

Two memorable explosions occurred during my stay at Ellis Island, one in the month of February, when it was severely cold. The dining room was wrecked on that occasion. But the great catastrophe of July 31, 1916, known as the "Black Tom" explosion, was by far the worst. It practically demolished the entire building. About two in the ~~afternoon~~ <sup>morning</sup> the huge war supplies stored on the little tongue of land across the channel, on the Jersey shore, caught fire and the series of explosions that followed continued until five o'clock next morning. We all expected to be blown to eternity. It was an unforgettable experience, but the personnel were very heroic. There were many immigrants in the hospital and a large number of insane patients, making the task of removal exceedingly difficult. Nevertheless we succeeded in getting the entire number out of the buildings, which were perforated here and there with falling shells and pieces of iron. The scene was indescribable and I am sure that all who witnessed or participated in this harrowing experience can never forget it. It took months to restore the hospital to a semblance of its former condition.

Every hospital is, of course, a scene of pathos and tragedy, but Ellis Island Hospital had problems peculiarly its own. It was especially hard to witness the separation of families when perhaps the hopes of a lifetime were shattered. Among other cases this happened when a man who had come to the United States, saved a little money, established a home for his wife and children and brought them over, only to find, however, that one of them was suffering from some contagious disease, say, trachoma. Deportation was mandatory and the husband was helpless. Sometimes he would keep the children who were eligible to land and the certified sufferer, whether wife or child, had to return. Deportations of this sort furnished the most moving and tragic scenes one can imagine.

The first assistant chief nurse reported to Ellis Island Hospital for duty on March 1, 1929. Another nurse soon followed. I know they did not care for the Station and perhaps they did not care for me either. However I realized in a short time that they were women of high type, very capable and efficient, and soon we became very dear friends. After serving for a considerable period at Ellis Island they were transferred to other stations and I felt very sorry when they left. However, two other nurses took their places, both very satisfactory, and they, too, are my esteemed associates.

Another valued acquaintance and friend is the present Mayor of New York City, Mr. Fiorella H. LaGuardia, who was an interpreter in the Immigration Service at Ellis Island many years before the World War. He was master of many tongues and was often called to the hospital in his official