

20 SABATO

[Saturday, July 20]

The Capt. walked home with me again, & came in this time. He seemed delighted with our Hospital and took quite a fancy to Mr. Hemingway¹³—who has the honor of being the 1st Amer. wounded in Italy.¹⁴ He has shrapnel in his knees, besides a great many flesh wounds.

. . .

21 DOMENICA

[Sunday, July 21]

Mr. Hemingway's birthday,¹⁵ so we all dressed up, & had Gelati on the balcony & played the Victrola. Then Mr. Seely¹⁶ brought him in a large bottle of 5 star Cognac, & they did make merry. I simply can't get to bed early these nights. Every night I start early, & get talking to someone & it's 12 before I know it.

. . .

22 LUNEDI

[Monday, July 22]

This tempestuous Italian mode of wooing is certainly terrifying. He tells me how much he loves me, & when I say but I don't love you, it squelches him but a moment & then he begins again. And yet when he is not talking like that I like him very well, & he sings beautifully, a nice voice & lots of expression.

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23 MARTEDI

[Tuesday, July 23]

Today, in the little dressing room where I sit when Mr. Rochfort sleeps—Capitano did not frighten me, but he might have if I had been far away from assistance. And yet, I can't get angry with him, as he seems such a boy at other times.

He is going out to dine tonight & apologized sweetly for not being able to walk home with me.

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24 MERCOLEDI

[Wednesday, July 24]

This evening I was quite lonely, when I arrived home I found nobody, so I had to resort to the piano until Miss Shaw joined me & later on Cavie. Cavie thrills over all the tidbits of romance I tell her & it makes it more interesting to have an audience. Another letter from Daddy with a subtle air of proprietorship about it, & full of loneliness. I feel quite guilty when I think of how little I remember him.

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25 GIOVEDI

[Thursday, July 25]

A very tiresome day. I studied till I got a headache. Mr. R. was so restless & he talked nonsense incessantly. Again I walked home with the Capt. & he came in to call. Of course, as he & I & Cavie were going to the Park to eat Gelati & hear the music it began to pour. We waited until it stopped & then (at 11) dashed out, & found all Gelati gone. We had Grenadine in what would be a saloon in N.Y. & they began to turn the lights out, so we had to hurry. If C.J.B. could have seen us!

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26 VENERDI

[Friday, July 26]

Today my patient seemed a good deal improved after he had a cigarette. Major Hamil & Capt. Post came to see him & I suggested his removal to our Hosp. so he is to go tomorrow.

Tonight the Capt. & Tenente Brundi came to call, & took Cavie & me to the Park, where we had Gelati, & then got quite reckless & had a little Champagne. It gave me a pain in my chest—but—otherwise nothing unusual. My Capt. grows even more ardent, & I am beginning to enjoy it, I believe.

27 SABATO

[Saturday, July 27]

After all, Mr. Rochfort & I did not get over to Cesare Cantu. Too much red tape about getting out of the Italian Hospital.

I am getting very tired of being there all day, alone practically with a crazy man, with occasional visits from another crazy one. Then, too, I never get to bed nights and therefore am sleepy & hollow-eyed all day.

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28 DOMENICA

[Sunday, July 28]

Two letters tonight—1 from Daddy & 1 from my Belgian. I'm getting to feel rather confused. Here I've been practically 3 years without the least bit of sentiment or romance, & very little attention & all at once within the last few months, I have had 3 ser. [serious] affairs, and it isn't my fault either.

Its too deep for me—must be the effect of the War or Submarines.

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29 LUNEDI

[Monday, July 29]

Today, after much hustling about & excitement, we got away from Ospedale Maggiore.¹⁷ All the nurses stood around to see me go, & were most cordial about urging me to return. After a jiggly ride in the I.R.C. amb. we arrived & I made Mr. R. [Rochfort] comfortable in a real bed. He seems to improve, & then gets off the track again.

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30 MARTEDI

[Tuesday, July 30]

Tonight I am to go on night duty, so I have the whole day off. Cavie had the P.M. and we went to a concert by mutilati at their Hospital. As usual we were very cordially welcomed.

