

Army everywhere, in hospitals, casualty clearing stations, hospital ships, hospital carriers, ambulance trains and camp reception stations.

They served in France—13,000 of them—and all got back to England safely except one, who was badly wounded when a hospital ship was sunk in the Channel. Hundreds have been drafted overseas, to join the regular service in military hospitals in Egypt, the Sudan, Malta, Gibraltar, Hong Kong, of course, and Singapore. Fourteen of them are prisoners in Hong Kong and 44 others are still missing in Malaya.

Just a word about Malta before I go on. At one time no more Sisters could be sent there because the voyage was considered too dangerous, and State Registered *male* nurses were sent in their place. I should like to pay a tribute to these men. As I said before, Army Sisters are accustomed to working with male orderlies in all military hospitals at home and abroad, and not only to working with them but to *training* them. Indeed, it is one of their main duties to train these men in nursing, and very fine nurses they become when we are able to train them right up to the highest standards, equal to that of State Registered nurses. In fact, they are entitled to sit for the State examination in peace time after their full training in military hospital. In war time, unfortunately, we can't give them the full training.

I ought to say here that there used to be two services, Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service and the Territorial Army Nursing Service; but during this war they have been merged into one service, and whenever I speak of Q.A.s, I mean all of them without distinction, whether they used to have another name or not. They are all State Registered nurses of England and Wales, Scotland or Ireland. But to go back to the State Registered *male* nurses, Gibraltar was another place where they have taken charge of wards and done splendid nursing work, till the time came when more Sisters could reach this command. Now, no doubt, these men will move on to give their skill and training in forward units where Sisters don't usually go, however willing they may be—they are—to take all risks together with their colleagues of the R.A.M.C.

If volunteers should be wanted for forward units, they are never lacking. I remember asking a Matron in France in 1940, near the end, if she would ask for volunteers to go back to help near Rouen, and she looked at me and said: "No, it would be useless to ask for volunteers, the whole unit would volunteer!" And I'll always remember, about the same time, reading a letter from a young officer who described the conduct of a Senior Sister under machine-gun fire as an act of supreme courage—but she was tending a young officer, burnt and blinded, and, knowing her personally as I do, I think she would just say she "forgot about herself . . ."

Before I finish my story of the war areas overseas, I think I must tell you a little about the Sisters in India, the Middle East and Palestine, and East and West Africa, too. There they're nursing patients in combined hospitals; that is, for both British and native troops. You see, nursing is international, and our patients are of every creed, race and language. I hear of Sisters learning Hindustani, Arabic and Swahili—sometimes they even start on the ship on the way out—and I hear about the many wards full of native troops from all corners of our Empire—yes, and sometimes full of women and children—civilians, evacuees, our own and Allies—all patients of ours wherever they are to be found in beds in our hospitals. You see, when there is a special state of emergency, as in Singapore, and on ships, we nurse everybody and anybody who needs nursing.

It seems that British-trained nurses can "take it": they go steadily on, proving more and more that they are

able to adjust themselves to all conditions of life on active service.

Hundreds more are wanted for the Q.A., *hundreds* more for active service overseas.

But if you were to ask me what was the main impression I brought back with me to my office stool at the War Office—from my tour in North Africa—I think I should say it was the feeling I got, that there is complete co-operation between the R.A.M.C. officers and personnel and their sister service, the Q.A.s. and that this results in the very best medical and nursing care being given to our soldiers, wherever it is our privilege to nurse them.

THE WAR.

The Grenfell Association of Great Britain and Ireland.

The great-hearted founder of medical work amongst British settlers in Labrador and Northern Newfoundland has passed to his rest, but his wonderful work lives after him. It is in need, as ever, of financial support.

So many men from Labrador and Newfoundland are now on this side fighting for the Empire, that for their sakes and for the families they have left behind, the Association wants to obtain a good result from the sales this year of its new Christmas Card and Pocket Calendar. The card this year, in black and white, presents a scene, "Winter-time in Labrador." Price, with envelope, 6d. each. Pocket calendar, also in black and white, 3d. each. Postage extra on all prices. Do please help this wonderful Association in gratitude for the patriotic self-sacrifice of its fighting forces.

To-day Labrador is known as an important bulwark of defence for the Allied Nations and possesses the biggest airfield in the world.

But looking backward there is seen a very different picture. In the year 1524 Jacques Cartier wrote of Labrador, "This land is barren and only fit for wild beasts." No one foresaw its possibilities. No one then dreamed it could become an habitable country with a hopeful future. "It is the men who take ventures who make the world."

To quote the calendar for 1944. "On a bleak day in August, 1892, the 90-ton ketch, *Albert*, anchored in Domino Run, Labrador. It brought a young doctor, Wilfred Grenfell, who had crossed from England under the auspices of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, to investigate conditions amongst fishermen of Labrador and Northern Newfoundland. This was the start of Sir Wilfred Grenfell's work on a coast ice-bound for many months each year, a rocky, forbidding country inhabited by a scattered, isolated, and often disheartened people. A man of vision, he saw not what the country was but what it might become. With no resident doctor on that whole thousand miles of coast, injuries went untreated, resulting often in complete uselessness for life. Snow-glare might end in total blindness, and simple 'snags' from fish-hooks, the daily tools of these fishermen, could mean blood poisoning. Early operations had sometimes to be performed on beaches, or in tiny cottages under the glare of a kerosene lamp, or by the dim light of a candle.

"To-day, over a thousand miles of coast line, the International Grenfell Association operates five hospitals, four nursing stations, two boarding schools, one day school, one children's home, two hospital ships, and one supply schooner; also clothing distribution, industrial and agricultural efforts at all stations. The permanent staff of trained workers, doctors, nurses, teachers, industrial and orphanage workers is approximately doubled in summer by volunteers from Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, although, alas! this is not possible in time of war. Nearly three thousand workers have rendered

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