serbian woman who shrieks round telling everyone what to do; if the man recovers it'll be a miracle. Temp: 39.4. Tubercular meningitis. 8.45 when finished. Went home and wrote up diary. Heavy rain this afternoon.

P.s. Found six men today at 1.30 o'clock, who hadn't had anything to eat for two days, because their lists had not been written up and they only came in yesterday. Got them some grub after the usual commotion attending anything of the sort. I can't get it into the doctors' heads that if a man comes in on Tuesday, his list is made out Wednesday, and he gets nothing to eat till Thursday!

12th November, 1915. Friday.

A commandant came in the morning with my papers to go to 2nd Regiment Ambulance (Druge Pouk). The English Consul came in car but only stopped a minute. Said I would go to ambulance tomorrow. Did dressings, etc. etc. Commandant came to dinner. The Upravnik came back from Bitol.

13th November, Saturday.

They did a lot of dressings this morning. Hospital overfull, and new dysentery cases coming in fast; almost 130 sick now. U. said I could have a carriage at 2, but it did not turn up till 4.30. All the doctors and U. asked me to stop, but want to go to Ambulance. The Greek doctor had a long powwow about the various cases, etc. and

insisted on me watching an autopsy, much against my will, disgusting sight, but as I am supposed to be a medical student can't say so. Left about 5. The U. came as far as New Cosume hospital, then Joe and I went on with a carriage which could hardly crawl. Great scene trying to buy a potty, they kept my rug and Joe told the U. a long rigmarole! Got my rug back and the potty still in my sack, but disappeared later; suppose that fool Joe took it. Arrived in pitch dark. No tent and nothing prepared as usual. Interviewed the doctor, who offered me half his room. Finally turned some soldiers out of a very small tent, and pitched it about 20 yards away from the other, with clean straw, etc, amid the usual excitement and confusion. They feared Bulgarian was so far away. Doctor came down and sent me eggs and bread and cheese for supper and made himself agreeable, and all was well again. Turned in in my clothes.

14th November, Sunday.

Made acquaintance with the Serbian girl, queer little cuss, more like a soldier, and wears soldier's clothes sometimes. After a great deal of argument my tent was repitched in the middle of the soldiers', as they declare it is not safe 20 yards away! Lovely day. Did some dressings and generally found out the way of things. Had my meals with the doctor on his bed, on a blue pocket hanky, in great style. Took some photos. Our Ambulance consists of one medium sized tent where the sick lie in their clothes on very lousy straw, and a table for writing. We do the dressings outside on the grass, and they keep straggling in all day, but very few. Battle going on at Baboona, can hear the guns, about 2 km away. Doctor thinks we shall have to quit tonight, so sleep in my clothes. Had a wire from the English Consul at 1 am, telling me to go back.

15th November, 1915. Monday

Got up about 6. Ready to go, but decided that I'd tell the consul I'd stop, so sent back my baggage only in the carriage sent last night with the telegram. Post Adjutant, whoever he may be, came and said I might stop, and sent a wagon for me to sleep and live in. Lovely day. Battle going on at Baloona. Had about a dozen slightly wounded in. Dr. said at supper to be all ready to go. At 10.30 came order to go. I had packed my things all into valise in wagon all ready. At the last moment when everyone was scurrying round they brought in a man with a bad shrapnel wound in his leg, which I dressed with the aid of my torch lamp, lucky I had it as it was blowing and raining and pitch dark, and no other light available. With some difficulty under the circes. I knelt in the straw beside him and cut off his boot and bloody badge, and gave him a very un-sterile dressing, but poured in plenty of iodine. We got all our sick 16 miles away, 12 in three wagons (ox) and 4 walking, and then the kid and I clambered into our wagon and jolted away for 8 hours, in the pitch dark, via Prilip. We were a long cavalcade with all the 'commora' and a good few soldiers, and had a most unpleasant night, not knowing whether the Bulgars had got to road before us or what was happening; however, managed to doze a little. Picked up a recruit who swore he was badly wounded and couldn't walk and who lay on my feet all night to my great discomfort. Evidently he had done a bunk, and seemed starving and frightened; but we discovered in the morning was unhurt!

16th November, Tuesday.

Arrived somewhere between Prilip and Bitol at sunrise (7 am) Had a halt, made a fire and waited for the Commandant 2nd Milore had some cognac and gave us each a whack, but there was nothing to eat. I had given a good deal of my cognac the rest spilt in the wagon, also a bottle of wopberry syrup of the kid's. Stood round a camp fire and had a great powwow with the Commandant and Staff and had some of his liqueur. After about 2 hours the Ambulance went on about a mile and pitched camp. Vlicko (my man) got me a piece of bread and cheese from the doctor, and when the kid woke up I made some tea. Had a short sleep on the grass first. The Commandant's Division came in Auto with Captain O'Grady attached and Staff. Went with them to soldiers' camp a bit up the road, as I was, in coat and knickers. C. of D. inspected so Capt O'G. and I sat around and waited. Saw an officer of 14th Regt. beating a soldier over the head with a riding whip, so interfered at last, cut the cords binding his arms behind his back. It appeared the man had stolen something, but all the Regt. very furious with officer. Soldier half crazy with fright and pain and face all cut up. Reported it to C. of D. and his Adjutant also said he would report it. C. of D. and his Adjutant also said he would report it. C. of D. went in Auto and ~Capt. O'G and I walked back to Ambulance and he quite thawed out, and had supper of roast pig with us and some of our men round their fire, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy it. I slept in wagon and kid in small tent.

17th November 1915, Wednesday.

Pater's birthday, but I did not know at the time the date. Pouring wet morning and blowing a gale. Tried inefficiently to get the little room at the Café house (save the mark) for a bath. C. of D. and Staff and Captain O' Grady and Captain Hyde arrived in 2 motors, the Kid and I had lunch with them in Commandant's room. Very good lunch. Afterwards we all went in to two cars to prospect for the new position the Regiment is to take up. Bitterly cold, snowing and blowing and raining. Walked around a bit. Coming back our car got a puncture and put on Stepney. Kid went back to Bitol with C. of D. I sat with the men round the fire all the evening and Vliako brought my supper there about 8, then turned in. Very cold night.

18th November, Thursday.

Lovely moonlight night. Bright and sunny but snow on mountains, and bitterly cold. Tried again to get a bath but didn't. Commandant 2nd Reg. came up about 5.30 and raised Hell about our untidy camp, and no wonder. Everyone got busy after that. Only one sick man in, about half a dozen others came in morning and Doctor prescribed for them. Later on a stray shot through chest came belonging to 14th Regtr. But they couldn't get him off to Hospital so stopped with us. Had a sleep after lunch which Vliako brought to my wagon. Took a walk up the hill with the doctors. Captain Hyde and Capt. O'Grady and a Major came out in car and gave me letters from Behrens and Miss London but didn't stop. Wrote up my diary. Tidied up wagon! Had supper with the Commandant and Staff in their little loft and got their autographs in my book. Had quite a jolly evening, good supper and cognac and liqueur, etc. Commandant showed me the house he had got for me.

19th November, 1915. Friday.

Fine, sunny and very cold, snow on mountains all round. Did a few dressings etc. in morning. Had lunch with the doctor at a little table outside my wagon, and sat by the 'kitchen' fire for a bit afterwards. Major and another officer came round in the morning to see me and write their names in my autograph book, the fame of which had already spread abroad. A man came in from Nish, very fit, having walked 22 days from there, said the town was evacuated and every one gone to Krushevatz. Went for a ride on my new Gee, 'Diana', a jolly fine white Arab, the doctor came too but can't ride fast as it hurts him somewhere, I don't quite know what he has done to himself. We rode to the Commandant's new shack near the Position, but only saw the little Jew boy officer, as the C. was up on the position. Sat there a bit then rode back, and I had a good gallop. Made some tea and then sat in the tent, and had a pow-wow with the bolichars, etc. The little Apothecary came back from Bitol and brought me some cheese and sardines which I wanted as reserve rations.

Lovely moonlight night. For some reason or other Vliaho thought I wouldn't have supper with the others, as the C. was not there, so brought it, stone cold, to my wagon. Sat by the fire for a bit with the men. Only 3 sick in the tent. Tried again to get a bath but no water available when I wanted it. Such is life! The Major came up to tell me I could have his room but I don't think I'll ever get that bath.

19th November, Saturday.

Rained hard in night and early morning. No wounded in so had a good wash and tidied up my little grey 'home'. Cold and damp. Went for a walk right over the hills, but as I suddenly heard voices, though I could see no one and didn't know if they were Bulgars or what, I thought it best to turn back abruptly as they say all the villages are Bulgar and it isn't safe, and the hills are very lonely.

Heard firing from the position. The doctor rode off before lunch to the Commandant. He does nothing but sit by the fire all day, you'd think from the way he looks through the sick and wounded, he was worked to death.

Rode over in the afternoon to see the Commandant, having with much difficulty got a bridle from someone, of course, as usual, they declared there wasn't such a thing in the place. When I got there, they all welcomed me most warmly, invited to stop to supper, sleep there, and go with them to the Positions in the morning, which of course I accepted. I had the choice of sleeping with them on a bench in their room, or having my wagon sent for and stay for good, so in due course my little grey home on wheels arrived with Vliaho all complete. This is an ideal kind of a house to have, you simply bring it along with you wherever you want to stop! We had a hilarious supper with liqueur, wine, etc., ad lib. The Comm. Adjutant, Lieut Levy. The Doctor, etc. etc. My wagon was planted exactly opposite the door, with a sentry who spat and hawked violently all night.

20th November 1915, Sunday.

Got up early in a great hurry as they said they were going to start early, but we did not get off till about 9.30 Found lavatory and washing arrangements extremely difficult under the circs. The Commandant, Pallitch, and I with 4 gendarmes rode out to the mountains, Kavalac. Fine, mild day. Rode about 2 hrs. to the first trenches, little trenches dotted all about with about 6 men in each, one small antiquated cannon. It seems a ludicrously small force, but this is only guerrilla warfare, and they evidently don't expect the whole Bulgarian army. Saw a few Bulgar patrols in the far distance,

this side of Prilip. Sat in a Serbian trench and drank coffee. Then went on to kavalac, slipping and stumbling up the early perpendicular mountain. I don't know how the horses manage it. Diana went beautifully, the Commandant seems awfully bucked that I can ride, and declares the have a small sort of cavalry detachment of 30 of the best riders in the Reg. And that I'd better belong to that. They seem bent on turning me into a soldier, and I expect I'll find myself in the trenches next battle!

Major Blagogervitch met us near the top and we had lunch with him and another officer 'Pesio' whose 'Slava' day it happened to be. We sat on Boxes under a big rock round the camp fire, and had a very good lunch with a most magnificent view all round. They seem to do themselves very well up there and the soldiers were roasting a pig. Stayed there some time. We had to walk, or rather scramble, up the last little bit, - too steep even for a horse. Then slipped and slid down the mountain again by moonlight till we got back to the first trenches, there we had another short halt, and sat in an officer's little tent and drank tea. He had the most dinky little tent, with a big fire built into the side of the bank, wish Gerard could see it.

Long ride home and I was pretty tired and chafed but managed to stick out to last gallop along on hard rough road with the Comm. Till we got to the Shack which I was not sorry to see. Sat on the C's bed and smoked and drank liqueur till supper time while he dictated dispatches to the Adj. Supper and turned in early and slept like a top. Had had my wagon moved up beside the Ambulance tent, better in every way and not quite so public.

21st November, 1915. Monday.

Lovely sunny day with a frosty snap early. Did not turn out till about 8.30. Vliako went to Bitol for his money and to buy sundries for me. Took photo of the new English rifles just arrived. C. says about 4500 men in 2nd Reg. The men seem to get plenty to eat here, one told me at supper time that was the 7th meal he had had that day.

I wrote letters in the morning in my wagon. At lunch time Mr. Greg and Mr. Black turned up in a car, also the C. of D. and Lasitch his Adjutant. Took Mr. G. and Mr. B. to see my wagon and Mr G. photographed me there. We had a long powwow and I made them tea. They went off at dusk. I sat round the soldiers fire and they insisted on my sharing their chicken to which I responded with a small bottle of wine. Had supper rather late. A new Captain, 1st class, has come to help our Commandant. Speaks French very well and seems a decent sort of chap. Very cold night and frost.

22nd November, Tuesday.

Lovely sunny day, but early frost. Turned out about 7, went for a ride with the doctor, first to my old Ambulance, and then on to the 14th Amb. In a village about 7 or 8 miles off. Doctor's saddle kept slipping round, so we had frequent stoppages. I rode Pallitch's horse as Diana had not yet come back from the forge. The jolly young officer, the kid's friend, met us and invited us to lunch but in truly S. fashion, when we turned up at his abode he was not there, so we rode on home. Found the Commandant had ordered the whole Ambulance to take up its quarters in the village 'Topolche'. The others seem awfully bucked at getting under a roof, but I feel very sad at leaving my little Grey Home and the open air. However, I suppose it will not be for long. Have got a nice big room in what was the school, of course unfurnished. Unpacked my bed and straightened things out after lunch. We did not have lunch till

2. The C. Captain and I and another Major had it together in the C's new room. Took a walk up the hill to see the sunset and was pursued by dogs all the time.

23rd November, Wednesday.

Fine sunny day. Went for a ride with the C. in the morning to see the Positions, rode to another village, had coffee, etc. with Major Goukovitch, then had a ride round and saw the near trenches. Nothing to do after lunch, and cold and grey, so retired to my room and had a sleep. Vliako found a woman to do my washing and presently two more came up to view the palatial luxury in which an Englishwoman lives, with a room all to herself, and a bed, and a bath.

About 4.30, when I woke, Vliako told me we were going to retreat. He heard it from the soldiers, so packed up every single thing and left all ready. Went and sat in Consellariat with Lerry and two others, but they had evidently heard nothing till the Doctor came in in a fearful state of excitement, and I thought the Bulgarians must be at the door, so Vliako put everything into the wagon. Hung about all the evening expecting to make a dash any moment, but eventually had a peaceable supper about 10pm and everyone went to bed! As my bed was packed up, slept on the floor, and Vliako slept the other side of the room, and kept up the fire. They told me I should have to be up early.

24th November, Thursday. 1915.

Up at day break and we all moved back to the 'hahn' the little house by the roadside. It had snowed in the night and there were about 4 inches snow on the ground, till snowing to beat the band and very cold. After some little delay, they brought back the iron stove to the Hahn and rigged it up, stuffing up the cracks in the stovepipe with mud, and we sat about and listened to a battle which was apparently going on a very short way away, but could not see for the snow. The crackle of the rifles got nearer and nearer and at last, about midday, could hear the 'Hurrahs, hurrahs' of the Bulgarians quite close as they charged, so we all abruptly cleared. The doctor charged past me in a great hurry, and promptly fell over his horse's head when it stumbled in the snow. The Ambulance was ahead on the move, I wanted to wait till the C. went, but the doctor shrieked we must go, so I followed on Diana at a donkey's crawl, in the wake of the pack donkeys. Very cold and wondering how far we were going. As it turned out, we only went a couple of miles to the other Ambulance, but took an hour to do it. Found the doctor sitting round the fire, and the Ambulance men who made room for me, and we drank my thermos tea and dried our feet. Some of the men were soaking wet with only palankes. Later on some wounded were brought in, and given a very hurried dressing and sent off in an Automobile. Not very bad, broken arm, broken wrist, chest, etc. But one abdominal who won't survive long I think. They scamp through the dressings. I cleaned mine up and did them properly as its quite possible they won't be dressed for 3 or 4 days in Bitol.

The firing suddenly began again, quite near, with big guns too. The bridge had failed to blow up properly, although there were 10 mines, something funny there I think, and the Bulgarians were after us this side. Climbed up the hill and could see what I believe were Bulgarians and our rearguard.

The Greek doctor got into an awful state because he had had no order to move and the guns were banging away, the flashes showing on the snow. He sent to ask and when the answer came they could go, the tents came down like lightening. This was

about 5pm. I had just been thinking of getting something to eat as I had only had a small piece of bread and cheese all day. I didn't want to go at another donkey's crawl to Bitol, so asked the C. if I could wait for them and he said if I liked. The soldiers sang a sort of dismal wailing dirge and it looked fearfully sad seeing them trailing back over the snow. My man with Diana had brought her round to the Ambulance and wanted to hustle me off there and then so I went back and told him to wait. I had great visions of a gallop with the C. with the Bulgarians hotly pursuing us, as he always waits till the last minute, but what did happen was that I sat with a lot of officers in a freezing sort of shed till 9 pm. One awfully nice chap came in from the trenches and shared a big hot roast chicken with me that his servant brought in. he sat on the hay on the floor and we devoured it with our fingers. I had been surreptitiously sucking Horlicks and smoking hard to ally the pangs of hunger, as I was feeling very hollow.

The firing had stopped. I don't know where the Bulgarians went to or why they didn't come on.

At last the glad tidings came that we were to start. It was bitterly cold with a sort of blizzard blowing across the snow, and my feet were so cold and wet I could hardly feel the stirrups. We went at a walk through crowds of soldiers and donkeys. I dreamed of home and toasted muffins as the effects of the chicken had long ago worn off. At last we had a trot and I found that my knees were set fast and had a very uncomfy 5 minutes. Presently we turned off the road across some fields and ditches etc. to the village of Mogilee where we were received by some officers in a big loft. We soon had a stove going and had a huge and quite merry supper, and champagne presented to the C. by a Comitadge. We all slept there together, 8 officers and myself. I had the place of honour on a bench near the stove. The atmosphere was a bit thick but I slept all right.

25th November, 1915. Friday.

All up at daybreak as usual. Had sundry teas, coffees, liqueurs, etc. throughout the morning. The C. and Captain rode out somewhere. Snowing fearfully hard and impossible to go out. We had a snack of bread and eggs and cold pig about 10, but they don't call that a meal, Got the doctor to teach me some Serbian verbs. After lunch the C. and Captain went out again and we played fox and goose, and pigs with our eyes shut, etc. and I simply can't sit and twiddle my thumbs as they do. At dusk we set forth again, a short ride to a village at the out-skirts of Bitol, 'Orizir'. Splashed across a field and a couple of streams in the pitch dark with the Adjutant to another little house which we occupied. After supper, as the room was tiny, I elected to sleep on the balcony which was very comfy and sheltered with heaps of straw, some orderlies having just fixed it up for themselves, but there was fearful consternation and discussion and they all declared I'd die of cold. Slept very well indeed.

26th November, 1915. Saturday.

Up at daybreak as usual. Deep snow and very cold. Was glad to find Vliaho and my wagon again last night. Got out my chessmen and played chess in the afternoon with Levy and the C. when he came in. In the morning great event – had a hot bath. Vliahos tuning some man out of a sort of stable and fixing it up for me. Had a great hunt for live stock and found quite a few, but judging from the look of my bathroom may carry away more than I lose. Nearly burnt my vest cremating them. While I was in my bath the English Consul arrived in a motor to take me back with him

to Salonika today. Of course I said I wouldn't go or anything. He drove me into Bitol where I met Mr. Black, rounded up my violin and 3 cases cigs, jam and warm helmets and motored back again. Vliaho said he had a room for me, he evidently disapproves strongly of my balcony and thinks I shall lose cast with the orderlies. In the afternoon the Captain had fever and looked very bad, so I told him not to go riding with the C. as it was not absolutely necessary for him, and rather to my surprise, he gave in quite meekly and I fixed him up with quinine and hot tea, and made him go to bed, and marched the others off into the other room where I kept them busy with chess and bridge and left his orderly to guard his door and keep people from worrying him.

Had supper at the little house. The Comm. of Div. and his adjutant and the Greek boy from the Mossoul and another corporal came after supper and stopped a long time. Had a very comfy night in the big room in the 'Hahn' by the roadside, but rather cold.

27th November, Sunday.

Lovely sunny day. Dressed leisurely and the C. came and wanted possession before I was ready. They all moved back here. Took a stroll in the morning through deep snow up the hillside. After lunch walked to the Ambulance which is beside a church near Bitol. Sat by the fire with Milane and the others and discussed maps and drank tea and cognac. Came back at sunset and found the C. had gone to the camp about 1 ½ miles up the road. Walked over there with the Adjutant and Vliaho carrying wool helmets, cigs and jam. Had a great reception. It was a most picturesque scene in the dark with all the camp fires in the snow. All the men were lined up and I gave them wool helmets to every 7th man and cigs to everyone, and Vliaho went round with jampots and spoon and they each had a spoonful. Was particularly introduced to one or two specially brave. One had an English medal for 'Distinguished Conduct in the Field'. Sat by the fire afterwards and drank tea and cognac with Lieut. Yovovitch and the others. One (Austrian, I think) played the flute and they sang and it was quite jolly. Walked back with the C. We all, 6 of us, slept in my small room that night with the windows tight shut and what between telephone messages and atmosphere, all had a very rotten night.

28th November, 1915. Monday.

Very cold grey day, just a little sun in morning. Played chess with the C. and the Captain. The C. beat me. After fearful difficulties, got some things I wanted out of my bag. Went for a short snowy walk. The C. of Div. and Adjutant came in afternoon. I snoozed on the C's bed while they powwowed.

Wrote up my diary all afternoon. Not feeling very fit, between bad night and one thing and another, and have got a cough, but nothing much.

Played chess with the Doctor and with the Comm. again. Rumours of moving on about 5 pm so everyone packed as usual. Sat in the Doctor's room and played chess with the assistance of the usual crowd. I believe the Bulgars will walk in one day and find us playing chess. About 9 pm we started off again. Walked the first mile, the horses being led behind the roads like sheets of ice. When we got to Bitol went to the Comm. of Div. and sat there till midnight. Dr. Nikolitch urged me to turn back as he said the journey through Albania would be terrible, and the difficulties we had had so far were nothing to it, but I said unless they said I would be more of a trouble to them than anything else, I would go on. The Captain said as far as they were

concerned, they would rather I went on, and Nikotitch said it would encourage the soldiers as I represented for them the whole of England! The jolly adjutant came and asked me how I was, as usual. When we left the C. of D's place, the Commandant and Captain went in wagons, but I elected to ride, and chance Diana going on her head. Anyhow, she has been roughed. We rode very very slowly through crowds of soldiers and donkeys, halting bout every hour at little camp fires made by our front guard, where we sat and warmed our feet till the tired miserable soldiers could catch us up and the wagons, etc.

I rode with Pallitch and Ranhovitch and shared my thermos flask and cognac with them. Very cold and the roads really fearful. Pallitch came down twice and finally walked. We used to walk every now and again to warm our feet, but my soldiers boots were so terribly heavy I was glad to mount again. I say 'mount' but really between heavy fur coat and getting colder and stiffer and wearier, it was crawl up Diana's side that I did, and Roubovitch had nearly as much difficulty even with his small pony.

Passed the Austro-Serb Officer who shouted 'Gute Werthe' to me. He's a nice lad. Pallitch told me the jolly little Captain who shared his chicken with me at the Hahn that first night of retreat had shot himself in the head when he got the order over the telephone to retire, and knew that all was up. I felt awfully sorry. He was such a gay little fellow. About daybreak we arrived at a sort of Hahn.

29th November, 1915, Tuesday.

About daybreak we arrived at a sort of Hahn where we found the Ambulance. Halted there about $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. The C. and Captain got their horses and we all walked and later rode on, up and up a winding road up the mountain. It was bitterly cold and every few yards we passed the horrible looking corpses of bullocks and donkeys, etc. with the flesh half stripped from them, whether by birds or what I don't know. At the very top we stopped at a dirty little hut, too dirty even for us to enter where a few natives were sitting round a fire. Turned them out and built a fire outside under the wall in a howling bitter wind. Had some coffee and sat for a bit in the mud, then wandered round to another fire in the snow and sat there and had tea and cognac and took some photos. Gave away the rest of the white wool helmets to a seething mass of soldiers who nearly mobbed me with the very inadequate help of a young lieutenant who tried to preserve order. Sat about till I was half frozen, had a small lunch with the Comm. etc. of bread and sausage by the fire. The doctor said he was going into the town and I might as well come and get a room, - as it turned out the young rotter wanted to go and didn't like to say so, so calmly told the Captain that I was cold and wanted to go and he had better go with me. Followed the wagon into Town (Resin). Vliaho found a room without a stove where I waited about 2 hours while he found out where the Staff were to be, etc. Usual dirty little town or village rather. Finally Vliaho came back having found quite a decent little room near the Caserne where the Staff were, other side of the town, so rode there. Two old ladies and a girl who fell on my neck and hugged me. The old lady apparently had once had something- I don't know whether it was a husband or a cat - and I should now replace it. The little room seemed quite a luxurious palace to me now. Went up to the Staff for supper and found the Comm. and Captain were with the Division, dining there. Had supper with the others and went home to bed.

30th November, 1915. Wednesday.

Stayed in bed late, till about 8.30! Had a bath. The Comm. sent me a present of a bottle of Curacao. Went up to the Staff who said they thought they had lost me. After lunch went back to room, repacked things. About 5, Vliaho came in a great state of excitement and wrath declaring that my wagon had been taken for something else and that the Comm. and Staff were all gone. As I couldn't get any sense out of him and knew they wouldn't go without me, I sent for Diana and went to find out, the other men assuring me that the Comm. had not gone. Met the Comm. in the street and as I expected we had supper and did not start till 9pm. Walked the first bit through the mud, then rode up a winding serpentine road, made by the Turks, past soldiers and camp fires, etc. with frequent stoppages to give orders. It must be very pretty country by daylight. I was cold and stiff and ached all over and sat Diana like a sack of potatoes and thought being taken prisoner by the Bulgarians would be preferable to this. I thought we were going to ride all night, but to my great relief we stopped in about 2 hours at a hut on the top of a mound. It was full of officers and soldiers, and the ground all round a sea of mud. I stood about for some time and finally lay down on some straw that looked not quite so dirty as the rest, and dozed under the impression we would move on, but gradually the whole room filled up till the whole floor was absolutely covered so thickly that no one could move. I counted 26 and some more came in afterwards. I was near the stove and the heat was suffocating and altogether it was the most unpleasant night I ever passed. A friendly gendarme who was stoking up the stove fetched me my Thermos in the middle of the night and he was astounded to find it was hot when he knew that it had been in Diana's saddlebag for hours, seemed to think Diana had something to do with keeping it hot!

