

worried at not finding my special orderly at his post. He was always so reliable, and had never failed me before.

At 9 o'clock he came hurrying along, not looking at all a delinquent.

"Madelle! C'est quelque chose de *tenir secret*," and he disclosed to me, in a manner which showed the great tension he had been in he had risked lending his uniform to a German prisoner who had been in his charge in a private ward, and just recovered from severe wounds, because he wanted to go to early Mass.

I little knew my distracted orderly was waiting for his uniform before he could come on duty.

"Voilà! l'affinite des Blessers."

G. J. PINNIGER.

NURSING ECHOES.

The King and Queen have recently paid a visit to Scotland, where enthusiasm was unbounded. Her Majesty accepted the descriptive title of a compatriot of "oor ain bonnie lassie" with her usual sense of humour. There is little doubt that the Fates were in happy humour when they promoted the union of the future King of these realms and the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. All agree that not since the great Elizabeth ruled England, have we had such a popular Queen as "oor ain bonnie lassie."

Riveters, engineers, shipwrights and boys stopped work and rushed to surround the King and Queen during their visit to a Clydeside shipyard. The equerries, escorts and directors of the yard were cut off—lost in a mass of dungarees and tweed caps. "Grand people, aren't they?" said the Queen to the King. "You know them. They're Scots," he answered.

Their Majesties during this visit met some of the men rescued from the Nazi prison-ship *Altmark*, and congratulated them on their release.

The Queen was given an enthusiastic welcome at the naval hospital in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen.

Her tour of the wards occupied nearly two hours, during which she spoke to nearly every patient. "The Queen's sympathy and humour beat all the doctor's orders and medicine," said one young seaman.

As Colonel-in-Chief of the Toronto Scottish Regiment in training at Aldershot, the Queen has sent a large parcel of gifts to the officers and men.

Inside the parcel was a note of greeting and good wishes from the Queen. The parcel contained woollen scarves, socks, Balaclava helmets, mittens and gloves.

Since our last issue our kinsmen have come from Canada, Australia and New Zealand to take part in the great crusade for justice and civilization. We just love to welcome them, and feel all the safer for their manly presence wherever they may be posted.

With the Australians came a contingent of trained nurses—who are at the moment "in the desert." Mr. Anthony Eden, the Dominions Minister, flew to Suez to deliver the King's message of welcome and thanks, and we feel sure the nurses would appreciate his hand-

some presence. Useless to pretend women are insensible to masculine charm: they love men to be "just so" as part of the discipline of war.

Her Majesty Queen Mary has been graciously pleased to approve the appointment of 113 Queen's Nurses for service—88 in England, 3 in Wales, 19 in Scotland, and 3 in Ireland—the appointment of 1 to date from October 1st, 1939, and 112 from January 1st, 1940.

When Her Majesty Queen Mary visited the Royal Mineral Water Hospital for Rheumatic Diseases, at Bath, and heard that one patient was a retired Hospital Matron, she expressed a desire to see her, and spent some time chatting with her. The name of the Matron, Miss Jessie Holmes, S.R.N., served throughout the last war, from 1914 to 1918. She is receiving treatment for advanced arthritis, and her colleagues wish her relief from pain.

Queen Mary has also visited the Children's Hospital at Bristol, and was shown many improvements.

The arrangements for the visits of wives and fathers and mothers to those patients on the danger list in France are, we hear, greatly appreciated by those who visit them, and we have no doubt that in many instances these visitors bring "healing in their wings." All through the past dark winter months, snow-bound and desolate, thousands of our young soldiers have kept a high heart, but hundreds of them have been stricken down with pneumonia, rheumatism, meningitis, etc., some passing hence. Visits from nearest and dearest have been the only solace.

These visits to the gravely wounded and injured, made possible under the supervision of the War Office and the British Red Cross, are indeed truly humane.

On this side of the Channel, the news that the husband or son is ill usually first comes in the War Office telegram. The relatives are quick to search the message to see if the words "can be visited" are there.

If they are not it is known at once that their fighting man is not dangerously ill or wounded.

Should they be among those for whom a visit to a base hospital can be arranged, the relatives inquire of the casualty branch of the War Office, at 2-6, Bainbridge Street, W.C.1, telephone Chancery 8811.

Within a few hours of receiving a telegram the relatives are met in London.

The Red Cross officials look after every arrangement in the most efficient way. Find accommodation in France, and see travellers reach the right boat to bring them home.

There are apparently three plagues of 1940. Influenza (very mild but highly infectious).

Laryngitis (something new as an epidemic in Britain). German measles.

Bed and warmth are the great panaceas—comforts indeed; with suitable nourishment, and plenty of it, there should be no complications. At the same time cases of pneumonia and cerebro-spinal meningitis have taken a toll, and need the very best nursing if recovery is to be hoped for.

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