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After I went on duty who should arrive all smiles & bows but Pozzi the infirmiere of the Capt. & Ten. Brundi with packages of sugar, butter & flour for me to make a pie for them. I don't know whether it will get made or not—

31 MERCOLEDI

[Wednesday, July 31]

Today while I was asleep, the Capt. called to say he was going to Verona for a couple of days. Cavie came in & told me, but, I didn't get up—was too sleepy. Had a very good night with nothing especially eventful. Last night I forgot to mention the wonderful sight I saw at 2 A.M. The moon shining vividly, & 6 searchlights on an aeroplane. It was a beautiful thing to see.¹⁸

This has been a fascinating month in some respects. I have gone pretty far in the emotional pathway. Somehow, things you read about, never seem quite the same when they become one's own experience.

Maybe these pearls of wisdom will sound like rot when I read them later, but, I know just what I mean & cannot describe it in an unhackneyed way.

AGOSTO [AUGUST]

1 GIOVEDI

[Thursday, August 1]

Night duty is so monotonous that I have really nothing to put down. Miss Pirelli¹⁹ came to see me today. She is very nice, & I am sure we will be very congenial.

2 VENERDI

[Friday, August 2]

The Capitano [Serena] & Tenente Brundi came to call after I went upstairs on duty tonight—ostensibly to call on Mr. Hemingway. The

Tenente left early—9.30, but, the Capt. left very reluctantly at 11.15. He is going to Paris in a few weeks—has a good position in a bank there. But he vows he does not want to go.

. . .

3 SABATO

[Saturday, August 3]

I arose early this P.M. & went to meet the Capt. at 4.30 for tea—but, alas, he met me saying he was called to the Front—to take a banner to the Alpini, & make a speech. I was mean enough to say I'd never meet him again, tho' I don't know why, as it was not his fault. Females are so unaccountable in their actions sometimes—I was sorry I was so nasty after—as he said he would not enjoy his trip at all. But—

. . .

4 DOMENICA

[Sunday, August 4]

Not feeling anything extra today, with a "cold feeling" in the middle of my stomach. Last night I had a lecture from Kid Hemingway²⁰ on the subject of my "meanness to the Capitano." I can't help laughing every time I think of it. In the P.M. I was quite sick, and Cavie out of the goodness of her heart, brought me a large dose of burned brandy—which I took trustingly. Really, I thought my heart was stopping 1/2 hr. later. There's no use talking, I'm not meant for alc. beverages.

. . .

5 LUNEDI

[Monday, August 5]

Went to the Maggiore with Cavie. Everyone seemed glad to see me and it was nice to go and see them again.

Cavie was impressed by the Hospital, which is pretty up-to-date for an Italian one.

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We also saw some of their new bead work, which is so beautiful. On the way home we found a very nice glove shop—beautiful hand-made gloves.

6 MARTEDI

[Tuesday, August 6]

Signorina Pirelli called for me in her motor and took me to tea at the Margharita. Then we went back to my glove shop & then to her home. It is, of course, magnificent, but to me it seemed dreary & lonely. I would have been glad to see all over the house, as the rooms I did see, had beautiful things in them.

Funny the Captain has not come around yet. I wonder if he is back from the front.

7 MERCOLEDI

[Wednesday, August 7]

Well tonight the Capt. showed up once more—just returned from the Front, where he was in an auto accident Mon. & barely escaped being killed. It made me rather remorseful for my treatment of him Sat. We had quite a long talk, in which he appeared to better advantage than usual. I believe there is a good deal of good in him, tho' is too accustomed to lack of self-control. Still, I'm dreadfully sorry that he cares so much.

8 GIOVEDI

[Thursday, August 8]

I have asked for Sat. night off duty, having made a dinner date with the Capitano. Mr. Hemingway is devoted to that man—and they tell each other all their secrets. All my other patients are doing well. One, Lt. Darling—A.R.C. Amb. [Ambulance]—is what his name implies—a very nice boy.²¹ He refuses to believe that I tell the truth

about my age. This is not my reason for liking him, tho' it may sound that way. But, everybody else does, too. Mr. Hemingway is jealous of the attention he gets as he has been spoiled himself.

9 VENERDI

[Friday, August 9]

Signorina Pirelli came today, after I had spent a sleepless P.M. & I went with her to get almonds for Mr. Hemingway. Meanwhile it seems the Capt. arrived & Mr. H. [Hemingway] told him I had gone out. So I never knew he was upstairs until after dinner. Then he acted so funny—was evidently hurt, as he had come expecting me to go to dinner with him, & he would hardly answer when I spoke to him, so I got mad & stayed out of the room. Mr. H. finally rang for me, when the Capt. was going—& then he & I had an explanation, & I promised finally to go to dinner tomorrow night with him.