About 5 am still dark, I woke up boiling, so got out very carefully over the sleeping men and took a walk round in the mud, and finally sat on a tin can in the passage till daybreak, when they all got up.

1st December, 1915. Thursday

Rode down a fine serpentine road for about 1 1/2 hrs. to another hut on a hill, very much like the first, where we stopped rigged up telephone, etc. and usual routine. Slept with the Comm. and Captain, but not so bad as only 3 of us in one small room. Am not so faddy about my sleeping arrangements since the other night.

2nd December, 1915. Friday

All at once bad news came and Capt. Said I must go to Ambulance, however, eventually we all went together.

Rode on in the afternoon to another village which we reached at dusk and camped in a house by a stream, with a big balcony where I had my bed and slept very well.

3rd December, Saturday.

Overslept myself and was almost the last up, the Capt. woke me up. Washed out on the balcony and sat about all the morning. Lovely sunny warm day. A soldier came with some tale of not having eaten for 11 days, so gave him my bread and cheese. It turned out, however, that he meant he had received no rations and he and 10 others had to live by their wits in the village. However, he was evidently hungry and

looked very young and wan, he put the bread and cheese in his pocket and when I asked him why he didn't eat it, said he was going to share it with the others!

Rode on to a filthy little village where we spent the afternoon. I went for a walk up the hill, and was stopped and closely questioned by an officer on he evidently thought I had been paying the Bulgarians, who were close at our heels as usual, a visit, till I pointed to the '2' on my shoulder. Tried to get a bath and had a row with Vliaho over sundry matters, but principally because he left my bucket behind and filled my box with his bread. Finally changed my clothes but didn't get a bath luckily as when I came down found all ready to start. We rode on to Ockrida by the lake, and on and on, along a most awful road into mud up to the horses knees. Finally no village appearing, sent off riders in two directions to find it. Eventually found the village and a house in which were some sleepy soldiers, who caught it hot from the Captain. The outlook didn't look very promising, but things cheered up when we got a fire, and our servants etc. turned up presently, so got some supper after all, though not a great deal. There is a passage between the two rooms so put my bed there. Have got another servant, Nicholas, who seems quite good. The house is the usual kind in a dirty sea of mud, two rooms up a flight of stone steps.

7th December, 1915. Wednesday.

I seem to have got hopelessly wrong in my dates and no one in the whole place knows the day of the week, but the date is the 24th by Serbian date, so must be 7th by ours.

Lovely warm day like summer. Went for a ride with the Comm. in the morning up to the position's right wing. Took some photos, lovely view, all over lake, etc. right up in the hills. Came back for lunch and went again after lunch to left wing. A battle going on a little way away in the hills, could see the shrapnel etc. and hear the guns plainly. The sun was just setting and I looked away from the battle over the lake to the black cold Albanian hills and thought this was the very last scrap of Serbia and we would soon be driven out. The Comm guessed what I was thinking when he saw me look towards Albania. Lovely view with the sun setting behind the houses.

Had a very cold ride back. Major Djoehouitch in command up there. Sat by the fire till supper. After supper everything packed up. I sat on a heap of straw in the Comm's room and went to sleep, and only woke up in time to start about 10pm. Rode to Struga only a few miles, over villainous swampy paths. At Struga we went to the Commandant Division where we found the C. of D. and most of his staff in bed. They uprose, put on their boots and brushed their moustaches and entertained us till nearly 1 am. With tea, coffee, etc. etc. When I was nearly dropping asleep, we adjourned to a hotel where I had a room to myself if only for a few hours, so undressed and turned in thankfully.

8th December, Thursday

Routed out long before dawn by the Commandant himself. Dressed in the dark, knew there was no particular hurry and sure enough found the Comm. in the kitchen drinking coffee, where we sat about an hour, then turned out into the mud. In the cold grey dawn we stood round in black churned up mud, shivering, hungry and miserable, with soldiers trailing along past us. The most hopelessly forlorn army you ever saw, setting their faces towards the dark hard looking range of snow capped mountains which separate their beloved Serbia from Albania. It was like a perfect

nightmare and the only thing that was not nasty was the fact that for some strange reason it neither rained nor snowed.

We trailed slowly along on foot for a while with the Comm ahead cussing all and sundry. After some time the sun rose and jolly glad I was to see it, and warm up a little. The Comm. stopped after riding a bit, by the wayside on a grassy place with the Company, and the others went on. I stayed with the Comm and ate some bread and cheese and he asked me if I could drink a cognac! (could I?) After about an hour we rode on and found the others in the Turkish village of upon a hill looking over the lake and Struga. Looked over the Struga and saw the bridge turning connecting the Turkish quarter of the town with the part held by our soldiers, and cutting off Bulgarian pursuit. Bulgarians bombarding all afternoon. Slept most of the afternoon, my cough and cold very heavy in evening. Took some Aspirin in evening.

9th December, 1915. Friday

Lovely sunny day, blue sky like a fine September day. Took a walk over the hill. The Bulgarians kept up a heavy bombardment all morning over the Struga road and towards our hill, and our guns which are in the woods just below the hill. I wanted to go down there and take a photo but the Captain won't let me.

Played chess all the evening with the Comm. long after the others were

30th May - 28 September 1917

1917

April 30th/May 12th. Saturday.

Left Bizerta on French transport 'Plata' French and Serbian soldiers about 1900 on board. A cargo boat with us with aeroplanes etc. Two torpilleurs accompany us. Lay off in the harbour all night, wished I was back at the Café Riche, watched the lights of town. Sailed about 4 am.

Thursday May 4/17

Called at Island of Milos, went ashore in morning.

Friday May 5/18

Reached Salonique safely at 7pm. Not allowed to go ashore that night.

Saturday May 6/19

Embarked for Mikra. Stopped with Col. Nickolaievitch at his nice little place on the sea. Awfully nice there.

Thursday May 11/24

Left Salonique 8.30 am with Mjor Douchan and Jevto, in a Ford car for the Front. Stayed at Vodena.

Friday May 12/25

At Dopunski Ko mando at Vodena with Major Krstitch. Lovely camp.

Tues. May 16/29

Left by Col. Wassitch's Ford car for Sakeljovo, arrived about 5 pm. Visited Miss Lane at 2nd French Hospital Sakeljevo, and Bunny and Dot. Had tea with them. Got a pup. Had a talk with Voyvoda Misitch. Spent the night there.

Weds. May 17/30

Left Sakeljevo for petalina. Had lunch with Comm. Division and Capt. Vlada etc. Rode to Voyna Komora, had to wait there till dark before going on to my Co. which is at the Front line. Had supper with Pomutchnik 2nd 4eg. Dragoslav etc. and rode to Regiment by moonlight. Lovely night, arrived about 9.30. Thought of the last time I got back to the Regiment. My tent put up there for the night. After supper visited Batt. Staff with Dr. Boutchek.

Thurs. May 18/31 1917

Fixed up my affairs in the morning and packed a sack to send back to Salonique. D- hot. Jevto came over. In the afternoon went to 1st battn. Had supper with Commandant and officers and arranged to come to Company tomorrow.

June 1917

Friday 19/1st.

Joined 1st Co. where Vliako, Doditch and Vukoye are, our 2nd Vod with all the men nearly left from our old 4th Co. are now in 1st Co. Wnd Vod all together with Vukoye Vodnik. Had a great welcome from the men. In the evening went to 1stco trenches with Commandir, Capt. Milutin Popovitch, new man.

At Starovenski Redoutb, a salient on left wing.

Sat. 20/2nd June

Hot day. Developed some photos at ambulance. Went through the trenches in the night as far as Alexa, Comm, 2nd Co. with Pesitch. A trench mortar came over we thought it was our own and to our surprise it came just in front of us. Bed about 12

Sun. 21/3 June. Whitsun.

Thunderstorm in afternoon and rained all night, played tablonette with Commandir in evening and then went round the trenches.

Monday 22/4

Got up rather late. Wrote letters and read in afternoon. Ordonnance came from Nikoaievitch in afternoon with my other uniform. Bulgarian bombardment in afternoon around camp, one man in our Co. wounded because they would sit outside their dugouts. Milosh our writer. Went with Commandir to trenches in evening and stayed there with 2nd Vod all night. This new Comm. seemed to think I was going to sit and play with him, but I'm not having any so I've made my first enemy.

Tuesday 23/5.

Hot day. They tried to keep me in Vodena by saying there was deep snow in the trenches and I might just as well stay a bit longer but its hot enough in the daytime to fry eggs. Besides they say there's going to be an offensive and I was so afraid of missing it I cleared out of Vodena the first day we heard the guns, but there's nothing doing at all, very quiet. Did nothing particular all day. We come out of the trenches at dawn, go to them at dusk, and stay about the dugouts all day just behind the front line trench. Went to trenches and stayed till 2am. Full moon.

Thursday 1/14. June.

The 1st Reg. Relieved us at night, and we went into Reserve, - second line that is. The Commandir gave me a horse to ride. About an hour's march over the mountains. Got there at midnight and turned into very small dugouts, 'Grunishkivish' Reserve. We are 15 days in front line and then 15 in second line which is our nearest approach to Reserve. This is my first experience of trenches as we had none in 1916. These we took over from the Russians just before I came back to the Reg. They are

shallow and all rock, can't dig, only blast. On the left wing where our Co. is usually they tail away to nothing at all, and are opposite Cote No.1, which we always talk of taking some night, they've got some annoying Rovatz (trench mortars) there. The lines vary from 150 metres to 400 apart. On the right wing they have much better deeper trench, you can walk along them in the daytime without being seen, very narrow with high precipitous sides and places at intervals for the men to shoot from. Ours is by far the worse part of the line as far as trenches go and Cote No. 1 is always worrying us. We have three lines of barbed wire and every thing so quiet and eerie when one gets down into no-mans land. Our furthest left (of our Reg.) is one of our machine guns you get right away from the trenches to get to it and cross a little ravine but there's an outpost at the end of the ravine to keep the Bulgars from coming up. We have two outposts of three men each to each Vod, four to the Co. Two Lewis guns per Vod with three men to each, Mancha has one and Alexa the other usually, nine mitrailleuse to the Battn. There are 32 men in our Vod, 1st and 2nd Decetina, I am Decetar 1st Decetina with Miladin Popovitch sergeant as Pomutchnik, Milosh Georgevitch S.M. 2nd Decetina. Vukoye is Vodnik. Doditch, Vliako and X – the others.

Friday 2/15

All the officers of the Battn went to draw their pay and we sat about and talked and drank cognac. I went to draw their pay and we sat about and talked and drank cognac. I went back with Cap. Dimitri and had lunch at 4th Co. Trifun came to see me and I went back with him to his Co. 1st, 2nd Battn. Right up at the top of a rock awful climb.

Sat. 3/16 June.

We (Vodniks and I) called on 2nd Co. had Vermouth. Poured rain in afternoon. Everyone resting and paying calls.

Sunday 4/17 June.

Bombardment for short time in morning, all told to keep in our dugouts, one man 2nd Co. wounded. Went to Commandant Regiment about a horse. Went to lunch at Division they sent over and invited me. Poured rain. Had a good lunch and good horse back. Had supper with Capt. Dimitri, 4th Co. went to make roads for three days, each Co. goes in turn. Went back to my 1st Co. directly after supper. Prebitchkovitch, Vodnik our 3rd Vod stood us 6 all champagne and red wine (Turkish blood) he'd got up from Vodena, we sat up till 1 am.

Monday 5/18 June.

Moved 6 am from our dugouts to the hollow where the 4th Co. were as artillery wanted our place and also on account of shell fire. Capt. Dimitri left his tent for me but Commandir would not have it and we had a fine row. Had m tent put up. Went to Battn Staff and had a chat with Commandant and afterwards Lubyia Adjutant. Vukoye away all day to get some overdue pay. Slept after lunch. Rain and thunderstorm. Afterwards they played tablonette in my tent, Vukoye came back at 12 very much up the pole but quite sensible.

Tuesday 6/19 June

Hot day. There is not a scrap of shade anywhere on these hills, nothing but bare rocks and sizzling hot. Wrote letters. Doditch, Vliako, Prebitchkovitch and I played ½ Raube in my tent. All the officers had to go to Comm Battn at 4 pm.

Weds. Thurs. Ditto Ditto.

Friday 9/22 June.

In the evening 1st Co. went to Rad i.e. about an hour away. I stayed on as guest of the 4th Co. as there's no need for me to go and make roads.

Sat. Sun. Mon. Tues. June.

With the 4th Co. We played Raube every evening. One night we were playing, four of us when the Comm. Re. Wandered by, no-one heard him come, and he stood and watched us quietly and then went away, however nothing was said about it, though gambling is forbidden the whole Battn does it, Pesitch more than all, it was only when Tzoukavatz came later that he stopped it entirely.

Weds. 14/27 June.

My Co. came back about 2 am.

Thurs. 15/28 June.

Our last day in Reserve.

Frid. 16/29 June.

Went to the Front again in the evening, about 1 ½ hours away, rode, over the mountains. 2nd 3rd and 4th Co. with Battn. Staff, we are about 20 minutes aged between Battn and the trenches. 2nd and 3rd. Battn. in front line trenches, we are to have 10 days here.

JULY

Sat. 17/30 to Frid. 23/6 July. Sun 25/8.

Battn. Reserve. Nothing doing. Occasional Shelling but no damage.

Mon. 26/9 July

Hot day, there's no shade anywhere, we stay mostly in our dugouts. Played Raube. Went to the trenches, about hours walk, very dark and rocky. Relieved 1st Co. 3rd Battn. and took their places in the trenches. Came out at dawn. Moonlight. Settled into dugouts in daytime, 1st and 2nd Battns here, 3rd relieved. On our right wing 9th Reg. Right of our 1st Co. mitrailleuse 9th Red. Then Doditch, then 9th Reg. Left 3rd and

4th Vod, then Mitrailleur 2nd Co. 3rd, 4th then 2nd Battn. then Cavalry (unmounted) then Frnch, Italians. Good deep trenches, only our 2nd Vod very bad. Rainy night.

Tues 27/10, Thurs 29/13 July.

No entries, trenches every night as usual.

Frid. 30/13. July and Sat.

Cool day. Wrote to Jack. Slept 5 ½ hours. Bulgars bombarded us with Rovatz about 5 pm. Commandir came and took refuge in my Zemunitza. Went over to our Rovatz and photographed them firing. Very cold cloudy night in the trenches. Bulgars sent a few bombs over to our Vod but no casualties. Pumutchnik paid a visit to the trenches. Sat in Chedda's Zemunitza. Capt. Lyuba etc and Pribitchkovitch.

JULY 1917

Sunday July 2/14

Went into reserve in the evening for two days. I stopped off on the bay and saw Zaritch, and Popovitch came with me. We sat there till about 2 am and had wine and coffee etc. Zaritch gave us horses, and we rode to Reserve, found my tent ready, Vukoye, Vliako, Milosh Blaguye and I sat and chewed the rag till morning, and drank cognac and ate sardines.

Monday 3/15 July.

Boiling hot day, only slept two hours early, and felt rotten, as soon as sun gets up its impossible to sleep in tent. Went to the river with Doditch, Vukoye and 1st and 2nd Vod. The men all bathed, nowhere I could bathe and no shade to sit in, bad headache and very cross. V. D. and I went to Voyna Komorra had a showerbath there and got a horse to ride back. Felt so hot and cross I turned in early and did not have any supper, V. came and sat with me in the evening.

Tuesday 4/16 July.

Boiling day. Had lunch and supper with Capt. Dimitri at the 4th Co. We went to the front again in the evening at 9 pm. Got there about 12. 2nd Vod in reserve midway between Komandir and trenches. We go there every evening and turn out again at a little before dawn 3.30 am and come back to our Zamunitzas. Had a very small Zem. Heavy bombardment about 1 am and also as we were coming up which delayed us a good bit we had to wait behind some rocks, the Bulgars got wind of the change over evidently.

Weds. 5/18 July.

Very hot day. Vukoye gave me his Zem. as it is bigger. We – 2nd Vod – go every evening at dark. It's a place about 200 yards behind the trenches where we have dugouts and stay as reserve till 3.30 am where can be in the trenches at once through the communication trench if needed.

Thurs. 6/19 July.

Heavy bombardment on right wing. Hear the 3rd Reg have lost a mitrailleuse and several men. Some Bulgars got into their trenches last night. Played Tabloonette with Bozo.

Frid. 7/20 July.

Very hot. Went with Milosh to Postmatrack and took photos there, also at Rovatz battery. Walked over to 2nd Batt mitrailleuse about 9.30 and visited Capt. Manney and Svetozor till 12.30, then back to our Vod. We're up all night and its too hot too sleep much in day.

Sat. July 8/21

Very hot day. Slept till 9 am. – 5 hours. Played 4 games tablonette after lunch with Bozo. Fine sunset. Heavy bombardment for about ¼ of an hour 12.30 am. I was asleep on the ground outside dugout and did not wake up until Vukoye came and made me go inside. We are short of dugouts and only have one for the two of us and its too small for two to sleep in, Vukoye has fever tonight so he had it, he doesn't get any sleep hardly as he has to be at the Postmatrach just the time of day when everyone else turns in to sleep, the C.O. has an awful down on him, he's an awful rotter, I often think of hanging into another Company but the men begged me not to. After the bombardment was over dozed outside again till 3.30 am. Did not turn in at once, sat in our dugout and had some tea with V. We've got one bottle of cognac to put in our tea at dawn and are trying to make it last out till we get back to Reserve. Played tablonette with Milosh.

Sunday July 9/22

Hot day. Played tab. In afternoon and talked to Bozo Capt. Dimitri came to supper. Has been promoted 1st class Capt today. Very quiet night, nothing doing, went with 2nd Vod as usual. Slept outside.

Mon 10/23

Hot day. Slept all morning. Played tab. in afternoon 4th Co. relieved us 9 pm. I stayed there the night as guest. Capt. Dimitri, his little son's birthday Slava, so he gave a party, Capt Lyuba had to go to Commandant Regiment but came back about 12 pm.

Tues. 11/24 July

Not so hot. Cloudy. Got up about 8am. Stayed with 4th Co. all day. Chika Sima came in the evening. Played tab. with Capt. Dimitre in afternoon, and learnt Sonce. Came back to my Company 12/30 pm. V. came in later.

Weds. 12/25 July

Co. in reserve near Vattn. Staff at Starovenski Redoubt, not so hot as it was on the hill. Played chess and Raube, lost 23 fcs.

Thurs. 13/26 July

No entries.

Friday 14/27 July

Got up late. Played Raube with Vukoye, Givorad and little Raka, won 33 fcs. Trifun called.

After supper our Company went back to the trenches, we were only Battn. Reserve for three days. No dugouts where 2nd Vod is so I took possession of a little hole off the telephone and machine gun, in Doditch's Vod, very small I can only just crawl in to sleep in the daytime but very convenient, after much wrangling as to why I would not stay with Pribitchkovitch who has a dugout at the other end of the trench. Doditch and Mitraillease Vodnik close by so we three feed together and can move about 10 yards, in 2nd Vod they can't move at all in daytime as it is almost at right angles to us and the Bulgars can see along it from the hill and start shelling at once if anyone stirs so the men have to lie low from dawn till dark. The Bulgar trenches are very close and we are here day and in this section of the line, no coming out at dawn like opposite Hill no. 1. Vukoye has a tent Creela rigged up in the trench to sleep under and can't come up to us by day. Its scorching hot weather and not a speck of shade. I'm feeling pretty rotten, hope I'm not getting enteric, I told the doctor that I couldn't eat everything made me bad and all he said was of course I shouldn't eat but ought to be on a milk diet, however he didn't suggest how I was going to keep the cow in the trenches so that was useful.

Half moon, nothing doing in our Sector but the 3rd Reg. Keep up lively firing all night, no more dozing for them since they lost their Mitraillease. A patrol come right into their trenches, walked along with a lamp, killed half a dozen men quite silently, took a sergeant and two men and a mitraillease prisoner and no-one was any the wiser till the morning, there has been a fine old row about it, Vodnik, C.D Company, and Comm, Battn. all removed. The Comm Division told me one day the 2nd Reg, was the laziest in the line at digging, and the 3rd always complained when they took over from us the trenches were not a bit more dug out than when they left them last time, so I said anyhow the 2nd didn't all go to sleep and let Bulgar patrols wander round their trenches, and he roared.

Sat. 15/28 July

Hot day but bit of a breeze. Slept from 5 am to 11.30 and 3 to 5 pm. Had lunch with Doditch and Mitraillease. Played 3 games of tab. afterwards. On our right wing 1st Vod, machine gun, then 3rd Reg. then Dunavski Div. to our left 3rd and 4th Vod, 2nd Co. 4th Co. then 2nd Battn.

At 11pm we – Doditch, Mitraillease Vodnik, Vukoye and I had just finished a gala supper with our French Champagne (the French gave the whole army champagne for the French fete day) and a tin of preserved apricots I had, and were having coffee and cigs in Doditch's dugout when the Bulgars started in with Howitzers, Polyaks (field guns), mitraillease, rockets etc etc. We all crambled out double quick, rang up the Artillery and opened brzo paylba (rapid fire) with mitraillease, machine rifles,

rifles, everyone on the job to repel the Bulgar attack, there'd been no warning at all of it. I grabbed my carbine and tore along the trench to my place with the 1st decetina where I found Popovitch, at least I got there before he did. Milosh had been to the C.D to see what the man had brought from Salonique, and he ran all the way back expecting to find the Bulgars already in possession of our trench, and arrived panting. Our artillery started in at once, and what between the infernal din and the grass in the ravine catching fire from the shells, and the rockets and shells and Verey lights there was a regular Brocks benefit lasting about half an hour, then it calmed down. Next morning on investigating we found the Bulgars had opened their barbed wire investigating we found the Bulgars had opened their barbed wire in three places and evidently intended to do us the same trick as they did the 3rd Reg. but the 2nd isn't caught napping like that. No casualties in our trench but a mitrailleuse killed and three wounded back from the trench in reserve. The 3rd Co. in Battn. reserve got ready to come to our help but were not needed. C.P. happened to be in the trenches as the Comm. Battn. came the rounds at 10, he took refuge in Prib's dugout.

Saturday 16/29 July

Very hot day, only got to sleep about 4 hours in morning. Georgina worse again, only had cocoa for dinner. Sat in Doditch's dugout after dinner, the others played tab. Slept 1 ½ hours later on. Quiet night on Front. Sat most of the night with Milosh and Popovitch.

Monday 17/30 1917

Awfully hot. Slept from 5 am to 9 am. Still bad georgina. After supper C.P. came with Zaritch (Reflector) and we three went to Major – a Comm. Battn. in 3rd Reg. on our right, drank wine and coffee and sang, Jivorad came later and another man. Left at 2.30 with Jivorad and Zaritch, and the Major on with the brandy bottle. Sat with Vukoye and the men in the trenches when we got back and yarned. Turned in 5.45, very quiet night on front.

Tuesday 18/31 July

Very hot. Had a headache and still Georgina slept about 5 ½ hours. Beat Laka two games tablonette.

Weds. 19/1 August.

No entries. Very hot. We'll be pretty glad when we're relieved.

Thurs. 20/2 Aug.

Relieved at last, came back into Regimental Reserve started 9 pm. I rode, stopped off with Searchlight and had a drink, he's fearfully bucked and says it was thanks to the way he worked his searchlight that we repelled that last Bulgar attack. We've been 7 nights and 6 days in that blooming sector where you can't move in daytime, all our grub brought up after dark, no water to wash in, nowhere to sleep hot enough to fry eggs, and swarms of flies, always living with our clothes and our boots on, we could do with a wash all of us. Sat up till about 4 am.

Frid. 21/3 Aug.

No entries, in reserve, but its only Regiment reserve no baths here, but can have a wash, and fairly good dugouts but frequently shelled.

Sat 22/4 Aug.

Enteritis so bad I applied for leave to go down to Salonique for a few days, if I can get some other food maybe I'll be all right, but I've stuck it for 10 days now, I can't do another spell in the trenches. Stopped the night at the Division, I was a fool not to stay in the ambulance there I found out later.

Sunday 23/5 Aug.

Lunch at Division. Sat long time afterwards. Motored with Mr Coppage who was lunching there, at the Div. to Dobro Veni, supper with the English Automobile Co. there then they gave me a car for the midnight train from Banitza.

Monday 24/6 August

Arrived Salonique 7.30 am. Went to the Bank and drew £20. Coffee at Flocas. Went to Scottish Womens' Hosp. Had some tea there, Dr. McIlroy said she was sorry she had not a bed free in the Hosp! I wish she could see my bed for the past 10 days, in fact the past 3 months. Went to the Serbian hospital where the doctor said I had acute enteritis and stayed there as a patient. Had a room in the little wooden bungalow where Mrs. Hartney and Miss Spooner and Miss McPhael are. as there are no small wards, only for surgical case. Stifling hot night and mosquitoes.

Tues. 25/7 Aug.

Stifling hot day. Sat in the garden and read all day. Still enteritis. Very hot night and mosquitoes.

Weds. 26/8 Aug.

Stifling hot. Took a dose of castor oil. Sent Mitra down town to shop. Mitar my batman has come with me.

Thurs 27/9 to Mon 31/14 and Tues.

In hospital. Felt better. Went down town. Met Slavko Tomitch.

Weds. 2/14 Aug.

Was to have gone with Slavko to Italian Front. Mitar and I got ready by 8.30 and waited in vain for car. Then I went to Flocas and found Slavko there with many firs. Had lunch and supper at Roma with her, she used to order fizz but I generally paid for it.

Thurs. 3/16

All right again. Left at 4.30 am by Italian camion for Vodená en route for the front, but the Doctor at the hosp. says I'm to convalesce at Vodená and not go back at once. Broke down about 6 times en route. Finally arrived Vodená about 10.30 am. Went to Dopunski Kommando, had lunch with Mayor Krstitch and he invited me to stay a month! Slept down below at Miloye's place in his tent as he sleeps in town. Very hot day. MV's tent is right down by the river and can bathe. The Dopunski Kommando is an awfully night camp on the hill, with big trees, but the weather is fearfully hot and very relaxing.

Frid. 4/17 Aug.

