

THE WAR.

The Matron-in-Chief at the Palace.

Mrs. L. J. Wilkinson, O.B.E., R.R.C., Matron-in-Chief, O.A.I.M.N.S., was recently most graciously received by Her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace, who no doubt expressed deep interest in the work of this beneficent Service, which has earned golden opinions at every seat of war, and which is an example of devotion to duty to the nurses of the world.

Stet et Stabo.

We opine that when this war is at an end, General de Gaulle will stand forth as one of its greatest heroes, and that he will raise the status of France to the glory of its valiant past. This being so, it is well that the Governments of the United Kingdom and the Dominions, the United States, and Russia have recognised his administration as the Provisional Government of France—an important step in the return of France to her former status amongst the nations. Anyway, General de Gaulle stands, and will stand.

Aid to Russia Fund.

Already, Mrs. Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund is running into £6,000,000, and these marvellous people deserve every penny we can subscribe; their courage and self-sacrifice is a lesson to us all.

Service Awards to War-Time Nurses.

Nearly 25,000 members of the Civil Nursing Reserve of all grades have so far qualified to receive red stripes or red stars awarded for each year of satisfactory whole-time service (or its equivalent part-time) in hospitals, first aid posts, and other nursing branches.

In this total are over 12,500 who have also earned second year awards, over 5,000 with third year awards, and more than 1,000 who have had four years' service recognised in this way.

Blue stripes or blue stars for special service in nursing tuberculosis or fever patients have also been granted to more than 600 Civil Nursing Reserve members.

Comforts for the R.A.F.

In a very few weeks' time the demand for woollen comforts for the Royal Air Force will be increasing. To meet this demand the Royal Air Force Comforts Committee has started a new scheme, whereby individual knitters may register direct with the committee. Wool will be issued in quantities of 1lb., or multiples of this amount, for knitters to make up in their own homes and return to the committee for distribution in the usual way.

It is hoped that large numbers of women who cannot join working parties will make use of the scheme. Socks are not needed, since these are included in the official issue, but there is a great demand for sleeveless pullovers, scarves, and gloves. Personal acknowledgment slips are supplied to knitters for fixing to the garments. There is no objection to friends of the registered knitter helping with the work provided that the latter accepts responsibility for the return of the garments to the committee.

Those who are willing to help under this scheme are asked to communicate with the Royal Air Force Comforts Committee, 42, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. A chromium and enamel badge is to be issued to those who complete approximately 100 hours of work.

Let Us all Help.

We fear this terrible war is depriving many brave men of the joys of sight. If it is only a mite, let us all send a gift to help to minimise their irreparable loss.

Belgian Nurses acclaim our Great Field-Marshal

The *Sunday Graphic* has a picture of our great Field-Marshal Montgomery which strikes a happy note.

"Touring the battle-fronts in Belgium, he called at a hospital in this peaceful woodland country, where he had a great reception from the staff.

"As the Belgian Nurses gathered around the Field-Marshal's open car to bid him goodbye, they had their first close-up view of the man who gave them back their freedom. And as the famous black beret drove away they gave him a resounding cheer."

The Woman's Touch.

The *Daily Sketch* is wise to employ a woman war correspondent, and in Miss Margaret Shipley they have evidently selected a woman of sympathy. Reporting on "Visiting Day at Brussels R.A.F. Hospital," she has, we feel sure, relieved many a heart in Britain.

Miss Shipley reports:—

When I found the hospital, it presented me with one of the most incredible and unforgettable sights of this war.

GRATEFUL BELGIANS.

Every ward in this hospital is full. And beside each bed this afternoon, for the whole two hours of visiting time, stood two or three or more hero-worshipping Belgians—men as well as woman, young girls and schoolchildren.

Bedsides tables were piled with fruit and flowers: all the boys who were well enough talked away happily in pidgin-French-English. Those who were tired lay with closed eyes, but a contented smile while the crowds milled round them.

I wanted to have the whole hospital carried bodily to England, as proof of the sincerity of Belgian gratitude to the armies of liberation.

Kindly Matron Cargill, of Princess Mary's R.A.F. Nursing Service, looked on in comic despair. She has already had to reduce visiting days to three a week, otherwise the work of the hospital would be seriously hampered.

"But you don't like to snub them," she said, "they are genuinely grateful to the British, and these, after all, are some of the men who actually did the job for them."

Matron and her 27 nursing sisters attribute a large measure of the men's cheerfulness to the frequent visitors who make so much fuss of them.

But it is not entirely due to that. Mothers, wives and girl friends of the wounded R.A.F.—if you could see the care and comfort that surround your men, your worry would be halved. These Sisters of the R.A.F. are doing a tremendous job over here.

They worked under canvas in filthy weather down in France. Their equipment, intended to travel with them or close behind, has not even yet caught up with them. They regard this present hospital as a paradise of efficiency.

Matron Cargill, who has served in Bagdad, Cairo and Aden in this war and received the A.R.R.C. decoration from the King recently, is a charming Scotswoman with a brisk but motherly way.

When one of her patients is on the danger list, and the brief, factual official postcard goes to England, Matron Cargill sits down at her desk to write a personal letter to his wife or mother, assuring her that every care medical science can devise is being given to her man.

"It's the least we can do," she says. "These notifications are so worrying."

"The little more" . . . that is the keynote of the treatment of wounded in this war.

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