

formal toasts had been given, one of us raised our glass "to Italy." This gave great delight, and elicited a quick response—"to George the Emperor."

From Desenzano, at the foot of the Lake, we drove to the "Casa del Sole," best described as a glorified Nursing Home, plus all facilities needed for the special treatment of Tuberculosis. The owner, Dr. Magrassi, having shown us over the building, and explained the methods in vogue there, took us on to the terrace where, in full view of glorious surroundings, we set to work on a most inviting *dinner froid*.

I have omitted to mention the various "Vermouth d'honneur" prepared for us at different points on the trip. I have often feared, but am now convinced, that when I succumb to the fatal potion it will be to Vermouth.

From Desenzano we returned to Milan and sat down to think.

As to the Sanatoria—it was the general opinion among those taking part in the expedition that Sanatorium treatment is at present the best form of general treatment for pulmonary Tuberculosis. Its success depends upon the proper choice of case, and on the willing co-operation of the patient. That it will do nothing for the large majority of advanced cases, and that its work can be undone in a few weeks by improper after-treatment. That a Sanatorium must be a place of beauty and attractiveness, or else it defeats its very purpose. That the number of patients will determine the number of physicians and nurses. In general, one physician is necessary for each group of fifty patients. A fair average for nurses is one for each ten patients in the early stages, while if they are "advanced" more may be needed. In conclusion, a Sanatorium for tuberculous patients is essentially made up of people first and buildings second. Everything that enters into the building and maintenance of the institution must contribute to the welfare of the patients for whom it is designed.

It is difficult to write of the trip itself. The lavish hospitality and unflinching courtesy with which even the smallest Commune received this inrush of strangers, the kindly welcome from Heads of Institutions, Directors of Hotels and all who accepted us as guests; and not least the Master Mind, and all associated with it, which faced and triumphantly overcame the difficulties of transport, all call forth a feeling of amazement. And coupled with amazement, unbounded gratitude to the Italian Government, to the "Federazione Nazionale Fascista, degli Institute Privati de Cura contro la Tuberculosis," and indeed to the Italian people whose greatness of heart provided hundreds of seekers after truth with life-long happy memories.

THE FASCISTE ANTHEM.

All who have visited Italy of recent years cannot fail to have been struck by an ever-recurring air of spirited sound—the Fasciste Hymn.

At receptions, meetings, festa of all kinds, this enchanting air finds place, accompanied by the Roman Salute.

A short account of its origin may be of interest.

In March, 1909, the students of law in the University of Turin desired to have their own Students' Song. One of their number, Nino Oxilia, a rising young poet at that time, was commissioned to write the words. Guiseppe Blanc, himself Professor of Law, undertook the music. It was essentially a Call to Youth, breathing the enthusiasm, courage and high endeavour of which Youth is capable, and even then hinting at the sacrifices which Youth might be called upon to make.

When Italy entered into the Great War, these young men, together with thousands of others, rallied to their country's aid, and went to their fates inspired.

Nino Oxilia fell on Monte Tomba in November, 1917, shattered by a bomb. Guiseppe Blanc, son of the Alps, survived, and bore this Hymn throughout his military career.

It was sung in the trenches, on the Alps, it heartened those despairing troops who, broken by the furious onslaught of the Austrians, fled from Caporetto; it stiffened the stubborn resistance on the Piave; and in October and November, 1918, it was shouted joyously on the Grappa, the Plains of Segnalina, and at Vittorio Veneto.

The words were then slightly altered, chorus and air remaining the same, and it was formally adopted as "Inno Triomfale del Partito Nazionale Fascista," dedicated "Al Duce."

Four years after Peace was proclaimed tens of thousands of "black shirts," headed by Mussolini, sang it as they filed past in procession before the King in Rome.

The chorus, as in the original, runs somewhat like this:—

"Giovenezza, Giovenezza,
(Youth), (Youth),
In the beauty of your
Springtime,
Untouched by Life's harshness,

Chant this Hymn and lead on."

"Giovenezza" is the "Marsellaise" of the Youth of Italy.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Andrews' most interesting address, Miss D. K. Graham, Miss S. Vian, Miss M. G. Allbutt, Miss A. Cattell and Miss A. M. Bushby all added reminiscences of a most enjoyable and happy time. Miss Bushby advised everyone to go to Assisi, and when they did, to stay at the Pension Villa Gloria. Miss Evangeline Morgan, to whom we are indebted for our picture of the Carabinieri (Military Police), spoke of their courtesy and good manners.

The photograph of this picture was taken on the steps of the Monument to Victor Emmanuel II., by the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. In the background, side by side, are the wreaths just placed there of the British and Italian Nurses. When these two Italian carabinieri realised that Miss Morgan wished to secure a photograph of them they at once posed for her with the greatest willingness. Their uniform is a very smart one, to which the crimson plumes in their hats give an added distinction.



CARABINIERI ON DUTY AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

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