Went in a car with the Major to the Reconvalescentno Odelenje where I really should be stopping and got leave to stop at Dopunski kommando instead. Gave Miss Tebbutt her stick from Col. Maximovitch the nice old chap who gave me my watch, he's been wounded in the head and is a wee bit touched, and loves giving presents. Played raube after lunch. Cooler much and high wind. Had a bathe 8am when I got up.

Sat. 5/17

Had a headache and temperature at night and aches and felt seedy.

Sunday 6/18 August.

Felt rotten. Think I have Dengue fever. Every new army brings a different disease into this blooming country, the British troops have started this Dengue fever now, it only lasts three days they tell me, but you feel like nothing on earth afterwards.

Monday 7/19 Aug.

Ditto

Thurs. 8/20 to Fri. 11/23 Aug.

Lay in shade all day feeling rotten. Heard Salonique I left, half the town is burnt down. And it blazed for two days, no-one knows how it started, all along the waterfront is burnt and for half a mil inland, and all the old Turkish town and Floca's. Also Monastir is burning 2700 shells on Monastir in one afternoon.

Sat. 12/24 to Thurs. 17/29 Aug.

Very hot. Mrs Gennitch (Miss Rogers) the Major's Koom came up one afternoon and I went to tea with her one day. Also went to tea with Mrs. Lukitch, and on Wednesday Bozo (Adjutant) and I went to 37th Hosp. Vertikop to see Dr. Barnes. We had tea with some of the doctors and sisters but they did not ask us to supper. However, a Serbian doctor did. After supper we walked to the station and wiled away the time with the Chef de Gare there Lieut – and a Captain. Lovely moonlight night and we sat outside and had liqueurs and wine and smoked and chatted till 11.30 when

we boarded the train – in a truck, but it shunted about and it was 1.30 am before we got back. No carriages only trucks. We came to Vertikop on an engine as there was no train and arrived covered with coal dust. I got enteritis again and felt very limp the last couple of days, and had to resort to c.o. again.

Frid. 18/30

Went down town with Miloye in morning and telephoned-telegraphed to M. C. Co at Dobro Veni for a car. Bought some things at Zadruga. Played raube in afternoon after lunch till 3pm and lost 47 drachmas, won 32 in evening and 10 at tab.

Sat. 19/1 Sept.

Left Vodena by the train supposed to leave 2am. Miloye came to the station, train left about 3.30 am. Got to Banitza about 6 am. Went by French camion to Dobro Veni, very long and dusty. Had breakfast at the English M.C. Co. and when Mr. Coppage came back he gave me a Ford to Petalina. Had lunch at 1st army Headquarters with Capt. – and Capt. Stankovitch. Rode from Petalina to Division Hdqrs. Slept there the night.

Sunday 20/2 Sept.

All day at division, did some photos in morning and fixed my luggage up. They are all so jolly to see me here, and always ask me to stop.

Monday 21/3 Sept.

Did some photos in morning. Stayed at Division all day and left 9pm. Rode to Regiment. Stopped a bit with Adjutant then to Battn. Staff. Stopped there an hour with Adjutant Battn. and Prebitchkovitch who has left our Co. and been made an Instructor. Got to Company about 1.30am. They all seemed glad to see me, sat up all night, lovely moonlight night, we are in first line trenches.

Tues. 22/4 Sept.

Slept 2 hours in morning. Commandir sent for me for lunch there. Slept 3 hours in afternoon. We sat in Vukoyes zemunitza (dugout) at night. Moonlight. Commandir came round about 12. My Zemunitza very like a grave, just a long narrow hole just big enough to lie down in. Nothing out of the ordinary on Front.

Weds. 23/5 Sept.

Not so hot. I slept in Vukoyes Xem. in morning and he in mine. Turned in 8.30am Trifun came in afternoon. We went into Reserve.

Thurs. 24/6 to Sat. 26/8 Sept.

In Reserve. Hot, but not so bad in our little 'potok' (ravine). Olympia Marianovitch sent for me and we had a talk mostly about getting the people at home

to send out parcels to the men to cheer them up as they can't get anything from home. I'm sending a list of names to Bessie to give to people.

Sunday 27/9 Sept.

Went to lunch at the Division by invitation. Capt. Dimitri lent me a horse. Very jolly, came back in afternoon. At 8.30pm we went back to the Front again, to Starovenski Redoubt. Got a horse at last for myself, the little one-eyed grey one but an awfully good little goer. 1st Co. Battn. Reserve and 2nd Vod in our old place, Commandir and Doditch where we were first of all with Comm. Battn and Vliako between.

Monday 28/10 Sept.

Nothing particular doing in the trenches. Played chess with Givorad Gaitch. Vukoye and I have our meals etc. by ourselves as our Vod is all alone.

Tues. 29/11 Sept.

Slept in afternoon. Played chess in evening with Givorad till 1 am. Sent off list of lonely soldiers to Bessie. Doditch went to 1st Army to be Vodnik Hurrish Cheta.

Weds. 30/12 Sept.

Hot day. Played tablonette with Milosh. Commandir said we were to come to ménage there, beastly swot we're quite comfy here by ourselves. Had a row with Vukoye because he wouldn't play Raube and made him awfully wild by turning him out of my Zem. Played Raube in evening with Commandir, Pribatz and Vliako, won 55 fcs. Doditch and the others came over and sat in my Zem all the afternoon.

Thurs. 31/13 Sept.

Very hot. Played chess in evening with Givorad and in afternoon with Comm. Battn. he came over to our dugouts to see how we were getting on. We heard at supper that the Cossacks had routed and taken prisoner 33 Divisions of Germans. Sat in Vukoyes Zem. Thunderstorm and rained hard about dawn.

Friday 1/14 Sept.

Find I have got wrong in the English dates again. Looked very stormy and pelted rain in the afternoon. Our Vod making wire defenses.

Sat. 2/15 Sept.

No entries. Nothing doing.

Sunday 3/14 Sept.

Relieved 1st Regiment at Starovenski Redoubt. 1st, Co. 3rd and 2nd in trenches, 4th 1st line reserve.

Monday 4/16 Sept to Mon. 11th/24

No entries. In front line trenches. Same as usual.

Tues. 12/25 Sept.

Went into reserve in the evening. I rode by myself to Reg. Staff and waited till they all went, then the Comm. Reg and we all had a wild and woolly ride over the hills at full pelt in the dark, to Reserve. All the horses very fresh and anxious to get ahead of the Comm. Got to camp about 12 a little before the rest of the Co. arrived, Mitar had got my tent all ready. We sat by a fir for a bit and turned in about 2am.

Weds. 13/26 Sept.

Sat around camp. Jevto came to see me and invited me to lunch tomorrow. I developed photos at the ambulance and milane helped me and we hung them to dry in his tent. Had supper at Ambulance with Dr. Boro, Capt. Lyuba etc. Capt. L walked back with me. Lovely moonlight night.

Thurs. 14/27 Sept.

Got a note from Trifun asking me to go to the 'Hurrish Odelayno'. Got permission from Comm. Reg. for there and Bitol. Had lunch at Komorra with Jevto, then rode on with a soldier from the Hurrish Odelayno. We went across the mountains about 2 ½ hours back of Petalina. Got there about 7.30. Found Doditch who didn't know I was coming. Had supper and Trifun gave me his tent and everything that was his and slept outside. I volunteered for this Hurrish (storm troop) but can't be taken till the second lot, in about three weeks time.

Frid. 15/28 Sept.

Watched the machine rifle section practising with Trifun, and did a bit of target shooting myself, and decided to come with the next party. Made the acquaintance of the Comm. a nice old chap. In the afternoon played Sonce, then sat with Crivo Cutche and the men for a bit. In the evening Mlada (3rd Battn.) and I and two other men played Raube, and M and I both lost. I lost about 65 and knocked off at 3 as I didn't like the look of things and went to bed leaving them still at it, they played on and skinned M properly.

Sat 16th

Continue little black diary

1918

August 31st/Sept 1st, Saturday 1918

We left camp behind the Drina Division near Kilo 51 in the evening of 31st at 7.30, and marched to Miletine Kosa where we arrived about am. I rode. Long hard march for the men over the mountains. Nothing doing at our Company as usual when we arrived, so went and sat by the 3rd Co.'s fire and had some tea with Woolly – all fires forbidden by the Commandant Batt. but they had one. Had my tent up in a place by myself. Heavy bombardment all night by our batteries.

September 2nd, Sunday

Hot day! All day long heavy batteries just opposite us bombarded the Bulgar lines. The noise reverberated through the hills and the din was terrific. Had a bad headache all day. Turned in at 8.30. A pretty place in pine trees. Bulgars sent three or four shells over and broke a pine tree, and that was all, so Tzoukavatz prophesies about the bad time we would have there did not come off. Some wounded from the other Division came through on mules, a good few, and some on stretchers.

September 3rd, Monday.

Sat about all day. Milosh woke me at 6.30 saying we were going and I pulled on my boots in desperate haste and didn't wash and then we sat all day ready to move. Bombardment slackened off. At 3.30 we started and reached Kradashnichki Prevoy (Bujarski Potok) at 8 o'clock. Lovely moonlight night. We camped on a hillside and I and the officers had supper on the grass by moonlight. Georgu had not arrived on the Commander's donkey so I had no blanket, so I shared Captain Lyuba's blankets as his had come. Cavalry passed in the night and all the hills were lit up with camp fires and looked lovely. Hear we have taken Sokol and Dobropolje.

September 4th, Tuesday

Turned out before dawn. Started 7am and reached Ferdinando Reed at 10 pm and spent the night there. Fearful long hard march. 1st Company stayed at a place about 2 hours from Camp to make a road down the hill. Met the Commandant of the Division there who was very friendly. I got a horse from somewhere and rode on with the Commander of the Battalion and thought I was doing a good stroke for myself as I would get into camp early but when we got near to the Camp he sent me back as his Adjutant to show the others the road. Rode all the way back, got into touch with Battalion and took them back to the Commandant. Had supper with him by the fire. Lovely place in pine trees. Turned in about 10.30. Sat by the fire with Commandant for some time. He put up his tent. My things came and I only rolled up in my blanket with my 2nd Vod. Not a cold night at all.

September 5th, Weds.

Turned out before dawn and started 5am. Still dark. Had the longest and hardest day's march. Roasting hot and the men with their heavy packs were nearly

dead and so was I. Several fell out, among them my Dragoutchi, my Posilnje, but we went much better than the 2nd Battalion. All turned up in 2nd Vod except Dragouchi who is no great loss. Later in the afternoon I rode with Commandant and Captain Lyuba and we finally reached a place above the Cerna Reka about 7 pm. As far as I can make out without asking questions we have temporarily lost ourselves and the Commandant keeps sending Orderlies out to find the Pukovski Staff which can't be found and he is in the devil of a rage. We had no dinner all day except a bit of bread and meat which we had saved last night which the Commandant and Captain Lyuba and Milutin and I ate in about two minutes when we stopped somewhere. No water to be had anywhere all day and the men dead with thirst. Went through woods and up and down hills. When we got here the 3rd and 4th Companies went straight to the position and 1st Company Battalion Reserve. 2nd Company turned up about 10 (they had been behind us all the day having been detailed at kilo 51 to haul the cannon). Heard a few shots and bombs but don't know what the Companies are doing. Commandant fearfully worried and bad-tempered. Gave Slavko five days Zatvori today for not arranging his men in better lines when we stopped to rest and saying they couldn't go better. When we stopped to rest the men have to sit by Vod and not as they like and as we are the 1st Company we march just under the Commandant's eye, and so have frequent ructions. One place we halted in blinding clouds of smoke and hot ashes to sit on, the woods are burning everywhere. Lovely moonlight night. Supper came for us and the men I turned in with Captain Lubyu. His blankets have not turned up this time so he shared mine.

September 6th, Thursday

Turned out before dawn. 4 am waked by Field Telephone. Had a wash. – at least face and hands which was more than I did yesterday and put on clean socks. Haven't had my clothes off for six days. Our camp is on a hillside above the Cerna Reka. 1st and 3rd Regiment ahead of us. The Bulgars are flying ahead and everything going splendidly. We all thought we were going straight into battle when we started but after 3 days forced marches we can't catch up with them. I think last night was rather an anxious time for the Commandant. We appear to have been a bit isolated. We are Divisional Reserve. The Serbs have taken Dobropolje and Sokolo and 3000 prisoners. A very hot day, 1st Company sat and rested all day, Battalion Reserve. The Commandant jumped on every one all the afternoon for moving about. Had supper with the Commandant and Adjutant as we are all together here. Slept on some straw near Battalion Staff but very uneasy spot. Ordnance and telephone. etc all night. Lovely moonlight night but turned in late and did not get much sleep. I heard some days ago of a Serb girl who came right through the Bulgar lines with a Narednik and her father dressed as a Bulgar, and arrived safely after travelling a month. Her fiancé is an officer in one of these regiments and she found him all right.

September 7th, Friday

Turned out before dawn and in a hurry and 1st Company scrambled and slid down a breakneck hill covered with bushes down a goat track to the Cerna Reka. The easiest way would have been to sit down and slide to the bottom. I lost my knife out of my boot. When we got to the river we all washed ourselves and our hankies and sat and waited. My horse arrived by some roundabout route but he had disappeared again, riding is out of the question. A French aviator and a Serb naridnek of the 3rd battalion

turned up at the river. They were two of Trifun's lot and should have gone to Krivolak and left their machines there and gone near Veles to blow up the railway but got lost in the dense mist at dawn and couldn't locate the Vardar. Circled round for one and a half hours and ran out of petrol so landed on the tops of the trees and left the aeroplane which had caught on a tree and tipped up. The aviator had his nose a bit cut, had a long talk with him and we made him some coffee. He said Trefun's lot had already blown up two Bulgar ammunition dumps and a station and another officer was starting to blow up the station at Veles which he (this one) had failed to do to his great disappointment. They had wandered for days and by an extraordinary coincidence fallen in with the very regiment they were looking for. Bulgars dropped a few shells round while they were talking. Had a piece of bread, dry coffee and sugar. Started off again about 9.30 and went the whole day over these infernal hills in the blazing sun, not many kilometres but hills like the side of a house, scorching hot and no water anywhere. The men are dropping with their heavy packs and I am just hanging on by the skin of my teeth. Mercifully every little while we stop and rest for a few minutes. 1st Vod with Slavko sent off to reinforce 4th Company. We could see the 4th Company and they seemed to be having a busy time. Finally about 6 we were told to buck up and we sprinted up the last bit of hill in a hurry and got a shot at the Bulgars when we got to the top.

Took up our position there. No news from 2nd Co. at all now and now we hear that the Bulgars counter-attacked in the afternoon and the 2nd Company gave way, threw away packs and rifles and bolted back to the river and no-one seems to know where the Commander is. The 3rd Field Battery was well ahead, why ever it was in the front line I cannot make out and lost all its crew and the whole Battery has been taken by the Bulgars. When we got to the top of our hill we could see it about 2000 yards away. Lay on our tummies and shot at the Bulgars when we could see them till dark. Two artillery officers came up at dark cursing everything and everybody about their Batteries. Had supper with the Commandant and Captain Lyuba. Half a slice of bread a small bit of cheese half an onion and some wine. We had just finished when firing broke out hotly, the Commandant had just got an order from the Commandant of the Regiment that our Company were to hang on to this position at all costs as if we lost it it would affect the whole Division, so the Commander of the Battalion, Captain Lyuba, all the Ordnance, servants, etc. of the Battalion Staff and myself, as I happened to be there, grabbed our rifles and tore up the hill to where our 2nd Vod was prepared to do something desperate. Everything fizzled out however. 2nd Vod sent down and up the opposite hill to the right of the blazing fires and told to fire two rockets if they got into touch with Chicha Sima's Company 2nd Battalion, which we hear has come up to help us on the right. I did not go with them as the Commandant told me to wait with him and we would all go together. Felt rather a rotter but if there is much fast going in the dark with the 2nd Vod I'd be out of it after today's march, so stopped with the Commander of the Battalion. Vlaika's Vod already on the top of the hill, the 3rd regiment left wing. All the hillside to the left in a blaze, the Bulgars on the grass in long lines, I don't know why. There are two hills in front of us, a small yellow one and bit rocky one further on. The Bulgars seem to be throwing a good many bombs, and altogether we seem to be in for a hot time. These are lovely hills to fight in without food, drink or blankets. I had a sleep on some straw by the Mitrailleur for three or four hours till dawn. The remains of the 2nd Company have been collected and brought up - a very subdued looking lot, sitting near the Battalion Staff. Got a long letter from Sophie in the evening about 10 and read it by the bright

moonlight. The Bulgars are certainly fighting gamely but in these hills half a dozen men could manoeuvre against a whole Company.

September 8th, Saturday

Turned out before dawn. Went down to the Commander of the Battalion and had some coffee. Milutin went off with the Company and I thought the Commander of the Battalion was going at once but they sat on. Sat there all the morning as the Company had gone off and they took No.3 Hill. Didn't have any fighting apparently. About 1pm the Commander sent an Ordinance to the 1st Company to tell them to go ahead at once and take Hill 3. So I said I wanted to go back to the Company with him. I must say I would much rather have sat where I was. However the Company has already gone right up the hill and we couldn't find the Commandir anywhere and the fool of an Ordinance didn't know the way and had started with an empty water bottle. Trailed up and down those burnt hills, over the hot burnt wood ash until I couldn't do another step so I sat sown in the shade and told the Ordinance to leave me and go on and deliver his message. Thought I was going to die of thirst all alone till I saw the 2nd Company on the other hillside, and a passing soldier took me to them. Chipped in with Meditch and he gave me a drink of water and carried my carbine for a time. We had the most awful climb in the boiling sun. When at last we did get to the top met the 1st Company again and the Commandant and Captain Lyuba who had given me up for lost. The Commandant said to stay with them. We had supper and then I had a bit of a row with the Commandant because he wanted me to stay there with them and not go to the position with the 2nd Vod. as they were expecting an attack in the night and it is the same place where the 2nd Co. gave way. And he keeps fuming that I will be taken prisoner. However he let me go finally. We shared my reserve flask of brandy as we thought no day could be much worse than this had been. We are holding a sort of plateau with woods running up to it, no trenches. Little outposts all along. A Company of the 1st Regt. went with us and a Company in reserve. There are some Bulgar trenches there and a dead Bulgar bending down in one. I thought it was a live one at first. Popovitch and I dug a hole and sat there with Podnarednik Peter, and we strained our eyes gazing into the undergrowth and expecting a Bulgar with a bomb every minute. I kept watch while Popovitch had a sleep as he was pretty well done in and promised to wake him if anything turned up. After about an hour watching I heard a patrol, or something, coming up through the woods so woke him up as soon as I was sure of it. He and Peter took their rifles and went exploring but found nothing. About 3 am the Bulgars attacked at the front end, the 4th Vod, and pelted in bombs, the machine rifles kept up a brisk fire for some little while. We grasped our rifles and bombs and waited for a simultaneous attack in some other place as they had done to the 2nd Company, but nothing turned up. Lovely moonlight night. Had some straw in our hole and had hard work to keep awake all night. The front line attacking Bulgars are armed entirely with bombs, the second line rifles. The 4th Company distinguished themselves. I hear Doditch pulled his men together and saved their mitrailleuse when they were letting go, but they have had 10 or 12 killed and wounded. In the 2nd Company they were fighting all day and three men died from thirst not wounds. We had two wounded this evening in our Company.

September 9th, Sunday

Slept directly we left our holes from 6am to 8am then off again down through the wood across the open up hills, in strellatshky Story, i.e. Advance in line in open order. Machine gun on hill bothered us rather but we dodged along in short spurts. The Commandant came himself into the front line and the Bulgars took the hint and quit and we climbed up into their position. Such a climb almost perpendicular rock where we had to haul ourselves up by our hands to a sort of eagle's nest which any handful of men with any spunk could have held against a regiment. However they have cleared out their machine gun. No rest for us, down the other side and on till about 5pm where we stopped on a hill by a wood looking over the Cavadar Philip road. Down below our guns were harrying the retreating Bulgars and a huge ammunition dump blown up. Huge flames shooting up into the air, big explosions and clouds of black smoke. We made some coffee about sunset, lovely blood red sunset behind the black smoke of the ammunition dump. Stayed there the night I went with the 2nd Vod down into the wood, front line outpost. Posted strong sentries and the exhausted men slept. I slept all night without any blanket except for one short burst of firing on our left when we all sat up and took notice. So far my Company has come off lightly, no heavy fighting and taken our positions easily. The men are splendid, dead tired almost barefoot nothing to eat till nightfall (supper for us all came this evening at 12.30), they are in the height of spirits.

September 10th, Monday

Turned out at dawn down the wood and an awful stony hill at a good pace. My feet are cut and blistered and I am dead to the world. Got down to the level and on and on and on in scorching heat no water as usual (all this time we have suffered from thirst). There is a range of bare mountains in front of us to climb and signs of the horses yet. Got to the River Rayatz and heaps of water and a water mill. Felt I wanted to lie down and wallow in it and be T.T. for the rest of my life. Washed and drank and dipped my head in it and then ate some cold fish Chicho Sima gave me, I fell in with him in the morning when I dropped behind my Companuy. I am one of the stragglers at last. Thought I might as well die by the water instead of on the hill so lay down there by the water and just as we were starting my horse turned up. An awful climb up the bare hills in scorching heat for the men. Captain Lyuba nearly done in. I had just offered him my horse as my courage has come back now that I have had a ride, when his own turned up. The Commandant still tramps ahead like a good 'un. The men are nearly done in by the heat but still game. I carried Mancha's machine rifle on my saddle all day as it was so heavy for him. Camped at dusk on the hillside. Lovely moonlight nights all the time. I turned in with the men, no blankets, only overcoats, and draughty. The Commandant sent for me to come to supper but I had already had some and he seemed to have settled himself so comfy with a tent that I felt rather sore and sent back a message that I was already turned in. I was already asleep when his orderly came again and was so persuasive with offers of coffee and wine and a blanket that I put my pride in my pocket and put my boots on again (I had taken them off, my feet were so sore) and went and slept in the Commandant's tent after supper by the fire. My parcel of clean clothes has come so I turned the Commandant out of his tent for ten minutes and arrayed myself all clean for the first time for ten days, my shirt was almost unrecognisable as white flannel. Sat and talked to Tzoukavatz and had coffee and wine till about 12.30.

September 11th, Tuesday

Turned out 4.15am before dawn. Were to start at 5 but had to wait till 6. Long hot march in scorching sun, feel as if my backbone had melted. We seem to be catching up the Bulgars again as we hear firing. We are doing forced marches to prevent them from taking up new positions. Are on the road to Veles now. Stopped in the shade by some water about 11am and stayed till

Many thanks to the Bulgars for giving us some rest. We can't go ahead as we are Regimental Reserve since last night. Had a copious lunch of cold lamb, Mirko bought (?) and cooked, Popovitch the other non-coms and myself. 3rd Regiment going ahead. Roasting day, hills as bare as desert, grey-yellow and shimmering in heat. Village Orakevatz where we sat. Started again at 4 pm and got to Svetchansi where we sat for a bit and the men got a lot of tobacco leaf. There had been two German Cavalry officers there hidden in one of the houses, the Colonel and the Adjutant had a shot at them with their revolvers but they got away. Patrolled house to find more Bulgars. Went up to the top of a hill to Polojai. Our Vod a little further on. Outpost. Very hungry and dismal Mallisha had the rest of the lamb and he and I and Popovitch had a good supper but bread did not come for the men till about 10.30. Just as we had settled down and posted sentries orders came to go on to another hill and the 3rd company to take our place. 3rd Co. seems to have lost itself in the valley and Woolley is very irate. The Commandant stayed in the village but wandered about the positions all night apparently. We went a good long way to the railway line near the Vardar. I was dead tired and slept on the stones the minute I sat down. Nothing happened. A good many dead Germans all along the road.

September 12th, Wednesday

At dawn we went along to a temporary station which the Germans had just evacuated and where our men got no end of loot. The Germans have thrown everything away in their haste, and we collected over 100 rifles near the river. The men found boots, a sack of tobacco and all sorts of things lying around and were in high feather. I found a topping German's Officer's Cavalry helmet but I had to throw it away. An Italian prisoner gave himself up to us and have the men sundry things out of his pockets. He had escaped from the Germans. About 6am we started and went a little way to the Vardar river where we sat for some hours. Three more Italians appeared out of the bushes with great joy, one spoke very good English. They had been 18 months prisoners and when the Germans bunked they hid in the bushes for five days waiting for us until the last of the Germans had gone. No-one knew what to do with them so I went and bearded the Commandant and got my head nearly bitten off for my pains. Went on to the top of a hill looking over the river where we camped as Battalion reserve. Lovely view over the mountains which are perfectly bare and yellow without a shrub and look rather like pictures of a rolling desert. Our hill is likewise bare and stony. Had supper and slept between Malasha and Popovitch with my overcoat only. Very hard and cold at dawn. Near Veles. And can see the Bulgar shrapnel over there. In the distance can see two columns advancing on the right, Misitch's old tactics going round right and left and cutting communications. Jugo slavs ahead still.

September 13th, Thursday

Up at dawn. Started off but when we got half way down the hill orders came to go back to our place. Soon got roasting hot on our stones, and I meanly took the opportunity of going down to the Battalion Staff and sitting in the shade with them by the River Vardar and had lunch there. Boiling day. Retired to a secluded spot in the bushes and bathed rather in trepidation as the Commandant and Captain Lyuba seemed so tickled at the idea. Afterwards they also bathed. And in the afternoon the men came down by Vod and bathed. We are held up here for a time apparently until the Drina Division forges ahead. We expect the order to move on in the afternoon but eventually stayed all night. Had supper with the Battalion Staff and slept there with Tzoukavatz.

September 14th, Friday.

Turned out at 3am. The whole regiment met a little way down and crossed the Vardar before dawn, it was a sight. The river is very wide but not deep and the men all took off their trousers and boots and waded across by Companies looking ludicrous in their little short coats. I rode across and then sent back my horse for Doditch. Tzoukevatz asked me afterwards if I had crossed like the soldiers. We marched (Inrode) the whole day till dark. Went through the village of Kichno where some artillery were camped and met the 1st Regiment there and Dragomir Popovitch. The men got into the village and came back laden with grapes and melons and we all ate them. The Commandant of the Battalion was furious and at the next village forbade all looting of any kind. At Kishno they said the people had thrown bombs the night before and killed three men of the 1st Regiment and found 200 cases of bombs there. We got to Ovtze Polje, a huge bare plain with very little water, yellow and stretching away like the prairie. Scorching sun all day and very hard march about 35 kilometres. Camped at dusk, all very tired. Turned in with the company between Mallisir and Popovitch. Supper came about 10 for officers, Papricash, the men got theirs 3.30am the bread never seems to come up to time.

