

ANNEXURE TO STATE COUNCIL MINUTES, 23rd MAY, 1975.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR THE PERIOD ENDING 22nd MAY, 1975.

Balance Brought Forward \$1,749-9

INCOME:-

Subscription - Head Office Remit 75/1	\$1,070-98		
75/2	<u>429-18</u>	\$1,500-16	
Contra - Head Office		182-00	
Dinner Contribution		<u>60-00</u>	\$1,742-16
NET INCOME:-			\$3,491-35

EXPENDITURE:- 1st OCTOBER, 1974 to 22nd MAY, 1975.

Conference and Council Expenses-

Adelaide	\$ 152-60	
Melbourne	<u>102-90</u>	255-50

Travelling Expenses - Wagga 23/2/75	98-00	
18/4/75	85-80	183-80

Secretary's Honorarium to 30/1/75		100-00
Contra- Head Office		182-00

SUNDRIES:-

National Summer School	124-30		
Bank Transfer			
Interest Bearing Deposit	1,500-00		
Long Service Leave Fund	<u>50-00</u>	<u>1,674-30</u>	\$2,395-60
BALANCE AT BANK			<u>\$1,095-75</u>

N.B. a \$32-40 refund is expected from National Summer School.

I went to Spain as a nurse, a Hospital Sister. Therefore I expected to see suffering, I expected to see soldiers with horrible wounds but never with any stretch of imagination did I expect to witness such wilful slaughter of civil population I can never forget or forgive it. It was a pathetic sight to see women running to the refugees, grabbing their babies to their terrified children screaming to their parents and old people shuffling along behind, unable to hurry. But it was a more pathetic sight to see a plane swoop low, drop a bomb amongst them and blow them to pieces. How often have I witnessed this: How often have I helped rescue villagers from the ruins of their homes. But the courage of the Spanish people is the most magnificent thing I have ever seen. We must win they would say, and I was not in Spain long before I realized fully why they must win.

I saw the beautiful cities and beautiful old towns, but always in addition the most horrible slums imaginable. Thousands of people living in caves, villages composed almost of mud huts with struggling



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193

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(2)

starving peasant folk scratching the ground with their primitive implements. A people enslaved for centuries whose one crime was that they had discovered that there was something better in life than poverty and misery and had elected a parliament which would give them better conditions. / This parliament was not Communist or socialist, it was merely democratic, but of course that didn't suit the greedy land owners, the exploiters who had taken everything that was worth while out of the lives of the Spanish people for so long.

From the very beginning of the Revolution and all along there has been a steady stream of soldiers, planes and munitions pouring into Rebel Spain from Fascist countries and completely outweighing the very small help which came to Republican Spain.

I kept a diary while I was in Spain and here is a little extract which is repeated in similar fashion at intervals through the diary



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Widdows

(3)

The Spanish Republicans fight always against fearful odds, the lack of food and an overpowering supply of arms. If they had had just sufficient food to prevent people from being too ill to work properly and half the arms which are poured into Rebel Spain the war would have been over long ago in favour of the Spanish Government.

I saw Spain at the early part of the Revolution when it was more or less chaos and disorder. I saw it later when the revolutionary atmosphere had subsided and law and order reigned. I saw the Spanish people taught to read and write. We had in our Hospital grown men and women who could neither read nor write and always at ~~resting~~ resting periods even in front line hospitals, education classes were organised. Even the soldiers in the trenches were taught to read and write. I spent about three weeks in Barcelona ~~previous~~ prior to going to the front. My first hardship I must say was the lack of food. When I had gone a couple of weeks without butter, ~~junk~~



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193

Notland

(4)

jam, pudding, and my usual cup of tea, I felt utterly miserable. My hot dinner usually consisted of a plate of macaroni or octopus and rice. The food of course was under control and it was impossible to buy more than two courses anywhere. Every morning and evening ^{one} we would see bread ques and milk ques everywhere.

Barcelona was an interesting sight in those early days, draped by flags and pictures of the different leaders, armed men guarding the official buildings, and shell and bullet holes through most of the big buildings. All art galleries, museums and big churches were closed, as a protection of course, and a great many of the art treasures were removed from the Country altogether.

