

turns, a day each, to wash and bandage the feet and take care of this fugitive civilian population.

"Once we had fascist prisoners. There was a boy of 16 who was a lieutenant, who greatly feared the nurses. He was surprised at the attention he received. When they were picked up they were starving, and two of them died from their starved condition, which prevented their wounds from healing. They were pleased with any food we gave them. The two who could get about had permission to walk in the courtyard, but they did not believe they had understood aright and at first refused to go out. The older ones had made up their minds that they would not speak to us at all, but they gradually broke down under our treatment. Most of them volunteered for service in the Republican Army when they were better. The Moors were fighting against the Spaniards on that front. One was brought in by our ambulance; he had been left out five days by the fascists with a terrible leg wound, of which, in spite of all our care, he died. He had German money on him, out-of-date German marks of no value, with which the fascists had paid him for giving his life in the cause. One night a German, who had been left wounded in fascist territory, crawled across to us with a dreadful leg wound. After an amputation he recovered. We nursed all who came to us."

In June, 1937, Ann Murray went as Head Nurse to a newly opened English hospital near Madrid. The building which they took over was a large, ruinous, dilapidated monastery. Before the war it had been used as a school, church, prison and village theatre. One wing still housed the municipal jail, the rest of the building was transformed by the work of eager hands, with funds from the Spanish Government and support and equipment from the Spanish Medical Aid Committee in London, into a fine model hospital. The splendid spirit of comradeship in this hospital was recognised by staff and patients. I have recently met soldiers who were there many months ago who spoke with affection of that hospital, and they never forgot to ask, "And Anita? How's Anita?" For all agree that Ann Murray was one of those who contributed to the efficiency of the medical work there and the happiness of everyone. She commands the respect and affection of all. The Spanish girls, who are so young and inexperienced, so uneducated, yet so keen to work, so proud of their newly won emancipation and their anti-fascist country, turned to Ann for lessons in nursing. Her skill with the wounded is only rivalled by her skill with these gay little Spanish comrades. I have never seen her flustered or put out, though the whole hospital was in the habit of turning to her for everything. She never bosses; she never dominates. She organised her large staff of rollicky, excitable girls with a calm and good temper that was an example to all.

We stood on the observation platform of the hospital train talking of these 20 months of war. I glanced at the men on the stretcher-slung beds. I heard the noise of guns in the hills breaking across the sunlit quiet of the olive fields. "Here the work is worth while," Ann Murray said. "When you see how the Spaniards fight on, seeing only the final victory, then you feel you must go on, too. Look at that man on the first bed. He has been operated on for an abdominal wound. We have saved him. We kept him on the train, and when he was fit to talk, what do you think he said? 'Shall I live?' 'Yes, of course,' we told him. He smiled. 'I'm not finished yet,' he replied. 'When I am better I shall go back till we have driven the fascists out. Tell the comrades to fight on.'

"And so," Ann said, "with such an example from the Spanish people, the least we nurses can do is to fight on too. Their lives are in our hands now, and we must help them to get better."

WINIFRED BATES.

THE HOSPITAL WORLD.

The issue by King Edward's Hospital Fund for London of its latest annual statistical summary of the work and finance of the London voluntary hospitals serves as a reminder, says *The Times*, of the increasing importance of the part played by the voluntary hospitals in the health service of the country.

The summary gives particulars of the current income and expenditure of 146 London voluntary hospitals in carrying on their daily task of restoring to active health the sick members of the community. Every day in 1937 these hospitals, in their wards, cared for fully 15,000 men, women and children in various stages of acute illness; they also gave treatment of 28,000 out-patients—a total for the year of nearly 300,000 in-patients and 2,000,000 out-patients with over 10,000,000 attendances. The treatment of these patients cost £4,554,000, an increase over the figure for 1936 of £275,000.

Alexandra Day, it is announced, has resulted in collections amounting to about £54,000, the highest total in any year since 1931. The collections are made for the benefit of hospitals and charities for the sick in memory of Queen Alexandra. The Duchess of Kent who made a tour of the collecting centres, no doubt appealed to many hearts.

The Marchioness of Reading recently laid the foundation stone of the new nurses' home at the London Jewish Hospital.

Lord Reading, the president of the hospital, in welcoming Lady Reading, said the need of a home for nurses was long overdue. Nurses who worked so hard and so long for the benefit not only of Jews but of Gentiles, deserved the best comfort that could be provided for them.

£15,000 was required to complete the scheme.

Major F. M. Green, chairman of the hospital, said there were 240,000 Jews and Jewesses living in London.

The hospital, he continued, was taking in refugees and finding them work and training. Thirty-five per cent. of the nurses in training, as well as six who had passed their State examination, were from Germany. Two of their honorary medical staff, as well as six clinical assistants, were refugees, as also were two of their resident medical staff, one radiographer, and one masseuse.

A cot in Leicester Royal Infirmary, which was anonymously endowed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in memory of his wife in 1929, was dedicated recently. It was the wish of Mr. MacDonald that it should not be known until after his death that he had endowed the cot, which is in the Margaret MacDonald Ward, named after the late Mrs. MacDonald. An inscription was unveiled by their eldest son Mr. Alister MacDonald.

The inoculation of all children under 14 against diphtheria is henceforth compulsory in France under a law promulgated in *The Journal Officiel*. Inoculation will normally be carried out in the second or third year of a child's life.

The Provincial Government decided to offer Government House in Toronto, which in the interests of economy is no longer used by the Lieutenant-Governor and which cost £200,000, to the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children to be used at the discretion of its governors.

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