

leading to other countries, because they do represent the absolute dead line below which we must not descend. Our Nursing students receive many more lectures and tutorials, and more often than not the maximum numbers are greatly exceeded. Our standards of teaching are high, and the number of lectures and classes given are most generous. In justice, it must not be forgotten that the General Nursing Council has withstood nobly many attempts made by outside bodies to reduce and thin out the necessary instruction which it considers to be the minimum for admission to the State Registers. It is not our standards which are faulty, but our students who cannot produce evidence of sufficient general education, and who are thus unable to absorb the minimum amount of knowledge necessary for State Registration.

It was a grave error on the part of those Registered Nurses who advocated giving State protection and legal status to a second grade of woman who wished to practise bedside nursing. It was an even graver error to have their Roll placed under the auspices of the General Nursing Council for England and Wales—whose duties were solely those in connection with State Registered professional nurses, and the maintenance of the high standard of recognised schools of Nursing. Is it too late, or utterly impossible, for the General Nursing Council to get rid of the Roll of Assistant Nurses and place it under the authority of the Minister of Labour and National Service and thus leave itself free to deal with the affairs of Registered Nurses only?

We are quite hopeful that, as a higher grade of education is now being made free to all children, future Student Nurses will be able to master the intricacies of the syllabus for State Registration, and our nurses will again take the lead in the professional world—as they have done in the past. At its worst, we think the action of British Columbia will be temporary, and if we maintain our high standards set by the General Nursing Council, and not bow to the storms of criticism whilst weathering the present shortage, all will be well in the end. The time will surely come when our minimum standards will be more searching, and more subjects will have to be read by students who wish to qualify for State Registration.

G. M. H.

### “WE FEW, WE HAPPY FEW, WE BAND OF BROTHERS.”

On Thursday, July 10th, His Majesty the King unveiled the Battle of Britain Window in Westminster Abbey. This beautiful window placed in the Eastern aspect of Henry VII Chapel will stand as a fitting memorial for all time to those superb young airmen who gave their lives in the flower of their youth so that civilisation might live.

The new window is absolutely beautiful. Surrounding four central pieces are the badges of 63 fighter squadrons in glowing colours, with the flags of the participating countries. Seraphim in blue and wine-coloured wings are portrayed in the upper partitions, standing in a most reverent attitude.

The four central panels each represent a young god-like airman already arrived at eternal bliss. With their parachutes in position, one is contemplating the Madonna and Child, another the glorified Crucifixion, with streams of golden light emanating from the Cross, and the other two golden-haired airmen in panels typifying the Redemption. The blue uniforms of the Airmen are in most delicate colouring, indeed all the colours are delicate and restful, yet vivid and striking.

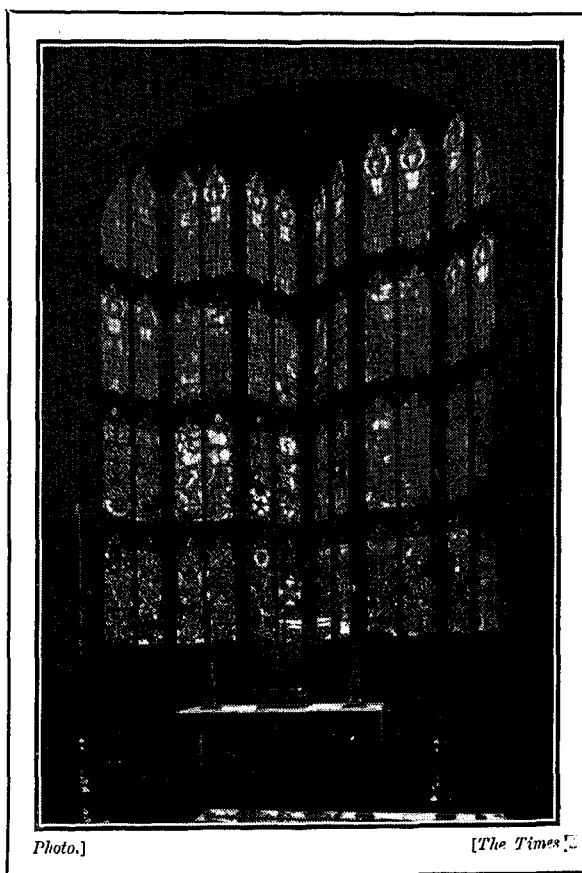
The Book of Remembrance lay open at the names of the heroes whose surnames began with H., exquisitely embossed in gold and blue lettering, and the effect is austere, dignified and simple. May posterity never forget the example of “those young men going forth every morning to guard

their native land and all that we stand for, holding in their hands those instruments of colossal shattering power.” Those few, those happy few, obstructed the passage of a new dark age from spreading over the face of the earth and blotting out the clear light of heaven.

G. M. H.

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he to-day who sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition.

Shakespeare.



THE R.A.F. MEMORIAL WINDOW,  
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)