

were busy all the time, doing all sorts of menial tasks, myself acting as morgue-keeper, consoling the relatives of the dead, and frequently obliged to tidy things up in the morgue ~~after~~ ^{before} the arrival of visitors. One practice that I instituted I found very helpful. I insisted that relatives partake of some refreshments before permitting them to view their dead. Almost invariably they were better able to stand the shock on this account, and incidentally, I was relieved somewhat in witnessing these heart-breaking incidents.

July came and things quieted down, enabling me to get a week's vacation. On the memorable twelfth of the month, however, while still on vacation, I received telegraphic orders to return to Ellis Island. The second day after my arrival we admitted five patients, ^{and} for whom I had to care. The Army had left the hospital in a terrible mess and it was necessary to engage again in a clean-up crusade. Visions of my first days at the Marine Hospital in Stapleton came back to me. The wards were in a frightful condition and we had to pitch in at once. We succeeded in painting 52 beds, and as at Stapleton, the improvement was so marked that the nurses volunteered to continue similar operations throughout other wards. After a while we got things in fairly good condition, though not a bit too soon for the wards were being filled up even while we were busy cleaning and renovating. But at any rate the place was not so depressing.

Patients were now arriving in droves, for a second flu epidemic was well on the way. So crowded were we that we were obliged to turn the patients' dining rooms into wards. The halls were crowded with the very sick and every available nook and cranny were used for hospital purposes. To make matters worse, a good many of our nurses unfortunately fell victims to the disease. For a time the situation seemed out of hand, but eventually difficulties were overcome and we again resumed our normal routine. Ellis Island has never been an easy station and often and often I have been exceedingly tired, but thank God, my health has been good. I have never been absent a single day on account of illness.

Ellis Island Hospital, now with a capacity of 600 beds, is a complex organization, handling every variety of patient - maternity, insane, contagious, medical and surgical. In the course of my long service I have been called upon to take a hand in practically every department. I have acted as dietitian, operating room nurse, and have filled in wherever and whenever called upon. Whether I owe a debt to the U.S. Government or whether the Government owes a debt to me has never given me concern. This, however, I would like to note: that never once in my whole career have I given any of my superiors reason to censure me, something that has afforded me keen satisfaction.