10 SABATO

[Saturday, August 10]

This A.M. Mr. Hemingway²² was operated on bright & early—our first op. here. Everything went off beautifully. The Ital. doctor flashed smiles all around & learned a few Eng. words such as “needle—strong—enough.” Then I had my 1/2 night off & the Capt. came for me at 6 P.M. We went to the Parco & saw the monument of Mt. Grappa. Then to a restaurant—Sempioncius—where at first we seemed to be the only guests. We tried 2 tables on the balcony, & finally it got cold, & he made me go into a little private room, much as I disliked the idea. However, I got home early and he seems to be more decent than I thought at first.

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extravagant, & ordered myself a lovely bag at 65 Lire. Also a belt of blue & steel beads. Then I went through the Galleria, & fell for the lure of a handsome waist in a shop. Before I left there I had 2 waists, 1 chemise, & a lovely crepe de chine negligee. Horrible extravagance, but the negligee is so sweet I'm not at all regretful. When I got home with my purchases, Cavie wanted to know if I was going to Paris with the Capt. that I was laying in such a trousseau.

Mr. Hemingway & I expect the Capt. Wed. as he wrote a postal & said he'd be here, but he came not, & each night I was so busy I was glad he did not, but how the Kid worried. He was sure "we" had been jilted. Finally, 10.30 tonight (Sat.) he came in in "Borghese"—with a whiff of beer about his breath & a stronger whiff of perfume in his hair which was curlier than ever. He is terribly depressed over going Mon. & I feel sorry for him. He will be very homesick. My pet Mr. Darling left Friday. Also Mr. Michels, a paymaster in the Navy (Aviation) who was flirting desperately with me.

25 DOMENICA

[*Sunday, August 25*]

Now, Ernest Hemingway has a case on me, or thinks he has. He is a dear boy & so cute about it. It does beat all how popular I have become in the last 6 mos. Must be because I'm turning frivolous. Today I must attend the Tea given here for the Italian Red Cross by Miss Shaw.

26 LUNEDI

[*Monday, August 26*]

The old affair is over, thanks be! I felt like a dummy—with a mob of Italian nurses, & I couldn't say boo to them in their own language. At last I found 3 of my friends from the Zonda & then I felt more at ease Ernest Hemingway is getting earnest. He was talking last night of what might be if he was 26-28. In some ways—at some times—I wish very much that he was. He is adorable & we are very congenial

in every way. I'm getting so confused in my heart & mind I don't know how I'll end up. Still, I came over here for work and until the war is over I won't be able to do anything foolish, which is lucky for me. I used to pride myself on my sense. I wonder if I'm getting foolish or if I can blame the romantic country for it's [sic] effect on me.

. . .

27 MARTEDI

[Tuesday, August 27]

Here another week has sailed by, & I've neglected to keep up my daily stint of writing, and, by now I cannot remember just what happened from day to day.

All I know is "Ernie" is far too fond of me, & speaks in such a desperate way every time I am cool, that I dare not dampen his ardor as long as he is here in the Hospital. Poor Kid, I am sorry for him. Everybody seems to be down on him for some reason, and he gets raked over the coals right & left. Some of the heads have an idea he is very wild and he is—in some respects, but swears to me in a very honest way that he has always kept clean—& never been bad. I believe it, but the others—oh—no.

. . .

29 GIOVEDI

[Thursday, August 29]

I saw my old friend Major Hamill this week. He is stationed at Milan as a headquarters for his inspection tours now. He seemed glad to see me again. I imagine the Maj. is something of a kidder with the ladies especially if young & not unpleasing to the eye.

. . .

30 VENERDI

[Friday, August 30]

Mr. Michels left this A.M. & I'm not ashamed to say I kissed him goodbye—though I didn't dare tell the Kid. He seemed so blue & homesick & was going away for good & such things have a very differ-

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ent perspective over here, somehow. In the P.M. I escorted "mia ammalato[""] on his first visit to the outside world in 2 months, which we both enjoyed hugely.

