

## STATE REGISTRATION TO BE DEFENDED.

Members of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses are requested to note that subscriptions for the current year (1s.) were due on January 1st, 1916. The President hopes the members will send them at an early date, and she will be grateful for subscriptions from friends, as she fears nurses will again be called upon to finance work to defend the few privileges they possess.

The President of the Society acknowledges with thanks the following donations: Miss A. E. Hulme, £1 1s.; Miss Beatrice Kent, £1; Mrs. Strong, 13s. 6d.; Miss Daisy Ashley (Alexandria), 9s.; Mrs. Maxwell St. John R.R.C. (Paris), 5s.; Miss E. L. C. Eden, 5s.; Miss Sylvia Parker, 5s.; Miss Mary Brockie, 5s.; Miss Evelyn Thompson, 3s.; Anon. 2s. 6d.; Hon. A. Brodrick, 2s.; Miss E. M. Dickson, 1s.

## THE HEALER OF MAPANZA'S.

Miss Gladys Salisbury, of the Universities Mission, writing from Mapanza, N. Rhodesia, gives an interesting account in *Central Africa* of an exciting district call to attend a patient who was thought to have broken his leg. He had been felling a tree and his axe had slipped and come down on his leg and the wound was bleeding badly.

Miss Salisbury writes:—

"When I saw the two men who had brought in the message I did wish I could take a photograph of them to send home to you.

"They had blue loin cloths round their waists, and draped across their shoulders what looked like English kitchen tablecloths—red grounds with a white pattern woven in and out all over. Half-way up their legs and arms were bracelets, seemingly of gold and ivory, but really, I believe, they were only brass and ivoride. They had steel combs and brass buttons in their hair, and they carried a prodigious number of spears and assegais in their hands, which made them look distinctly warlike. I suppose they were got up like that in honour of their visit to the station.

"After hastily putting together a few things, such as splints, wool, lotions, &c., we started for the village of Mapanza. I could not help laughing when I looked in front and then behind, and saw the long procession going to the relief of the broken leg! In front walked the two warlike messengers, then I came, and behind me were two Mission boys, one to carry all my implements and the other to act as interpreter. Of course, I carried the proverbial white umbrella, and even then it was a very hot walk.

"Long before we were in sight of the village we could hear the drum being beaten—a sign that there is illness in a village. Mapanza is quite a big kraal, fenced in with a branch and reed fence,

with a small opening by way of door, through which one can only just squeeze. The huts are all round, immediately inside the fence, and the centre of the kraal is given up to the cattle. My patient's hut was close to the gateway, and he was stretched out on the floor, looking very disconsolate. There was no furniture of any sort in the hut, a wood fire was burning in the middle filling the hut with smoke, and sitting, or rather squatting right up against it, was the patient's wife, smoking a prodigiously long carved pipe, and holding a little piccanin in her arms. The baby was resplendent in brass anklets and bracelets, with beads round his neck and waist; the mother had just a skin fastened round her waist, and ornaments of ivoride. There was a skin on the floor, and against the wall six gourds containing water.

I mixed my lotions and laid out my stores on the floor after I had inspected the leg. It certainly was not broken, but there was a deep gash, exposing the bone, and the wound was bleeding profusely. To my dismay, I found the wound had been filled up to the very top with mud, so a great deal had to be done in the way of cleansing the leg and wound before I could get to business. After I had stitched up the wound, and bound up the leg, so that the good man could not possibly take off the dressing to re-apply the mud, I happened to glance through the door, and to my surprise I found the doorway was blocked with the most eager faces. There must have been between thirty and forty persons gathered outside that hut, interested spectators of what had gone on inside.

"I went to see my patient five times after that, and I am thankful to say there were no complications, not even tetanus, which is very prevalent here. The stitches came out on the fifth day, and the wound healed up nicely. After my last visit, when I saw the leg was doing well, I rather forgot the case in the interest and anxiety of new cases—but I was reminded of it again only just a day or two ago. I was at another village attending to a man who had run a fish spear right through his foot. I was hurting him badly, and at last he could bear no more. He dragged at his foot to get it away, and tried to catch my hands, when suddenly a man in the audience began talking to him, and my interpreter afterwards told me that the man was telling my patient of the wonderful cure of the Mapanza man—he called me the 'healer of Mapanza's.' Anyhow, the man said *Nda rumba*, which means 'thank you,' quite affably to me and let me go on with my work. I was very surprised at the turn events had taken. I wish I could tell you about the dear little children who come to the Dispensary as out-patients, but already this is quite a long letter, and I have not time for more."

During the past week Miss E. C. E. Lückes, Matron of the London Hospital, has been reported as very seriously ill.

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