

*One realizes almost as soon as one sets foot in Scotland the changes war has made. Women are everywhere taking men's places. Railway officials, car conductors and an occasional motoress is seen. Market garden carts driven by girls are a common site. Lady taxi drivers are also seen, and soldiers, soldiers everywhere. I was disgusted with the baggage and transfer system and also the small amount of luggage allowed on ticket. I had to pay extra on my small amount. I visited in Aberdeen for two weeks. Gordon Highlanders predominate here, it being their home, and one never pays a visit to the beach without seeing numerous squads drilling on the links. One day I got a splendid view of a seaplane which circled round the bathing station, finally coming down and steaming into the harbor. We also saw a cruiser that was in the Jutland fight. It was in for repairs. We saw a number of captured Dutch vessels brought into port. They were carrying large cargoes of petrol (gasoline) to Germany and were also charged with sowing mines. It was very interesting while in Aberdeen to visit the war workers, that is the clothing and hospital supply places. A large number of well-made garments and dressings have been forwarded to hospitals since the war commenced. The latest addition in this department is the use of sphagnum moss as an absorbent dressing. Bands of workers go gathering it. It is then dried and cleaned –quite a task. Bags made of cheese cloth of various sizes are then filled, tied in bundles of ten and sterilized. Besides being absorbent this moss is said to contain iodine and other miners. The coarser moss is made into pillows for the soldiers. I shall try to fill a cushion to show you on my return.*

*I visited several military hospitals. One here has 1,000 beds. Some schools have been turned into hospitals. One day I saw an impressive military funeral, that of the son of a laird here. The same day we saw a hospital train. When unloaded your sister and I went through it. Dr. Devine of Winnipeg, was in charge. We had a few minutes talk. My brother, who lost his left arm early in the war, has now got an artificial one. It is wonderful – several joints and attachments. He considers himself very fortunate, as while getting it he saw others fitted for two and even three limbs.*

**Margaret Robertson, '14**

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