31 SABATO

[Saturday, August 31]

Tonight, my 1/2 night off, as a very special dispensation I was allowed to go to dinner with Mr. Hemingway. We went to the Du Nord,



Agnes von Kurowsky and Ernest Hemingway on the terrace of the American Red Cross Hospital, 1918. Photograph courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Foundation.

as a nice quiet place where the food was good, & had also a bottle of Asti Spumante—which is getting to be my favorite beverage. If the Doctor could only see me drink wine. Another nice patient came last night—Mr. John Miller, Sec II.²⁶

SETTEMBRE [SEPTEMBER]

1 DOMENICA

[*Sunday, September 1*]

A great day for sleeping! It's funny how the weeks fly by when I'm on night duty. I asked Cavie to get me some anchovy paste for sandwiches for my evening meal, & she brought a something that smelled as tho' it had crawled in the alley & passed away in terrible agony. I put it out on the terrazza to save it for inspection in the A.M.

2 LUNEDI

[*Monday, September 2*]

Alas—she was sick this A.M. & I hadn't the heart to give her a whiff of the remains.

Great doings here tomorrow! They are going to take movies for propaganda work in the child welfare campaign, & Major Hereford is coming to superintend. And such a day of nausea as poor Cavie had to prepare her for the ordeal.

3 MARTEDI

[*Tuesday, September 3*]

Much excitement all day! The movie upset the whole house, & got everybody on edge. I escaped most of it, but, as I was starting out at 5 to the Kodak shop with Mr. Hemingway—Miss De Long told me I was not to go out with him again, which made me refuse to go, & got him all worried as he thought I was in Dutch. Then he went out to

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dinner, & Mr. Miller & Mr. Wheeler—another nice boy, went out @ 8.15 & did not come home until 11.30 to my great horror & worry.²⁷ It has not been spoken of as yet—but—

. . .

4 MERCOLEDI

[Wednesday, September 4]

It was O.K. & nobody found out. They got me out of bed when I'd been asleep for less than 1 hr. to pose in the movies they took of the Hospital. My 1st appearance as a screen star. Maj. Hereford supt. the event, & it was great fun, except I felt so foolish.

I haven't had any mail for an age. I wonder why. Tomorrow night my 1/2 night off & we expect to make it a festive occasion.

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5 GIOVEDI

[Thursday, September 5]

It was—& then some—My first party here in the Home. Mr. McQueen came with a Lt. of R.C.—a queer duck who gave an imitation of Louis Bernstein—pianist—"The Flight of the Grasshopper." Mr. Miller sang Harry Lauder songs, & we all sang the familiar songs. Then Hemingway & Miller went out for Asti & Mr. Wheeler got some crackers procured at the Y.M.C.A. & Lo—it was a spread—6 men, 3 girls.

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6 VENERDI

[Friday, September 6]

Cavie & Miss Fletcher left for Stresa, Lago Maggiore today. I meant to wake up & see them off but, most unaccountably slept through until 6. Poor Cavie, she was so disappointed because she couldn't go on her little vacation with me instead of Miss Fletcher, who is nice sometimes & at others very crabbed.

7 SABATO

[*Saturday, September 7*]

Lo'dy, Lo'dy, Goodness me—Mac found one of my yellow hairpins under Hemingway's pillow, & she & Mr. Lewis will never let me forget now.²⁸ I think both Ernie & I got through it pretty well. They are cutting off our allowance, now—& just paying our laundry bills & carfare. Also there is a printed notice about wearing only regulation uniforms—That means our old gray things. Che peccato!

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8 DOMENICA

[*Sunday, September 8*]

Mac is not sleeping nights & it makes her so cranky daytimes it is terribly hard to get along with her. She picks on the poor Kid, whom she spoiled so at first, & as he says—"rides him all day." I've lectured him so much about being polite to her that he doesn't dare answer her back the way he used to. I think she'll either have to have a vacation or there will be a grand bust up.

. . .

9 LUNEDI

[*Monday, September 9*]

Capo Seeley²⁹ came back tonight brown & freckled, his hands in splendid shape. So now, he will not need an operation. He brought me a big copper paper-cutter that he made out of the band around a large shell. Very clever work. Miss Fisher also arrived from Genoa—full of regret at having to leave there, where she had a pretty good time, I guess.