Some of the smaller churches were open. In Republican Spain there is absolute freedom of thought as far as religion goes. If a person wishes to be an athiest he can be one and no-one has the right to come along and tell him he should have a religion and a person who finds comfort in their ^{His} religion may proceed with



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193

Necklands

(5)

it absolutely unmolested. For ~~this~~ reason were some of the churches open. At the beginning of the Revolution many of the churches were burned out. This was done but the Spanish people themselves long before we arrived there and I do not speak about things I did not see myself. While I was there these churches were used as schools and for housing refugees. I became attached to a mobile hospital or an Equipas as it is called in Spanish and moved from Front to Front according to the attacks. I worked on most of the big Fronts. Jarama, Brunete, Aragon and Tereul.

At first we worked in rather primitive fashion but eventually more help and equipment came with the result that eventually all Hospitals were quite up to date. In ~~all~~ ^{our} operating theatres we even had central heating and diathermy. I worked in the operating theatre right through the war excepting on one occasion when Typhoid broke out in the lines. At that time we had on our staff only myself and one male nurse, trained. Naturally we could not attend to 60 or 70 Typhoids ourselves. We went into the village, collected



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6 STIRLING HIGHWAY,

193

Nedwards

(6)

as many Spanish girls as possible and in a couple of weeks had them trained into the ways of nursing. On that occasion I ~~was~~ also helped with the cooking, teaching the Spanish girls how to serve meals in true hospital fashion. When the ward was running smoothly my next responsibility was the delousing. On admission all patients were covered with lice and to keep these lice from entering the clean beds was in deed difficult. Every article of clothing as it came off a patient would have to be steralized.

Our first big battle was the Jarama. Words cannot express those days. Ours was the first front line hospital and we received all wounded from that section. As many as 500 and 600 a day poured in. The sights were sickening. ~~Legs blown off, intestines hanging out and faces bhot away.~~ We worked 48 hour stretches, averaging 20 hours a day and even then had to watch hundreds die right under our noses because we hadn't the hands or material with which to attend them. The Hospital would shake and rattle from the bombs. All day the thud thud of bombs and roar of artillery from the Front



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6 STIRLING HIGHWAY,

193

Nedlands

(7)

and all day ~~the~~ an agony of groans from the hundred awaiting attention.

At Brunete conditions were improved and we worked 24 hour stretches only. Hundreds of nurses and more equipment had in the meantime come to Spain. At Brunete at night when not working I used to sit at the window and watch the battle in the air. The Minute enemy planes would appear the search lights would be upon them and then the combat would begin. At Belchite I nursed many prisoners. They were mostly Italian but some were Spanish. We saw also most of the Refugees from Belchite. Little children fatally wounded and old people who would sit and stare straight ahead of them as though life had ceased for them.

Teruel was the most terrible experience of all. Food had become very scarce and I can safely say that there was not a person at our Hospital in a fit condition to work. The cold was fearful. Snow up to our knees. Every patient who was admitted to my oper-~~ing~~.



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Necklands

193

theatre had frozen feet. It was one persons work to rub them with snow, that being the treatment.

We had practically no arms with which to defend ourselves at Teruel and therefore had to watch our Hospital blown to pieces. One morning 200 incendiary bombs dropped about our hospital and eventually one hit the end of the building killing a number of patients. The enemy would fly around and around the hospital strafing it. If we dared go outside in white uniforms they would swoop low and ~~through~~ throw hand grenades at us. Our ambulances would be attacked from the air and the wounded killed inside.

All together it was ^a tremendous slaughter. Always this overpowering supply of arms. Toward the end we spent more time operating on the village folk and trying to console them after their terrific losses. Such an unfair battle could never have existed before. I am deeply shocked by the unfairness of it all, and when I hear the news, ^{that has overpowered the rebellion} Franco is almost victorious, my heart breaks for the Spanish people, and before my eyes comes a picture of an old lady who stood



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6 STIRLING HIGHWAY,

193

Nedwards

(9)

with me during a heavy bombardment at Teruel. After seeing her daughter and two grandchildren killed by a bomb she rushed out into the street shaking her fist~~xx~~ at the ~~planes~~ disappearing planes. "We will ^{beat} ~~be at~~ you" she screamed, "We will win" and when I said to her afterwards "What if Franco does win" "We will rise again," she said with a determination I shall never forget. ~~And~~ That was the morale of the Spanish people. That was the morale of Republican Spain.