September 15th, Saturday

Turned out 3.30am and had some tea. Came through village of Cerna Love, to the right of Svete Nichola, still the bare plains. Saw the commandant of the Regiment there and he invited me to lunch, but unfortunately I was far away at lunchtime. We left our horses as we have caught up to the Bulgars who are going to give battle. Our Cavalry patrol killed a Bulgar Cavalry officer and found papers on him and they seem to have about 5 Battalions. We were supposed to relieve the 1st Regiment but as we tried to do it by daylight apparently they wouldn't risk coming out of their trenches – wisely. The Bulgars got their artillery and machine guns on us and we had a hot time at first. 1st and 3rd Vod went right wing and got to the trenches with the 1st Regiment but 2nd Vod (mine) left wing and no trenches. Ran like hell across the open following Popovitch and eventually found myself in a small hole with the Commandir, Alexa and machine rifle and about a dozen men all squashed together. We eventually sorted ourselves out between the falling shells and cleared out some of them to dig holes for themselves and the Commandir went further back as soon as he got a chance and left Alexa and his two men and machine gun, Popovitch Mirko and me. The Bulgars sent over a few heavy and we did the ostrich trick and hoped for the best and expected the worst. Then the Bulgars got out of their trenches and bunked and we could see them streaking away but too long range, 1500 meters, and our artillery didn't fire at themso

they got away though we opened fire with rifles and machine rifles, our machine guns kept quiet. Then we cleared out and chased them across the pen the whole blooming day in scorching sun till we were all done in and could hardly crawl. Our company farthest ahead and luckily only two wounded in 1st and 3rd Vod. Our Vod went straight across the open in Strelachy Story under machine gun fire without wavering, bullets spitting all round. I couldn't hurry to save my life so they all got to shelter first and kept yelling to me to run. I never thought I could get there without getting hit. The Bulgars held out for a little and then bunked and our artillery sent a few shells after them but are sparing of their ammunition. We have apparently outstripped everything, ammunition, supplies and transport. We went 25 kilometers across country as the crow flies fighting all the way, the hardest day we have had yet. Our Vod are right away on the left wing, the furthest ahead, and rejoined the rest of the Company after dark, all done in but are able to sleep as our Company Vod is Company Reserve now. The first Regiment on our left and 2nd Battalion right, 3rd Battalion in Reserve, the 2nd Battalion is A.1. All dead tired and footsore and no bread for the men, 2nd day but they got their other meal some time in the night but without meat or bread. I started the morning with a glass of tea and ate nothing all day, too tired and thirsty. Malishir, Popovitch and I got some kind of a meal in the evening, Biscuit and tomatoes and onions we seiped by the way and my small piece of meat between us which Dragotin had carefully carried all day. Turned in between Malashir and Popovitch without either blanket or overcoat but we had two tent pieces and the night was warm and cloudy with a little rain at dawn. Mirko appeared later with a water melon and a water bottle full of wine which he had looted in the village and we all cheered up. Slept well but legs aching and very footsore. Took off my socks and soaped them. Very little water to be had so can't wash. The 2nd Company still hanging fire though one of them was brave enough to shoot a solitary Bulgar who was sheltering in the garden where we got the tomatoes and gave himself up, but all the rest of the men strongly condemned it.

September 16th, Sunday

Turned out 4.30am drizzling and dark. Only went a little way at first and rested. Malishir and Popovitch and I had some breakfast with what they had and I had and Mancha got a lot of water melons in a village we went through. As we came through the villagers gave us bread, dark gritty stuff but not bad, and anything we asked for, melons, etc. Started off then on march, boiling hot again and no signs of horses yet, but mercifully after about an hour mine turned up. They say the Bulgars are flying ahead and we shall have a long march today. In the afternoon fell in with the Commandant of the Regiment and the Brigadier and the Comm. Regt. invited me to supper so stayed on and rode with them as we all went the same road. Got to Cerna Verk (Black Summit) at dusk, a high mountain overlooking all the country and covered with trees and low shrubs. Battalion stayed there, every Company on the positions and the Regimental staff went back on the mountains where the 3rd Battalion were in Reserve. The Regimental Staff on a big flat place, lighted roaring fires, spread some hay and sat on it by the fire with Commt Regt. and had tea and rum, very comforting. Then supper in Commt. Regt tent with him and Chicha Lyuba and Lotovitch. And then slept in Lotovitch's tent with him and the telephone.

September 17th, Monday

Slept till 9am when Tzoukavatz appeared and woke me up. Sat with Regimental Staff all morning and with Command Division and Commandant Brigade. Took some photos of them. We have advanced in 15 days 150 kilos as the crow flies. A deputation came from the little town of Krakovo to the Brigade to say the Bulgars had evacuated yesterday and to send a Serbian Officer to take over the town and the stores left behind. The Bulgars are burning the villages driving off all the stock and stores and leaving the inhabitants without anything at all. An old man came to the Adjutant to say they had nothing left, the Serbs give them an order for supplies. I took his photo with Lyuboo. The Bulgars are still mutilating the wounded. The Commandant Brigade told me we found one of our men cut all over the chest and roasted alive over a fire, unrecognisable but probably belonging to 3rd Regt. and several with eyes put out and nose cut off. He also said the Bulgars had told their Minister of Interior who was close here a few days ago that he had better conclude peace as soon as possible as the Bulgarian soldiers had already begun to do so on their own.

In the 3rd Battn. the men had collected round a fire to receive their tea when one of their bombs which they would carry in their belt exploded and wounded 8 or 9, one fatally.

Had lunch there with Command. Regt. and after lunch came the news from the Brigade that the Bulgars had capitulated and we were to make a separate peace. Feeling very divided, some glad that we were to go straight back to Serbia but most of them think, though they do not actually say so to me, that the Allies have let us down, now that we have beaten the Bulgars we are not to go into Bulgaria and take their country. I feel very bad indeed about it and so do most of them who have lost brothers in the war that the Bulgars can make peace now and lose nothing. No rejoicing at all and quite different from what I pictured, although we are really to go straight back to Serbia at last. About 5 we got orders to start but hadn't gone more than a mile when we were turned back, some mistake in the orders.

My things came so put up my tent and put on clean clothes and took off my boots.

September 18th, Tuesday.

Up before dawn but we didn't start till 8.20. Very hot day and fearful march for the men (I rode about 45 kilos). Got to camp after dark about 7.30. Everyone dead tired and footsore but all turned up. We stopped for half an hour about 4, and I met the Command. Regt. there and had coffee. Chich Alubo found a sick Bulgarian lying by the river and said he had caught a prisoner. The Command. Regt. told Dr. Boro to look at him and the whole staff worried about how to transport the fellow to the nearest village as he was too sick to ride, they are really extraordinary people, the Serbs. I don't know what happened to him eventually but our own men go on, sick or well, hungry and bootless. When we got in in the evening there was nothing to eat for anyone and of course nothing all day except some bread. The Command. Regt. had invited me to supper but I lay down by the Battalion Staff fire and there I stayed and had a very good supper with them and slept in the Command. Battn's tent with him. I felt mean having supper when the men had nothing but it won't do them any good if I don't. My things turned up too late to be of use. No supper for my Company at all, officers or men.

September 19th, Wednesday.

Commdt Battn woke me up before dawn, turned out but we did not start before 11. The men got something to eat at 5am. We marched in the direction of Kumanovo – where we should have got last night but too far. In the morning the Commandir read sundry orders about the Bulgars being done for, etc. and about marching and not looting the villages. Yesterday morning the Commdt. Regt. gave everyone a fearful dressing down because there had been a good deal of it in the village, our Company came in for the brunt of it but it was not us at all, must be the Komora or the 3rd Regt.

Got to a hill about 12.30 and there had to wait because the Bulgars (some say two divisions, some say an Army) who were cut off have capitulated but refused to lay down their arms, and the Serbs have sent them an ultimatum to do so at once or fight. We are sitting waiting for the result now. They gave in and disarmed about 20 000 men.

September 20th, Thursday.

Our battalion went off on its own into the mountains of Karadac to make the route secure for the regiment. It rained, and we went, and we went and we went in the pitch dark and pouring rain along a narrow track through the mountains, knee deep in mud, half the men got lost and all were half dead. We finally got to a village Pechina (I think) I slept in a room in a Turkish house with the Commandant and Captain Lyubo and the Adjutant on the floor, many fleas.

September 21st, Friday.

We did not start very early. The commandant told our Turkish host that I was a woman and he took me in to see his women folk, who would not believe it at first. An awfully pretty girl there. We rested all the afternoon by a stream waiting for the Battalion of the 3rd Regt to relieve us. Started again about 6pm and marched all night till 3.30am when we arrived at camp. I slept when riding and had often to walk.

September 22nd, Saturday.

Arrived at camp 3.30am and slept from 4 to 6am, turned out and marched all day. The Commdt had waited for the 3rd Regt and not yet turned up, Captain Lyubo taking his place. He turned up in the morning. Had lunch by the side of the road with the Commdt of the Regt. He said we looked a nice pair, Captain Lyubo and I, as if we hadn't slept or washed for a week, I stayed on with them and slept with the Regimental Staff. We had a topping supper in a sort of room without windows or doors with a huge fire in the centre and piles of straw all round to sit on. Poured rain all the afternoon and was soaked through and through.

September 23rd, Sunday.

Stubla.

September 24th, Monday.

Predijane. Marched all day. Camped near village of Predijane. The Commandant had a house but I elected to stay with the Company and put up my tent there. Had supper (soup) with them. Rained in the night.

September 25th, Tuesday.

Rained nearly all day and thick mud. Turned out before dawn. Marched all day passing through various muddy villages. Camped in a field near village Bianifa and Staykavatz. I had supper with Commandt Battn. and put up my tent there. Rained all night. No bread for the men and no supper for anyone. We were disappointed not to go to Leskovatz which we left on our left and where we heard they had made great preparations to receive us. No-one allowed to go to their homes and some of the men cried with disappointment as they were so close. A wave of bad temper and depression seems to have swept over the whole Battalion from the Commandant down.

September 26th, Wednesday.

Topolmitza. Turned out before dawn, still raining. Marched all day through the rain and thick squishy mud, a very long trek. Went through a lot of very muddy villages, the women barefoot and everything mud and dirt. They all turned out to welcome us and crowded round me when we stopped as the men always told them who I was. I feel my enthusiasm for Serbia oozing away in the mud at every step. It was pathetic to see the old mothers waiting along the road and scanning every soldier for their sons and sometimes finding them as this is the part the 2nd Regt. comes from. If they were not there the men always said they would be along with another Regiment and the poor old things stood there by the side of the road with their little baskets of food they had brought from home for the boys they hadn't seen for four years, and who had very probably had died in Albania.

An order had come through that no men were to go to their homes and some of them cried outright because the commandant had to keep saying No to them. Wherever we went the men pointed me out to the women and they pressed chunks of bread on me (very acceptable) and unripe pears and flowers. We were all dead beat and got to camp near village Topolnitza in pitch dark, the Austrians are holding near there and there is a good deal of artillery to be heard. We seem to be going straight for it. Our 3rd Vod sent a little ahead. We had some straw but nothing to eat and it poured all night. New Commandir. Captain Rasitch, Milutin is sick. Put up my tent, the sides of it at least, and slept there with new Commandir as he has lost every single thing he has so I found him curled up in my tent when I got there. Very cold and wet and hungry, couldn't sleep so got up 2.30am and sat by the fire and made some tea and at 4.30am in pitch dark we were all turned out.

September 27th, Thursday.

Dark and raining and anything but inviting and I did not feel at all in fighting trim. No more did the exhausted men, I think. However we only went about 100 yards down the hill and sat and waited all the morning. Our 3rd Vod took 32 prisoners and the Austrians have retired. Moved on and marched all day through the mud and stopped finally on a hillside about 3 kilometers from Nish. Nothing to eat (have had nothing for the last two days but some bread) and hungry.

When the Commandant discovered it he gave me some lunch about 4 o'clock I had had nothing to eat for two days and he was surprised when I refused a glass of wine so asked why. Supper came in the evening for us all and I ate mine with the Battalion Staff by the fire and slept in Commandant's tent but nearly rolled into the ravine in the night as his tent was on the very edge.

September 28th, Friday.

Turned out at dawn but we didn't move all day, the Germans are holding out. We are Reserve. Plenty of bread now but nothing else. The camp is full of soldiers' relatives, the women have tramped miles to bring them parcels from home. In the evening we lit big fires and I put up my tent – at least half of it – and gave the Commandir the other two creelas to put up a tent for himself as he has nothing at all with him. Commandir ordered a sheep to be killed in the evening for the men and we had some liver etc. for supper. He seems a good Commandir and looks after the men and doesn't care a rap for anyone. Rained hard in the night.

September 29th, Saturday.

Nish taken. The men had hot stew for breakfast. About 9am we started and our Company was ordered to take the village of Lalinde. When we got near it we heard a great screeching and saw a crowd of women and kids running. Commandir thought the Germans were there and were using them as a screen so ordered my Vod to fix bayonet and charge and we charged across a ploughed field to the village with bayonets on rifles and our hearts in our mouths and our boots gathering tons of mud till they were as heavy as lead, and nearly scared the women into fits as they thought we were Germans. There was not a German in the village, they gave us a great reception afterwards. 1st 2nd and 4th Vod around village at a little distance to safeguard it. Commandir and 3rd Vod in a cottage in the village. It poured and poured but we (2nd Vod) rigged up creelas and got some straw and made ourselves as comfy as we could under the circumstances. It was a bit damp. Commandir was in a cottage in the village and he sent an ordnance for me later on to fetch me to supper and we had a tophole supper provided by the people in the cottage. Kaigan (eggs and cheese mixed up), pigs innards and two fat chicken and a sort of colachi. Commandir wanted me to sleep there but the room was baking and filled with soldiers sleeping all round the walls and besides that I knew I ought to go back to the men so I went back to the 2nd Vod. After supper some of the women came into see me and carried me off to their room where I sat on a stool by the fire and drank coffee and they all squatted on the floor and talked to me. I was relieved when Nahrenik Peter and another soldier (ordnance) came in to protect me and helped me out with the conversation and they interpreted as I can't understand half the women say. The cottages are mostly plaster and mud with one room and mud floor and rival the dirtiest Irish cottage ever. Everything in the villages is a sea of mud and the people are barefooted and filthy and so are the swarms of kids. They have lost everything, stock driven off and everything in the houses, even their clothes, 'requisitioner' by the Bulgars and Germans. They are most hospitable and in every village pressed bread and apples and quince, etc. on us and here we have had heaps of rakia too. They say the Germans pay for everything, whatever is asked so I gather some of them have not done so badly, but the Bulgars just take everything. The Germans and Bulgars don't get on, the Germans taking everything and not allowing the Bulgars to buy. As far as I can gather some villages

seem to have suffered more from their own 'smret' i.e. head man than anyone, he being in with the Bulgars and requisitioning his neighbours stock while keeping his own. In one village the soldiers shot 7 men, Serbs, on their own account and Redinko says that is nothing, that they will do that everywhere where they find the Serbs have been helping the Bulgars at all. In the part where the Revolution was in 1917 (Droculja) everything has been destroyed by the Bulgars. Dankovitch tells me his village has been burnt to the ground and his family, mother and brother, living outside as best they can. The same in Mladin's village, heaps of the villagers shot and beaten and wholesale burning and looting. All these tales I hear when we sit round the camp fires at night with the men. After supper I went back to the 2nd Vod. Alexas's father came and Dragoutin's father and mother. He and his mother reminded me so much of Sophie and Gerard. We made a good fire and sat round it all night as it had stopped raining and all drank rakia from the same bottle. Crawled on to my straw to sleep about 1am cold and damp but slept well in my overcoat only. There was street fighting in Nish and great doings and I was out of it to my great disgust. As Mancha said we had been talking of getting to Nish for the last three years and all we saw of it was a muddy field and pouring rain.

Sunday Sept. 30th 1918

Up at dawn and went back to village. Dragoutin's mother brought him a bottle of goats milk and we had hot milk for breakfast. She arrived barefooted in the mud but on going away she and Father both produced lovely Serbian socks and opankies and put them on, I believe half of them go barefoot from choice. About 8am we left the village and went a little way to the village of – 3rd Vod in reserve. And 1st and 4th ahead our 2nd near the village in a field. Had a hell of a time the whole afternoon and evening. The Germans have four batteries. Howitzers, and field guns on a hill overlooking us, they pelted us with shell and shrapnel without stopping. We lay under a hedge and played at being partridges, but not much shelter. One shell hit a house and killed a woman and man and three kids. There was a boy minding sheep in a field in front of us who seemed quite unconcerned. At dusk we got back to village and took 3rd Vod's place in a field ahead doing the move in a perfect storm of shrapnel. –they spot every movement. The villagers keep moving around and one small boy was minding a flock of sheep in a field quite unconcerned, while we hardly dare move. Killed a sheep for supper for the men. We left the village about 11pm 2nd Company relieving us, and marched to the Battalion, rotten march, we seemed to be going goodness knows where in the dark, two peasants leading us to a deserted village and then disappearing, Capt. Catitch cussing some, but finally Battalion ordonnance took us in tow and we arrived 2am on a hillside called Popovi Glava (Pope's Head). Commandir and I had some supper and slept under a tree, I didn't put up my tent as it was so late. No wood for a fire, cold night. German aeroplanes during the day came over and dropped bombs on Nish.

Monday Oct. 1st

At Popovi Glava. Turned out a little after dawn. Orders for everyone to be camouflaged with branches, all tents etc. and not to move about. Aeroplane came over about 9.30am and dropped three bombs on Nish. We are overlooking Nish from a hill, no cover here for us. After all the talk about Nish for us it has been only a muddy field and shellfire, 2nd and 3rd Battalion have gone through the town and had a great

reception. In afternoon we moved down to a wood and the whole Battalion camped there for a rest, we don't know for how many days, nice place, lots of wood for fires, I went to ask Commandant of Regiment if I might go to Nish tomorrow, and found Tzoukavatz in his place, he said we would go together, stayed to supper with him and rode back to my Company late by myself. Lovely moonlight night.

Tuesday, October 2nd 1918

I rode over early in the morning to Tzoukavatz and found Commandant Regiment had not yet come back, so he had to wait. My horse lame and he said it wasn't and wouldn't give me another, so waited till noon. When Pesitch came and at once gave me a permit for town and another horse. Tzoukavatz went on and wouldn't wait, I rode into Nish alone simply furious with him. Went to see Col. Belitch to find out where Mac is. He was charming as always and said he always knew where I was all the offensive. I'm very thin and brown, my face is mahogany colour under my 'shycatcher' and clothes a bit the worse for the campaign, but feel very fit. While I was with Belitch Tzoukavatz's sisters came in to take me to their house. Three sisters and Mother and small boy, awfully nice, put me up for the night and everything, and Tzoukavatz and his brother there and a most jolly party. T is quite different at home off duty so jolly and kiddish. I went to supper with Belitch and Voyvoda Misitch and staff and afterwards Belitch came back with me and we all sat up till 3am talking.

October 3rd, Wednesday.

Tzoukavatz and I went to see Commandant of Regiment but he had gone. The town is all hung with flags. Half used to be German and half Bugarian, and the prices awful, 30 francs a metre for cotton stuff, 120 dinars a litre for oil, sugar 40 dinars a kilo. In the time of the revolt in 1917 they were all shut into their house for days. When T's sisters wanted to decorate for the Serb's arrival the Germans gave them beautiful roses from their mess! To do so, they all knew the Serbs would be here in a couple of days, the Germans hung on to the last and then started fires at the railway station and various places and in the end there was street fighting between the townspeople – lade of 15 - and the Germans.

After lunch T and I rode back to camp. Had supper with Commandant Regiment.

Thursday, Oct. 4th.

Stayed about in camp all day. C.O sick. Reg. Staff and Battn. Staff moved to village below us.

Oct. 5th Friday.

Rode to village to meet Comm. Regiment and from there with him to Nish to his sister's house. Had lunch there. Called to see T's sisters. Everyone in the streets seemed to recognise me and the Comm. Reg. and I rode out of the town looking like a bridal couple with wreaths of flowers and coloured towels flowing from our horses bridles. We left at 4pm and had a four hour ride to camp, my saddle awful and could hardly sit and very uncomfy ride, poured rain latter part of way, we were very glad to

get to camp about 8 and have supper. Tzoukavatz came in after supper and as he and the Adjutant had a room in the village I went back and slept with them.

Oct. 6th, Sat.

Got another saddle.

Oct. 7th to 11th

No entries in diary. Stayed in reserve another two days, we were to have been 10 days, but sent to the Front again, 2nd Reg never long out of it. Marched to just outside Parachin. Had a hot time from some German Batteries on the hills above Parachin. Took up a position at night near the railway line and lay on our faces behind a bank and were shelled, we thought they'd get our range every minute and there was absolutely no cover, but they all went over and burst in the field behind. Only knew what my company was doing, but heard afterwards Comm. and 2nd Battn. killed and pretty heavy losses, our artillery is far behind and the Germans got these batteries away last night in their retreat and they have shelled the town of Parachin to bits, yesterday we met crowds of refugees streaming along with their household goods on their backs, one old chap clasping nothing but a huge pillow in his arms, the only thing he had remembered to save apparently. Shelled for a couple of hours, very cold, I want to sleep in the middle of it as there was nothing to do but lie there. About midnight moved forward and halted near a factory where there were a good many of our men lying dead. At dawn we were told to dig ourselves in near the river, my Platoon near the Bridge. I went down to the river to get a wash the first for several days, and got in for it, I promptly dropped in the mud they pelted it in so fast you hadn't time to move a yard to get under cover, one continuous stream of shells most of which fell in the river. I was sown there by myself so wondered if they'd know it was me if anything happened to me and how soon they'd miss me. When it let up for a few minutes Popovitch crawled out from under the bridge where he and half a dozen of the men were sheltering and sung out to know if I was still alive and I went and joined them there. I remarked if a shell hit the bridge we'd have it all on top of us but he said 'if I knew a better 'ole I'd better go to it'. We dug ourselves holes in the sand and stayed there all day, and were much better off than the men in the field who couldn't move at all. About every half hour they shelled the bridge, or if anyone went over it, and could distinguish between a soldier and a civvy crossing. Very hot. Mancha crawled away through the bushes and got into the town and came back laden with loot, bread and meat and wine and rakia and we had a fine time all day and did nothing but eat, he got a lot of grapes too.

October 11th 1918

He and Dragoutin Krstitch made two excursions, brought back news that the town had been badly shelled. Bathed my feet in the river under the bridge. Never seen worse bombardment than we've had these last two days. Lay there all day, at dusk we moved forward in single file through a maize field under shrapnel. Our Decetina advanced outpost, Popovitch and I and about 10 men, Mancha with machine rifle (Lewis gun). A strange officer whom I don't know gave us our instructions, said we were to sit with our bombs clasped to our chests and not make a sound or fire or we'd draw the artillery again, not to sleep and to keep sharp lookout. 2nd Decetina in a

village to left of us, we are all by ourselves here, as Popovitch remarks not a very great lot to stop a counter attack if one is coming off. The men dug themselves in and we posted strong sentries and let the rest sleep. They were absolutely done in. Popovitch dug a hole for us two and we took it in turns one of us always walking about and going round the sentries. I discovered a great big old Turkish trench about 150 yards from our hole and fetched Popovitch up to look at it, its about 5ft. deep running at right angles to the maize field, one end runs into the wood. Popovitch said we'd move in at dawn not safe at night as the enemy might attack through the maize and we should not see them, as it is they'll have to cross a clear space before us. I wandered along to see where the trench led to the wood, Popovitch stayed behind, very foolishly left my rifle in our hole, and so did he, just as I turned back to get I glanced down into the trench and saw someone lying there glaring at me, thought they'd got me at last and felt inclined to make a bolt back but screwed myself up to go back and challenge them as they can't get me without making a sound. Turned out to be a woman and small kid, spy I think. P. came up and we made her get up, she said she had run away from bombardment and fallen in with the German army and come back and that there was a strong German patrol in the wood about 200 yards in, I expect they sent here to find out about us. She gave us a loaf of flat bread and a bottle of rakia and we sent her under escort to the C.O. Lucky I hadn't had my rifle or should have shot at sight, half dark night. Bitterly cold night, we all had a drink of rakia. I had fever and felt rotten and shivered violently all night and ached all over, no blanket or overcoat.

Friday Oct. 12th

At dawn we moved into the old trenches we discovered last night. Got armfuls of wet maize stalks and made ourselves comfy beds and settled down to sleep, but soon after sun up word came to move on, and we all trailed back to our Bridge and rejoined the rest of the Co. and the whole Battalion collected a little further on. I am done to the world, ache all over and can't walk another step, so when I found the Regimental staff I asked Chicha Lyuba who has come back if I can stop with them. Have got fever I think, told the Co. I couldn't go on and he said alright go to the Ambulance, God knows where the Ambulance is, miles behind I suppose, no-one seems to know. The Company went off across the hills to take up a position and I stayed with the Staff, Chicha Lyuba got me a horse and said he'd fix me up. Rode with them through Chupriya, a small town. I rode with Lyuba and was so smothered with wreathes and flowers I could hardly see, and my gee could hardly hold its head up, flags out everywhere and the whole population in the streets, we came in at one end as our cavalry patrols were driving the last of the Germans out of the other end of the town. It was a great reception, but I didn't feel at all like being 'demonstrated' and was glad when we got through. Just as we got out of the town five German aeroplanes came over they went on to Parachin and dropped bombs there instead of on us. Rained hard all evening. The Germans started shelling again, the Reg. Staff struck off into a wood and after a long delay put up their tents there. The Battalion is somewhere a good way ahead, we can hear the firing. I lay on the ground and dozed in the rain till the fire was lighted, must have had a pretty high temperature, Mile the Commandant's nephew sent me a glass of hot tea and when the fire was eventually lighted we all sat round it and had supper and hot drinks and felt a bit better, turned in in Lyuba's tent, he had a spare camp bed and he piled all the coats he could lay his

hands on over me and said I'd be all right in the morning. It poured rain all night and I congratulated myself I was not out with the Company on the hills.

