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I had to put up with this trying situation for about a week when finally we got a cook. It is interesting to recall an incident concerning my duties as kitchen factotum. One morning about 5:30 I was engaged in taking a large pan of sausages from the stove, when turning around, I saw standing, with an anxious worried look, poor sick Dr. Lavinder. "I'm so sorry, Miss Daly" he said. He seemed as if he had been responsible for the incongruity of a nurse acting as a kitchen mechanic. Certainly I felt sorry for him, for he had been ill, and the responsibility of keeping that shocking establishment in order did not tend to improve him mentally or physically.

My next experience was in painting. Never having been intended for an artistic career, my skill with the brush was not that of the great masters. But what I lacked in technical skill I made up in application, spending hour after hour at the back-breaking work. We had beds, ugly beds, that were crying out for paint, and although we had lots of paint, we had no painters. Obviously it would be impossible to draft nurses for the task. Nevertheless I prevailed upon one to act as my aide-de-camp, and together we sallied forth to battle, armed with two dollars' worth of brushes, bought out of my own funds. Our crusade was not in vain, for inspired by the improved appearance of the wards we attacked so successfully, most of the other nurses offered to imitate our example for the benefit of their own wards. Soon trouble confronted us from another source. The orderlies were impossible to handle. Asked to do anything that required the least bit of initiative, they promptly walked out. Most of them were bereft of character, low-down drunkards and worse, but what could we do? That was the only kind available.

After things had improved a little, who should appear but the privileged German interne whom I had encountered at Ellis Island, and much to my astonishment I was told that he wanted to interview some of the nurses who had been in the Ellis Island Hospital while he was detained there. Their names were given to me and I could not understand why he should interview them. When I made inquiry, he answered, "I will see you later." He interviewed five nurses, one by one, and all came from the room very indignant and greatly excited and troubled over the possibility of going to jail. He accused them of carrying out mail for interned Germans, which would be a criminal offense. Finally he questioned me, as I in turn questioned him. He stated that he had left the hospital at night whenever he wished, having a suit of clothes in the doctor's office; that he was given all freedom of which I knew nothing; and furthermore that he had no use for me as I had deprived him of his tray. I was then informed that he was a secret service man acting for the U.S. Government. But I was not quite satisfied and demanded to see his badge, telling him that I knew something about secret service, as some members of my own family served in that Department. On showing some kind of badge I told him that