

Thur 14/6/14

Have been operated
on and the splinter extracted
I went up about 9 o'clock on
Monday morning to the
operating theater. The
application of the anesthetic
- a mixture of ether and
~~chloroform~~ was not pleasant
but improved after the
first few breaths. Then
I went to sleep without
knowing it. The next thing
I knew was to find myself
lying on a bed with a
fly net over it, and
feeling terribly sick while
three or four people were
standing around informing
me that it was "all right"
"old Chief". After a while I
made one out to be Capt
Richardson my room mate
I could not make out
what was up but after
being persistently told that
I had had a splinter

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extracted from my jaw, it
proof of which I was shown
a splinter tied in a piece
of bandage and tied round
my wrist. I came to believe
it. I had an awful feeling
of nausea and longed to
be sick but couldn't.
I then set about identifying
those in the room, one was
the room orderly, and
another I recognized as
another officer of the Nelson
Co. Saunders, and another
was another medical
orderly, a stranger. I
gradually got my senses
back and then had a
good sleep but when
I woke, some hours
later I still retained
the feeling of nausea
and had a fearful
headache which my
jaw was supplementing
I only got rid of my