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10 MARTEDI

[*Tuesday, September 10*]

Miss De Long is sick with a bad cold. & was up last night 1/2 the night. Nothing happens worth mentioning during the day, as I haven't left the house since Sat. Tonight I admitted a soldier in the

M.P.S. with mumps. I fear we will have an epidemic of it, now, & where will we isolate them? Miss Fisher is going to special him. The Kid was sick tonight very much like Miss De Long. Mac says she hates him & doesn't care if he is sick.

II MERCOLEDI

[Wednesday, September 11]

I'm afraid she smokes too much. I gave my home ring³⁰ to the Kid—and was astonished to see how really pleased he was. It's strange to think how little an act will give a huge amt. of pleasure to someone. I'm getting more worried about what I should do about the Doctor. I feel like a criminal at times.

12 GIOVEDI

[Thursday, September 12]

Today was a gay one. Mac, Fisher, & I & Lts. Lewis, Pay & Hemingway took in the races if you please. We had some time getting in, as it seems officers are always allowed in, but, only ladies of the first families & we had to have spec. permission. I didn't win a cent, & lost 30 lire—but, enjoyed it nevertheless. Brooks came back from Bologna, furious at having been called in here. Hem—Cavie & I met her—in the rain.

13 VENERDI

[Friday, September 13]

I forgot to mention the bat fight Ernie & I had at 1 A.M. Wed. We finally captured it after chasing it around the room for 3/4 of an hour. It was most exciting.³¹

Hem. & Seeley went to the Club & played poker until late & the Kid told me he would only drink Anisette. Maybe I am "reforming" him after all, & if so I'll think I've done some good.

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How I do miss that boy. He would have enjoyed this afternoon so much. I've been counting up the letters I should write, & it's no less than 16—Awful thought!

. . .

27 VENERDI

[*Friday, September 27*]

Today I had two letters from Ernie. The nicest letters I ever got. Mac was dying for a look (I don't know how she found out the letter was fr. him but she did) but I only gave her bits of quotations as it would never do to let her in on them. Of course, Cavie is my real confidante & knows all about me. How I wish Mac & I could go to Stresa tomorrow for over Sun. I'll pray for it.

. . .

28 SABATO

[*Saturday, September 28*]

Well, my prayers were not answered, as they telegraphed for 2 more nurses in Rome, & Miss McCaffery & Signorina Lega went, so Miss De Long was afraid to let us go away just now. It is a good thing, too, as we hear there are some more patients—aviators—coming in. One Amb. man—Mr. Barlow came at noon today, so maybe things are getting busy. 2 more letters from my boy, & they surely do mean a lot.³⁶

. . .

29 DOMENICA

[*Sunday, September 29*]

Today was most strenuous. Cavie, Fisher & I went with Mr. Allen & Lt. Crisswell to the Races, where we saw a bunch of our aviator friends. I had 200 lire to bet according to a schedule for Mr. Brackett, & I had a small amt. of luck for him as I brought back 227 lire & lost 27 myself. Then we—Mac, Cavie, Miss Conway & I went to La Scala to hear "Mose." I was quite crazy over it, but, too tired to really enjoy it.

[Monday, September 30]

30 LUNEDI

Today we adm. 3 aviators³⁷ & Mr. McQueen fr. the R.C. Office. Also, J. Miller came back fr. Stresa & says the Kid will return today, Mon. Then more nurses were telegraphed for, so Miss De Long sent the Misses Creelman & Fisher & I went on duty at 4 A.M. to relieve her, after 3 hrs sleep, when I returned from the opera. Today I have slept like a log all day, making up sleep.

My Kid came back tonight, & I feel so different. It seemed wonderful to be together again.

OTTOBRE [OCTOBER]

1 MARTEDI

[Tuesday, October 1]

Miss Markley was supposed to come today from Genoa, & go on night duty, but, has not showed up—so I guess I'm in for it for a while longer.

One of the aviators is very sick—Lieut. Colter. He is such a nice patient too.

We hope to get rid of Mr. Allen this week, oh joy go with him. Mr. Lewis is off for Stresa today, for 3 days & then goes to the Front.

2 MERCOLEDI

[Wednesday, October 2]

What happened of particular note today? I can't think of anything. For awhile the place was so light that we were tempted to put an ad. in the papers for more patients, but, it was not necessary. Now we have almost every room filled—& one woman—an Amer. working in the R.C. office. I am specialing Major McDonough these days. He has lumbago, & I have been rubbing him a couple of times.

