

NURSING ECHOES.

When as a child, I laughed and wept,
 Time crept;
 When as a youth, I dreamt and talked,
 Time walked;
 When I became a full-grown man,
 Time ran;
 When older still I daily grew,
 Time flew.
 Soon I shall find in travelling on,
 Time gone.
 O Christ, wilt Thou have saved me then?
 AMEN.

—From the Clock in Chester Cathedral.

The Editor, on January 26th last, enjoyed her 85th birthday, and, after receiving many kind letters, cards, and lovely flowers, for which she is sincerely grateful, she counted her blessings, seated in the editorial chair of this Journal. First and foremost, her ability to correct proofs set in brevier and bourgeois (small print) *without glasses!* and after half-a-century's eye strain. Then the olfactory nerves still keen, so vital in association with memory, distinguished the scents of jonquil and daffodil, and thus past joys were brought to mind.

It cannot be emphasised too emphatically that to retain the attributes of youth the brain must be kept alert and in constant working order. People grow old and useless because they are physically self-indulgent.

The King and Queen sacrifice much in their busy public lives, not the least of which is separation from their two daughters, to whom they are devoted. At Christmas, however, they were all together in the country for a happy time, and the pantomime (Cinderella) in which the two princesses acted "brought down the house." Princess Elizabeth made a very gallant Prince Florizel, and Princess Margaret a sweet little Cinderella. Here, you see them in costume.

The pantomime was produced in aid of the Royal Household Concerts Wool Fund. The cast included officers' daughters, village children and London evacuees.

The following kind messages arrived too late to insert in our last issue:—

"The President and members of the Board of Directors of the American Nurses' Association extend holiday greetings and best wishes for a successful New Year," and from Miss Grace Fairley, Vancouver, President, the Canadian Nurses' Association: "Every kind thought and good wish for Christmas and a peaceful 1942."

All our readers welcome and deeply appreciate these kind thoughts from overseas. The more united we are, the greater our power to crush evil, rampant at present throughout the world. There should, however, be searching of hearts in our own ranks. Are we or are we not working to capacity in the cause of humanity, honour and freedom? Let us be sure.

We paid a visit recently to the National Gallery to see the magnificent Rembrandt portrait of Margaretha Trip secured for the nation. It was superb. We hope many nurses saw and appreciated it.

Then we wandered amongst the War pictures to find that of Miss M. S. Cochrane, Matron, Charing Cross Hospital. It does not do her justice, because the artist has failed to portray her striking characteristics, which all portraits should do.

We have thought much of our French friends during the past year, wondering how they are getting on under difficult conditions, and the following information from I.C.N. headquarters is very welcome.

Dean Effie Taylor writes:

"I know that you will be happy to hear that we have recently had word, through one of Miss Stimson's relatives, about Mlle. de Joannis. As you know, we have heard nothing from her for considerably over a year, and we are pleased to learn that she is very well and carrying on her school efficiently, having now enrolled 130 students. She has also made an affiliation with the American Hospital in Paris, and that I am sure will be greatly to the advantage of the students.

"I knew that you would like to have this information."

Indeed we are pleased to know that Mlle. de Joannis, third Vice-President of the I.C.N., and who is Directrice de l'école d'Infirmières de l'Association pour le développement aux malades, Montrouge, Seine, France, is able to continue her valuable work, and that affiliation with the American Hospital in Paris is sure to be of the utmost help to the training of Nurses in France.

We owe the following interesting item of nursing history to the *Daily Telegraph*, which last year devoted much space to nursing affairs and thus helped the public to realise why there is such a shortage of nurses:

"The Nurse Cavell of France, who has risked her life hundreds of times in the last few months by helping people to escape from the Germans, has smuggled herself from France to Britain to join the Free French.

She is Mrs. Yvonne Roberts, wife of an Englishman. She wears the *Medaille Militaire*, which has been won by only 17 women. It is presented only to rankers and generals. Foch, Joffre and Petain were so proud of it that they wore no other.

It was in the last war that Mrs. Roberts began the work that she has continued in this—using her knowledge of German to help escaped prisoners over the lines.

She was caught and sentenced to death, and it was only the intervention of the late King Alfonso of Spain that saved her.

She was awarded the *Medaille Militaire* for this work.

When this war started Mrs. Roberts was put in charge of hospital trains in Eastern France. Then she volunteered as an ambulance driver, and on France's collapse had the task of evacuating a crèche of 150 babies—the oldest was only 11 months—from Paris to Bordeaux.

Later she visited prisoners' camps for the French Red Cross. "It was touching," she reports, "to see the way in which French colonial troops would risk punishment to speak to us. Always a question they asked was, 'When are the British going to come?'"

Mrs. Roberts constantly crossed the dividing line between Occupied and Unoccupied France, and her life was frequently in danger."

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