

OUR ROLL OF HONOUR.

Our portraits of the late Miss Mary Rodwell, of Q.A.I.M.N.S.R., the one in uniform taken in her training days, and the other more recently, will be welcomed both by those who knew her, and also to many who will like to know what manner of woman was the nurse who went to her death so bravely.

Miss Rodwell was born at Brockdish, in Norfolk, on June 7th, 1874. Trained at the Hendon Infirmary from 1901 to 1904, she afterwards worked at the Samaritan Free Hospital, Marylebone Road, W., and later in private nursing homes, and as a private nurse. She was also a certificated masseuse. She was a true nurse, and always had the interests of her patients closely at heart.

Relatives of Miss Rodwell who have seen the Matron and Sisters rescued from the *Anglia*, say that they cannot speak too highly of her. The last the Matron saw of her was shortly before the explosion, when she came up to fetch some warm woolies for her patients. She was in charge of 200 cot cases, and her last moments were spent in caring for them, as when the explosion came she was ministering to the wounded. She died the death she would have wished for her King and country, doing her duty to the last moment.

One who knew her writes: "I never met a more lovable, unselfish and noble woman. Her patients filled her whole heart and soul. She constantly studied them and did all in her power for them. Self was never thought of. When private nursing her patients could not speak too highly of her

personally, or of her abilities as a nurse. She often spoke of her very happy days at Hendon. I think they were really her happiest days.

When war broke out she felt it her duty to volunteer for foreign service, and was from February till May on hospital trains, since which time she has been on the *Anglia*. We all feel proud that she died so noble a death, and that we have such sweet memories of her, but we deeply mourn her loss."

A colleague in France writes: "We are having it very cold out here now, and had quite a heavy snow fall several days ago, and of course 'trench foot' has started. How dreadful about the *Anglia*. Quite a number of patients from this hospital were on board. She had been waiting for days before she could get away."



MISS MARY RODWELL, Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.

AN APPRECIATION.

BY THE MATRON OF HER TRAINING SCHOOL.

Miss Elma Smith, Matron of the Hendon Infirmary, writes:—

DEAR EDITOR.—I want to tell you how much we all appreciate your kind expression of sympathy with us all—both relatives and friends—in the loss of Nurse Rodwell. She herself could wish for no better end than to die with the patients under her care. We all know what a keen sense of duty she possessed. Nothing was ever a trouble to her where her patients were concerned, and she was kind, firm and sympathetic to a degree. She gave all she could at all times to help and comfort those in trouble and need.

We shall all miss her greatly, as she was one of the keenest members of our Nurses' League. I wonder if you know, too, how much she appreciated your work in the cause of women,



MISS RODWELL DURING HER TRAINING AT HENDON INFIRMARY.

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