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another Hosp at Teruel. We had 6 Hospital men.

February 2nd. Muniesa.

I was so sick when I arrived that I haven't written for a few days. I hate this Hospital. It's a great cold building, with not a vestige of comfort anywhere. Also it is situated in the midst of other tall buildings, which prevents us seeing the Avion until it is directly overhead. We have no trench or anything like that here. We are bombed every day, but of course it is nothing like the unceasing raids at Quevas. We get a breathing space here and there.

It is a pathetic sight to see the villagers rushing to the refugios, grabbing their babies to them and wailing. The children are terrified, of course, and the old people struggle along behind, unable to hurry. Phyllis always breaks down completely at this sight.

Marj is working in the ward with two American Nurses. They all get on very well, but who couldn't get on with Marj? When I went in to see her, just now, she and one of the American girls were attending a wounded prisoner. How carefully they handled him, and how gently they fed him. It was nice to see. I hope our boys receive the same treatment under similar circumstances.

10th.

Things are getting very hot here. Each day they miss us by a few yards and kill some of the village folk. There is very little work, in fact, we go days with nothing to do. I spend most of my time in Triage with Phyllis. I sit for hours, wound

in my cape and staring into the stove. Phyllis says she's sick of hearing me cough, but it is better to cough in Triage than in the Theatre. The Theatre, of course, is set up by the Americans, our Autochir being in Valencia. I feel unhappy without the Autochir, but of course our whole equipo is worn out. Slavo, if you please, walking about with a fractured skull. The only thing which makes me feel at home these days is when I meet Slavo, and he pulls my hair and pinches my ear and says, "Yunka - Yunchic".

I have almost given up hope of leave. Everyone says the same to me. - "Of course, Una, you must have leave as soon as this offensive is over". I've had that said to me for a long time now. I feel like a cog in a wheel.

Phyllis and I went strolling about the village this afternoon, and who should we bump into but Captain Bradley. "Hullo, Una", he said - "When are you going to marry me?" "O shut up", I answered, "have you got a warm pair of underpants you can give me?" - "What, cold?" he asked, the ass, as if anyone could possibly be warm. Anyhow, this evening I received a pair of fleecy lined combinations. They were wonderful under my jodhpurs. I felt a different person. He's a friend of mine after that.

Tonight we had a wonderful dinner, chicken, if you please - quite a large helping each. A bomb landed in a fowl pen and killed about fifty 'chooks', so we had them for dinner. "It's an ill wind that blows no-one any good", said Soame, devouring

a big plateful, and Bill Sykes sucked his bones with such relish that I couldn't hear myself eating.

14th.

Such sickening sights as I have just seen. Sickening, I say, and I mean it. Women and children wilfully murdered. I have seen it with my own eyes. Ah God! it is wicked. I was walking about the village with Phyllis when the bombardment began. We pressed ourselves up against a wall. A crowd of villagers dashed by in a mad rush to get to a refugio. They were too late.... A bomb landed amongst them and blew them to pieces. In another direction ran a girl of about sixteen and three little boys. They were mown down. Two huge bombs landed quite close to us, and when the murderers were out of sight we went to where the bombs had dropped, for there seemed to be a lot of commotion there. We arrived on the scene to find six men hard at work with picks and spades, digging for their lives. Their eyes were horror-stricken, and the sweat poured off their faces, for under that huge pile of earth, concrete and boards, etc., a whole family was buried. It was like trying to lift away a hillside, but we all helped, and after about a quarter of an hour something was exposed. The hair of a child's head. The child was lifted out, a baby about one year old, with a dummy hanging to its little frock, its mouth, ears and eyes stuffed with earth. Dead of course. Next came the Mother of the child and then two young girls, all alive, and with abrasions only. Five minutes' digging delivered to us an old lady, dead, and a man with his face smashed to pulp, also dead.