October 13th, Saturday.

Turned out early, the Staff is pushing on, but was too bad to stand, nothing for it now but to wait where I am till the Ambulance picks me up damn it. The Col. And Staff went off. And they the orderlies had to take down the tents and pack up to follow, they covered me with a blanket and I lay on the grass in the rain till about 10 when they said the Ambulance had arrived not far off. Went and saw Captain Boro who said I had Spanish Flu and must go back to Chupriya and get into the hospital there if it was opened, if not into a private house an orderly came with me and we rode two hours through pelting rain to Chupriya, God help the Serbian soldier when he's sick. Found a Greek doctor in charge of hospital and indescribable confusion, only just opened and sick pouring in, Spanish flu pneumonia and exhaustion mostly, no beds, nothing, fearful smells. A bolnichar got me a room in the town near by and the people took me in, awfully good to me, went to bed and very glad to get there, they put me into their best bedroom and gave me some pyjamas as you could hardly tell my shirt had ever been white. The Greek doctor said he would be round in a couple of hours but never came near me for 24, but I didn't want anything except to get to bed.

October 14th 1918, Sunday

No further entries in diary. Was at Chupriya altogether nearly three weeks. Haven't got it badly and only want to be let alone. Cichot the French Vet. Rode through the next day and heard that I was somewhere there so hunted my up and prescribed for me, that was all the doctoring I got but it seemed all right enough. The two women and their old mother awfully good to me, their husbands are both prisoners. After about 5 days I was getting better and they brought me such awful tales of how the men were dying up in the hospital and no-one could do anything for them I crawled out of bed and went up to investigate. Miloye the boy who has charge of my pack-horse has found me and has taken up his quarters here to look after me, he's quite a character and a very good nurse and batman. When I went to the hospital I found a fearful state of things, the men lying in their clothes on the floors, no beds up and no blankets, and about 100 French soldiers in as well as the Serbs. They tell me the Greek doctor won't take patients in and let one man die on the stretcher outside the door where he had lain all day, I started out by telling him I'd report him personally, so that cleared the air a bit and after that he let me do as I liked. Got hold of all the women in the town and told them what I thought of them and made them bring up clothing and blankets, and next day we had every man in bed and in clean pyjamas. Mercifully the Greek got flu or something and retired to bed. The Orderlies are very good, the head one especially. We rigged up a bath room and every man as he comes in unless absolutely dying is stripped and tubbed and put to bed in clean clothes, otherwise we'll have the place swarming with lice directly, theres hardly any food to give them. Wrote out a pass on my own for an orderly to take a wagon and go into the villages round and beg borrow or steal food, especially eggs, and he came back next day with heaps, the villagers are only too willing to give everything they can, and there's lots in the villages but little in the town.. Wrote a pass and sent a man every second day, when the old Inspector came round a couple of weeks later he said

there was not another hospital fed like it. We are fearfully short of everything, there are only a very few most elementary medicines, and there are so many patients we can't find beds for all, but put three men in two beds, and cloths are running short again. One night the lighting in Hosp. gave out and I went round the town and commandeered lamps, whoever had two had to give me one, its two awful having another night in practically pitch darkness as we had one night. Went to French Headquarters in the town and asked for a doctor and explained matters to them and told them there were a lot of their own men in , and they sent a most awfully nice little doctor who came and did rounds every morning and sometimes in the afternoons. But he may have to go off any day. I'm still pretty rocky on my legs but haven't time to think of it, and my people feed me up and give me very good wine. My old head bolnichar is playing out so I took night and he won't be called up at all. The French peg out more easily than the Serbs and we get two or three deaths a day. There are a lot of pneumonia cases and when they are brought in they are hopeless, the French especially. To complicate matters we have a pukka typhus, a French doctor brought in very far gone. Isolated him in a place all by himself and put on a special bolnichar and try to keep it dark, and the medical student and I are doing him, I don't want the little French doctor to get it, but he has a look at him without going too near. He's been delirious a lot, I sat up with him all night his last night as I knew he'd go about 3, no- one could stop him. They gave him a big funeral and all the French came. One day the French convalescents broke into the room where the kit was stored and stole some things and sold them down the town for drink, the bolnichars fetched me up as they could do nothing with them, I read the Riot Act and put a sentry at the door with orders to shoot anyone who tried it again, these are French Colonial troops. And their officers say the toughest crowd in the army but they're really very good with me but far more exacting than Serbs, still the poor devils have been having a rotten time. Milosh Georgevitch is also in here with flu, and thinks he's going to die but I gave him some stuff and finally got him to think better of it. Sent a wire to Serb Headquarters for a doctor, but none forthcoming. When things slacked off a bit and were running a bit more smoothly I had to rejoin my Regiment so picked up Admiral Troubridge's second car one day as it was going through Chupriya and hiked off to Belgrade leaving Miloye to follow with the luggage.

Belgrade 1940

February

Thursday 1st. Thaw then frost. Roads awful in the evening. A Russian chauffeur helped me as far as Slavia. Yurie waiting for me at Kafana Avala.

Friday 2nd. Posted letter to Itt. Thaw.

Saturday 3rd. Thaw. Went to Mr Vidakovitch's funeral in the afternoon. Home for tea with Yurie. Letter from Fan.

Sunday 4th. At home all day, with Yurie. Thawing.

Monday 5th. Rain and frost. Very slippery. A Russian took me as far as Slavia, and Yurie met my bus at Avala.

Wednesday 7th. Walked back to Slavia from Fisher's lesson. Took taxi home, no buses.

Thursday 8th. Had free time in afternoon. Ordered corsets. Went to dressmaker and took my skirt. Went to Vracar cinema, -rotten.

Friday 9th. Tried to catch 10.30 bus, but not running. Waited half an hour. Fine sunny day. Gave 8 lessons. Home 9.30. Bed early.

Saturday 10th. Pouring rain. At home all day. We killed a goose. Got up late. Electrician came to repair radio at 5 o'clock.

Sunday 11th. Fine sunny day. Did not go out. Doc came to supper. Snowed in night. Wrote to Fan, Meg and Phyl.

Monday 12th. Fine day. Snow again on ground. Usual lessons. Went to Slavia cinema 3-5, King Edward VII. Very good.

Tuesday 13th. Snowing hard.

Sunday 25th. At Kamenica. Lovely sunny day. Doc and I and dogs took a walk in the snow.

Monday 26th. Doc and I came back to town by 10.32 train am. Lessons.

March 1940

Saturday 9th. Went to town in morning about ticket. Dressmaker. Went to servants bureau. Home for lunch.

Saturday 23rd. Yurie and I went to Kam. By 11.34 train and took Cherry Vidakovitch with us. Car met us Novi Sad. Went to walk in afternoon.

Sunday 24th. At Kam. Lovely day. We all motored to forest and picked snowdrops and dug up bulbs. After tea Doc and I walked down to the villa.

Monday 25th. We left Kam 10.30am train. Home for lunch. I went into town for lessons in afternoon.

Saturday 30th. Tinkle came to teach Yurie to make cakes. Con and Ivan came to tea.

Sunday 31st. Stayed in bed late. Had a cold. Fine day.

April

1st Monday. Felt rotten and came back from lessons at 2.

Tuesday 2nd. Stayed in bed.

Wednesday 3rd. Stayed in bed.

Thursday 4th. Went to lessons. Posted letters to Fan and Meg. Didn't do evening classes.

Friday 5th. Lessons. Home 9pm. Fine day.

Saturday 6th. Started lessons with Singer boys 9am. Felt rather rotten.

July

Sunday 7th. At home. Fine hot day.

Wednesday 10th. Maritza didn't come. Thunderstorm in night and Pat kept us awake.

Thursday 11th. Maritza away. Stayed home all day. Hot day. We drank Jack Baker's health (his birthday). Letter from Lil Harris. Con, Laga and Dana came to tea.

Friday 12th. Maritza not back yet. Very hot. Met Dusmanichs at Reunion. Went in car with them back to lunch, and Con and I went to a Vashar at Topchider, and bought earthenware.

Sunday 14th. At home in garden.

Tuesday 16th. Went to Mil. Hospital, saw Mpravnik, then to Rontgen Dept. Good photo. Then to DrmDanic, Head Surg. Side and got a cert. For Matyaruska Banja. Very hot day.

Wednesday 17th. Went into town to Banski Pomoc, Balkanska 46, and to K.G. for legitimation. Home for lunch. Cool and cloudy.

Wednesday 24th. Left Belgrade 7.55am for Kraljevo. Yurie saw me off, taxi. Very hot. Carriage to M. B. No rooms. Found Pepic who tried to help.

Thursday 25th. Slept last night on camp bed in garden of Villa Macedonia, no rooms. Mosquitoes. Rain 6am. Room vacant this morning. Had my first bath. Rottenly dull.

Friday 26th. Hot day. Bath. Very tired. Chess in afternoon with the gazdar of Villa. Supper at hotel with Papic and Mrs. Bed 9.30.

Sat. 27. Awfully hot. Bath. Played chess with Gazdar. Supper at hotel with Pepics, and watched awfully rotten show. Home 11.15.

Sunday 28th. Cool and cloudy. Bath. Moved into upstairs room after lunch.

August

Thurs. 1st. Left Mataruska Banja at 11.30. Train 12.36. Widow and daughter came too but they went 3rd class. Changed at Lapovo. Sky black with clouds. Yurie met me on platform 6.40. We had a beer at Slavia and home by bus. Very glad to be home.

Friday 2nd. Pouring rain at intervals. Cold and windy. Unpacked. Did A/Cs. Went to Cinema 'War in Europe', German propaganda. Very interesting.

Saturday 3rd. Fine day. Went into town and lunch at Con's. We went to Dana's swimming races at the Bon Club, and I came home from there to tea with Yurie.

1940 AUGUST

Thurs. 8th. We tried to leave by 8 o'clock train for Dalmatia, but train all full. Returned home. No Maritza. Went again at 4pm to Sarajevo. Fairly comfy night but cold.

Fri. 9th. Arrived Sarajevo 5.30am. Changed there and went on 6.30am. Boiling day and awful journey. Arrived Dubrovnik about 4. Hotel Clotilde, Gruz. Supper at Hotel Clotilde.

Sat. 10th. Boiling weather, and night, and mosquitoes. Went into Dubrovnik, and we had lunch, lobster, at Morski (something). Tried to dine at Gradjanski Kafana in evening but it was full up.

Sun. 11th. Boat races at Ombla but we didn't go. Very hot. Went to Lapad and sat about there and looked at old Café Finish site. Supper at Hotel Clotilde.

Monday 12th. We went by steamer to Cavtat, had lunch there and bathed, and back by motorcar (150) Lovely drive. Got back about 7.30. Supper at restaurant in a garden. Hot night.

Tues. 13th. Sat at Gradjanski Kafana in morning, only cool place. Lobster lunch at M.S. After lunch went to Lokrum by motor boat, bather. Back about 7.30. Supper as usual Morski Speciality. Thunderstorm in night.

Wed. 14th. Left Dubrovnik by steamer 'Zagreb' 8am, arrived Makarska 3pm. Very hot. Hunted the whole place for rooms, found some at last at Mate Rus. Very nice pension, right out of the town.

Thurs. 15th. We bathed in morning. Lovely bathing places only had to walk down to sea in our bathing costumes, and heaps of little coves to choose from, ours just close. Walked about and explored in afternoon. Supper at 7.30 in garden, where we have all our meals. Bed 8.30, no electric light. A Russian woman and daughter, and Dr. and sister from Zagreb, and another girl there. Pine trees all near the house.

Friday. 16th. Fine day. Bathed morning and afternoon.

Sat. 16. I bathed before breakfast, and we both bathed after and in afternoon. Yurie got a chill late in afternoon, and was bad in the night, couldn't breathe, or sleep, I made him some tea.

Sun 17th. Yurie not at all well.

Mon 18th. We walked into Makarska (about 2 miles) to see Dr Vrakovic about Yurie, but he was away. Came back by the diligence, - an ancient affair drawn by a pony.

Tues. 19th. I bathed. Yurie not well.

Weds. 20th. We walked into Makarska again, very hot, saw a doctor. Yurie's B.P. 280, and he must not be in the sun or drink anything alcoholic. Seaside not good place for him.

Thurs. 22nd. Cloudy and stormy. Aeroplane Zagreb-Split missing and everyone talking about it. 9 passengers and pilot (afterwards found on mountains all dead). I went into Makarska in morning to try and get a sleeper to Zagreb but none till Monday. We think Yurie had better come home.

Frid. 23rd. Yurie rested. I walked into next village in afternoon, 4kms, lovely walk, had coffee and rakia in a pub, or rather outside one, and talked to the family.

Sat. 24th. Lovely weather. I bathed morning and afternoon. Yurie mustn't bathe unfortunately. We went for a little walk about sunset time.

Sun. 25th. I bathed in morning. We took a walk about 4 till sunset. Lovely day. Doctor and his sister left 6am.

Monday 26th. I went into Makarska about tickets. Bathed. Lovely weather. Packed up.

Tues. 27th. We left Mate Rus's in afternoon on very crowded bus. Lovely drive to Split. Putnik's had sold our sleeping tickets, had an awful row with them. Travelled 3rd class to Zagreb as seconds were all full. There Yurie did something with the conductor and he produced a sleeper at Zagreb, so we had a good night, and reached Belgrade next morning.

Weds. 28th. Home again.

OCTOBER

Maritza left. Got a succession of bad ones. Got along as best we could. Nothing exciting happened. Lessons as usual.

DECEMBER

I went into Military Hosp. with my leg, and had Xmas there. Terrible snow. Yurie came to see me every day and got a chill and then flu. I came out end of Jan.

BELGRADE, 1941

March 27th. Thursday. The 'Putsch' came off last night. All Ministries etc. in the hands of Gen. Simovic's men. I went down as far as Stankovic's in morning to see what had happened, in spite of Yurie's remonstrances that I'd get into some row. Processions and flags everywhere. Came back home very soon to tell Yurie King Peter was King. No-one could go down the town. Went down later in afternoon to Doc's and heard a great account of it all as they had seen it from their window. Such crowds I didn't go farther into the town, great processions etc. and rejoicing.

APRIL

Sunday 6th. Waked at 7am by bombs and firing. Went into Yurie who is still sleeping in the sitting room on the couch. Maritza started work that very morning, and came in to say they were only practising, but we knew better. We both got up and went into the little room for breakfast which we ate to the accompaniment of bombs which sounded very close, but the nearest at Auto Com. And Triglav St. All the windows in the attic-studio broken and glass showering down, and the whole house shook. Pat very scared. It went on at intervals all that day and next night. About midday Mrs. Pomorisatz and Zizzy and Gordon arrived, half dressed and very scared. Made up my room for them, and moved in with Yurie. They stayed a week. Sat with us during bombardments. Yurie not very strong yet. Food shortage, especially bread, but we got some from gendarmes. Capt. Nikola in charge of a gendarm post near Kafana Avala, and he came in pretty often, and told us the news. We did not go down the town at all.

Thurs. 10th. Didn't sleep much and got up about 6, Maritza and I went to Capt. Nikola at 7, Yurie couldn't walk so far. He came back with me, said goodbye to Yurie and Maritza and I set out for the Commandant Belgrade at Banitza. Snowing hard and bitterly cold. I took a bag with me, and a blanket, and Yurie's raincoat. Chauffer made a mistake and motored me to Topchider instead of Cukuritza station. Burst tyre, so he carried my bag and blanket as far as station. A Lieut. said a train in about an hour for Uzitca. Waited in station room. Then a Capt. said there were no trains from there, and I ought to have gone by the narrow gauge from Cucuritza. He put me into the post van of the post train, in charge of railway post official Dragichevitch, who gave me quite a comfy seat. Nothing to eat all day. Station Kusadek. Stayed there from 3.30pm. Thursday, till 12.30pm Friday night. Drag. Gave me some bread and a tin of rations about 4pm, first grub all day, and I gave him cigs. Truck next door full of people. Stove there. Made friends with all. Gave cigs. In the night an officer and soldier came

through and examined legitimations. Said line not clear. Rumours of parachutes and tanks all night. Slept more or less. Snow and cold outside. Everyone very anxious.

Friday 11th. Gave the train driver my tea and he made tea for all on the engine, but the rest of the tea disappeared for good. Had a sort of wash early in hot water from a tap under the engine, standing out in the snow. We stayed there all day. Before dark we cooked some grub, 'Cetnik' (a girl) made bread and cooked little flat cakes on the stove and boiled rice with a tin of rations for us all. Everyone nervous and prepared to leave the train and take to their heels across the fields if tanks were heard approaching. Engine out of water, soldiers filled up with buckets from pond. Train went back to Mladenovac station about midnight. Drag. and I went to the Chef de Gare who told Drag. to leave the train there and evacuate the passengers, and told me if I wanted to be killed to stay there with him as the station was just going to be bombed. I didn't, as he looked like a monkey, so went out on platform again. Drag. had disappeared, and I had left my luggage in the train, and blanket, and didn't know how to find the train again as it was somewhere down a siding far away. Pitch dark and raining, and not a soul to be seen. Wondered what to do. Found the guard room with about 30 soldiers, the Commandant Stanica's guard, and chipped in with them. After about 10 minutes we all piled into a horse truck and started. Drag. suddenly appeared again. Jolly fat railway clerk seemed to be bossing things. All stood in truck in pitch dark and jolted along expecting aeroplanes all the time. Stopped, and man came along and said change trains for Belgrade. Got out. Empty train of trucks standing alongside. Found a Captain standing in one giving orders. Turned out to be Capt. (Major) Stefan Bukovitch. He hauled me in too, and we all, (guards and radnicki (working battalion) proceeded.

Saturday 12th. Dawn. Got out. We marched to Sopud. Went to Nachelnik Srez. He gave me a blanket. The 'Sudika' (judge) with us all the time, and Lieut. Dusan Miloradovic a sick man with awful cough. Marched to Village Rogatcha arrived about 3pm. Soldiers slept in the school house. I went to teacher's house, lame, with wife and two kids. The Capt. there, he said he had not slept for 6 nights. Montenegrin. Very silent. Ate some bread and tin of rations in their kitchen, went to bed at once and didn't get up till next morning. Capt. came a little later and went to bed too. I got up once in night and prowled round for water and fetched him his boots! as he was worried they were not beside him.

Sunday 13th. EASTER. Soldier came in to wake us about 5. Teacher's wife gave us some coffee. We all started off. We had a bullock cart for luggage, and two rather feeble oxen. I went on bullock cart at first too, but soon had to get off and walk as the oxen weren't strong enough. Presently they called out to us to wait for Lieut. who was done in. We wandered along all day through roads like a morass, knee deep in mud, and woods and fields to Village Ramelovitch, where we stopped from 11am till 2pm. Met a Ratni drug (war comrade) who took me home to lunch, kaymak and kaigan, and all the village collected round us while he held forth about me. Started again about 2. Had had a nail in my boot at first, and feet very sore. Via Vrbica village. Had another ride in the bullock cart. New bullocks, one good and the other bad. Listened to heavy firing round Ralje on our right, and watched the smoke from our heavy batteries in some hills. Went all round Kosmaj mountain. Aeroplanes accompanied us (enemy) searching the road, and at intervals we lay down and took cover, but no bombs dropped. Round another mountain whose name I forget, where the Serbs made a last

stand against the Turks in 1918. The soldiers wandered along, resting and eating at intervals, the Major (who changed his epaulettes at Rogatza), stalking silently in front. Reached Arangelovatz after dark. Met the Komorra, and then the whole of the 50th Reg. coming out. Talked to a nice young Podnarednik with the Komorra. We all collected at the station in Arangelovatz. The Major went off for instructions, came back and said the woods for us at once. The Sudija, Lieut. And I went to the hospital as we couldn't walk any farther, where they received us hospitably, gave us cognac, and beds in a soldiers' ward. Couldn't sleep much, though very tired. In the middle of the night Narednik-Djac, son of Milan Radosavljevitch came and whispered to me that all the officers and doctors were bunking to the woods, did I wish to go too? I said most emphatically not. He was a very decent sort and came round to me several times in the night.

APRIL 1941

Monday 14th. Everyone woke up about 5, we three and about 12 soldiers. Had a sort of wash, and tea and bread. The Sudija bunked, and the Lieut. took his bed next mine, we had palled up and shared everything, and always had a water bottle of rakia on hand on the bedtable between us. Weather cold and gloomy. The Germans have taken Arangel. But we haven't seen any yet, though always expecting to. Sudija came back, brought tobacco for the men and two boxes of cigars, gave me one. A boy who is in our ward does our shopping. Bought some meat for the Lieut. and myself and they cooked it in the kitchen. Food not too bad, soup with a lump of meat in it, or beans.

Tuesday 15th. Lovely day. Got up and sat on the terrace in the sun.

Weds. 16th. In hospital. They moved the Lieut. away into the tubercular officers' room, Dr. says he has it.

Thurs. 17th. In hospital. Found there were empty rooms upstairs, (it was a hotel) so kicked up a row and they gave me one. Nice room, but I missed the company. The Sudija has come back and is in the office. Old gasbag.

Friday 18th. The U. (who had at once got into mufti) said there was a camion to evacuate the wounded. I went too. Dusko the Belgrade boy who was bombed, and a girl and his mother and a sister, and my soldier neighbour, and about a dozen more. Open camion, bitterly cold. We lay on mattresses on the floor with blankets. I lay low through Mladenovatz and felt like the Scarlet Pimpernel. Got to B.M.H about 2. Rad. had charge of us. I sat in hall and waited. Chef told me they would put me in the medical side as there was no room in the surgical. Sister Bogdanovitch took me up to the Aviator's room and gave me bread, cheese and sardines. About 6 a sister and I went through the whole hospital, not a bed. Back to 1st surgical side and a bolnichar said room 21 empty. Went to bed in the dusk (no lights). Very tired.

Sat. 19th. Sent a note to Yurie by Blag. 11 Reg. and he brought me back a parcel of pyjamas. etc. and letter.

Sunday 20th **RUSSIAN EASTER**. Talked to Maritza at gate. Packet and note from Yurie, he knows now thank goodness that I am alive, I was determined he should

know by Easter. He is not strong enough to walk there himself. Has been very ill while I was away, but better now.

Monday 21st. In hospital. Major's wife interviewed Maritza at gate, I didn't want to show up.

Tuesday 22nd. M. came in morning with parcel clothes. After many difficulties got out free about 11, and home to Yurie. Great rejoicings. Yurie still very weak but can walk to gate now, and much better.

Weds. 23rd to Tues. 29th. Stayed at home. Didn't like to go into the town. Yurie went in and got a legitimation for me from R.D. Weather hot.

Weds. 30th. Went into town for first time, with Yurie, to have typhoid injection (compulsory), but we couldn't wait so long. We went to Dva Brata and ate and drank there, and home for lunch. Walked, but took the tram in Alex. S. Mrs. Vid. came in afternoon.

MAY 1941

Thursday 1st. Yurie and I walked into Town. Got injection at Zivkovic's Sanatorium. Afterwards went to Dva Bratat. I waited there while Yurie went to get his legitimation.

Friday 2nd. We stayed at home. Cold and rainy.

Sat. 3rd. Cold in morning. Hot later in day. Yurie went into Town about my legitimation. Not ready yet. Thunderstorm in evening. I sat in garden all the afternoon.

Sunday 4th. Cold, dull and rainy all day, cleared up in evening. Fire in sitting room. Very dull. Captain called but didn't come in. Boy brought me a note from Lucy. Sava came back tight. Maritza went out in afternoon. Played 'Zumba' with Yurie after tea. Supper and bed 8pm.

Monday 5th. Very cold and rainy. We both stayed at home all day. Very dull. Played game of Zumba with Yurie after tea. Yurie coughing. He is sleeping in sitting room. Our bedroom so cold and damp.

Tues. 6th. Cold morning, fine afternoon. Yurie went into town for my legitimation but couldn't get it because its St. George's Day. He came back about 5. I sat in garden all afternoon. Maritzaq and I cut down some branches and trees near gate. M. got 1 ½ ks. flour. Dragitchevitch came while we were having breakfast and brought cigs. Bought 10 boxes Drava and 5 packets Zeta tobacco and papers.

Weds. 7th. Yurie went into town again for my legitimation and got it at last after waiting 3 hours. He came home about 4.30. Fine day. I sat in garden. Supper and bed early. The electricity came on.

Thurs. 8th. Maritza waited ages for bread but got two loaves in the end. Yurie and I walked into town about 10. I got my second injection at Zivkovic's San. Yurie got out of his second one on account of his heart. He went on about his invalide papers and didn't get home till 3. We had lamb for lunch, very good, waited for him til 2 then put some to keep hot for him. Lovely day. I walked round the town a bit for first time alone (expecting to be arrested every step) and came back from Slavia on foot. Looked for Bata's to reclaim my shoes, but no shop left. Called at Ros's office and saw him for a minute. Felt rather rotten late in afternoon from injection. Maritza got her second also. Pat and Sammy had an awful fight at the gate and Sammy bit M's leg pretty badly.

Friday 9th. Went to bed early last night felling pretty rotten after injection. Cold cloudy day. Yurie and I stayed at home all day and rested. Felt rather rotten still, and Yurie tired. Nothing new happened. Fire all day in sitting room.

Sat. 10th. Poured rain all day. We stayed at home all day.

Sunday 11th. Rained all day. Cleared up a bit in evening and I went for a dull little walk round. Mended Yurie's jumper.

Monday 12th. Went into town. Went to A. Consulate and talked to Mrs. De Konski there. A woman who said she was married to an English officer spoke to me outside. Yurie says a spy. Met Dr. S. and went home with him and saw Mrs all well. Bought miloram in the market and some flower seeds. Found Kisjelevic there with Yurie when I got home about 2, he came to lunch. Rained all night.

Tues. 13th. MacGlade's birthday. Poured rain as usual. We stayed at home all day with a fire.

