

was not less than 20 minutes—a tiresome waste of time, when nurses were billeted more than a mile from the wards. The overcoat remains as it was, the collar of many unnecessary folds of serge hooked with two hooks by regulations, and looking most untidy if left unhooked.”

This is a matter with which the new Matron-in-Chief Dame Joanna Cruickshank is specially qualified to deal. We owe to her good taste the exceedingly becoming and appropriate uniform of the Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Nursing Service.

The Annual Report of the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation for 1937, just to hand, states that in giving assistance to schools of nursing for the improvement of the teaching of public health nursing, the International Health Division seeks to further certain modern principles of nursing education, namely, that the responsibility of a school of nursing should be the education of nurses on a professional level, that the school should have its own budget separate from other budgets of the institution with which it is connected, that nursing education should have a broad, cultural, social and scientific basis, that public health nursing should be taught throughout the nursing course, and that it is as important to provide good field practice in public health nursing for the students as it is to teach good bedside nursing care in a hospital. In 1937 the Division contributed towards the work of several schools of nursing, or university departments of nursing education, that have incorporated these principles in their plans of organisation.

A member of the Nurses' Missionary League, working in the Congo, writes in *Nurses Near and Far* that a leper woman had just been to see her, who told her that the crocodiles had broken her cooking pot. For several evenings, as soon as they shut their doors, the crocodiles have come up from the flooded plain, and walked round even to their wee bits of "gardens" in which are the sweet stalks of the maize plants. A crocodile, looking for a tasty bit, knocked over the cooking pot and broke it! It must be somewhat exciting having crocodiles walking round the house, I would sooner, says this correspondent, think of a lion or a leopard! Recently at a village dispensary some miles down the river, a great shout went up that a lion had appeared. The women rushed off from the dispensary to the scene, and soon two shots were heard and the lion was dead. The folk are having a hard time with crocodiles, lions and elephants all visiting them. The floods mean that the animals are driven nearer to the villages which are built on the higher bits of ground.

Life must be decidedly exciting under these conditions.

By the time this Journal is in the hands of our readers Mrs. Breckinridge, Hon. Director of the Kentucky Frontier Nursing Service, will, we hope, be well and safely through the serious operation which was confronting her at the end of June. She writes in the *Quarterly Bulletin*:

This is to tell you that I am going, on June 20th, to the Baker Memorial Building of the Massachusetts

General Hospital, for an operation, later in that week, on the old fracture in my back, and I shall be up there in a plaster cast for three months afterwards. With the concurrence of my Lexington orthopædic physician, Dr. W. M. Brown, who, after my back was broken, got me on my feet again, the operation will be performed by Dr. William A. Rogers, orthopædist, and Dr. W. Jason Mixter, neurologist. These kind men gave me thorough examinations after my back went back on me this winter in New England.

There is no need to go into technical details. Most of you know that I have been suffering increasing pain and disability in the site of the old fracture during the past two years. For some time an operation has seemed inevitable, but I hoped to be able to defer it for several years. When is it ever convenient for a busy person to spend three months in a plaster cast? The decision has now been taken out of my hands.

Pain is a useful teacher. Talmadge once said: "A woman prayed for patience, and God sent her a green cook." Pain is just such a remedy for an impatient temperament. However, when weeks pass into years, when one never rides a horse or stands up to make a speech without a lot of pain, that's just naturally too much pain. It cramps one's style. If you remember Uncle Remus, you may recall that when Brer Fox had eaten up five or six of Brer Rabbit's children, Brer Rabbit "begun to git mad."

As we say in the mountains, I shall be glad to "get shut of" pain. After a long convalescence, and months of quiet here at home in the hills, I shall be wholly free from pain and can tackle the job of living and working with my old physical zest.

We sincerely hope that our dear brave friend is now wholly free from pain and that those who care for her will send her during her illness, not flowers, but cheques to relieve the financial strain on her mind of the work she loves so much.

#### THE BELOVED ABBEY CHURCH OF WESTMINSTER.

Westminster Abbey once again made history when at the Friday Evensong, September 30th, an enormous crowd were present to give thanks for peace. The Dean announced that the Abbey bells would ring a peal to welcome Mr. Chamberlain on his return from his momentous mission, and he asked the congregation to stand and join in the hymn "Now thank we all our God." He announced that the Abbey would remain open day and night till the following Sunday morning, in order that those who had knelt in intercession round the tomb of the "Unknown Warrior," might return there to give thanks.

Meanwhile the crowd was gathering outside to welcome the Prime Minister, and the writer took a place in view of the Houses of Parliament, while the setting sun, contending with the heavy rain, threw its rays on to the many windows of the historic Houses, turning them into a blaze of gold. Those who were watching and listening to the joy bells, suddenly became aware of a perfect rainbow encircling the House.

"I do set my Bow in the clouds and it shall be a token of a covenant between Me and the earth." Was it an omen of lasting Peace?

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