

Constantinople day after day until I passed, saying, "We heard that you were here, and we want work, so we came to find you."

Oh the faith in the English that made these women travel over one hundred and fifty miles, mostly on foot, to look in this immense city for one Englishwoman!

So much is written about this country by people who only see the surface; and the Turk is an adept at concealing his personality, his feelings, and his affairs. He meets you with an impenetrable smile and a suave courtesy, but you never get deeper than the smile, and he never exposes below the surface. There are people at home who read these articles, and who shut their eyes and their ears to the good in a people who have inherited a bad name, in the same way that a Turk will tell you what he thinks it will please you to hear.

The names of the men who really know the country can be counted on one hand.

When I came out in October, 1912, I was repeatedly asked, How can you go and nurse the Turks? and I should like to take this opportunity of replying to the man who said that to come out to nurse the soldiers was "a woman's freak; she would get to a port and not be able to land there," by saying that since I set foot on Turkish soil I have met with nothing but courtesy, kindness and gratitude. The authorities were glad to have us, the soldiers were grateful for being cared for, and I, for one, have never for one moment had to regret having volunteered.

Not many days ago I passed some soldiers, just back from the front, waiting their turn to embark on a boat for the barracks at Haïdar Palha, when one from amongst them shouted, "Seester, Seester!" and rushed up to me nearly crying with joy. The poor fellow was one of our old patients who had been badly wounded in the arm, the elbow joint being exposed, but who had healed in a wonderful way and returned to his regiment. He pulled up his sleeve to show me the old scar, and told his companions who were sitting round that he had been in my ward. Every man sprang to attention and saluted.

These men were in the Redif and all from the interior of Asia Minor. I think many of them had never seen European women before, but we never found in hospital that they resented our treatment or misunderstood our position. Their faith was childlike in both doctor and nurse, and they showed a wonderful discrimination between persons. One man steadily refused a second operation until by chance he saw the surgeon who had performed the first, and had since gone to the front; on seeing him he readily gave his consent, and as the surgeon left the ward I heard the patient remark, "We can trust him, he knows when to cut and when not to cut"—and they were quite right.

But truce was declared and the hospitals closed or taken over by Turkish doctors, and, except for those engaged in relief work, our staff went home.

It is of the outcome of that work, the results of our labour, that I wish to write to-day.

During the winter, in the Broussa Vilayet alone, we kept alive, by firstly clothing and secondly feeding fortnightly, some 10,000 to 15,000 persons. In April the weather opened and agricultural labour commenced, and there was work in plenty for the male muhajirs. There remained the problem of the support of the widows of soldiers killed in the war, and lone women amongst the muhajirs who were unable to follow their usual occupation in the fields. These women were sitting day after day crowded in tiny rooms, mostly unfit for habitation, with no prospect save of starvation as help from outside gradually decreased. Fever lurked in every corner; small-pox, measles and scarlet fever raged amongst the children.

The sorrow and misery of these women can only be dimly understood by those who have not seen them, and have not seen the poor mother dividing her bread amongst the children, denying herself, trying to warm them under her own rags, sometimes at the cost of her life; and a living baby wailed a dead, half-naked woman until some neighbour took the extra little one amongst her own.

And here I may say that orphans were adopted and cared for as their own children, and nothing would induce the adopted parent to give the child up, even if its prospects would be bettered thereby. The Oriental Carpet Co. at Smyrna offered to take 200 children and to teach them to work, but neither the authorities nor the foster parents were willing, preferring to bring the children up amongst their own.

The scenes of gratitude amongst these women were most pathetic, and they were very fond of the British officer who accompanied me. They would sidle into the room and squat on the floor, talking to us by the hour.

We claim for the British Red Crescent the distinction of starting weaving industries for the muhajir women, and of proving them a success. When we left Constantinople everyone remarked "it was an excellent proposition, but quite impossible." We commenced in March with 10 looms and 16 women, and to-day we have close on 150 looms, and I hope to be able to employ this winter at least 200 women.

The idea originated with the officer above mentioned and to his untiring energy and knowledge of Turkish and the country we owe our present success.

Weaving was chosen because many of the women already knew how to do it; it was easy to learn and there is a ready market for the produce.

KATHERINE F. WHEATLEY.

(To be concluded.)

Mr. Austen Chamberlain's fund for the London School of Tropical Medicine was closed last week and the City sub-committee which was in charge of it was dissolved. Over £70,000 has been collected.

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