Weds. 14th. Our Wedding Day (14th). Up early. Walked into town via Neimar. Walked through market, Svetni Trg. And bought only a cucumber. Went to A. C. and gave Mrs. de J, my. . . Walked to the address given and saw the sister of the Lieut. Who had come home 10 days ago all right (arangelovatz). She gave me coffee and cigs and we talked a bit. Called on Mrs. Fisher, not there, heard she and kids gone to Panchevo in the bombardment. Mr. not come home. Was going to Mrs. Rosen... but the house in ruins. Met the girl medical student from Arang. And another woman who asked me to come and see her. Met Sava Popovic. Took crowded tram to Stiska U1 and walked home, hot and tired. Had a sandwich and rakia in a nice little buffet with real bread. Home about 2. Yurie went into town too, and home about 3.30. He bought some cakes for tea. Got spirit near Slavia and made vodka for first time to celebrate. Fine warm day, sat in garden in afternoon. Celebrated in evening.

Thursday 15th. Lovely day. Mrs Vid. came in morning about 12, gave her tea on porch. Sat in garden in afternoon. Went and saw Mrs. Miloje Zivkovic about 5, Miloje is a prisoner somewhere, she had had a card from him.

Friday 16th. Went to lunch at the Stojanovic's. VI was there, looking very well. Walked to cetni Trg. first and bought a pot flower for Mrs. S. Good lunch. Walked home afterwards, and Yurie got home just after.

Sat. 17th. Walked into town to A.C. in morning, but too busy to see me. However I saw Mr. Rankin and had a talk with him. Walked back through Neimar, rather tired, sat in a café in garden and had a coffee. Beans for lunch, good. Fine day but not too hot. Sat in garden in afternoon, Maritza turned out sitting room and put divan and everything in the garden.

Sunday 18th. Cloudy and cool. Did A/Cs with Yurie in morning. Mademoiselle and a Swiss friend of hers came early in the afternoon, we sat and talked and had tea and then cherry brandy. They went away about 4. I was glad to see them and hear all the news. Yurie went into the other room on to my bed to finish his afternoon sleep. Played a game of Zumba with him before supper. Dark gloomy evening, supper 7.30 and bed about 9.

Monday 19th. Cool and cloudy. We both got up very late. I spent most of the morning in the attic sorting out clothes in the naphthaline room. Roast lamb and new potatoes for lunch. I waked into town directly after to A/C. Cloudy and very stuffy and trying to rain. Walked back by the Admirals's, had a glass of quass and bought some good bacon. Had interview with Mr. Constant and Mr. R. at the A.C. and first dole. Felt very tired coming home and back achede. Met Dr. Tadic in the chemists's, he is 2nd director at the V.B. now, told me all his news. Also met Evgenije (chauffeur) near Slavia. Bath night.

Tues. 20th. Alternate sun and rain. We both stayed at home. Yurie had a headache. I sat in garden in afternoon till it began to rain again. Fine evening. Read in the paper of death of little Pomorisac.

Wednesday 21st. Fine day. Yurie walked into town, came back about 3. Paprikas for lunch but it wasn't done so Maritza and I had bacon and kasa, and the pap. Was done by the time Yurie came in. Sat in garden. We all gardened after tea, Yurie, Maritza, Sava and I. They made a door for the geese to come into the garden. Supper and bed early. M. went to market in morning. I turned out my dressing table drawers, and mended two necklaces, 'pearls' etc. Yurie brought home the news that Miska had died in Panchevo hospital.

Thurs. 22nd. Fine day. Walked in afternoon to see Countess Ouvarov, but she wasn't in, continued on to the knitting woman for my jumper but she wasn't in either. Very hot and tired. Went into Admiral's and had a quass and bought some bacon.

Frid. 23rd. Fine hot day. Yurie went into town and had a hot walk back about 3. Beans for lunch. I sat in garden all day. Washed my head in rainwater.

Sat. 24th. I went into town to market and Maritza met me there. I went by tram from Franchet d'Esperey. Hot day. We bought plants for the garden, but everything twice as dear today and nearly sold out. Took tram to Dobracina and went to see Lucy and had a talk with her. Tram back to Stiska St. Saw lots of lorries full of Hungarian soldiers. Hot walk back. Stopped in café garden for beer. Back for lunch. M. and I gardened in evening.

Sunday 25th. Cool and cloudy. We both stayed at home. Played Zumba after tea.

Monday 26th. Hot day. Yurie went into town, I stayed at home. M. went in morning to pay the dog taxes. Sat in garden. Went into town in afternoon to call on Countess Ouarov, and found her at home this time. Very hot tiring walk. Went to dressmaker about jumper, not in as usual.

Tuesday 27th. Hot day. Sat all day in garden in shorts on deck chair.

Weds. 28th. Went into town in morning and called on Mrs. Stoyanovic, she had a bad toothache. Dr. S. came home while I was there. Went on to Slavia to grocer's, no alcohol to be had. Tram back to Franchet D'Es. Very hot. Yurie didn't feel well all day, and had an enema before supper. Hot night, and Pat restless.

Thurs. 29th. Sjpassov Dan. (ASCENSION DAY). Very hot and windy and dusty. Got up at 6, Pat woke me. Cannon etc. firing and thought perhaps a raid again. Pottered about and then went to call on Mrs. Vid. Long hot walk. Stopped at Michailo's and had a sandwich and soda. Chewed the rag with Mrs. V. for about an hour or more. Hot walk back. Yurie went into town in morning and back about 3.30 very hot and tired, and had his lunch in the garden near me, and then lay down. Sat in garden all the afternoon and read the paper.

Friday 30th. Hot day. Sat in garden. Sammy tore up blankets and everything within reach.

Sat. 31st. Went into town in morning. Called on Michaelovitch's and talked to Yvette for some time. Tram to Slavia and then No.10 to Fr. D'Es. Very hot. First went to market with Maritza. Everything very dear. Sat in garden in afternoon. Did a bit of gardening before supper. Slept the night on porch. Put a box for Sammy in my room and she stayed there most of the day expecting puppies!

JUNE 1941

Sunday 1st. WHITSUN. Hot and cloudy by turns. Made some buns in morning. Mademoiselle and Yvette came to tea, hesitated about the weather but finally we had it in the garden. They stayed till about 6. I walked a bit of the way back with them. Yurie had tea with us. Slept on porch as usual, no rain.

Monday 2nd. Hot day. Yurie went into town and came home about 3. I had lunch at 12.30. Sat in garden all day in shorts and read 'The Lost Girl' and finished it. Did some gardening before supper, and Yurie and Maritza put up a trellis for the wild rose.

Tues. 3rd. Very hot day. Slept on porch and didn't wake till 7.30. Breakfast in bed. Went into town to A.C and got the dole and had a chat with Mr. R. Walked to Invalidski Fune and found it closed, then on to Kalemegdan and took tram there to Slavia and No.10 on and so home well nigh foxed about 1.30. Slept on camp bed in garden in afternoon. Very hot evening and looks stormy. Met Mme. Gruitch, she asked me to go and see her, Dedinje 5? I think, beyond the hospital somewhere.

Weds. 4th. Went into town. Bought naphthaline and sugar, and meat at Smeikal's.

Thurs. 5th. Yurie went into town about changing 1000 dinar notes to new issue. No success and came home about 4 very hot and tired. I sat in garden. Electric light man called. Sat in garden and did some sewing! All the morning. Sammy still on the warpath and tore up her own cushion this time.

Friday. 6th. Very hot. Yurie went into town again about changing the 1000 notes into new currency. He waited ages without success, and came home about 2.30 hot and tired. Planted 23 tomatoes. We had both got up very early and started out before 8. I walked to Slavia then on to Svetni Trg, bought a chicken for the Military Hosp. (Colonel) then on to Zagrebacka U1, to see Vera Diklic, she had gone to Arangelovac, had a chat with her mother. Walked to Terrazia and all way to Slavia. Ate a couple of cakes. Very hot, and blue and white shoes (Fan's) hurt my feet. Had a sponge down in bath and lunch and sat in garden afterwards. Thunderstorm in night and Pat very restless. I got up and sat with him and Yurie for a bit to keep him quiet. Heavy rain, but not on the porch. Slept well. Met Mrs. S. who said Smederov was burning.

Sat. 7th. Cool and cloudy. Yurie went to town early about changing 1000d. notes again, and succeeded this time. I sat in garden. Cleaned white hat, and also one of Yurie's. After tea walked to Neimar and found some meat at a butcher's. Slept on porch as usual. Sent Maritza to the M1. Hospital to Colonel S. with the roast chicken.

Sunday 8th. PRAVOSKAV WHITSUN. Cool and cloudy. Hot in afternoon. Sat in garden. Yurie and I had our usual game of Zumba before supper. Rained in night.

Mon. 9th. Fine day. We didn't go anywhere. Sat in garden and ate cherries. Tidied workbasket and looked over Yurie's socks.

Tues. 10th. Cool, cloudy and blowing a gale. Yurie went into town to get formulars from Ruski Dom, but too crowded. Stormy night. I slept in my room with Sammy.

Weds. 11th. Heavy rain in morning when I was on my way to town. Had to get photographed for legitimation. Cleared up and hot and thundery. Called in at Svetni Trg and bought peas and left them at Slavia. Went on and called on Mrs S. and stayed to lunch with them. Home about 4. Fine evening. Yurie took an enema. Sammy not well and sick, after her supper. Yurie didn't feel well.

Thurs. 12th. Poured rain most of the day. Yurie went into town again to get forms for legitimations from Ruske D and came home very tired and felt ill and went to bed at once. I stayed at home all day.

Fri. 13th. Meg's birthday. Fine day. I went to our Kwart to get a new prijavi, but they wouldn't give it to me. Stopped in at Michailo's for a few minutes and he treated me to a rakia and soda. Then trammed to S. Walked to London and got my photos, - awful. Then to Uprava Grad, stood nearly an hour but got the prijavi. Very hungry, had a sandwich and soda at the Reunion, but saw no-one I knew. Tram back to terminus and walked. Hot and tired. Yurie didn't feel at all well all day.

Sat. 14th. We got up early to go to the Ruski Dom about legitimations but didn't get off till about 9. Sat about at the R. D. filling in forms for about an hour, then to the other room where all went well and quickly. I left Yurie near his library and went to

see Mrs. S. Vlad came in. Home for lunch. Yurie came in just when I had finished. Cold gloomy afternoon. Sat in sitting room and read and talked to Yurie. Made cherry jam with Maritza after lunch. Poured all night. I slept inside. Rubbed Yurie's chest.

Sunday 15th. Cool and cloudy. Yurie better. Covered jam in morning. Sat about and read all afternoon, not warm enough for the garden.

Monday 16th. Cool and cloudy. Yurie in bed all day. Pomorisatz and Zizi came for the rent, I met them in the road and came back with them. Then went into town. Went to Michaelovic's and talked to Mrs. and Mr. till Yvette came in. Borrowed 4 books. Home about 6. Yurie slept better.

Tues. 17th. Cool fine afternoon but a bit windy and looked like rain. We both woke up very early and I made early morning tea for Yurie and myself and drank it with him in his room, and later on we had breakfast. Yurie had slept better, and looked much better, but not so well in afternoon, but wouldn't stay in bed. I was going into Town in the afternoon, but decided to stay and have tea with him instead. Nothing new.

Weds. 18th. Yurie not well. Went to the Stoyanovic's in morning to try to see the Dr. about him, but not in. Walked in after tea again to see Mrs. Stoj. Got caught in storm and very wet. She was making jam in the kitchen, and I dried there. Hurried back by 9 o'clock. Bought battery.

Thurs. 19th. Went into town in morning, bought some cakes for tea, etc. Met Dobrosav who told a tale of woe, gave him 40 din. Hot and windy. Dr. and Mrs. Stoj. and Mademoiselle and Yvette came to tea in the garden. Dr. examined Yurie and said he would come again Sunday. I slept in.

Frid. 20th. Yurie worse and can't breathe well. Walked into town to get his medicine and change his books. Very hot and slight thunder. Sat in garden in afternoon. Yurie lay on sofa most of the day, and didn't dress. Maritza went into town after tea to get alcohol and methyl.

Sat. 21st. Maritza went to register the radio, which took all the morning. After tea I walked to Baba Visnina Ul., to find Mrs. Pisker's mother, but they have moved.

Sunday 22nd. Fine day. Sat about in garden. Yurie a little better, he had had a good night. Dr and Mrs. S. came in afternoon with Pupette!. Dr took Yurie's B.P. 280. Said it was serious and he must rest and diet. Vassili turned up in morning and gave us all the news of Kam. We both got up late and I was not dressed when he came!

Monday 23rd. GERMANY AT WAR WITH RUSSIA. Yurie about the same. Fine morning. Maritza went hunting for wood all the morning without success. I was going to tea at the Michaelovic's but thunderstorm came on just as I was ready to start, so I seized the excuse and stayed at home to tea with Yurie. Cleared up after when too late.

Tues 24th. Yurie about the same. Maritza and Sava manatge to get 1 meter of wood and brought it home late in afternoon. I went into town to A.C. and just caught Rankin. At 10pm just as I was getting into bed on the balcony and Yurie was already

in bed, the bell rang. Gestapo. They took Yurie and me off in a car. We took nothing with us as we thought we were coming back. They sniffed round and took a suitcase of old letters and papers. Took us to the Police prison, Yurie to room 9 and me room 5 and left us there. Squeezed myself in between eleven other women on to a straw mattress on the floor.

Weds. 25th. In prison. Can't communicate with anyone or speak to Yurie. We usually get out in morning about 7 to shake blankets, after dinner to wash up, and before bedtime, and walk about the yard. Had a row with Hahn because he shouted at me and was threatened with the cellar. Mitchell the American in my room, and Maroussia, a Russian came in middle of night making 14. Couldn't sleep much. The other women are Nina, Tamara, Maroussia, Zora, Trudi, Mrs. ? (Big fat Russian who howls) Mme. Lydia (who had a beauty parlour), Mme. Hudnik (sad old lady, her charming daughter in law is in other room, 2 babies at home), Katica, Tatiana and Mitchell. Mitchell and Tatiana have a bed, there is another bed also which I got when someone was moved out.

Tues. 24th to Sat. 5th. July Prison. Rumours of transport. On Friday night 4th, (Yurie's birthday), 13 men and 3 women, (Mrs. Hudnik, d-in-l. and a Serb woman doctor) went off in afternoon. Poor old Mrs. H. Yurie's birthday. He was too ill to come out into the yard so couldn't see him, but at 2.30 he was sent to hospital and I was able to say goodbye to him in the yard after the washing up. He looks terribly ill, shall I see him again?

JULY

Saturday 5th. YURIE AND I BOTH LET OUT OF PRISON. Hahn came into our room after breakfast and told me to go. Got my money etc. in the office and a Gestapo man took me to headquarters where I had to sign a paper saying I would not speak to anyone but Serbs, nor receive letters (must show them to G.) nor do nor say anything to offend Germany.

JULY 1941

Saturday 5th. In the prison I said goodbye quite friendly with Hahn and Richter, and we shook hands and I showed R. my Kara-G. legitimization with my photo as an officer, which seemed to tickle him very much, and when we got to the Gestapo the young man who escorted me there asked for it too, and showed it to the others. I had an enthusiastic send off from all the women in our room, and felt quite sorry to part with them, and rather a pig to be free and leaving them there. After my interview with Mr. Huber at the G. and signing the paper I then walked home, feeling rather dazed, very dirty, and not quite sure if I was really free and able to walk through the town. Was planning to find the hospital with Yurie in it directly I had been home, when close to him, opposite the Abala Kafana someone called out to me and there was Yurie himself in a carriage, he had been let out of hospital that morning, Richter had fetched him himself, and got him a carriage and even carried his bag, as Yurie was so ill and weak. We sat on the porch and had breakfast and talked. M. and the dogs overjoyed to see us. M. had got a permit to see me and had been to the prison that morning and was told I had already gone home. Yurie went to bed very soon. He had

a very bad night, and called me (I was sleeping in the other room then) about 11.30, and I sat up with him all night, in the armchair. His heart very bad.

Sunday 6th. Yurie so bad in the morning I tried to find a doctor near, but couldn't, then sent M. for Dr. Stoy. Who came at once and gave him an injection. Fine day. Sat in garden for a bit. Slept in Yurie's room on the camp bed. He had a bad night.

Monday 7th. We got a carriage and I took Yurie to Arnauljevic's Clinic. He was put into a nice little room by himself. I am only allowed to stay from 12 to 1 with him. I came home feeling very sad. After tea I walked to Tesic's to get some promised cigs. And then on to Michaelo's to get a bottle of rakia. Had supper on the porch, rakia and sandwiches, and bed 8.30.

Tuesday 8th. Took big basket of apricots and cigs. To rooms 5 and 2 (Miss Allison and Stella in room 2) and a lot of cigs to Yuris's room 9, and handed them in at the door, but could see no-one except Hahn. Went to Clinic at 12. M. met me there with Yurie's dinner. Stayed with him till 1. Had a glass of beer afterwards near the Military Hosp. and bought some ham, rolls and biscuits for P.Puk. Spassitch, but no-one allowed inside the gate I gave the parcel to old Dr. for him. Had a coffee at Dusan's and walked home. Cold and rainy and grey and sad.

Weds. 9th. Maritza went to market early and bought a chicken for Yurie. I steamed it and made white sauce. M. and I took him his dinner at 12, and M's big pillow to put under his hip, the beds are so hard. Rained in afternoon and chilly. Got a letter from Wad but mustn't open it till I've shown it to the Gestapo. Yurie a little better.

Thurs. 10th. Walked to Clinic to see Yurie. Forget what else I did.

Friday. 11th. Walked to Clinic to see Yurie.

Sat. 12th. Walked into town in morning. Cooler. Paid my visit to Gestapo as ordered, at 11, all most pleasant. Took Wad's letter with me and left it there. Then to Clinic to see Yurie. Then to lunch at Nikola's, talked a bit to him and Valja, and then on to the Mich's who welcomed me most warmly. Home about 7, well nigh foxed.

Sunday 13th. Very hot. Went to Clinic to see Yurie.

Monday 14th. Very hot. Went to Clinic to see Yurie. It's a very long hot walk at midday.

Tuesday. 15th. Went to Clinic to see Yurie. M. carried his dinner there. I came from the town. Went into town first and saw Mrs. Antic but said I couldn't teach her two small kids. Nice woman. Her English governess is in the prison. Went to Dva Brata and saw Capt. Petrov, all tight there. Very hot day.

Weds. 16th. Went to see Yurie. Terribly hot day. He doesn't seem so well, very tired and weak. Awfully hot walking back. Had a shower before lunch and then sat in the garden. Sharp thunderstorm about 7, electric bell ringing violently and we couldn't stop it for some time. Pouring rain and dark. Put on Pat's collar and lead and slept with it in my hand.

Thurs, 17th. Had morning tea about 6, read paper and got up about 7. M. went to market, then she went to station to enquire about wood. I got Yurie's dinner ready and got to him early, 11.30. Cool and windy and pleasant walking. Yurie seems much brighter, perhaps it's the cooler weather, but his arms and hands have swollen, and a red mark on arm, the doctors say only from injections and gave him a bitter medicine. Stayed till 1 and then waked right round Guliceva Gubna to try and get butter for Yurie without success. Very stormy afternoon. M. and Sava went to get wood. Friday. 18th. Very windy and hot. M and Sava went early to get the wood, but M. came back about 11 without any success. I went out in morning and got the bread, milk etc. Made a 'jaja autohlad' for Yurie's dinner and took it to him. He seems better but hand and left arm very swollen. Sat in garden after lunch, very windy. Nothing new.

Sat. 19th. Hot and stuffy. Had a bad night and woke very early. M. went to market and I slept again – with dogs – till 9. Went to Gestapo. Huber came downstairs and interviewed me for a minute and said to come Thursdays in future. Had to wait in street as they mined the Palace ruins and all had to wait for the explosion. Walked on to Clinic. Yurie not so well, had not slept well, he had had fluid taken from his lung, one litre (4th time) and injection. Maritza brought his dinner which he enjoyed, veal cutlets and fried potatoes. I only had half an hour with him, as had been so delayed. Hot walk home. Short sleep after lunch. The man came to mend the electric bell and put up the wires in a better position. M. went to Slavia to buy meat, and to Michailo's for rakia. Felt very bored.

Sunday 20th. Very hot. Went early to Yurie. He had had a bad night and didn't feel so well. Sat in garden.

Monday 21st. Went to Clinic. Yurie better. Very hot. Thunderstorm in night and Pat very upset so I didn't sleep much. Also an explosion in the town at 9pm. I had just gone to bed, indoors, Maritza came into my room and said there was a Revolution in the town and we'd better get ready to flee. I said where to? Nothing more happened and I went to sleep.

Tues. 22nd. Went to Clinic. Cooler. M. and Sava went all day to get 'bons' for wood.

Weds. 23rd. Went to Clinic. Bought fried fish for Yurie's lunch, quite hot and fresh. M. and Sava came home without the wood as it was bad quality so she resold the bons. Slept on porch. Rather disturbed, army moving somewhere.

JULY 1941

Thurs. 24th. Very hot and stuffy. Went to report at Gestapo but Huber not there, only saw the typist. Had a haircut and manicure. Went to clinic. Yurie a bit better but he is very disappointed because the doctor won't let him come home next Saturday. Very hot walk. Slept after lunch. Washed my hair after tea. Slept on porch but moved inside at midnight, things seemed to rustle and move about so much all night. Mrs. Madakovic and one of her kids came unexpectedly to tea yesterday and stayed till 7, we had tea in the garden.

Friday 25th. Very hot day. Went to town 8.30. Went to Gestapo. Saw Huber and asked him about a so-called G. agent questioning me, he said anyone who came to me must show me their legitimation, unless in G. uniform. Also asked him if I could go and see Miss A. which he most indignantly refused. Went on to try and find K. G. Society, but the offices closed then to Inv. Fund where the president gave me for 3 months (900 d. minus 100 which had gone astray somehow). Then on to see Yurie. He seemed much brighter, and very anxious to come home. Took him some fish for lunch. Very hot walk back. Had lunch and slept in deck chair in garden. Wrote up A/Cs after tea. Slept in as Pat won't sleep on the porch any more to guard me.

Sat. 26th. Awfully hot and heavy. Went to Clinic. Yurie seems much better. Sat in garden. M went into town after tea and fetched my skirt and took a note to Pomorisac. Supper on balcony till 9, then patience and bed. Slept in.

Sunday 27th. Very hot and heavy. M. went to market. Made 'Cernik' for Yuries' lunch, I took it with me to Clinic and left m. at home, luckily, as there was a heavy thunderstorm about 12.30. I waited in Clinic till it cleared up. Fine afternoon. Took a bath and then Pat, Sammy and I had proper english afternoon tea on the porch, as I had bought two little packets of tea which I found. About 7 Mr. V. came to see me about lessons, and arranged every Thurs. at 5. Gave him rakia on the porch. Sat on porch till 9.30 when mosquitoes drove me in just before M came home. Its awfully hot for Yurie in the Clinic, and was glad of the thunderstorm to clear the air.

Monday 28th. Went to Clinic. Thunderstorms and hot.

Tues. 29th. Went to Clinic. Thunderstorms and hot.

Weds. 30th. All roads blocked to the town, they were searching Neimar for firearms. Got as far as Tesic's with Yurie's lunch, but an amiable German soldier turned me back there. Went to Clinic again about 5, and managed to get in by the back way, and sat with Yurie for some time, he knew already why I couldn't come in morning. Thunderstorm in night.

Thurs. 31st. Hot and cloudy. Belgrade fined 10 million dinars for outrages. Went to town at 8am. Gave first lesson to Dr. B. interesting man. Then went to Gestapo, H. not there, saw another man who was very curt. Went on to Clinic. Yurie very cheery, hopes to come out on Sat. I felt very tired after bad nights with Pat and thunderstorms, so slept after lunch. Gave Dr. V. his first lesson at 5. Rain and cool in evening. We got wheat bread again, but a long wait for Maritza. Did up A/Cs.

AUGUST 1941

Friday 1st. Very hot. Tummy not right. Went into town to buy a new tablecloth for round teatable to look nice for Yurie's homecoming, but none of those sort of shops working. Went on to Clinic. Yurie better. Only stayed a short time then came home and lay on bed all afternoon. M. slept with Pat but no thunderstorm.

Saturday 2nd. YURIE CAME HOME. M. and I went about 10.30 to Clinic and when the doctors' visit etc. was over I went to Slavia and got a carriage. Yurie bore the drive very well, and overjoyed to get home. He sat on porch for a bit, had lunch and

then rested. He tried the new bed arrangement I'd fixed up the other bed in the corner, but he didn't like it and felt as if he were in the corner, but he didn't like it and felt as if he were in a mousetrap, so M. and I moved him back again on to his old couch. He had a good night., I went in to him two or three times when I heard him coughing. M. and Sava went to Maidan and bought pork and bacon.

Sunday 3rd. Very hot. Yurie sat on porch for morning coffee and then had a bath, and a barber came and shaved him. He slept in afternoon, and we had tea at 4.30, real tea, and the dogs too. I sat in garden for a bit. I took gorke sol in morning and not up to much.

Monday 4th to Thurs. 7th. Fetched nurse from Clinic for an injection. Yurie getting worse. I moved on to the bed in his room (sitting room). He coughed a great deal at night, and hardly slept. I made 2 o'clock tea every night and we had it together. Either the woman doctor from the Clinic or the other little one comes every day to give him an injection.

Frid. 8th. Yurie worse. I went to Clinic and talked to Dr. Arsenjevitch, and he came in afternoon, himself, about 4, and examined Yurie and advised return to Clinic. Yurie's feet and legs very swollen.

Sat. 9th. Sent m. to Clinic to ask woman doctor to come instead of the other little one, for injection, but she was not there. Waited all day for injection, and Yurie getting very nervous, finally M. found the other little one and brought her along.

Sunday 10th. Yurie about the same. I made cakes for tea and we had tea together by his couch – perhaps for the last time?

Monday 11th. I went to Clinic at 9.30 and found Dr. Ars. Who said to bring Yurie at once. I got a carriage and brought him to Clinic, and he is in a little room alone, the other man turned out for me and they let me sleep there with Yurie. Yurie had a bad night.

Tues. 12th. I slept at Clinic again, and was there all the time. They gave Yurie a sleeping injection and he slept all night.

