

Endsleigh Gardens has been replaced. The ease of transport from all over the world has already landed persons in Britain, after residence in the East, suffering from tropical diseases and it is proposed to centralise and organise a school of tropical medicine. Such an establishment would centralise tropical post graduate teaching in London and create a centre worthy of the British Empire with its vast tropical responsibilities.

We believe nurses would eagerly avail themselves of training in such a hospital in preparation for service in many parts of the British Empire. It would be wise therefore, in organising the service in this up-to-date hospital, to make it possible for Registered Nurses to serve for terms of six months or a year; by such an arrangement the hospital would benefit by the skill of expert nurses, and the nurses by practical experience they cannot obtain in general hospitals.

A nurses' training programme, which will provide a permanent health service in the Greek Aegean Islands, has just been started at the Bostanion Hospital, Mitylene. It is the first Greek Nurses' Training School to be opened outside Athens, and will give a 30 months' training followed by six months' supervised work. The students undertake to remain in the Aegean Islands, many of which have no doctors, when their training is over.

This training programme was planned by the Health Division of the U.N.R.R.A. Greek Mission, the Near East Foundation and the Greek Ministry of Health. It is part of the U.N.R.R.A. plan to improve the professional status of nurses in Greece, and to raise the existing supply of nurses to one per thousand of the population. Similar schools will soon be opened in Salonica and Patras.

The Bostanion Hospital, where a group of nurses has begun training, is the largest in the Aegean Islands and has 200 beds, 160 of which are reserved for patients unable to pay any fees. The first class of trainees consists of 22 girls, and 8 more will join it shortly. It is intended that 30 girls will begin their studies at the Bostanion every eight months.

Among the U.N.R.R.A. officials who planned this training programme are the Head Nursing Consultant in Greece, Miss Olive Baggallay, and the Deputy Head Nursing Consultant, Miss Phyllis Bucknell of Teignmouth, Devon.

We have received a most extraordinary communication from the Director of Public Relations, Control Office for Germany and Austria, inviting THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING, with other reputable publications, to present ten copies monthly for the benefit of Germans in the British Zone of Germany.

We do not intend to waste further space on this matter, but if Germans avail themselves of this privilege they would not desire to read a second copy.

This kowtowing to Germans, before the blood of our defenders is dry, should be stopped by the police, and no further profits permitted to any British firm for prosecuting a policy which is, in our opinion, absolutely unpatriotic and indefensible.

THE FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE.

We greatly missed news of the Frontier Nursing Service during the war and have received *The Quarterly Bulletin*, in which its fine service to humanity is recorded, and for which we have to thank its wonderful director—Mrs. Mary Breckinridge.

Not only is this Service work apart, but the Nursing staff must be women to do and dare—on horseback or on foot. Here we see them riding through lovely leafy woods, up mountain sides, through flooded rivers, and to the side of lying-in mothers—awaiting their skill and care.

We do hope that our delegates from Great Britain will come into touch with this unique work during the world's gathering of nurses in U.S.A. next year.

The following short report, which appeared in "Summer, 1945," gives us a glimpse of the spirit of the Service—a lesson in courage and endurance for which the Nursing World cannot fail to offer thanks.

WET.

By Elsie Nora Kelly, R.N., S.C.M.

It had been raining hard all day, and the creek was rising rapidly, a swirling muddy flood. In the afternoon Tom came for me as Lucinda had gone into labour. "You can't ride your horse," he said, "because of the quicksand." So we had to walk, first through a muddy cornfield. Then we climbed over a fence, proposing to cross the flooded creek on a foot log. When we got to the foot log, however, the water was swirling over it, and it was swaying from side to side.

Now I am no acrobat, and the steadiest foot log makes me so giddy I need to hold on to someone to get across dry footed. This crossing was beyond me. Tom and I held a consultation on the bank. He offered to cut a stave with which I could support myself; but I looked at the swaying log and the swirling water, and just couldn't do it. The only other way across was to wade. Tom is a little man, but I am fairly tall and came off best. I got soaked to my waist, Tom to his armpits.

We had a long trek up a branch in our water-logged boots and wet clothes, saluted by teasing and laughing offers of clothes from the neighbours. When we arrived at the log cabin I shut myself up in the kitchen and stripped off wet clothing, dressed in the white mid-wifery uniform from my saddlebags, but kept on my thin anklets which soon dried on my feet. I had to spend the night in this scanty attire, whilst Tom kept a fire in the cooking stove to dry my breeches. They were suspended from two rafters by the broom, which I had threaded through the slots on the waistband.

By morning, with the baby safely born, I put on my dry riding uniform and wet boots. Fully clothed again I staggered back to the creek and re-waded it to reach home and breakfast.

We feel sure that Mrs. Breckinridge will do all in her power to permit visitors to the International Congress of Nurses next year, to come into touch with this unique Nursing Service.

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