

THE WAR.

England so long the Mistress of the Sea,
Where winds and waves confess her sovereignty,
Her ancient triumphs yet on high shall bear,
And reign the Sovereign of the conquered air.

The King Thanks His Navies.

Lord Leathers, Minister of War Transport, in a recent broadcast appeal for King George's Fund for Sailors, read the following message from the King:—

"On this day of thankful remembrance for the services of the officers and men of the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy, I wish to express once again the heartfelt gratitude of the peoples of the Empire to the brave men of the two navies on whom so much depends and in whom we place our unbounded trust.

"Never has their spirit been more resolutely displayed than in the passage of the vital convoys, and I wish them Godspeed in their task and a safe return from the dangers which beset them on their journeys."

We all endorse the sympathy of our King with the glorious Services to which we owe so much.

"Cavalier of the Air."

The death of Wing-Commander Finucane, D.S.O., D.F.C., of Irish birth, has evoked moving tributes from the Press throughout English-speaking lands. Personally, we felt unworthy of the sacrifice of so vital and splendid a youth.

A typical tribute is that of Mr. Drakeford, the Air Minister at Melbourne, who said: "By his deeds this fearless cavalier of the air has made his name world famous. Every member of the R.A.A.F. who had the good fortune to come in contact with him will cherish the memory of a very gallant gentleman. The manner of his end showed a determination and a courage which are typical of this great fighting airman. His rare qualities will be an inspiration to Australian airmen for all times."

Scotch Nurses Escape from Singapore.

Two Scotch nurses, Miss Dorothy Gavin, younger daughter of the late ex-Provost Gavin and Mrs. Gavin, of Stirling; and Miss Louise Harley, also of Stirling, escaped by sea from Singapore the night before the Japanese entered the city. Miss Gavin is now reported safe and well in India, but of Miss Harley nothing has been heard since she landed with a party of women and children on another island which was later captured by the Japanese.

When the refugee ship on which they were travelling was bombed and sunk in the Malay Archipelago, Miss Gavin, along with many other passengers, managed to swim ashore to an uninhabited island, covered by jungle. There they spent several days, with very little food, until they were rescued by a small steam vessel and Chinese junks, which conveyed them to Sumatra, from where they trekked across country to board destroyers. They were eventually taken to Colombo by a cruiser.

Miss Gavin was on the staff of a military hospital at Singapore as a member of the Q.A.I.M.N.S., while Miss Harley, who was also a member of the same service, was at one time on the staff of Glasgow Royal Infirmary, and also served in Ruchill Hospital and in Drymen Hospital.

We are still awaiting news of the many nurses in Hong Kong and Singapore captured by the Japanese. We wonder if their fate will ever be made known.

Our Ministry have apparently little information when hell was let loose.

Treacherous Enemy Aliens Leave London at Last.

At last, after an inexcusable delay of seven months, the Japanese diplomats, their staffs and other officials, number-

ing in all 45 men and one woman, who have lived in London in the greatest luxury, protected by our police, left London on July 18th, on the first stage of their repatriation to Tokyo. As usual, their departure for Fleetwood was kept a secret; Scotland Yard, however, kept an eye on them, and holiday makers and railwaymen naturally expressed disapproval as British soldiers carted the bulky luggage for 27 enemy aliens, an indignity nothing would have compelled us to submit to had we worn the King's uniform, and whoever compelled our soldiers to submit to such an insult should be made to apologise to them.

London, however, is the sweeter for the departure of these traitors to Britain and her Allies, and for the future women may walk in our public parks without being reminded of the abominable indignities to which their sex has, and still may be, subjected at the seat of war.

British nationals are to be repatriated in exchange for Japanese. The British party will travel to Lourenco Marques, and be brought to England under safe conduct.

But do not let us forget that, according to the statement of the Home Secretary, there are 400 alien enemy Japanese still at large, ready no doubt to stab us in the back at any appropriate moment.

Compare the sickening obsequious attitude of our Home Office with that of the insolent barbarity with which our people have been treated by the Japanese at Tokyo and Hong Kong.

The British United Press correspondent states that Sir Robert Craigie, British Ambassador to Japan, was struck by Japanese police when he attempted to intervene as police dragged Mr. Vere Redman, British Press Attaché, from the Embassy in Tokyo.

A first-hand account of the position and treatment of British and American nationals interned or imprisoned in Japan, Hong Kong, and occupied China is given in a message received from Reuter's former Tokyo correspondent, from Lourenco Marques.

Whenever opportunity arose, he reports, for discrimination the British got the worst of it.

American Catholic priests from Hong Kong related how a group of Canadian soldiers were bayoneted in cold blood. Others told of hospital patients being bayoneted, nurses attacked and murdered and of universal looting.

Do we wish to smash up our Commonwealth of Nations—or do we not?

Our Australian and Canadian colleagues bitterly resent the pusillanimous policy in London which has failed to punish the violation and murder of white women, including young nurses, in Hong Kong and elsewhere.

Miss Lavinia Dock, R.N., voices what is felt in the American Nursing World. Read her letter on page 113.

THE POPPY.

I am only a scarlet poppy,

I ask not the why nor the when,
I wave with the wheat in the long summer heat,
And smile in the faces of men.

In times that are passed and over
Men gathered in scarlet array,
For the flag of their pride they fought side by side,
While glory encircled their way.

They marched through the dust and the sunlight,
They sailed o'er the turbulent main,
Where death spread his pall they answered his call,
By the gateway of peril and pain.

I am only a scarlet poppy,
I stand by the promise of bread,
But when harvest is done I'll set with the sun,
And my petals shall fall on the dead.

A. M. M.

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