

THE WAR.

The King Reviews His Troops in Italy.

The day has gone by when Kings led their soldiers to battle, and in this war they have been compelled, presumably, to remain at a safe distance from the clash of arms. The British people, however, realise the heartfelt interest their King has in the welfare of the troops. We were not surprised when recently he paid a visit to Italy and had a right royal welcome when he came amongst his troops of the Eighth Army, and, as reported, "The cheers of the soldiers, men of an Indian division, rang across the Umbrian plains to the hills beyond. Those present felt how sincere and simple an occasion was this royal visit. . . . Those Indians who have been awarded decorations for outstanding bravery were presented to the King, and he chatted with them about their heroic deeds. . . . The King toured hundreds of miles of the Eighth Army sector by road and air, and reviewed thousands of British, Indian, Canadian, South African, New Zealand, and Polish troops. An inspiring occasion indeed.

The New Matron-in-Chief, Q.A.I.M.N.S.

The new Matron-in-Chief, Q.A.I.M.N.S., Mrs. L. J. Wilkinson, O.B.E., R.R.C., has now taken up her duties at the War Office, which we all realise are of a very strenuous and inspiring nature. Indeed, to be responsible for the efficient nursing of our wonderful troops (no soldier in the world can compare with our British Tommies) is a privilege for which any woman is to be envied. We have all heard of Mrs. Wilkinson's fine work as Chief Principal Matron in India since 1942 and how sincerely her colleagues deplore her departure.

Mrs. Wilkinson was trained at the Royal Infirmary, Sunderland, and joined the Service in 1919.

The Third Front—the Passion of Patriotism.

For the past month, London, its surroundings and Southern England have become the Third Front in the war, and those of us in the danger zone, attacked by the murderous flying bombs cannot be sure of life from hour to hour. An alert gives warning—but where is the killer? It cannot be seen until after the fatal crash, after the terrifying sound as of an express train close overhead. Take cover if possible—but a few minutes and either dead or alive, the danger is past. That such horror, destruction and massacre is possible, is, in our opinion, the most serious evidence of the absolute futility of political control of war. Now that our people have no escape from death from hour to hour in the metropolis of the Empire, it is high time that secrecy and evasion was ended. That the Government knew a year ago that German military command was building thousands of these murder

machines, and storing them securely around the French coast, is now admitted. Why were the people in Great Britain not informed of this horror until these instruments of destruction were launched upon us, and men, women and children massacred indiscriminately, the sick in our hospitals and their courageous nurses included?

We come into touch with people of all classes, and feeling is running strongly—the natural demand being that the Minister for "Home Security" should be a man who realises that it is the duty of every citizen of a country at war to be prepared to fight for its security.

We do not question the right of Mr. Herbert Morrison, the present Home Secretary and Minister for Home Security, to be a "conscientious objector," who has refused to fight for his country, but we do most earnestly protest that Home Security should be at his mercy, especially when, after years of unlimited power, Ministers of the Crown are exercising absolute control where the rights of the people are concerned.

At the earliest possible moment a man inspired with the "passion of patriotism" should be in charge of "Home Security."

Blast, wreck, ruin is day by day the fate of our courageous people.

Such conditions must cease. Here we wish to record our sincere admiration and very deep gratitude to the special airmen who so valiantly smash and bring down the instruments of torture over sea and land.

Our Nurses Faithful unto Death.

Our hospitals and the helpless sick are evidently in the front rank of attack by flying bombs, and severe damage and death of patients and nurses has resulted—whose courage is unflinching.

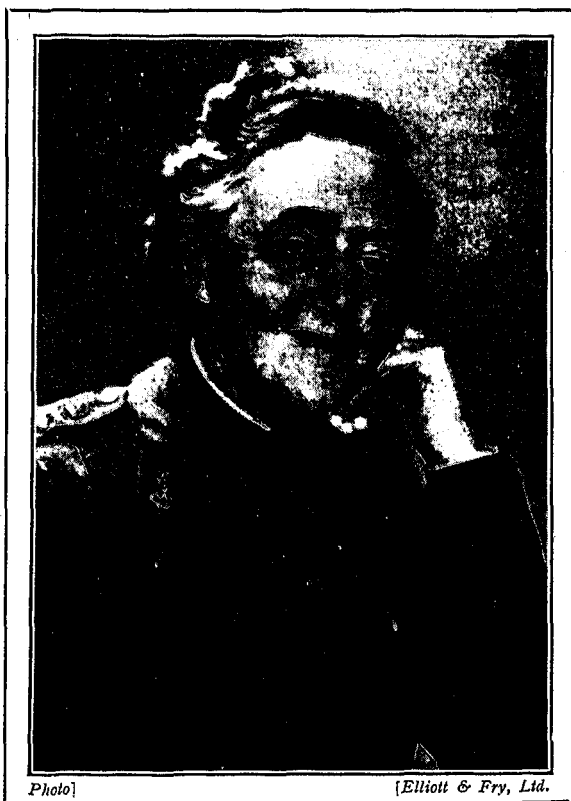
A fire so fierce that, in the words of an onlooker, it "laughed at water," burst out when a flying bomb scored a direct hit on a hospital in Southern England recently.

The engine of the bomb was still roaring full out when it crashed into one of the wards, and chemicals stored in a n adjacent dispensary immediately exploded.

Despite the danger, members of the hospital staff tackled the flames at once with their own trailer pump.

Among the helpers was Nurse Crouch. She was later found dead, and it is thought that a roof collapsed on her while she was still engaged on rescue work.

The matron said: "About 250 patients were taken down the fire escape because the main staircase was cut off by fire. They were carried down in the arms of nurses and other members of the hospital staff. The student nurses on night duty were wonderful. It was ether and oxygen and other chemicals which caused such a blaze. Eight wards were evacuated. Only in a few cases could stretchers



MRS. L. J. WILKINSON, O.B.E., R.R.C.,
New Matron-in-Chief, Queen Alexandra's Imperial
Military Nursing Service.

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