

long shifts as do the men, and often longer, and in the Egyptian climate that is a great test of endurance. They are just magnificent, and no man who has been nursed by them or worked alongside of them in the wards day or night will ever forget them."

A Medical Relief Expedition is shortly to be sent to Russia, for work among the Russian and Polish refugees from the devastated villages of Poland. There is every kind of disease rife among them, owing to cold and starvation, and the work will be chiefly medical and maternity work. The Unit will comprise doctors, sanitary inspector, nurses, &c. Only fully certificated nurses with C.M.B. are being taken, and they are being selected by the National Union of Trained Nurses. Miss Thurstan is going out to Russia this week, in advance, to make arrangements for the Unit that is to follow. We hope to publish a list of the Matron and Sisters next week.

Mr. Lawrence Alma Tadema, in an appeal issued by the Polish Victims Relief Fund, writes: "The earth which the Polonians love as no earth is loved by any other race, has been torn, violated, devastated, from end to end. The villages are in ruins, the harvests trampled or stolen; the sacred shrines are desecrated; the ancestral mansions, where the past was still a part of to-day, piously preserved for to-morrow's inheritance, are rifled of their treasure—looted and demolished. Poland is lacerated over the whole of her body, mangled, and now lies starving to death. . . . There are now no children in the villages. Think of it! A whole land without its children. Others are being born at this moment, God knows how—on the wayside, in the charred cottage, in the cattle truck that bears the refugees into exile—born only to die. Their little bodies are on the road—a hideous trail; a lady fleeing from Warsaw in her car counted seventeen dead bodies in the ditches. We cannot yet help to build up Poland's ruins. . . . We can only send money to save the children of refugees, whom recent events have driven—a deluge of human misery—on to Russian soil."

OUR ROLL OF HONOUR.

A heroic figure amongst nurses is Miss Mary Rodwell, who, it is believed, went down with her "cot" patients on the hospital ship *Anglia*. Some letters received by a friend which we have had the privilege of reading are now of tragic interest, and prove that she was well aware of the risks she ran in serving the sick and wounded on a hospital ship.

Thus, on September 8th she wrote: "The large hospital ships have gone to the Dardanelles, leaving us only the small ones for France. I saw the —, she takes 3,000 patients, and is enormous. I prefer a smaller boat myself, in case anything should go wrong, and just now the German mines are a great many over here. We

have also seen submarines at times. There was one outside the harbour here one day. It had been waiting for the packet boats bringing Tommies, and it was only sunk about a quarter of an hour before they came. It is really wonderful that we have only had that one transport sunk with all the number going over. It is wonderful what the Navy do, all the time without any one realising.

"So far we have been very lucky with the hospital ships. We had a narrow escape with bombs a few weeks ago. The explosion threw us out of our bunks. It was at night, 12.30. I was not so alarmed as the others, as I had already awakened; the others only awakened with the explosion. The high explosive bomb was only forty yards from us, and several fire bombs only ten yards from us burnt themselves out on the pier without doing damage, as they were on the stone pier, but the noise of the explosive bombs was terrific. We just rocked and dashed, the boat listing very much, but recovering itself without any damage done except lights and telephone broken, but a trawler near had some men killed and injured. All the big things round luckily escaped. It was a grand sight to see the Zeppelin, when it was no longer able to drop bombs on us, with all the powerful searchlights on it, and guns firing and blazing out at it. One could see the shots all round it. It looked like a large silver cigar about 3,000 feet up. Then one shot hit it, and damaged a chamber, but did not bring it down. It threw out a cloud of smoke, and though damaged was soon out of range."

On November 7th, only ten days before the sinking of the *Anglia*, Miss Rodwell wrote:—

"Did you see we brought over the King on our boat? Was it not an honour? Such excitement and great preparation, as we were told if rough weather came we might have him and his suite on board for three or four days, just as we have the Tommies if it is very rough. However, we came over the same day. We started in fair weather, but it was a terrible crossing afterwards. We had an escort of four destroyers across the Channel. Usually we have none at all.

"The King's suite, including the doctors and two nurses were all ill, and the nurses had to go to bed. Of course, in a way we were not sorry, as we got a look in, and looked after His Majesty, as we have all got our sea-legs. He was very nice, and shook hands and thanked us for what we did for him."

Many other interesting details were given by Miss Rodwell, proving not only that she realised the risks to which she was subjected, but that she faced them quite calmly. And calmly she faced the end, devoted to her patients in death as in life.

The Central London Sick Asylum League, Hendon, and the National Council of Trained Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland, are proud to count her one of their members and to honour her memory.

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