

session of the precious right, as a trained nurse, to have a real and responsible share in the magnificent methods in surgery of dealing with suffering humanity in connection with these brave patient heroes.

We feel as never before that our presence and work here behind the French lines is amply justified, and the work itself "worth while" beyond all telling.

Still the great struggle continues with the same awful consequences following in its train. One has almost got used to their existence. One wonders what the issue will be.

The men come to us full of a high undaunted hope and belief in final victory, that belief in many cases having its foundation in their holy faith. "La France Catholique toujours."

The official account forwarded to Headquarters from Alexandria of the loss of the *Marquette* is embodied in a statement, published in *Kai Tiaki* by Major Wylie, N.Z.M.C. He says, "As regards the nurses, they assembled at their stations in charge of Lieut.-Colonel M'Gavin, and three officers, and were seen into boats. Owing, however, to the unfortunate bungling of the lowering of these boats, a series of catastrophes occurred on each side of the vessel. On the port side one boat descended heavily on top of one already in the water, and thereby so seriously injured several of the nurses as to kill them outright, or so seriously injure them as to make their subsequent existence in the water impossible.

"On the starboard side one boat after being filled with nurses, assumed a perpendicular position and emptied many of them into the water. Only one boat with nurses left the vessel and that boat was in a waterlogged, submerged state. Most of the rescued nurses spent all their time in the water on rafts or clinging to bits of wreckage. At no time did I see any signs of panic or any signs of fear on the part of anyone, and I cannot find words adequately to express my appreciation of the magnificent way in which the nurses behaved not only in the vessel but afterwards in the water. Their behaviour had to be seen to be believed possible."

Sister Popplewell, one of the survivors, writes:—"There was an enquiry on H.M.S. *Talbot*. Another Sister and I had to go. It was very trying, but when over the commander insisted on our staying to lunch. The commander of H.M.S. *Albion* was also present. Never have I met two such charming English gentlemen. They were so good and kind, and made us laugh and petted and flattered us as though we were queens instead of two very draggled-looking nurses in shrunken dresses and no hats and black eyes, and when they couldn't show their sympathy and kindness any more and we were just leaving, the commander called for cheers for New Zealand nurses from his bluejackets, and I wish you could have heard those British cheers. It made one thrill."

Another Sister writes:—"They were all so brave, and all three of them died of exhaustion and cold. The rescue boats were in sight when dear — died. She was kept afloat for five or six hours by her friends, Sister Popplewell and Sister Walker. She just said to Miss Popplewell that 'she musn't hold her any longer.' Sister Hildyard was very merry and bright and singing 'Tipperary' and 'Are we Downhearted,' but she also had heart failure and died in the water.

"We were seven hours in the water. I was not in a boat, but my life was saved by holding on to a raft which was occupied by three men. About a dozen were holding on all round, including Sisters Gould, Christmas and myself, and one New Zealand boy. We three and the New Zealand boy were the only survivors. It was dreadful to watch these strong men fall off and die one after the other. Some of them went raving mad. During all this we often wondered how long we ourselves would last, but somehow I had a feeling that I was not to die. French destroyers picked us up. The sailors were most kind and attentive. It was wonderful how quickly they undressed the survivors, and put them into dry shirts, and rolled them in great coats, and administered rum and hot wine. . . . Sister — is not very well. I really marvel that she is alive at all. She was quite insensible long before she was picked up. One Sister has a bad leg; Miss Cameron is very ill suffering from traumatic pneumonia, and another Sister has a fractured base."

It is purposed to erect a chapel at the Christchurch Hospital in memory of the nurses, three of whom belonged to the staff of that hospital who were lost in the *Marquette* and for this purpose a collection was started at the memorial service in Christchurch. At Kumara two beds were recently dedicated to the memory of Helena Isdell, who was Matron there when she left on active service, and of Mabel Jamieson, who belonged to that district.

Dr. Durein, a member of the Serbian Medical Command, in a letter read at a meeting at the Criterion Theatre in support of the work of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies' Scottish Women's Hospitals, wrote:—"No one in Serbia will ever forget how the brave Scottish women turned up their sleeves and entered as saviours into the midst of the destruction wrought by enteric fever, typhus, and malignant typhus."

M. Pasitch, the Serbian Premier, before the departure of the Crown Prince from England, sent the following letter to the Scottish Women's Hospitals (National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies):—"In the name of H.R.H. the Crown Prince, in the name of the Serbian Government, and of the whole Serbian nation, I have the honour to convey through you the expressions of our highest gratitude to the noble daughters of the

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