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3 GIOVEDÌ

[Thursday, October 3]

Mr. Allen departed for the Races by his lonesomes [sic] today with large sums of money of Mr. Brackett's, & 100 lire borrowed from Cavie. Mac & I went for a drive, & thinking the Kid had gone to the Races, we drove out there, only to find Mr. Allen sole. We invited him in, & then he said—"I'll pay"—in rather ungracious tones. Afterwards telling the patients sev. times that he was stung for a drive by us.

4 VENERDÌ

[Friday, October 4]

Mr. Colter³⁸ was so much worse last night & tonight that Cavie came on with me tonight. We were so in hopes we would pull him through. Dr. Jardine came @ 10.45 & said these cases were liable to go very quickly—& the Lieut. died at 11.30 almost in my arms. We worked over him like fiends & did everything we could think of but, it was no use. I cried for the first time over losing a patient, but it seemed so dreadful to die off in a strange land with none of his people near & he was so sweet!

5 SABATO

[Saturday, October 5]

I had a 1/2 night off tonight. I was just about done up this A.M. after that night of sorrow. Cavie stayed with me until 4. We laid him out & I shaved him, & I never saw anyone look so lovely & smiling.

Tonight I tried my best to go out & forget it—so I persuaded Cavie & the Kid to go for a drive—& we ran into Lieut. Lewis, who was going to Padua by the 12.30 train, so we all drove to the Parco & had a vermouth & then home. Very quiet.

[Sunday, October 6]

6 DOMENICA

The chief event of yesterday I completely forgot to mention—namely departure of Edward E. Allen, our patient since July 13 & one of our chief worries. The boy will never be forgotten in this Hosp. He's a by-word & our chief amusement has been "the sayings of Edward." Since Mr. C— died—there has been a sort of let-down in the work. It seems queer after we were so busy this past week.

. . .

7 LUNEDI

[Monday, October 7]

I am sorry to say the Kid has a jealous disposition. Every time I try to tease him I'm made sorry for it after, as he goes off at a tangent, without waiting to find out for sure. But, I'm forgetting the chief events of these days. Last night about 11 I began to hear a roar in the sts. [streets] like a multitude applauding & cheering. I got so excited, & tried to get Mr. McQueen to go out & see what it was all about, but, he wouldn't budge until I told him I heard a "Vive la Pace"³⁹ in the st. Then he threw on his uniform & dashed out. Miss De Long & Mac, Cavie & Miss Fletcher all got dressed at 12.30 & went out to get news. The Kaiser had proposed an armistice to Pres. Wilson, & the people were so excited they had regular riots. Mr. Tandy went out, & my Kid Hemingway—but he would not take the popular view that it was Peace, & sure enough he was right. He put up a royal battle with some of his Italian friends, & found out the people were being excited by the Red Guards, or Socialists. The next day, big bulletins were posted everywhere telling the people to go back to work, that it was all German propaganda. Very exciting times.

A nurse, Miss Noel came from Turin Mon. night, & got sick the next day. We thought she was going to have pneumonia—probably she has got a touch of this very infectious influenza or Spanish fever. She is much better today.

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10 GIOVEDÌ

[*Thursday, October 10*]

I had a 1/2 night off & Miss de Long said I could get up for lunch as they were having tagliatelli [*tagliatelle*: ribbon pasta], which I am fond of. After lunch, Mac & I danced with Mr. Fielder, one of our aviator pts. a Southerner with all the wiles & graces of the type. Hem. came down & found us in the Salon, as he was going to the Races, and immed. thought I had a date with Mr. Fielder. When he came back at 6 I was walking downstairs with Mr. Fielder & he believed it when Mac said I had been out with him all the afternoon. So he refused to come to our fudge party. In spite of this disappointment I had a fair time. Mr. Maxwell & Landon came, & some patients, & we made it in the kitchen.

. . .

11 VENERDÌ

[*Friday, October 11*]

Was feeling so mean & cold today, & looked so miserable I guess Miss De Long had compunction [*sic*] for me. Anyhow, she told me to be sure & let her know if I wasn't able to last the night out. Brooks came back from Palermo, in wrong again, I guess—tho' one never would think it from her own story.

. . .