Sickened at the sight of all this, Phyllis went back to Hospital, but I determined to see what the other bomb had done. A few minutes brought me to the scene of action (the house where our equipo kept their belongings and slept) and here were Dumarr, 'Goldie' and a couple of others, digging furiously, pulling from the earth and ruins first a leg, and then a bit of skull. A body minus limbs. Then everyone sickened and turned pale as 'Goldie' held up a head, completely severed from the body. We stared aghast at the face of that person of whom we had all been so fond. I sat down on a rock and watched to the end. "I'll make myself see it all", I said to Dumarr. "Well, don't sit there, Yunka," he said. "That wall may fall on you". He had a ^{great} sorrow in his eyes. These buried men had worked for him for close on a year.

We went slowly back to Hospital together without speaking a single word to each other. I went straight to the Mortuary. I couldn't forget that baby. The Mortuary was a sight to behold, there were two soldiers, and the rest were village folk, about 30 of them.

I went to the baby and picked it up. It was stiff, of course, and slightly cyanosed, but round and soft-looking just the same. Its little silky curls were clung together in a tangled mass. As I turned it in my arms blood trickled from its mouth all over me. I sat there for a long time in the half darkness nursing it. "I'll never have a baby now", I said to myself. "Never".

Suddenly I was filled with a tremendous energy. I put the

baby down and walked outside, along the road out of the village. Wild thoughts flew through my brain. I must go to the Front and fight like a man. I must fight till I die. One burning desire to kill every Fascist living seized me, and I think that desire will remain with me always.

15th., ~~I think~~.

I can't be bothered writing in this stupid diary. I don't know why I keep it, for I'll need no reminder in after-life. How to forget it will be my problem. They are bombing us quite heavily today, every hour or so. Let them go ahead. I'm sure I don't care.

16th.

Here we are, a whole batch of us lost on the road. Where we are is beyond me, and no-one else seems sure either. This business of getting lost is becoming a little tiresome. It's got me thinking really. Why on earth didn't we travel in convoy last night? We are practically without food, without bedding, and the snow is up to our knees.

There are about ten of us altogether. Marj is coughing frightfully, and says she cannot stand much longer without a warm drink of some kind.

We left Muniesa last night about 7.0 p.m., by camion. I think ours was the last car to leave. The cold was terrific. We travelled all night until about 2.0 a.m., when we suddenly stopped at a little village, and the driver informed us that we were lost, and he hadn't the faintest notion where to go. We

sat huddled together trying to keep warm until daybreak.

In the morning we felt starving. Luckily, this car was carrying a small supply of food, but when I saw the miserable, beady-eyed, creature in charge of the rations, I shivered. "Fancy being at his mercy", I said to Marj, and Marj agreed that he was a nasty piece of work. Nine o'clock came, and at last 'Beady-eyes' began to think of food. How he loved keeping us waiting - creature! He discovered that there was only two small loaves of bread for ten people, so instead of giving us a little there and then, he decided to tramp through the village and try to buy more. At 10.0 a.m., he arrived back unsuccessful, and at last began to cut the bread and cheese, taking as long as ever he could. To each person he handed a thin slice of cheese and little piece of bread. When it came to my turn he looked up at me as he was about to cut my cheese, and catching rather a contemptuous look in my eyes, moved his knife and gave me a slice of cheese so thin I could almost see through it. I boiled inwardly, but said nothing, for Godsknows we may be lost for days, at his mercy for food.

That has been our meal for the day. It is now 5.0 p.m., and we have had nothing more. Everyone is lying in the camion, weak and exhausted. I have terrible pain in my stomach, and a faint feeling. I can't stand too much more of this, really. I'm lousy, too, and so is Marj. Angelita is doing a lot of scratching, so I suppose she's in the same boat.

Marj looks very pale and ill, and has really given ⁱⁿ~~up~~ for the first time since I have known her. She said to me just now,

between sobs, "People are at this moment sitting by their fires in warm comfortable homes, drinking lovely cups of coffee. Luxuries that we haven't known for over a year, and that we'll never know again". "Marj, my Angel", I said to her, "We've been through so much worse than this. We'll get through alright, and some day back in civilization, we'll sit and gossip over tea and cakes and laugh about the tough times we once endured". "I shall never laugh about it. Nor will you, Una. I wish I were dead". Instead of cheering her, I proceeded to cry with her. It is easy enough to be brave and do the right thing when one is well-fed and comfortable.

17th.

