

WITH THE SCOTTISH NURSES IN ROUMANIA.*

"With the Scottish Nurses in Roumania," by Miss Yvonne Fitzroy, daughter of Sir Almeric Fitzroy, Clerk to the Council, is an interesting record of work with the London Units of the Scottish Hospitals, from October, 1916, to May, 1917, in diary form. Miss Fitzroy had a profound admiration for her chief, the late Dr. Elsie Maud Inglis, Founder of the Scottish Women's Hospitals and C.M.O. of the London Units, and has dedicated the book, which includes many illustrations from her own photographs and maps, "to our beloved leader—in love and gratitude." Miss Fitzroy says in her Foreword, "Sad and more difficult though the road must seem to us now, our privilege has been a proud one: to have

from Euston, was at Girton, and as she survived the *Titanic*, is, I feel, proof against all lesser disasters.

On September 8th, Miss Fitzroy records: "Am appointed Nursing Orderly to Hospital A, under Dr. I., and am delighted." The party travelled by way of Archangel. "From the river the town looks just like a picture-book, with its towers of blue and gold, red and gold, and green and gold."

At Moscow it finally drew up alongside a hospital train. "Most of the station is used as a Hospital and the little Russian Sisters look delicious in their white 'Religieuse' caps." Of the Kremlin we read, "It's amazing; it's like walking into the Arabian Nights, into a great big fairy tale—a fairy palace over a fairy city and a fairy river."



OUR COOKS AT MEDJIDIA.

served and worked with her, to have known the unflinching support of her strength and sympathy, and—best of all—to be permitted to preserve through life the memory and the stimulus of a supreme ideal."

The story begins at Euston Station, where the writer arrived on August 28th with her kit, which had a super-military air, "particularly the water-bottle—a real service one this, that seems to cry out for the battlefield—and, together with those lovely Red Cross labels, 'Russia,' make the world enormous and all adventures possible."

"As far as I can make out the great majority of my fellow-workers are professionals—teachers very largely. B., the girl I travelled up with

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"In the train," on September 19th, Miss Fitzroy writes, "Dr. I. had tea with the four of us. The other three all talked of their jobs before the war. I have always felt that the merely social existence must put one at a big disadvantage in the real world, but to-night I had to own up for the first time to the workers themselves. One does feel ashamed. But there is one comfort. It isn't that we others can't; it is that we haven't. We are beginning now, for which thank Heaven. We've got a long way to make up. In a life like this there are no frills and we meet the workers on a level. We've got to do the job, and do it well—it's a great chance."

The experiences of the Unit at Odessa included a gala performance at the Opera House in honour of the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, an aunt of

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