Weds. 13th to Sat. 16th. At Clinic nearly all day. They have taken the water from yurie and he seems better, but very weak, he has slept a lot the last two days and nights. I saw Michailo about Yurie's will. They won't let me sleep in the Clinic any longer.

Sunday 17th. Yurie had had a bad night and coughed and not slept. I stayed there from 11 till 4.30 and had tea with him. Made him piroskis and tartlets in morning. Awfully hot day.

Mon. 18th. Gave Mr. B. his lesson, then went to market and bought fruit for Yurie. Stayed at the Clinic till 4.30 and had an early tea with Yurie. I buy cakes for tea every day, and hunt the town for ones he likes. So far I've managed to stay nearly all day with him, but the doctor doesn't know it. Yurie had his injection for the water, and it is acting. Very hot day.

Tues. 19th. Very hot. Went in morning to Financial Directija and got my invalid's pension for May, June, July and August quite easily. Then to Clinic. Yurie better. We had tea together and I left at 5.45.

Weds. 20th. Very hot and high wind. Took tram to London, bought cakes for Yurie and fruit in market. Had dinner with him, then nurse said new order everyone to go at 1 o'clock sharp. Awfully disappointed. Went to see Mrs. S. and borrowed a thermos. S. not there. Home about 3. Had a miserable lonely tea in the garden thinking of Yurie having his tea all alone.

Thurs. 21st. Cool and looked like rain. Gave Dr. B. his lesson and also one to his wife, they have 1 ½ hours now. Then to Gestapo. H. very amiable and looks much better after his holiday. Met Mrs. S. on Terrazia. Tram to Slavia and on to Clinic, and gave Yurie his dinner. He seems a little better, but hadn't slept. Had to come away at 1. Pouring rain and got soaked through. Rained all afternoon. I waited for Mr. V. at 5 but he didn't turn up, so did A/Cs. Cleared up in evening.

Friday 22nd. Fine fresh sunny day. Went to town at 8am. Bought cakes and fruit for Yurie. Had a coffee at Slavia and then on to Clinic. Yurie hadn't slept, he was coughing and looked worn out. Saw Dr. Arsenijevic and asked if I might stay with Yurie in the afternoons, he gave me a long rigmarole about not staying with his own dying father and said he couldn't give permission, and to come and see Arnovlevic tomorrow. Sat with yurie till 1. Michailo came with punopomoc with Yurie signed. Sat with M. in a café and talked to him about yurie's will. Home 2.30. Sat in garden. Called on the Golubovic's next door and pow-wowed with her.

Sat, 23rd. Hot day. Went to Clinic early and Yurie looked very bad. I went out to buy cakes and telephoned to Michaelo who came to Clinic. I stayed on till 1, and then went home. I found Milenka waiting with a note from Mrs. V. he had lunch with me. Maritza and Sava went to Maidan but could buy nothing there.

Sunday 24th. Hot day. Went to Clinic. Yurie much better, had had a good night and very cheerful, and talks of coming home in a week. I stayed till 1, then sat in Park and went back at 2 to meet C. We sat in park and talked for about an hour. Then I came home and made tea and the dogs and I had tea with milk on the porch as it was Sunday. Thunderstorm in night and Pat very upset and restless.

Monday 25th. Fans's birthday, Met Michailo at 8.30 at Dva Brata, then gave the B's their lesson. Then to Clinic. Yurie not at all well, had not slept and said he felt very bad. The Doctor gave him injections. Michaelo and the Sudija came about 12.30 and Yurie signed his will, all done very quickly. I left at 1. Yurie was going to sleep then. Very windy day, Mrs. J. called about lessons.

Tues. 26th. Went to town 7.30. Met M. at London and went with him to Sudija where Yurie's and my wills were definitely finished and I kept them. Went to Inv. Fund but the man out. Tram to Clinic. Yurie had had a good night and much brighter. Waited for Mrs. J. for lesson but she didn't [come].

Weds. 27th. Went early town to Inv. Fund and got Aug. 300 d. at bank. Then to Diris and saw Mrs. Georgevic and fixed up error in ration book. Went on to Clinic. Yurie

not so well, had not slept all night, coughing and very miserable poor thing. However he cheered up a bit and ate some lunch. Had to leave him at 1.15. Old Bill came in for a few minutes to see him. Had lunch and a rest and then went to Mrs.P. at Neimar to arrange about lessons for her and friend. Rained a little, and cloudy and sad evening. M. slept downstairs as it looked like thunder but Pat settled himself with me notwithstanding.

Thurs. 28th. Early to town. Lesson with Dr.B. then to Gestapo. He can't find my letter. Then on to Clinic. Yurie had had a good night after injection and felt better. Home in afternoon and waited for Mr. V. who never turned up.

Fri. 29th. Early to town to Diris and Mrs. G. got my books put right, both for Slavia grocer, and also got me a bon for 2 litres salad oil. Went on to Clinic, Yurie seemed awfully bad, and for the first time said to me he thought he was going to die, and would like to die at home but 'it would be more trouble for me'! I stayed the whole afternoon, and spent a sad afternoon sitting beside him, while he dozed a bit. I had to leave him at 5.45 but he felt a bit better and said he would rather I slept with him next night as he was hoping to get a sleeping injection tonight so would sleep all night. I went home feeling very miserable and wondering if Yurie would be alive tomorrow, bed early, read in bed.

Sat. 30th. Went to Zeleni Venac market with two bottles and the 'bon' to get salad oil but of course there was none. Awfully hot and stuffy. Went to Clinic. Yurie had had his injection for kee-weeing, and as soon as that began to act he felt better. I stayed all the afternoon and slept the night there on the other bed. The lady doctor, the head nurse and Vlada were all dejourney (on duty) so no-one else knew I was there. Yurie k-w every half hour all night, 6 ½ litres, and his swollen feet became nearly normal again. In between times he dropped off to sleep immediately, and just woke up and called me every half hour, and I slept too after 3 am for a bit. Yurie quite bright and cheerful and interested. I got up at 6. Pouring rain and very cold. I had to go out at 8 so that the doctors shouldn't see me.

Sunday 31st. Had breakfast at Valja's and then on to the market to buy fruit for Yurie. Had on only a thin frock and was nearly frozen and very wet. The young doctor Hadji-Popovic came to see Yurie and discuss taking him home. M. brought Yurie's lunch, he wouldn't eat anything on Saturday but he had an appetite today. She brought me some war clothes to go home in, and I went home at 1. Yurie much better and very anxious to go home tomorrow. Pouring rain all day and night.

Monday 1st. YURIE CAME HOME. Weather awful, pouring and blowing a gale and very cold. Went to town at 8 and gave Dr. B. and his wife their lesson, and they plied me with rakia to revive me from the weather. Then on to Clinic, I never thought Yurie would want to come home in this weather, but he was all up and ready and insisted on coming. Vlada telephoned for ambulance and they came at 1 and carried him on a stretcher to the car, and from the car to his bed at home. Great rejoicings, I can hardly believe my eyes that he is home again, and he is so delighted himself. He had vodka for lunch, which we had together beside his bed, and then he slept till teatime, but he is coughing a lot.

Tuesday 2nd. Yurie about the same, but we were expecting the doctor and he did not come.

Weds. 3rd. Sent for Drm Hadji-Popovic, he came in morning and gave Yurie an injection, not very skilfully, and ordered other medicines. I went to town to get them. Vera Diklic came for her first lesson. Afterwards I was escorting her to the gate and Pat was doing his wild run from one side of the garden to the other, and I got in his way and got knocked down. Hit my head on the stone path and got a slight concussion, Vera and M. helped me indoors and I lay on my bed and was sick. We didn't tell Yurie till 7 as he thought I had gone to Neimar to give a lesson. Then I came to bed on the other bed in his room. Head very bad. Maritza slept with us.

Thurs. 4th. M. went for doctor for me. He told me to lie still for a few days.

Fri. 5th. Yurie and I both in bed. M. looking after us.

Sat. 6th. M's leg got bad.

Sunday 7th. Yurie not so well. I got up but didn't dress. We had tea together beside his bed as usual. Maritza in bed all day with bad leg.

Mon. 8th. I haven't written up diary and don't remember every day clearly. Milka came to work in morning, went to market to get the salad oil in morning but didn't get it. Yurie had a bad night.

Tues. 9th. Sent for doctor. He gave Yurie a morphia injection and he slept all night. The doctor said the end was very near.

Weds. 10th. Yurie felt much better after his good night's sleep and drowsy till lunch time, but afterwards was sick and felt very bad and had a bad night. We didn't sleep all night, I sat up with him most of the time.

Thurs. 11th. Fri. 12th Dr. came. Gave Yurie an injection, and then he went to Clinic to arrange for him to go back there, but they can't take him in today as they are disinfecting. Maritza sleeping in other bedroom with bad leg. I went to find Milenka after tea and get his wife to come and help, long walk and couldn't find the place and was away for two hours, and Yurie was worried about me. He only had milk for supper and coughed a lot. I went to bed and slept from 9 till 12 and Yurie didn't wake me though he had been coughing, he says softly so as not to wake me. But at 12 he asked for tea, and we had it together and we sat and talked and smoked and he seemed all right. Then he said he wanted to sleep so I tucked him up and heard no more coughing and thought he was asleep. At 1.30 heard a little gasp and then a sound, - the death rattle, rushed to Yurie but it was all over. Yurie had died in his sleep. Could not believe it and spoke to him frantically, but no heartbeat and no pulse. His eyes were closed as if asleep. I called Maritza. She got up at once, then she called Sava, he lighted kitchen fire for hot water. Maritza and I washed Yurie and dressed him and she and Sava carried him into the other bedroom and laid him on the bed with a lighted candle at his head. It was then only 3.30 and nothing more to be done. M. made tea and I lay down on my bed, and she on the sofa and Sava sat up in the kitchen. Long, long night, we didn't sleep at all. At 6.30 Sava went to Neimar and

told the doctor who came soon and gave certificate. M. telephoned at 8.30 to Michailo who came about 10 and arranged everything in town. He and Costa came at 4 with coffin, and the men carried Yurie to the hearse for the New Cemetery. Long and terrible day. M. slept on the sofa in our room with me, and also Pat and Sammy.

Saturday 13th. Pouring rain and cold. Funeral at 10.15. M. and I started at 8.30 and walked there. Costa, Michailo, Old Bill, Long Nicholas and two or three other Russians came, also Mrs. Vidakovic and Cherry, - a great help she was to me. Long service in the Russian chapel, then we followed the hearse to the grave which is the other side in the new part. Nice quiet part with a view over the river. Michailo arranged everything, and flowers on coffin. Cherry fainted from the incense but recovered afterwards. It poured rain all the time and very cold. Everything done according to the Russian church as it should be, thanks to Michaeilo. Afterwards we all adjourned to a Café across the road and had coffee and rakia, Mrs. V. and Cherry too at my earnest request. Then walked to Alex. St. and all went our ways, Maritza and I walked home. Terrible day. I slept for an hour after lunch on the sofa. M. lit the fire as it was so cold. Wrote up diary.

Letters

- 1 From Flora to Sophie Baker 21 Nov 1915
- 2 From Sophie Baker to Croydon Advertiser 1915
- 3 Open letter from the trenches 14 Oct 1916
- 4 Open letter from the trenches 27 Oct 1916
- 5 Flora to Sophie Baker 02 May1917
- 6 Flora to Sophie Baker 06 June 1917
- 7 Flora to Mrs Haverfield 15 June 1918
- 8 Flora to Fanny Johnston 24 June 1941.doc"

My Dear Tweeling,

I'm going to start a letter now on the off chance of getting it down to Salonique. I'm having the time of my life with the 2nd regiment (Serbian) making a last desperate stand against Bulgarians.

I wrote you last from Prilep and gave it to a doctor who was going back to America. The same afternoon I joined the Regimental Ambulance about 5 or 6 miles further north. My man came with me and we drove, or rather crawled with two horses that could hardly stand up. It was pitch dark when we arrived, and the doctor thought I wasn't coming, and in their usual casual way there was nowhere to sleep. He offered me half his room, which is nothing unusual here, but I declined with thanks, and we eventually turned three soldiers out of a very small tent. I insisted on moving it about 20 yards away from the others, and having some clean hay, but they shook their heads very dubiously as it appears Bulgarian comitadges (irregulars) descend from the villages around (which are all Bulgarian, Macedonia only having been annexed by Serbia 3 years ago), and cut your throat or throw a hand grenade at you. I couldn't see why they should choose my tent for a bomb, I should have thought they would choose a crowd, but next day they persuaded me to move it back right into the middle of theirs. The doctor was very apologetic and raked up some bread and eggs from somewhere and sat by my tent while I ate them.

The Ambulance is only one smallish tent for the sick and several weeny ones for the men. There were only a few wounded in next day, slightly wounded. I slept in my clothes and boots for three nights, as they expected to beat a hasty retreat any moment when the order came, and they travel so light they are packed and off in half an hour. The second night about 1 a.m. I was roused by a telegram from the English Consul in Bitol (the Serbian name for Monastir) telling me to go back and his car would wait for me in Prilep. A man brought the wire with a carriage, but I said I'd go next morning, as I knew jolly well the car would not be there in the middle of the night, or we wouldn't find it, and it would mean sleeping in the carriage – in the middle of the street probably. Next morning I rather diffidently suggested that I didn't want to go, but would prefer to stick it out with the Ambulance and retreat with them, and the carriage could take my luggage only back to Prilep. I wasn't sure, you see, whether I'd be only a nuisance and anxiety, but they all seemed fearfully bucked so I stopped. Later on in the day came another telegram (forwarded by messenger from Prilep) advising me to clear out at once. However, to cut a long story short, I threw in my lot with the 2nd Regiment and they seem to think I've done something wonderful, whereas, as a matter of fact, I've done absolutely nothing except share their grub and ride their horses, and they've adopted me as a kind of mascot, and seem bent on turning me into a soldier now. An officer came out to investigate matters, had me luggage send back to me, and presented me with a small covered wagon for my home. I now have all my worldly belongings in the wagon in which I live and sleep. It is most convenient, as when we have to do a sudden bunk everything is there, and when I move anywhere else my home comes with me. The third night was the retreat. The order came at 10.30: by 11 we were off. At the last moment, when the tents etc. were being packed, a soldier was brought in with a bad shrapnel wound in his leg. It was lucky I had a good electric torch. It was blowing and raining and pitch dark, no lamps available. I knelt in the dirty straw beside him and cut off his boot and bloody bandages (he had been wounded in the morning and only just brought in.) poured in iodine and bandaged and dresses it as best as I could with the tent being taken down over my head. There were 16 sick and wounded to be got into ox carts. There was a Serbian girl with the Ambulance, a queer kid, more like a boy, who was by way of being a nurse, and she and I settles them all in, using my torch for the only light and I saw them off before I scrambles into my wagon, and the procession started. It was a long procession, as besides out ambulance, there was all the "commora" or Commissariat which were camped down the road, another ambulance, and a lot of soldiers and hospital orderlies on foot. All through the night, for 8 hours, we jolted along the rough road lying on the hay in our springless wagon, not knowing where we were going, or whether the whole regiment was in full retreat or whether the Bulgars were before or behind us, as their intention was to cut the road in front of us.

I have a hand grenade which a Serbian woman gave me and which I know how to use, and a revolver, - by the way, the entire Red Cross go armed to the teeth. It was a lively experience, I can tell you, but I'm awfully glad I stopped with them. They would always have thought that the only Englishwoman with them bunked.

We came through Prilep and were jolly when we got the other side without a mishap, as all the Serbian population (very few) had bunked, and only Bulgars and Turks left. Our rear men looted the town and set fire to a part of the Bulgarian quarter as we went through, but they didn't find much to loot. One man told me he broke open three shops to find a pair of boots, and couldn't get one.

About 7 (sunrise) we halted, about 12 miles north of Bitol, built a fire, and waited for the Commandant (Lieut- Col. Of the Regiment.) There was nothing to eat, but one of our men had some cognac which shared round: we all drank out of the same glass, and were jolly glad to get it.

When the Commandant and staff turned up I was introduced to them (he knew I was there but I hadn't met him before) and he produced a bottle of Benedictine and we drank luck to the Serbian Army, and had a long pow-wow, and one of his staff made some black coffee in a mug over the fire. Later on in the day, the doctor gave me a slice of his bread and cheese, but meals are vague on these occasions. No rations are issued and the soldiers had exciting chases after pigs and hens and every living thing that was unwary enough to come near us.

We camped (the Ambulance) about a mile further back. An English officer (Captain) came out in a car with the Com. Of Division in the afternoon, and I went back a bit along the road in their car to another camp, and then walked back with him while the C. of D. went on. Some of my men invited us both to supper, and we sat round their camp fire and ate roast pig with our fingers, and jolly good it tasted too. It was the first meal I had had. He enjoyed the novel experience so much that he wanted to camp with us, and two of them came out next day with the C. of D., and I motored with them to prospect the new positions the regiments were to take up. They are fighting their way back inch by inch, and the one topic of conversation is - how long before the English arrive to help them. It's a sort of siege of Lucknow business - waiting for the English to arrive, but so far guns and ammunition only have come for the Regiment.

The French are fighting somewhere east of us. We can hear their guns sometimes, but we are the only ones to hold this part, and the Bulgarians have driven a wedge across Serbia cutting off the main army.

I stayed with my Ambulance three days there. The day before yesterday I rode over here (only 2 or 3 miles) to see the Commandant who is a perfect old dear. He has lent me his best horse, entirely for myself, to ride when I like, and these hardy 'sons of a gun' think much more of me being able to ride and go anywhere with them, than the fact that I'm supposed to be a nurse, for the present, though there is no nursing or dressing to be done, though there will be when we begin fighting again. He has a very small cottage with a room about 8 ft. square, where he had his Adjutant and another officer live, and another beside it for kitchen, telephone etc, and several men, and on the hillside just beside it, another ambulance station with a Serbian doctor, which is the first dressing station, though they do put on a rough dressing in the trenches too.

They welcomed me warmly, invited me to stop the night and ride with them in the morning over the mountains to inspect the new trenches, etc. He said I could stop here with this Ambulance if I would, and as it is closer to the front, I accepted and behold me now installed afresh. They telephoned for my waggon, which arrived after supper, and was planted immediately outside their door with a sentry beside it, who annoyed me very much by hawking and spitting all night, but I've had it moved up handy next to the Ambulance tent now. I thought I might as well have my waggon up straight away as sleep on a bench with three of them and a roaring stove and the door shut, though I could have done that if I'd preferred it. Besides, I go to the luxury of undressing in my own wagon, though so far washing has been very sketchy, though I live in hopes of some day having a bath. So far, whenever there was a room or a tent available the only water utensil was being used to cook or make tea, but my man has gone to Bitol to-day and he is going to bring me back a bucket. I have a rubber bath but he thinks I'm mad to want a bath in War time - war with the Serbians having lasted now 500 years. Off and on, I don't suppose many of the present generation have had one.

Yesterday we started early and rode all day to the tip top of a mountain, Kavalac, inspecting trenches etc. - here followeth the Censor so I can't say anymore. At the tip top after scrambling and sliding about 2 or 3 hours, I don't know how the horses keep their feet, we had lunch with two officers

and a small detachment, and they seemed to do themselves uncommonly well up there. We sat on boxes round a camp fire, under a big rock, with a most lovely view, and had soup, fried meat and pig, and wine and coffee. It was the “Slava” day of one of the officers, so we all drank his health. Every Serb has one special fete day in the year, handed down in his family: hence the roast pig for the soldiers that day, but on the whole they all get heaps to eat, except when they are on the move.

We slid and slithered down the mountain again by moon-light, and halted half way in another line of defence to have tea with an officer who wanted us to come and sit in his tent. It was the jolliest little tent you ever saw, not nearly so big as Gerrard’s on the side of a hill. He had cut out a flat place for his hay and blankets, and there was a roaring wood fire inside a hole tunnelled into the bank, and another hole leading the smoke outside. I kept wishing Gerrard could see it. They have certainly learnt how to take shelter and make themselves comfy in the cold.

I must stop now, as the English Consul has just come out and will send this to Salonique.

Hope you have good news of Gerrard. Best love to all. Please send this letter on to Fan and Bill and Dick. I don’t know Fanny’s address. Best love

From

FLORA

I don’t think Dick could read this. You had better tell him the contents.

AMONG THE SERVIAN WOUNDED

CROYDON LADY'S DESCRIPTION OF HOSPITAL LIFE.

To the Editor of the Croydon Advertiser.

SIR,—Will you kindly grant me space in your paper for some interesting extracts from letters, lately received from Servia from Miss Sandes. Also to thank most heartily, in her name, those kind Croydon friends who so generously contributed to her fund for the relief of the Servian wounded. She returned to her work in "that distressful country" at the end of January, and succeeded in taking to Valjevo, near the fighting line, the very large supply of hospital stores she had collected. Miss Sandes and her friend, a nurse, who went with her are the only two English women who have penetrated so far into Servia.

She says: "There are about 750 sick and 70 wounded in our gymnasium alone. We have one doctor (the director), who is seeing patients all day long, and we (the two English nurses) have just to set to work and do the best we can. We've taken charge of the dressing room and do the most fearsome dressings and incisions to the best of our ability, with very blunt knives. We have two orderlies under us, and have got things into fine shape at last. Everything cleaned up, and two sterilizers at work, which we found forgotten in a corner. We are seriously thinking of doing amputations soon, as some must be done, and there is no one else to undertake them. In any case, the men can't be worse off than they are now, with their hands and feet dropping off from frostbite. We've done a little more every day, so I daresay we shall soon screw up nerve enough to undertake amputations ourselves. We have two ghastly cases of frostbite in to-day. One a man with the flesh rotted off his feet and literally nothing but the bones of his toes left. Another, an old man, with his hand coal black and very nearly off! It must be taken off entirely somehow soon.

"We have unpacked a splendid medicine chest given us at home, and have opened a dispensary, in addition to our other work, and are dosing the men, all of whom need it badly, especially the Austrian prisoners. In the intervals we go round the wards and give out sweets and cigarettes, try to cheer the men up, and make them comfortable. We cannot even begin to think of regular systematic nursing—the numbers are too great.

Even if we haven't been able to do the patients much good (they think we have, which is the main thing) we have certainly roused up the staff, who had all become so discouraged, men dying at the rate of 50 or 60 a day, that they simply gave up and let things slide. Now they've had all the refuse carted away, the wards cleaned out, and the windows opened—at least sometimes—and I hope that in time we may even get a bathroom going. The bath has already been unearthed from the other end of the town. Also a barber sent for—this last under martial law, as he refused to come near the hospital. The men are alive with vermin, and their hair is inches long.

"The people here make idols of us, and get us everything we want. Our Director is a perfect dear. He sends his own orderly to wait on us, and his carriage to take us to and from the hospital. We have a nice bedroom quite away in the town.

"If you understand the character of these people you can get on well and work in some reforms, but they need understanding."

Miss Sandes has written of other horrors quite unprintable. These extracts will serve to show your readers the kind of work to be done, and the kind of place a Servian hospital unavoidably is—overcrowded, understaffed, and with a total lack of sanitation.

I may add that, with the help of the British Red Cross Society, we forwarded a fortnight ago a large quantity of hospital supplies to Valjevo, including £100 worth of blankets (300 blankets), Miss Sandes having asked specially for the latter, many of the men having none at all. The weather was cold at the time she last wrote and snow was falling.

Yours, etc.,

SOPHIA BAKER.

3, Haling Park-road, S. Croydon.

April 6th, 1915.

COPY

4th Company, 1st Battn. 2nd Inf. Reg.
Sector Postal No.8
Serbian Army. Salonique.

Oct. 14th 1916.

Dear.. ..

I was awfully pleased to get yours of 20th Sept. Last night, right up at the Front, and tried hard to read it all by moonlight.

I got your letter saying you had been home on leave and thought I had answered it, but can't be sure as I am growing as little intelligent as a barn-door owl, never having anything to read, and no topic of conversation except Wars, past and present. I was most awfully sorry to think we might have met in London if we'd only known.

I am quite safe and sound – touch wood – I'm sure when I do get home, except for sunburn, no-one will believe I've been through anything at all, as I seem to thrive and grow fat on it. Want of time is certainly not a reason for not writing, with me, the main reason, and a quite sufficient one, is that at present I have no paper, but I've torn a leaf out of my diary for you, and hope you'll be able to read it.

I am at this present moment sitting in company with four or five men and a Sergeant Major of the "decetka" (about 10 to 14 men, I don't know the English equivalent, unless its squad) to which I belong, in a small sandy-stoney hollow to which we betake ourselves in the daytime, at dawn, and out of which we cannot move till dark except at the risk of our lives, at the very front of the Front. The rest of my platoon are dotted about behind various large rocks (and all the rest of my Company) and the Bulgars are esconced behind other rocks and hollows at a distance varying from 200 to 500 yards. The nights are bright moonlight, and we keep up a brisk fusillade on both sides, just to show we're awake, then we sleep all day except for a few sentries and snipers, and the Artillery has a go." I did not shoot much last night as we are to advance this afternoon, and I'm keeping my ammunition as I can't get any more till I meet one of our Mitrailleur, my carabine using their ammunition and not the same as the rifles. Its much lighter and shorter to carry than a rifle and shoots just as well.

Being of rather a restless disposition I fond it the hardest thing in the world to sit all day in one spot, but yesterday, not having slept for two nights, I put in the whole day at it, and time did not hang heavy. I spent the night last night with my Platoon Commander behind his pile of rocks, he's a nice lad who has lived all his life on the Albanian Frontier where they sleep and eat with their rifle in their hand from the time they can walk, so theres not much he's afraid of. Coming back across the open I nearly got picked off by a sniper, but I lay down behind a handy rock till he had done congratulating himself that I was dead.

I wish I could have seen the English Front and compared the two, I think I should like this the best, our casualties are slight, compared with theirs I imagine, and we get more sport. The only thing I don't like is the going, you can't call it marching, over these mountains. It's the most devilish country, bare hills covered with big rocks and loose rolling stones, no water, and fearful going. The Serbs are used to that sort of thing and I think nothing of going miles over these hills at a good stiff pace. Its broiling hot and without shade in the daytime. Fortunately for me we go as we please more or less, and I generally start with the first man of my platoon, and when a halt is called to rest wander in a little before the last one, as we usually go single file with some distance between, but so far I've never been left, though lots of the men drop out from exhaustion. They are all awfully good to me, and treat me like a kind of mascot. I don't carry anything but cartridge belt (65 rounds) and carabine, and one of them always insists on carrying my carabine in addition to his own heavy pack and rifle if the going is very bad. We all wear those iron helmets. I hate mine when it is very hot, but just love it when we get shelled, which happens pretty often with very slight cover, and stones and shrapnel come pattering on it, I only wish on those occasions that it was big enough to crawl right under like s snail's shell.