Strange happenings, these. We are in another village now, lost again, having been disturbed at about 3.0 a.m., by a strange driver who arrived with a 'bus which he said was to convey us to our Hospital.

We slept last night on the floor of an empty house. The only blanket Marj and I had was my Spanish cape, so we wrapped ourselves in it and lay on the cold stone floor. We both felt a little happier for we had had a meal. Hot bully beef, pepperminties and warm milk. It happened at 8.0 p.m. By the time we received the meal we could hardly stand up. Why we were obliged to wait a whole day for a meal (for, since 'Beady-eyes' was able to produce the meal, the food had been there all day), is something I should like to know. Anyhow, at 3.0 a.m., we were told to hop into this car or 'bus, and after travelling for

some hours, the same story again. We were lost. It is about 10.0 a.m. now, and having had our bread and cheese there's nothing left to do but wait. The whole party is very exhausted and irritable. Every now and then huge bombers pass overhead. We don't move, we can't be bothered. After all, what odds? Most of us would be glad, I think....

The snow is falling fast. It looks as though we might be snowed in.

18th. 6.0. a.m.

Marjory is dead. I cannot write properly for my hands freeze when out of my gloves.

I went for a long walk in the snow. Marj wouldn't come. She said she felt faint and sick. When I came back, she wasn't here. I tried to find her, but the snow was so thick and kept falling so I couldn't see her footsteps. After about two hours I found her. She wasn't so far away, either. She looked lovely, just like the snow. I think she fainted, then froze to death. I stayed with her a long time. I forgot about the snow and the night coming on. I covered her right up with snow, then left her, but I was lost. I thought I must die too. I tried to get back to her then, but I couldn't find her. I walked in the snow for hours. My feet and hands froze. I rubbed them with snow, but I think they are frozen for ever. When daylight came I was only a little way from the village. "Donde esta Marjory?", everyone asked me, but I didn't tell them.

Cedrillas. The journey here was awful. The car broke down and we were hours sitting on the road, but at last we had been

located, and were on our way to Hospital. As we sat on the road no less than 50 bombers passed overhead. We crouched down and held our breath, but nothing touched us. At about 3.0 a.m., we were dumped about a mile from here, in what seemed to be a forest. The driver said he couldn't go any further in the car. We got out and groped our way here in the darkness, that's all.

Tervell.

Quevas Laebradas.

3rd January 1938.

We left Andorra all of a sudden, one morning early, and life since has been nothing but suffering, almost unendurable, and only endurable because we have been through so much previously.

We started off in convoy of course, a tremendous convoy, the largest I have ever been in. Our equipo drove in a camion just in front of us. Marj and I were in the front seat of an ambulance with an American Chauffeur we happened to know. Dumarr, of course, was well on ahead looking for a place to make a Hospital. We had been driving for about two hours when all of a sudden the camion in front of us carrying our people drove straight off the road. There were fearful screams as the camion turned upside down and rolled down the hillside. Marj and I dashed to the rescue, and what a sight met our eyes. They all seemed in pieces. Slavo had been buried right underneath. I thought he was dead for the moment. - "Slavo...Slavo", I called to him. He opened his eyes and said one word, "Yunka". This made me howl like a baby. The Doctors seem to think he will not live. Jerry Steele, a young Medico, who is to be Dumarr's new assistant, was sitting in the front seat, and seems to be the only one not shaken up at all. He was thrown quite clear. Whatever will Dumarr say, I thought. Practically his whole equipo out of action, and Slavo of all people. He depends upon Slavo so, for the electricity and Exray etc. None

of the girls were hurt much, thank God. A couple of my Theatre tables were smashed to bits and I saw my luggage sprawling all over the paddock. All our belongings were in that camion.

All those wounded were taken back to a Hospital with Marj in charge of them. Jerry Steele took Marj's place in the ambulance with me and so we continued on up the mountains for miles and miles. By night it was snowing heavily until we were almost knee deep. We paused for a while at a little village to await further orders and eat a little bully beef. At about 10.0 p.m. Mr. Hyde arrived on the scene with ^{ETTA.} ~~Susette~~, and we were given the order to move. We waded through the snow to our cars. It seemed almost impossible to get anywhere in such a snow storm, but nevertheless we proceeded. It was impossible to keep in convoy, and hour after hour we ploughed through the snow slipping and sliding everywhere. Our 'bus got left sadly behind. The snow was falling fast. Suddenly the car stopped. We were snowed in. This about 2.0 a.m.

