

Crumps

German reprisal for our bombing Houltholst. They deliberately bombed a hospital. The doctor at this hospital next day looked at my hand and said in a nonchalant way, "Looks as though you will lose it." At that time it did n't strike me as a great loss to lose a hand, even if it was my "painting hand."

The hospital train of the next day was crowded and the nurse in charge of my coach was named Keene. We tried in the little spare time she had to see if we could n't work out our genealogy and find out if we were even remotely connected, but before we did we came to the station of Étaples and then went to the Duchess of Westminster Hospital at Latouquet. Here I was operated on. A piece of Krupp's steel was taken out of my hand and a rubber drainage tube inserted instead. The Duchess used to come round a great deal and won everybody's affection. She used to sit on my bed and talk to me about pleasant things. So unlike many people who visit hospitals and ask the patients silly war questions, such as: "How