

THE GREEK NURSING UNIT.

Sister Alice G. Browne writes from Eski Chehir, Asia Minor:—

"It is some time since I wrote you, and really there are many things to tell you.

"We enjoyed being at Smyrna very much; but, as you know, the hospital where we were closed, so we four came on here.

"It was a most interesting journey from there here, taking six days in all—three days' sea voyage, the rest of the journey we did by motor.

"We left Smyrna Friday, 5 p.m., arrived at a small sea port called Aethy on Saturday morning about 8 a.m., and as we were staying there a few hours we all went ashore; it was most interesting exploring, as it was a very quaint place. However, we spent most of our time in picking figs and eating water melons. By the way, are not the figs good to eat when just picked off the tree? About 11 a.m. we returned to our ship, when we set sail; on Sunday morning, we all got up at 5 a.m. because we were entering the Dardanelles at 5.30, and, as you know, that is a sight none of us would miss; it was a sad, sad sight, seeing the graves on the hill side, also the little church on the hill top; it was just at sunrise as we sailed through, but little wonder our heroic troops could not take it, for it is so narrow and no landing place; we also saw Gallipoli; on Monday morning we arrived at Hordania, we were really very sorry, as we had been a very jolly party on board, as amongst the passengers there were several who spoke a little English.

"We were met there by a motor, also two English gentlemen from the League of Nations; they heard of our expected arrival, and thought they would like to see us and have a chat; after a while we had to say 'good-bye,' and proceed on our journey from Hordania to Brusa, which was really glorious; imagine spinning up mountains—the scenery was lovely, with the blue, blue sea and sky around, and the green, green trees—and dotted here and there picturesque houses. After some time we arrived at a vineyard, when we all jumped out and picked as many grapes as we could carry. We arrived at Brusa about 1 p.m., just in time for lunch, which we were all ready for; afterwards we rested, and then went out to have a look around, as it is supposed to be a wonderful old place, being once upon a time the capital of Turkey; next morning we got up about 5 a.m. because we were starting about 6 a.m. for our motor trip of 165 miles to Eski Chehir. It was lovely going through the various villages. About 11 a.m., we stopped for lunch, and the good lady produced serviettes made of bright red material. We started off again about 12.30 and motored about eighteen miles, the road is really terrible. We passed many peasants returning to their various villages, all their belongings being hauled along by oxen; we also passed two villages totally burnt. About 9 p.m. we arrived here, sorry our motor trip was over, although it

was in a large motor and we had such bumps.

"We are housed in a Turkish harem; very clean. The old Turkish women downstairs were rather afraid of us at first, but now they are getting rather fond of us; but their costumes are quaint, consisting of very baggy trousers and very bright coloured shawls swathed around them.

"We have been very busy; these poor men have dreadful wounds, and are such good patients. We are all in the same hospital, which was before a Turkish school, so is very nice on the whole.

"It is very different from England. For instance, all the patients are taken to a dressing room to be dressed; no patient is dressed in the ward, only under very important circumstances. No lotions are used, only pure alcohol, iodine, and benzine, and in Smyrna the Carrel-Dakin solution was used a lot, but not here.

"The surgeons we have come across are really very smart.

"We are very happy here, and everyone is very good to us, they try their very best to give us anything we want.

"Yesterday we were taken to see the Turkish tapestry being made; it was wonderful watching the girls work; they are beautiful; the colouring is wonderful. We have not been out very much because there has been plenty of work, but now we are slacker we hope to explore a little.

"It is very much colder here, and to-day it has rained, so I suppose we have said good-bye to the sunshine for a while. They tell us in the winter they have snow several feet deep. However, this is an experience we shall always remember.

"Do you know, while we were at Smyrna we were taken to see a mosque. When we arrived the priest was not there, but after waiting a while he came, and when he knew we had come to see the mosque, he asked if we would like to mount the minaret. We were delighted, but at the same time surprised, because we were under the impression only he was allowed up there. However, up we mounted 148 steps, but when we arrived at the top it was worth it, the view was great, and imagine us Christians up there with the priest while he called his people to pray. When we arrived down they were worshipping, so afterwards we went in, and you can imagine how beautiful the carpets were!

"One morning while we were at Smyrna we got up early and went to explore Mount Pagus; near there St. Paul was supposed to have preached a sermon. It was wonderful, and more wonderful still when one realises that these places existed B.C.

"We are evacuating our patients to other places, so we do not know how long we shall be here. Everyone is most kind to us; I am afraid we are rather spoilt; we are the only women folk here.

"Again I feel I must thank you again, and again, for sending me here."

[Travel is the great educator which furnishes the cabinet of Memory. Would that more of our nurses had opportunities for such a delightful experience as our little Greek Nursing Unit.—ED.]

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)