

more about these Hospitals, since you have so kindly suggested help? After about three years out here in charge of the tiny Mission Hospital on the mainland at Port Moresby, I realised, and the Government realised also, that the great thing against which we had to fight was Tuberculosis.

By means of a T.B. survey, arranged by the Government, and by the keeping of careful statistics, the Tuberculosis danger was demonstrated without a doubt. At the same time I drew attention to the Leprosy problem. The Government asked for suggestions. The only one that I could offer was myself. That is to say, if they would build hospitals, I would look after the patients. Which is precisely what happened. You must, of course, remember that this is Papua, and not England. They gave me three little Hospitals, two close together, for Tuberculosis, one, about five minutes' walk away, for Lepers. All built on piles over the water. The Island is 128 acres, about three miles across the harbour from Port Moresby. We do our travelling by canoes, and we receive a visit from the G.M.O. at Port every three weeks. Each Hospital is capable of holding about 15 patients without relatives, but most bring relatives, for Isolation is a new venture, and we must move very slowly. The greatest difficulty, of course, has been to get them to stay. If they did not get better quickly, or became worse, they immediately wished to go home. There is no compulsion—yet. However, during the year there have been 70 Tubercular entries in the book, five of these being re-admissions, and we have had 19 Lepers. The chief part of the treatment has been, perhaps, the care for the patients' happiness. We have all sorts of classes: Wood-carving, Basket-work, Net making, Plaiting of Kipa Palm for walls, school, scouts, games, services. I have a devoted elderly Samoan couple helping me with the general care of the patients, a hospital assistant (native) in each Hospital, and a T.B. carpenter, but most useful. A great deal of our energy is spent on hygiene. I inspect all the rooms in the mornings. There are very definite rules *re* spitting, throwing rubbish into the sea, etc., etc., for, again, this is Papua! The patients, or their relatives (one each) are responsible for the cleanliness of the Hospitals and for the cooking of their own food. Patients well enough are expected to bathe in the glorious sea water surrounding the Hospital, to fish with lines, etc. We have tried to cultivate a good deal of the Island also. Each evening games, or gramophone, sing-song, or storytelling is arranged in each Hospital. We are really a very, very happy family, despite the fact that many of our number have been very ill, some have recovered, more have died, most have shown very little improvement, for we have neither X-Rays, nor gold treatment, nor do we operate. Our treatment is merely palliative at present, designed more to safeguard the healthy ones in the village than to cure the patients. The great majority of our cases come with huge cervical glands, many also are Pulmonary cases.

This was a bare island when we took over, except for the buildings. It has been such fun! We made our own little laboratory from old iron and timber from a derelict house on an adjacent island, our Leper assistant's house from native materials, etc. I sometimes smile to myself when I think of the qualifications necessary for a Matron in Papua. "Can she scrub floors and walls, build paths, lie on her back and scrape the seaweed off her canoes, deal with all manner of plagues and pests, equal almost to Pharaoh's? Can she dig and fill in, if necessary, her patients' graves, and does she know how to make cement from the sea-shore materials available?" At the same time she must, of course, have a knowledge of handicrafts, scouting, guiding, be able to teach school, act the fool, have an endless store of ideas, and above and beyond all, a real and contagious belief in her God and in the worth-whileness of her job. In other words, she has got to be happy,

infectiously so. Please do not think that we have achieved this—we are striving towards it, that is all.

You suggest help from Bart's League nurses. If they really do wish to help, we have a never-ending demand for books, *i.e.*, magazines with pictures (some of the patients cannot read nor write, and have to be taught how to look at a picture) and games, all sorts of games like draughts and ludo, provided that they do not need a knowledge of arithmetic, for adding up, etc.! Also simple painting books, especially those magic ones that you merely paint over with water, and the colours appear. A very ill T.B., too weary to bother about selecting his own colours, will yet have strength enough and interest enough for this.

Thank you once again for the interest you have shown: it made me feel both very humble and very proud.

Yours very sincerely,

CONSTANCE FAIRHALL.

A COURSE IN ANÆSTHETICS FOR NURSES.

Nurses' Missionary League,

3, St. Augustine's Mansions,

Vauxhall Bridge Road,

London, S.W.1

December 1st, 1938.

DEAR EDITOR,—I am trying to find any hospitals at which nursing sisters who are going out to mission hospitals overseas could take a course in anæsthetics. Although this is never required by members of the Nursing Profession in this country, it is often quite essential for those working overseas.

Could you through your pages ask any such hospital to communicate with me, telling me how long the course would take, and what the cost would be? You would be doing a real kindness if you will insert this letter.

Yours sincerely,

H. N. RICHARDSON, *General Secretary.*

KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

Nursing Exhibitions,

A *Scottish Nurse* writes: "No one will wish to deny that the Empire Exhibition in Glasgow was a grand spectacle and most instructive, but I felt Nursing should have had recognition. Our work lends itself to practical demonstration, and it is a slur on it that the Exhibition Directors failed to realise its significance or national importance. I was much interested in what you said on this matter at the recent Conference in London, and hope with you that we shall not be ignored in New York next year."

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PRIZE COMPETITION QUESTION FOR JAN., 1939.

Describe a Curriculum of Training for a Male Nurse in a General Hospital.

THE LAST WORD FOR 1938.

Only be thou strong and very courageous.—Joshua i, 7.

We believe that it is only when we are governed by free institutions that we can give of our best. The doctrine of individual liberty must endure.

Are you going to shape your own thought, your own work, your own life? Or are you going to have these things decided for you?

Resent strenuously the enslavement of your soul.