

## THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF NURSES.

One of the leading pioneers in the International Movement of Nurses has been the Norwegian lady known as the "Nightingale of the North," Miss Bergliot Larsson, of Oslo.

As no news could come through from Norway during the war, we have thought of her often, and wondered whether we should have the sincere pleasure of seeing her again—or if—

Realise our happiness a few days ago to receive the following little letter:—

Oslo, December 13th, 1945.

MY DEAR MRS. BEDFORD FENWICK,—A Happy Christmas and a good year for you, your family and my old friends.

I am so grateful that you are well and can take part in the work for our profession. I have prayed for you in these hard years for both of us.

In Norway we are very grateful for the peace, and grateful to our Allies. But there is not peace in the world and there are a lot of problems to solve. May God give us wisdom and heavenly love.

With love and deep respect,  
I am, affectionately yours,

H. F. BERGLIOT LARSSON.

Our revered correspondent was with us in London in 1937, and from the platform in the Central Hall, Westminster, expressed her altruistic sentiments in the furtherance of her high standards of nursing efficiency with the convincing charm by which she had helped to raise nursing in Norway to a standard revered throughout the country.

It was her great ambition that the International Council of Nurses should hold its next Congress in the far north, but this was not accepted in London—so remains for a future pleasure.

Anyway, the younger generation of nurses will be visiting that lovely land at an early date, full of admiration for their colleagues who have stood firmly for their high standards of efficiency—a lesson, alas, to British nurses who have let so much go by default during the war, and who have yet to realise what they have lost through government through the Labour Office, and that it is their duty, for the sake of standards of national health, to unite and regain what they have through apathy thrown away.

The struggle will be tense, the sick demand it.

## "I WAS A PRISONER."

Many of us have wondered during the past years what had happened to another great International Nurse, Miss Gladys Stephenson, S.R.N., whose work as an organiser of Nursing in China has been monumental for many years. Inspired by the International spirit, Gladys Stephenson, who has held the position for many years of Matron of the Methodist Mission Hospital, Hankow, Central China, a leading school for Chinese nurses, is one of the most beloved members of the British College of Nurses Ltd. The news of her will be eagerly read by her many devoted admirers in the following extract from a letter which appears in the January issue of *Nurses Near and Far*, the organ of "The Nurses' Christian Movement":

Extract from a letter from Gladys Stephenson, one of our honoured members, who has been released from a Japanese internment camp:—

Our life here has been so fearfully busy that leisure was precious, and since peace there has been one whirl of excitement which really still leaves some folks feeling dazed. Apart from all the duties we each had of cleaning, fetching food and water, taking hours each day, as it often involved long intervals standing in queues, we each had our camp work, cooking, cleaning, nursing, teaching, building paths, stoves for boiling water, stoking, etc., etc. We ran a school for 400 children and a small hospital of 20 beds where I worked. Only 33 per cent. of us were full Britishers, the rest were Eurasians, Russians, Jews, Portuguese, Dutch—even a few negroes, and one or two of the 'tough guy' element. All alike we shared our quarters, our meals, our quota of drinking water, etc., and so we had a unique opportunity of studying the human family. We had Sunday School as well as Services and an evening intercession period, which became very precious to a small group of us, and was really and truly our 'power house.'



MISS GLADYS STEPHENSON, S.R.N., F.B.C.N.,  
AND MR. JAMES LUI.

After passing 28 years without malaria I fell a victim the first year here, as did one-quarter of all the camp occupants—(this neighbourhood being very malarious)—but after five attacks I recovered and have made up my weight and really feel quite myself. It is marvellous how we have all come through very fit, this place being in the country, and we were obliged, fortunately, to spend much time outside in the open.

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