

THE WAR.

Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air,
Lord, since Thou know'st where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just.

—Montrose.

Alas! The same tragedies to report! Many hospitals smashed up and losses of staff. The following is a typical report:

"The house of the medical officer of a London hospital was struck by a high-explosive bomb, and after rescue squads had worked for many hours it was feared that three women — the medical officer's wife, another woman, and the wife of a gate-keeper — were buried. Two maids were rescued seriously injured."

We wonder how many of our people have already been buried alive! It is too terrible.

"We Can Take It."

We note that in the American Press many more details of air raid and damage from gangster bombs are released than at home. We are a tough people, and to be told the plain truth would be far more palatable than being fed through a papboat. In this connection we reported in our last issue that "At Plymouth nurses acted as firemen." Now we find the episode described occurred at St. Mary's Hospital, Portsmouth, and sad to say, what was left of the Nurses' Home has again been hit.

But Plymouth City Hospital must now be included in the raids.

A high - explosive bomb hit the women's ward. The ceiling and walls collapsed and the floor also gave way, several of the patients falling with their beds to the floor below. Even so, however, only one of the 30 patients, a girl, was killed, though a few were seriously injured.

The heroism of the staff of hospitals is ever the same, doctors, nurses, clerical staff, porters, gardeners, all fly to the rescue. Patients first. Hundreds have been saved, many from death, if not from disaster. A splendid example of courage—a lesson to a somewhat timorous world.

Grand East Enders.

Controversy was inevitable on the question of Air Raid Shelters—and those people who can imagine that under

any circumstances they can be more than a makeshift—have lively imaginations. To be herded underground with strangers, clean or unclean, with habits to which refined people naturally object—is a terrible trial, and one which must be endured. Lord Cranley aroused a hornets' nest about his ears when, after personal investigation, he dared to express an opinion that all was not rosy in the garden. One person suggested that "statements such as Lord Cranley's affect public morale." Bosh—our morale is not so tender. But we ask you: How would you like to sleep in a three-tier bunk, with someone snoring above you, and below you a heaving porpoise? How about a hammock slung on the greenwood tree, with stars twinkling through the branches, and the moon impervious to bombs? The *Daily Telegraph* publishes a letter from a nurse who, with a friend, voluntarily undertook a fortnight's work in a Tube Station in which more than 5,000 people sought refuge each night.

Her experiences and description of conditions tally with those of Lord Cranley, but she concludes:—

"But I feel it was a real privilege to go and work among such wonderfully plucky, bright, cheerful, unselfish people — grand East Enders. Very many of them had had relatives killed or their homes shattered, but no matter what they had lost, they were always grateful to God for what remained to them.

"It was pathetic but grand and inspiring. I have always been proud to be British, but now that I have really seen for myself the courage and fine spirit of these marvellous people, I am prouder than ever."

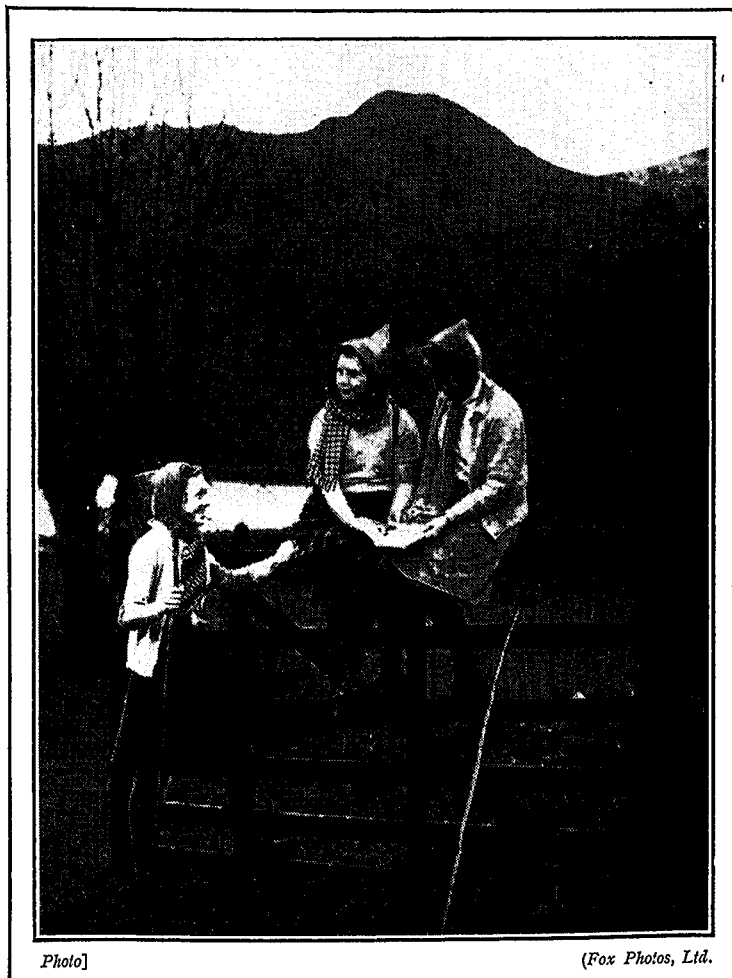
So are we all!

Doing Your Duty Nobly.

Cardinal Hinsley has greatly encouraged women members of the Forces by his generous praise in a recent

address: "You are doing your duty nobly," he said, "in serving those who are directly fighting for justice and peace. I cannot withhold my admiration for the courage, devotion, and discipline you have shown before all the world in these times of our hard testing.

"Every branch deserves the full measure of the nation's gratitude. Your mission is very high. It calls for enthusiasm, perseverance, womanly reserve, and sometimes great heroism. It is assured of victory, because mind always ends by conquering matter, and right by triumphing over the ruins piled up by violence."



Photo]

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Peace and Beauty of the Countryside being enjoyed by Evacuee Ramblers in the Lake District.

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