

“REMEMBER - FORGETTING TO REMEMBER” by Frances M Lynch
In Memory of Doctor Adeline Campbell (1887 – 1965)

REMEMBER by [Frances M Lynch](#)

Remember by Christina Rossetti

*Remember me when I am gone away,
Remember me when no more day by day
Only remember me;
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.*

Forgetting to Remember by [Frances M Lynch](#)

Verse 1

When the history of our country's share in the war is written, no chapter will be more remarkable than that relating to the range and extent of women's participation.... (George V, King of England)

'They are born physicians, who work with their hearts as well as their heads,' (Anonymous, in a munitions factory magazine)

Verse 2

[Adeline Campbell](#), Doctor - born at Kirkcaldy Old Kirk to the minister and his wife in 1887. One of 8 daughters 5 of whom became Doctors.

Jessie Campbell Doctor, Lizzie Campbell anaesthetist and Obstetrician; Annie Campbell Doctor and Medical officer in the Women's Royal Air Force; Katharine Campbell, Doctor and Ishbel Campbell Research Chemist.

Adeline Campbell, known as Lena, served as a Junior Surgeon in Serbia during WW1 - with the Scottish Women's Hospitals under Dr. Elsie Inglis.

*Thanks to her great courage she received many honours from that country
She always stood up for what she believed was right!*

Risking Typhus and the wrath of Dr Inglis, Lena and her colleague, Dr Katherine Macphail, insisted they were needed elsewhere *in Serbia* - so they left and set up a hospital for typhus patients in Belgrade.

She spent the rest of her life caring for children's health, and *taking a stand* for those less fortunate than herself.

While Lena saved lives on the front line, thousands of women at home made the munitions set to destroy those same lives

Verse 3 (*text in italics comes from anonymous contributions to factory magazines*)

The weavers, the welders the aeroplane makers - gluing fabric on wings, painting with poison *everything they touched went yellow*

The Munitionettes working with ether “headaches, hysteria, fits”

You'd wash and wash it didn't make no difference. It didn't come off

nausea, headaches, skin turning yellow

.....down through the body, legs and toenails even, - yellowwere these really women?

Explosions, poisoning, deaths

...small bits of brass seemed a target for my eyes, particles of acid land on your face and down your throat, into your eyes and make you nearly mad....

Munitionettes

Verse 4 (*text in italics comes from anonymous contributions to factory magazines*)

I am using my life's energy to destroy human souls

I am doing what I can to bring this to an end.

But once the War is over, I will never do the same again.