We were by way of "resting" in Reserve a few days ago, (we've changed over with another Company now) but they shelled us so incessantly day and night, that what between the sun and the noise and the shrapnel it was not much of a rest.

I have meaning to write to you, and just now “time” is the one – and only – thing I have plenty of. I am sitting in a hole, about 7 ft. by 4 ft. and 3 ft deep, with two officers of my company, we can’t stir out of it from dawn till dark, and even after dark it is not healthy to walk about too much, as there are always stray bullets, which though not aimed at you, may prove just as annoying. We had a man killed last night while he was eating his supper, and another wounded. If anyone in Croydon begins asking me to describe the War I shall tell them to go into their back garden and dig a hole a sit there for anything from three days and nights to a month, in November, without anything to read or do, and they can judge for themselves, minus the chance of being killed of course.

Everyone is awfully good to me, and the men will do anything for me, I'm always in the front line with them, and they are terribly worried that I may get killed, but so far I haven't had a scratch though the men besides me have caught it. The actual fighting is the least hard part of the War, as you have plenty to do, and theres some excitement in it, but theres no sport at all in climbing a mountain all night in pouring rain, or sitting behind a rock till you have cramp. Sitting still under shellfire is the most trying, and theres not a man alive who isn't afraid of that, when there is no cover or very little. I wish we had a few English troops with us, they (the Serbs) have such tremendous admiration for the English, which is more than they have for - some of the others.

The other two men are asleep, its pouring rain and very cold, we can't put a tent, but have rigged up a bit of one to cover our hole, and it is not as wet as it might be.

[illegible]

Please excuse paper, I've had to tear a leaf out of my diary, having no other. Its teatime, but no tea being forthcoming I've just replaced it with bread and dry coffee ground small and mixed with equal parts of sugar. You eat it with a spoon, and its not half bad, and very sustaining, but I'd give a good deal for a piece of English cake.

Sd Flora Sandes,
Sergeant

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Bizerte,
May 2nd. 1917

Dearest T,

I've got a lot of letters of yours to answer, the last with an account of your Easter doings, and now a bundle of letters from Salonika, with two of yours Jan 7th and 19th, written to the Hospital. I don't know where they've been reposing all this time. I was delighted to get them, so don't give up writing as they always turn up sooner or later and are none the less welcome even if old, as I can thus fill in the gaps in the home news.

What a fearfully cold winter you have had. It's bad here too, for the time of year, always blowing and cold evening but warm days more or less.

I had a letter from Dick last week from Glasgow.

What is Pigott's address? I'd like to send him a card. I also got a letter (forwarded by you) from Miss Clarke in America, various old friends have written since they saw my name in the papers.

I'm glad the poor old piano got a little exercise when they were all home in January (I'm reading yours of Jan 7th). I can imagine you all at home by the drawing room fire.

I had not heard anything about Hilda's "mishap" that letter must have got stopped by the censor.

Send my love to Effie Garbutt when you write. I had a letter from Meg not long ago, written Nov 16th. I have not yet received the book you posted for my birthday. I hope very much it will come along.

Yours of Jan 19th. I hope to find the parcels at the S.R.F. in Sal. As I told them to keep anything for me and not risk forwarding it.

The pink slippers are still going strong and are an inestimable boon in this country where all the floors are tiled and it's horrible to step out of bed on to with bare feet. I don't know what I would have ever have done without them.

I don't remember if I mentioned my right thumb, but if not Arthur must certainly be a thought reader. The Dr. says the nerve in my arm which works my thumb got cut but it's quite unnecessary and doesn't worry me in the least, and my arm is getting quite strong again.

I'm sorry I didn't go to Cairo now, it's much better climate than here.

If you can get a copy of D.T, Jan 6th where you say W.Wilson wrote my family history and pedigree, I'd very much like to read the article as I'm shamefully hazy about my own pedigree.

Those unfortunate Mitfords. She must be a blithering idiot, poor little Terence seems to be the head of the family.

Old Mr. Wood and I carry on quite a correspondence, I've just had a huge long letter from him, written in a very shaky hand, poor old thing. He's like Peter used to be with letters, directly he gets my answer to his letter he sits down and writes again!

I'm still here you see but am really in hopes now of getting off by the next Transport, which may be any day.

The authorities can't think of any further excuse for keeping me as I'm perfectly well now. I didn't go by last boat because they wanted me to wait until after the visit of a French General here, the Chief of all French troops in N. Africa. That function successfully came off a couple of days ago.

I was invited to lunch at the Admiral's with the General and all the Brass hats. It was a great do, and a very good lunch and the table all covered with flowers and most perfectly trained French sailors as waiters, just a cut above Gullen. Best of all the Admiral gave the Commandant of the airship and the big aeroplanes have permissions to take me up in both, the first fine day. I hope to goodness this wind will go down before my transport goes as they can't go up till it does. It will be topping. I told you I'd plunged in a submarine didn't I?

When the Serbian Colonel and I arrived at the Admiralty in his motor, the Band played the Serbian national Anthem, and there was a sort of guard of honour of French sailors with bugles drawn up in front of the door, who blew a sort of fanfare for us on the bugles, after which to my horror the Admiral, who is great on speechifying, made them a sort of speech about me while they all stood motionless at attention with their eyes fixed on me. I felt a perfect fool but I'm gradually getting hardened to it.

After lunch we drove up to camp for a Review. There was an English lady with the French General, a Mrs McArthur, who lives in Algiers and works a lot among the soldiers. She had a beautiful place there and invited me to visit her if ever I went to Algiers.

The officers up at the Camp are always asking me up to lunch. Tomorrow if it is fine, I'm going to borrow an outfit and dress up as a woman and go up there. It will be awful sport, only one officer there is in the know and he is very keen on it, I bet they won't recognise me at first. Mr. Wilson the S.R.F. man here is going to telephone a friend of his has come from Tunis and may he bring her up to lunch. I went round to Mrs. Pinchards, yesterday and we had a dress rehearsal with shrieks of laughter. It is a very swanky black silk frock with a big white collar, and a big picture hat, and I shall look quite a "lidy" but I'll have to powder my face to tone it down a bit.

I think I must really bring this scrawl to a close. I hope you will be able to read it. Madam Bernasconi was very pleased at getting your letter.

I had a bathe last Sunday, I "opened the season" none bather here till it ios quite summer but it was much warmer then many summer days in England when we bathed. Everyone was thunderstruck when I said I'd bathed.

Best love to Arthur, Dodo and Phil and Gerrard and Steve when you write.

I hope Phil likes her farming. It sounds a big jump from "sprodding muck" in the afternoon stalls at "Romance" in the evening.

Best love

Ever your loving,

Flora.

June 6th 1917

First Co, 1st Battn'
Somewhere in Macedonia

Dear T.....

I have got back to the Regiment at last after being away from it for nearly six months since I got laid out last winter. I told you in my last all about Bizerta, where I was sent to convalesce, I began to be afraid I should not get away from there till the War was over, but by the look of it now I do not think I need have worried so much about not being in time.

Well, I arrived at my destination, - I must not give it a name, and you would not be any the wiser if I did - a few days ago, and am now in the First Company of the same Battn instead of the Fourth. The remains of my old company were all transferred in a the First, so I have most of the same officers and men. There were only 16 of us left to be transferred anywhere though as we were cut to pieces at the taking of Monastir and the various scraps that led up to it.

I meandered up from Salonique in a leisurely manner, stopping with various friends en route for meals or the night. I stayed five days at Vodena at the Serbian camp there which is a sort of clearing station for men being drafted up to the Front. Vodena is a lovely little place, all waterfalls, and is the only green spot I have ever seen in Macedonia. Voda is Serbian for water" They were awfully good to me there, the old Serbian Commandant is a dear old chap, and gave me his spare tent to sleep in. They wanted me to stay longer, and assured me there was still snow at the Front in the mountains, but as a matter of fact it is hot enough to fry eggs, and you spend most of the day in the cool of your dugout. I was a keen long trek from Vodena to here, I did it on relays of cars cr egged from the M.T. Companies along the route. These _ritish M.T Companies take all the ammuniton up to the Front and there are several of them along the road, and they are always so jolly and hospitable. The British Tommy certainly shines here, everyone likes him, and he is so good to the Serbian soldiers, always giving them lifts along the road, I don't know what we would do without them all. Some of the officers dugouts are really lovely, proper little houses mostly made with petrol tins.

When I got back to the Regiment I got a great reception, and I was so glad to meet them all again. One of the Officers of my company sent his batman with a present of a packet of candles, I daresay it doesn't sound a very romantic present, but they are worth their weight in gold here, and remember you cannot get the smallest thing here, nor can you carry anything more than a knapsack except when you are in Reserve - so-called.

We relieved a Russian Division who were here all winter while we were in Reserve, and they have built fine little stone and mud huts into the side of the hill. Mine is a palatial edifice about 6 ft. by 6 ft. with a stone bed at one end, as soft as stone usually is, and a stone seat and doorway - minus door. We all have our meals on it, the O.C. the four Platoon officers of my Co. and myself, as it is the largest. This is a very steep hillside, without the ghost of a scrap of shade and most of the plagues of Egypt, but the flies are the worst. I have sent to Salonique for some flypapers. A soldier is sent down about once a fortnight for commissions. The trenches are only a stones throw back, and we go into them at dusk through a communication trench, and come out again at dawn, leaving only a few men there in the daytime, machine guns, ewis guns etc. There is never much doing in the daytime. There is not much fighting at present except artillery. This is more like the warfare on the Western Front, and is the first time we have had real trenches. The Bulgar trenches are about as far as from you to the Swan" (I do not think the Censor can object to this piece of information, as it conveys nothing to anybody but you) We are awake all night in the trenches, and sleep half the day in these dugouts, I am enclosing you a photo of mine with my batman standing in front with another soldiers. Last night we (two officers and myself) did a little promenade in No-man's Land to see if the barbed wire was quite well. There was a bright moon, and it is sort of eerie once you get out of the shelter of the trenches and wander down through what was once a cornfield towards the Bulgars - I devoutly hoped none of them happened to be doing the same thing at the same time but it seemed more than probable. It reminded me of that picture of Bairnsfather's the girl at home saying "The same dear old moon is shining on him" and the other chap on patrol lying flat on his tummy cursing and saying "That blasted moon will be the death of me yet"!

Last night each platoon was presented with a paper to convey to the Bulgarians expatiating on the advantage of giving themselves up and keeping a whole skin, and pointing out how happy and comfortable the prisoners are in comparison with those who foolishly persist in fighting against us. It sounded quite

simple, but the problem was how to get it into the Bulgar lines, - as one man sagely remarked when it was suggested that he might try – he thoughtfully composed it. I suggested crawling as near as possible and sending it over with a catapult but no-one had any elastic to make one. Eventually my platoon disposed of theirs. Three men crawled as far as they could and fixed it to a long stick in a conspicuous position close to the enemy lines. Someone is sure to come and fetch it in the morning. We fastened another to a kite, but have a wait for a favourable breeze, and I think they are going to try sending one over with a rocket. Of course if it was wanting volunteers for a raid or anything like that there would be heaps, but we don't want any of the men to lose their lives delivering a fool letter.

There is nothing much doing during the day except intermittent shelling, about eleven they really wake up and give us a good shelling to which we reply with interest, then they knock off for dinner and their afternoon nap, and then start again at four. If they vary from these times we feel quite hurt, - this is not meant for a pun. There is nowhere much to walk to here in the daytime, even if you want to, only a very narrow ravine below our dugouts where you cannot be seen, if you go anywhere else, even on the hill just behind the enemy are always on the watch and start shelling if they see anyone move, but still one can move about a few yards and that is a huge improvement on lying behind a stone from dawn till dark with your nose in the mud, within rifle range, as we used to do. Still, we hope this blessed state of affairs is not going to last very long.

I never get any papers, I suppose the censor or the Powers that be stop them, so do now know much of what is going on in the rest of the world, but when the Germans have had a victory the Bulgars shout the news across to us at night from their trenches, and we reply with some tremendous advance of the Allies, - sometimes made up on the spur of the moment. I do get letters and parcels all right through, if any of my friends evince a burning desire to send me chocolate or Egyptian cigarettes. Of course the men get nothing at all, most of them have not had a parcel or a letter from home for nearly three years, and do not know what has happened to their families as the whole of Serbia is in the hands of the enemy. It was touching in hospital in Salonique to see the Serbian soldiers' faces when the post came in with the parcels and letters for the British orderlies. Some of the orderlies were awfully good, and used regularly to share their parcels with them. I wish some of the people at home who send things to "lonely soldiers" would adopt a few of us. We are an entire army of lonely soldiers, there can't be anyone half so lonely in the English Army, and they are so keen on everything English, and prize anything from England so much. There are 120 men in my Company, and if anyone would send me any parcels I would distribute them. I had 50 francs given me by the people in a hotel near Tunis where I went when I left hospital, I am going to spend it on sugar for some of the men, it is not in our rations and is very dear so they cannot buy it for themselves as they only get 10 francs a month pay.

I picked up an old Bulgarian shell just outside my dugout yesterday and my batman has just brought it me in a big bunch of wild flowers to put in it which he found down the little stream which trickles through the ravine, whether he went to do my washing as we only carry one change of underclothes with us. We are spared many of the minor worries of life at the Front, washerwomen and starched clothes among them. The only thing we are really particular about is having our boots cleaned, heaven only knows why. My batman is distressed because I forgot to bring any boot polish, but he is going to get some as speedily as possible, in the meantime he has to rub them with fat, which is much better for the leather and not quite so icky looking.

Could not carry on typing as half the page was missing...
Somewhere in Serbia.

Saturday, June 15th, 1918

Dear Mrs Haverfield,

We arrived in Salonique last Saturday. I have been waiting to write till I had seen the Canteens, and have just arrived now, this afternoon, at the one for the Morava Division, not 100 miles from the Front.

I am sitting now in a sun shelter made of posts roofed with pine boughs (though 5p.m. the sun is still too hot to be comfortable) in the principal canteen for the Morava Division. There is another small offshoot in a convenient spot close by, and about half a mile away another for the Drina and Danube Divisions.

"Canteen" does not convey the least impression of what our places are, in fact there is no word in the English language to describe them. The outstanding feature is that everything pertaining to them has been made out of nothing, and the net result is three separate places which are always open for the tired, dusty men who pass along the scorching road all day long, to sit and rest in the shade, be welcomed as honoured

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The men simply love it. I was talking to some of them, one did not know me, and he remarked, "Well, whoever it was thought of these tea gardens, didn't think badly!"

We shan't need any more people from home, as I cabled you. These canteens for the first Army will be run by Miss MacGlade. For the 2nd Army by Miss Tilestone. Also, there is an English nurse here, Miss Rogers she was, married to a Serb Sergt-Major, Paolo Gennitch is his name, they are both charming, I have known them a long time, I have asked them to take charge of one of our canteens for the 2nd Army and they are delighted, and they will be together always there. I have also broached the subject to the Serbs, and they are all very pleased, it will make it so nice as she is married to a Serb. I am getting permission for him as soon as possible. It is ever so much better to get someone on the spot who knows the ways and the language, then even the best of people from England, which is always a risk. There are heaps of very good Serb chauffeurs here, they have had far more experience now, and are much better, and I will get one for the 2nd Car instead of another girl from England, especially as Miss Tilestone doesn't want a girl chauffeur with her. This will save a lot of expense and a lot of worry about new people. We shan't want any more at all unless we grow tremendously, there would be nothing at all for them to do.

We have certainly struck the right note, I am delighted to find, and I don't think things could have been done better.

Mac. Of course is splendid. We saw Miss Tilestone yesterday, and had a long powwow and are quite at one. We are getting two gramophones in Salonique to liven things up, Mac. Was only waiting for me to come to sanction buying them.

You needn't buy any more equipment or cars, I wired to cancel the last two cars, because we should have no use for them. Please send 5,000 postcards in seerate lots by parcel post at once to Mac. C/O Y.M.C.A. (parcels only or big shipments C/O Y.M.C.A. not letters, Mac.'s letters and Miss Coates to Serbian Relief Fund.) It's a pity we haven't got a lot of cards, they sell by the thousand in all the camps and canteens.

Mr.Sporr has sent for 500 of my books for the Y.M.Canteens. The Y.M.C.A. at Havre asked for 500 more cards, please send.

Can't write any more. Keep the flag flying as you always do and rake in the shekels. If people at home could see the gratitude of the men who up to now haven't had a spot to be welcomed to, they would not grudge it. I'll write up an article with photos as soon as possible for the papers.

They can make any blessed thing here. It's not necessary to send out any equipment, we have just ordered another house which will be ready in 3 days, also a camp bed, they make tables, chairs, everything you can think of!

Can you make an appeal for any more cigarettes? They are the crying need, and ask Sir T. Lipton if he can give us some more tea, it is an essential, ask him if he can possibly let us have. Can we buy it from him to be sent from Egypt.

With best love, write a card when you have time. I go to the Regiment tomorrow.

Ever yours

(signed) FLORA SANDES

Belgrade June 24th 1941

My dearest Fan

This is another chance to send you a letter via Miss Clarke, the last chance I think of anyone going, so don't worry because you don't hear from me. My last sent same route sometime the middle of May. I am also writing to Meg, and asking her to send it on to you, and you ditto, so hope one if not both will arrive.

I think of you all the time, and of all at home, and hope you are all right, and especially Stephen. Can you hear from Betty now? (I forgot it is no use asking questions). I am very well, and I wish I could say the same of Yurie, but he is really very ill, very high blood pressure, which affects his heart and lungs, and doesn't sleep well, at least not consecutively, though a good deal off and on and in the daytime. A doctor friend has been up to see him twice, and says there is nothing to be done for it but rest and diet and his medicine which he had before, and prescribed iodine for him in addition. He has his bed in the sitting room, which is lighter and more cheery, and he can get up and sit on the porch and wander about a bit, but is too weak to walk far. He has been like this before and got quite well apparently last month, and used to go down town and all, and then it all came back again, but I hope and trust it will pass off again soon. He won't hear of going into a clinic, and really they did him more harm than good last time as he was starved. He is quite cheerful, and lies and reads most of the day. Otherwise we are all right and here it is so peaceful away from the town one doesn't notice anything, and the weather is lovely. We still have our invaluable Maritza and her worthless husband, and both started out this morning at cockcrow to scour the place for wood, which we are right out of and it is impossible to get. I'm hoping they will be able to buy three meters at a new place. I have nothing to do at present except look after Yurie and supervise generally but next month two pupils are coming here twice a week, so that will be something. Fortunately we had something in a sock, so you needn't picture us as starving, far from it, there is plenty of food of a sort, though not always what one wants, and heaps of vegetables, but no eggs, or flour, and but little sugar, and maize bread. I hope your rations are sufficient.

I must go into town this afternoon, it's a long hot walk to the tram as our buses do not run now. I sleep out on the porch now on a camp bed, and its so lovely, especially in the early morning. I got up at 6 this morning and made tea for Yurie and myself. I say "tea" but its not tea really, but one gets quite used to it, and its best weak without milk. Everyone used to be in a panic what should we do when there was no more tea, and we find we do perfectly well with the substitute. Dr. Macphail is, I believe, in England, or Scotland, her address is:- Southview, St. Andrews, if you like write to her. The last time I saw her was two days before the war here. She and her sister live nearly next door to Terence Mitford. I have only one more sheet of this thin paper which I must write to Miss Clarke on, and will take this to town this afternoon. You will know much more of what is happening everywhere than I do, as it is forbidden to listen to the foreign radio, so I never do so, but only read the local paper with the German news. The latest surprise is the war between Germany and the Soviets, not the White Russians.

This may get to you about the time of your birthday so will wish you very many happy returns my dear, and lets hope every birthday from now will be happier and happier. Yurie sends his love and "many happy [returns]". I saw that Christine's birthday was last month, fancy her two years old now, what a shame you can't see her. I hope Benjy and Joyce are all right and that you have them with you.

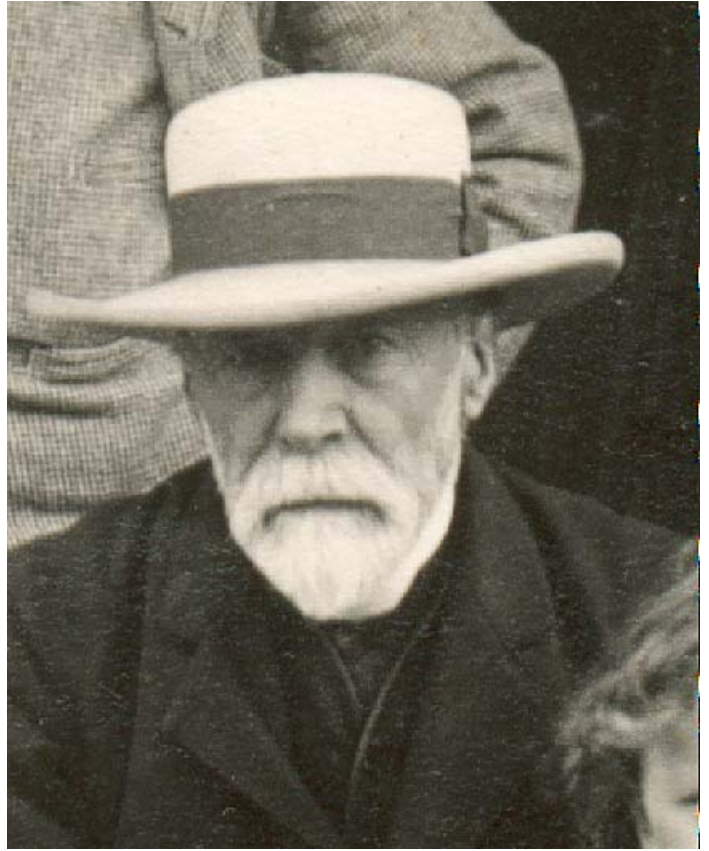
With very much love my dear, and hopes and prayers for your safety, and love to Ben, Dodo, Phyl, Lil and Itt and all.

Your loving sister

Flora Yudenitch

PHOTOGRAPHS

Sandes Family



Rev.Samuel Dickson Sandes about 1907



Mrs. Sophia Julia Sandes



Stephen Sandes



Sophie Sandes in 1907



Mary (Meg) Sandes in 1907



SDS Junior with Dick



William Besnard Sandes



Fanny Sandes in her late teens



Fanny Sandes in her 40's



Left to right

Photo taken by Fanny

Top -WBS. SJS ,SDS sen

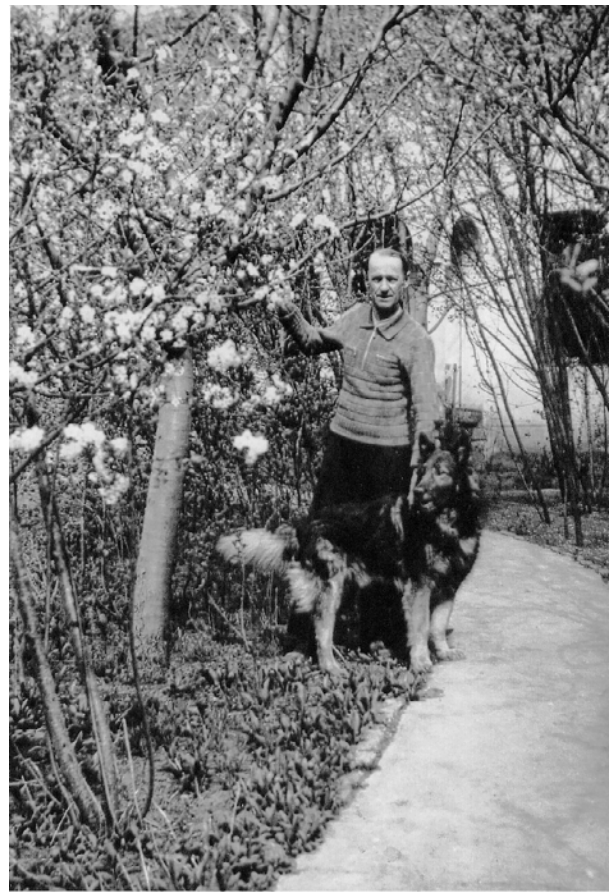
2nd Row -Sophie Baker with Dorothy

Arthur Baker with Gerrard. Flora

Stephen Leonard Baker



Grave of Rev. Sandes and Sophia Julia in Croydon Cemetery



Yurie Yudenitch with Pat at their home in Belgrade

Photographs of Flora



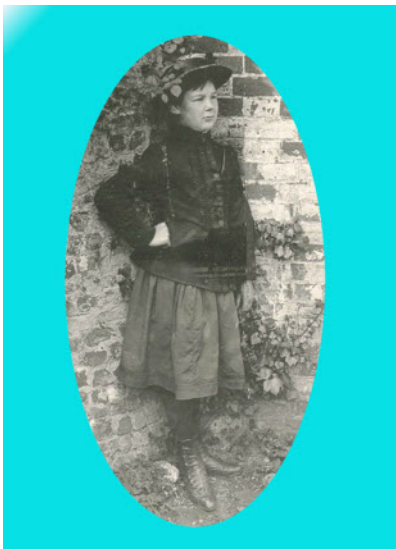
At about 18 months



Flora with her toy cat



At about 4



At about 6



At 15



At 17



At 18



In fencing gear



Flora in her French Car

Her nieces, Phyllis and Dorothy standing by the gate.

Outside Sophie and Arthur's house in Croydon



Playing chess with fellow soldiers



Her KaraGeorge Star with swords





Flora and Yurie after their wedding



Flora's epaulettes



Her Sergeants and Captains cap badges



Ribbon of unknown use



Enamelled badge of unknown function



Flora at Folly's End
Lower Hatcheson in 1956



Statue of Flora and colleagues in the
British War Museum



Rectory from the back



Front garden and house



Back gate onto the lane



Front Gate



Interior of Marlesford Church