

can he? Yet in Russia one doctor to 100,000 people is a perfectly usual thing. Yes! And 50 per cent. of these splendid men died last year from disease or starvation while doing their work.

"The one bright thought in the whole history of the Russian famine is how the peoples of Europe and America sent help. While the Governments disputed, the public ignored the political issue, and poured money into funds that provided food for fellow-beings who were involved in the terrible catastrophe. Even now I doubt if the majority of people who gave money realised that there was *really nothing* in the famine area. For hundreds and hundreds of miles in that bitterly cold and snow-ridden country there was not an ounce of flour, a teaspoonful of sugar, or a drop of milk; not a match, a needle, or a bean! Straw and clay! Pounded grass! The bark of trees!

"But that misery is over. The famine is now virtually at an end.

"Are we in England, with our superbly equipped hospitals, our medical and surgical knowledge, our great organised systems for the prevention of disease, and the finest nursing service in the world, are we to do nothing to alleviate this state of things? Are we to watch with folded hands and dulled imaginations while this wholly preventible suffering continues, hoping that one day Russia will 'pull round,' or that there will be another type of Government—one of which we can approve?

"For gradually, very gradually, it is dawning on the thinking world that the only nation is mankind, and that, at any rate, a child is an international being, to be judged 'not guilty,' whatever the verdict may be on adults.

"In my mind stand out two main impressions. First, the few glimpses that I got in Russia of the real Soviet Ideal. To me there is nothing more tragic than the position of the genuine Communist. For there are a few who not only dream of a glorious and happy Russia, but who work for her good with no pay, no thanks, no holidays, no health; but who still hope, and, I believe, still pray, and realise to the depths of their being the sorrows of the people. They struggle on, hampered by the acts of violent men, nominally their colleagues, but in reality as far apart as the poles; yet tarred with the same brush by foreign opinion! For the world has no time to make these fine distinctions. To the world they have failed—that's enough.

"And the second picture is a group of little children who had been saved from the famine—the eldest delivering a speech thanking England for her help. It ended: 'We, the children of Russia, thank the people of England; and we shall not forget—no, we shall not forget until we die!'

"As to the views expressed in this book, a nurse's work is essentially unpolitical, undenominational, and international; so that perhaps we are able to look at the cinema of the world with a broader view than some others find possible. Anyhow, mine are sincerely expressed after six months watching and working in Soviet Russia."

LONDON TO MOSCOW.

'In February, 1922, Miss Payne returned from Czecho-Slovakia, after the child welfare organization there had been successfully handed over to the Czech Red Cross and Ministry of Health, for three months' holiday, but that holiday was never taken, for on arriving in England she at once offered, and was accepted by the Society of Friends, for work in Russia, and, further, while waiting for the *visa* of her passport for Russia by the Bolsheviks, in response to urgent cables for nurses from Poland, went to Warsaw to nurse typhus.

At the Polish frontier, Miss Payne, and Nurse Shore who travelled with her, were met by Bolshevik couriers, under whose care they were from that moment.

Later, Miss Payne wrote: "I had the most interesting conversation with the Soviet courier, who, I found out afterwards, was a member of the People's Commissariat. He was a dreamy, artistic person, who raved over the sunset and the scenery as the train crawled along at about ten miles an hour.

"On the second day I asked him how men like himself could have acted so brutally as they did at the time of the Revolution. He gave me a most interesting description of the Revolution from the Bolshevik point of view. He explained the revolutionary spirit, the class hatred, and bitter sense of oppression that has been simmering in the Russian mind for generations. He swore that the Bolshevik Government did not order the massacre of the nobility and intelligentsia, and asked: 'What use to our cause is all this frightful destruction?' He owned that it was a ghastly business, but claimed that it was history repeating itself, the result of centuries of bottled-up misery. The Revolutionary party had no control over the people at first, the frightful sufferings were inevitable for a time. He added: 'No Government on earth could have prevented the Revolution; it had to come.'

The following is the impression of Moscow recorded by Miss Payne:—

"Everything is indescribably miserable and sordid. Streets look as though they have never been streets. Houses are falling to bits—ruins of the Revolution. There is a continuous stream of ragged, silent men and women, an occasional horse and sleigh, or a motor-car flying the red flag. . . .

"I am going on to Buzuluk on Thursday, where the famine is very much worse. It takes anything from five days to get there, owing to snow-drifts and floods.

"I am at the present moment acting as milkman, and deliver milk for 15,000 children at the institutions in Moscow, also cases of soap and cooking utensils. Wood is so expensive and difficult to get that there is very little hot water, and no soap can be bought. The condition of the hospitals is quite indescribable. There are often three patients in each bed, and sick people lying all up the middle of the wards. There is no doubt,

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