We crowded there together in the freezing cold. If only I had something to eat and a dozen blankets, I thought. My Spanish cape served me once more, and I wound myself up tightly in it. I had no feeling in my feet or legs. They were just frozen. It was the cruellest night I have ever experienced. At last daybreak came and we looked out on to a sheet of glaring whiteness, every tree even, just a white mould. There

were a few biscuits and a tiny bit of cheese, so that was shared round, and then we just sat and waited, hoping for deliverance of some kind. The one thought was in all our minds. We had no more food. Jerry thought that maybe someone would reach us by mule, but after sitting for a couple of hours feeling rather empty (we had eaten ^{ONLY} bully beef and dry bread for $1\frac{1}{2}$ days), We felt we must think of something else. The snow looked like whipped cream to me, so I got out and had a big feed of it. It was disappointing of course, and just melted in my mouth without even satisfying my thirst. Suddenly Jerry had an idea. We must set out and try to find a village. We held a little consultation, but the majority were in favour of staying in the car, hoping the sun would shine to melt the snow away. They thought it impossible to get anywhere with the snow so deep. "I'd rather die than stay here just waiting", I said to Jerry. "Let's go." One of the men lent me his big boots and off we went, three of us. The glare of the snow almost blinded me, so Jerry walked in front of me and told me to stare straight at his back. Wading through the snow was hard work, and when we had gone about 3 Kilometres I felt absolutely exhausted, but with encouragement from the two boys made another effort. 7 Kilos. we trudged, when of a sudden we saw a village. We shouted for joy. The village was almost snowed in, but how heavenly it looked to us. Jerry took a picture of it. Here it is.

That little village where we found food, warmth and somewhere to sleep - I shall always remember. Here we met dozens of friends with their camelines and ambulances who had stayed here not daring any further in the snow storm.

The next morning the sun began to shine and dozens of men were working hard clearing the snow from the road. The boys were all out early seeing to the ambulances etc. Jerry told me to join them in about half an hour. I started out and got lost a bit, and was scared stiff, for I knew well they would proceed without me once the 'buses were ready. One looks after oneself in places like this. At last I caught sight of them, miles ahead. I thought I'd take a short cut to reach them and crossed an unknown stretch of snow. I was wading along when all of a sudden there was no earth beneath my feet. It was the most horrible sensation imaginable and I emitted a scream enough to waken the dead. By a miracle there seemed to be stones on the side of the ditch or well, and at these I scratched and grabbed almost tearing my nails off, but they fell away and down I went. Horror seized me, for I knew I was being buried altogether. I think I almost died of fright. I was there only a few minutes when the snow was shovelled off the top and I was fished out. Never will I forget that moment of relief. I'm never particularly afraid of bombs and bullets etc., but to be buried for ever in the snow, Lord! - far too lonely a death for me, thank you. No one was a bit sympathetic with me, for they

couldn't understand such stupidity. I agree with them. I deserved all I got, but having lived in Australia I'm not exactly used to snow like this.

We travelled up the mountains for half a day, holding our breath every time we passed another cañon, for to slip even a few feet in places meant falling over a precipice. At last we reached a village where I found our whole equipo, at least those who were not wounded. Our car, which had been snowed in on the road, was also there, and so once more we were all together. I found that I was the last one to arrive, and they all embraced me very fondly, for here when a person is missing, one may never see them again. I had developed a fearful cough and earache. I was not feeling the best. The rest of the equipo sat round a fire and sang songs in a very cheery fashion. As I sat at the window gazing out at that huge stretch of snow Dumarr came to me. "Una, you are ill", he said, "and I am tired. The minute this offensive is over we go to England. We need a holiday badly, yes?" "A lot may happen before that", I told him, but he answered "No, no, we go together as soon as this is over."

