

NURSING ECHOES.

The Queen recently paid a visit to India House to inspect parcels of comforts which were being packed for dispatch to Indian prisoners of war. She saw a splendid supply of gifts and articles suitable for the purpose, where Indian women who are engaged in this work know just what is required. At the present time when Japan and Germany are secretly united to attack India, we must keep its peoples and Army well in mind and send all the help possible. Both the King and Queen are specially interested in the good work being done at India House.

Common-sense appears to permeate those who at present control Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service, and its members on active service with the Fighting Forces abroad are wearing battle-dress for the first time.

In the tropics they are wearing one-piece white overall gowns and have discarded the traditional starched collars, cuffs, blouses and aprons. In Iceland and other cool countries, the battle-dress is of grey cotton. Badges of rank, ranging from lieutenant to colonel, are worn on stiff shoulder epaulettes.

This utility dress for Q.A.I.M.N.S. has been introduced to save laundering and material.

What an invaluable asset is common-sense!

With the latest reinforcement of military nurses which has arrived in the East has gone a new "C.-in-C." of the Nursing Services for India.

She is Chief Principal Matron, Mrs. L. J. Wilkinson, R.R.C., who holds the rank of full colonel and has served 28 years in the Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service. This is her third trip to India. She has already completed two five-year tours of Indian hospitals.

Mrs. Wilkinson, who is stationed at General Wavell's headquarters, has four principal Matrons (lieut.-colonels) serving with her.

The continuous expansion of military nursing services in India from the peace-time standards has made this one of the largest nursing commands in the world.

In addition to the growing number of military hospitals in India, the chief Principal Matron has the supervision of casualty clearing stations, hospital ships and hospital trains.

A few months ago we announced that the late Sister Catherine Pine had bequeathed to the British College of Nurses the priceless historic Medal and Bars bestowed upon her by the late Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, for her devoted services to her when released from durance vile. As time goes on this gift we may hope will be valued at its true worth by women all over the world. And now, no doubt inspired by Sister Pine's example, Miss Mary Hilliard, a gentle, very valiant suffragette, has bestowed as a gift to the College the fine linen handkerchief, signed by and embroidered by all the gallant women who suffered imprisonment for conscience sake, in support of the enfranchisement of women in Holloway prison in March, 1912.

It displays 67 signatures embroidered in various colours, and all that remains is to offer a warm vote of

thanks to Miss Mary Hilliard, R.B.N.A., and to await the time when this historic gift can be suitably framed and placed in the History Section of the British College of Nurses, where its unique value will be appreciated.

In former days, nurses who spent their spare time in the Royal Borough of Kensington were happy indeed. In Kensington Gardens from early Spring to Christmas Day when the last pale rose leaves fluttered to earth—they had but to step down its flowery paths to enjoy the buds and blooms of rare shrubs and flowers. Water glistened in the Serpentine and in the Round Pond; Kensington's Royal Palace of rosy brick; the Orangery, and the sunk garden of Dutch William, the loveliest statue of Queen Victoria that exists, and the spacious Broad Walk right through the Park to Bayswater, lent a foretaste of the Elysian Fields indeed.

For some unknown reason the Government has thought fit to house derelict foreigners of many nations, known as friendly aliens, in this district, and so long as they behave themselves (which they do not always do), they must be endured, but when it comes to Japs we can a tale unfold.

One enters a bus, and there sitting opposite is an up-to-date Japanese, wearing the best British broad-cloth—a brown little Bond Street beau—far indeed from scenes of ghastly cruelty at Hong Kong and Singapore! We think of the ten Army Sisters lost at Hong Kong, and of what has been the fate of the devoted women who remained to care for the sick and wounded at Singapore. Our instinct is to leave the polluted environment of the bus; but no, a British nurse must stick tight, so on we go and watch our enemy depart at the earliest opportunity.

To subdue indignation we walk home through Kensington Gardens—when, lo and behold! striding abreast across the narrow path come three stalwart Japs in a row. Instantly we grasp the fact that someone must sidestep, *but not a British nurse*; we grasp our umbrella, wave it from side to side, scatter the enemy, and stride straight along the centre of the path to come face to face with a British policeman, whose duty is apparently to guard the enemy, and whose contemptuous disgust of his task is apparent in every feature.

Can any duty be more odious for a British policeman than to take these traitorous enemies for a constitutional and protect them from the justifiable anger of the populace? We think not. In U.S.A., no doubt, Capone would "take them for a ride," from which they would never return!

We then enquire from the official of the garden. "Is there a Japanese colony in this district?" To receive the reply, "The Japanese Embassy is here about, but the police have an eye on them." "We object to meeting these treacherous enemies in this Royal demesne," we reply angrily.

"Well! they must walk somewhere."

Could any reply be more typically British? When will our people realise, especially in war, the justice of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth?"

"Anyway," we fling at him, "I suppose you realise that thousands of our brave men and boys are dying the cruellest deaths, to save the world from the clutches of these barbarians."

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