12 SABATO

[*Saturday, October 12*]

Was relieved from night duty today—(Brooks went on) & really was glad, tho' of course the Kid was sad tho' he unselfishly said he was glad for me. We all (Mac, Cavie & I, Mr. Boodway, Fielder, & Ernie) went to a Y.M.C.A. entertainment. They had an Arabian dance by 2 Negro soldiers which almost broke up the party. The Y.M.C.A. went around apologizing for its vulgarity, & that made it even more wildly applauded than it was before.

[*Sunday, October 13*]

13 DOMENICA

Brooks, as usual, has a heavy love she brought back from Palermo—an Aviator. He is making use of a couple of friends who are patients & stays up with Brooksie until a late hour at night. If she ever gets caught it will be good-bye Italy for her. Mr. Seeley & Darling came tonight & we had a little party for them. Mr. Brackett who was supposed to leave for the Front last night stayed for the Races today & lost every cent he had—& got drunk in the bargain. So Ernie had to stake him to a dinner, & he came back to the Hosp. after Miss De Long had retired. Brooks had a fight with Miss De Long today anent going out to tea with her Mr. Johnson. As she met everybody, naturally she was discovered. I did not learn all particulars, but, the row they had in the Hall was enough for me. She is certainly booked for hot water. Ernie got sulky again tonight because I invited Cavie in the parlor, when he wanted to have a private talk with me. He says he can't stand seeing me all day like this, & not be able to say what he likes.

. . .

15 MARTEDI

[*Tuesday, October 15*]

This A.M. at the breakfast table I was told I was to go to Florence by the noon train, so I had some tall hustling to do. Of course, Mac dashed in & woke up my Kid with the news I was leaving—he got up & dressed at 9 A.M. an unprecedented performance, & then was so rude to Mac, she nearly cried, & there was war in the air. I got after him but he was so broken up I hadn't the heart to say much. I had an awful trip in the rain—12 hrs—on the train—arriving at 12.30 at night.

. . .

16 MERCOLEDI

[*Wednesday, October 16*]

This A.M. Capt. Aikin called for me at the Hotel where I spent the night & took me out in a car to the Amer. Hosp. up on a hill overlooking Florence. Here I am to special an A.R.C. Lieut. nights while Miss

The Diary of Agnes von Kurowsky

Jessup⁴⁰ has him days. An arrangement that pleases me, as I can see more of Florence that way. Lieut. Hough—the patient is very ill with the Spanish Fever—and runs a continuous temp. about 104.

17 GIOVEDÌ

[*Thursday, October 17*]

It rains almost continuously, just now, being what they call the time of the sirocco.⁴¹ Anyhow, it's no inducement to go to town. The nights are about the most doleful I ever put in, what with being alone in the building except for one other patient, and the rain pattering in a dismal fashion all night. Then, too, Mr. Hough is so restless. Miss Jessup & one of the other nurses sleep over here, or at least, they did last night.

18 VENERDÌ

[*Friday, October 18*]

This P.M. in spite of the dark aspect of the sky I got up at 3.30 & walked in to Florence. I expected difficulty, but, found my way to the Duomo, more by good luck, or by instinct, than by deduction. From there, I wandered about, being careful not to get too far away from my starting-point, & I found such interesting old buildings, but, of course, had no one to tell me what they were. I did find an awfully good milk choc. place—the best & cheapest since I came to Italy. I also walked home—and was some bushed after walking 2 1/2 hours.

19 SABATO

[*Saturday, October 19*]

Raining again. This sort of weather makes my old diary interesting & breathtaking to read over a year later. There's one good thing about this hermit's life. I'm certainly getting caught up in my correspondence, & by the time I get back to Milan I'll feel like a free woman. I like Miss Jessup, the day nurse, so much. She has only been home

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once since the war began, & has experiences by the bookful. A thoroughly good sport in every way.

. . .

20 DOMENICA

[*Sunday, October 20*]

Really.⁴² I hate to think how I may break out when this seclusion is over. Mr. Hough seems to be a little better, his temp. is not normal yet, but, is much lower than it has been. There seems to still [be] a controversy between his doctors as to whether he has Typhoid, or Spanish Influenza. I'm inclined to favor the latter, & so is Miss Jessup tho' it is not like other cases we've had at the Hospital. The poor man is beginning to talk very queerly—& seems confused.