⁴th., I think. I'm never sure of the date. Quevas laebradas. I'm just cooling down from a go with Mr. Hyde. How I loathe him. When we arrived here, in my customary fashion I worked like hell to prepare a Theatre, with Angelita to help me of course. On occasions like this we are presented with a filthy dirty room and in a couple of hours it is ready to operate. Down we go on our knees, Angelita and I, and scrub for our lives. The windows and walls, in fact everything, must be thoroughly cleaned with

disinfectant before we attempt to set up. I've moved so many times now I have it down to a fine art, and am usually set up and working before anyone else is half ready. As a matter of fact that is precisely what happened here. The other equipo had a sleep, if you please, when they arrived. We began operating at about 6.0 p.m. (I'm just wondering what would have happened if I had had a sleep; there would have been no-one to receive the wounded). We worked all night and up till about 9.0 a.m., until there were no wounded left. Angelita and I got to work and fixed the Theatre up in great style, and went off to bed with the relieved feeling that the other equipo were on duty today and we would come on tonight into a nice clean Theatre all ready for operating. Not so, though. I was lying on a bed upstairs somewhere, not yet asleep, when someone came to tell me that the other team, which is composed of Spanish Doctors and English and American Nurses, were using my Theatre. This was the end of sleep for me. Downstairs I went with my blood boiling, and there in the room opposite was the American Nurse, Ena, leisurely preparing her Theatre (which should have been ready yesterday) while her team were in my Theatre. "My Theatre", I say, but I hardly recognised it. Not even in the old Jarama days did I ever get my Theatre into such a mess - blood and gore from end to end. Every drum empty with lids all over the floor, half-used sutures all over the place, and my sterile packing fished out and used for abdominal sponges. I took one good look and left the room. The first person I bumped into was Phyllis, who is in charge of Triage. "Una, you're a fool to put up with that," she said. "I've never seen such a nerve

from the foranica days.

here's your tea. I'm so tired, Dumarr". "Yes, yes, Una", he answered. "You must have your days off as soon as Mac returns.

Two bombs only dropped tonight, and some distance away. I don't know why I write in this damn book, because we can't possibly get out alive. Gosh, its a funny world. I'm glad I came. ^{THOUGH} Glad as I can be, for although I've suffered miseries of all kinds, I feel that its ^{an}almighty experience. My life before seems so small and insignificant and positively wasted.

20th. March.

We are still here, wonder of wonders, and have another English Sister, thank God. Her name is Gladys, and she's good. Mac has returned, but has gone on to Madrid for a little further vacation. Dumarr says as soon as I'm free he'll take me. Lord, I'm so tired, though.

21st.

Dr. Lang has just come home overjoyed because we have today captured over a thousand Italian Fascists. Work is very light in the Theatre just now. We have mostly head injuries, for the men are fighting in the trenches. I must go up to the Front again one of these days. Its very interesting. Of course we are allowed to go only a certain distance.

22nd.

Some Spanish Doctors came tonight to see Dumarr, and he being out I had to entertain them. I showed them the Theatre and Wards, etc., and then we sat in Dumarr's room listening to the

Please do not publish this. I want it kept
for the book. Just go, show you what
sort of thing it is. Spicy bits like the all
through it.

wireless. "Ah!" I suddenly exclaimed. "How would you like an English cigarette?" "Si, Si, gracias", they all said, anxiously waiting for me to produce them, for the very mention of a cigarette of any kind here is like water in the desert.

I took the box out of Dumarr's drawer and opened the lid with a flourish, then gasped. To my utter horror and astonishment the box was filled with little rubber things. The Spanish Doctors were so amused and nice about it that I didn't feel very embarrassed, but attacked Dumarr most viciously when he came in. I must say he did laugh, in fact I thought he'd have hysterics. "You big wretch, you," I said. "They are not mine", he protested, as I almost choked him. "I am not the only one in the room. "Ah! that Mr. Hyde", I said. "Of course he needs them very often". But here's where I laugh. Mr. Hyde on vacation will, in an agitated moment, open up his little box and find it filled with cigarettes. The contemplation of Mr. Hyde in such plight atoned for everything, and I went off to bed very happily.

25th.

Gladys is ill, very ill, so I cannot have my days off. Hellish tragedy. Christ, I'm tired.

27th.

Am specialling Gladys, who has Typhoid. She is fearfully ill, and I doubt whether she'll recover. I watch her day and night like a cat watching a mouse for fear she'll slip through my fingers.

Mac and I had an awful row with Mr. Hyde tonight (Mac is