

The National Hospital, Queen Square, W.C.1.

Course of Lectures being given by the Physicians in the Post-Graduate Course in Neurological Nursing—October, 1949-1950.

THE Course was opened on October 3rd by Dr. F. M. R. Walshe, who delivered a Lecture on the subject of Headache; Sir Charles Symonds will deal with Disseminated Sclerosis on October 17th; and on October 24th, Dr. McDonald Critchley will take as his subject Huntingdon's Chorea.

An invitation is extended by the Matron to all Senior Nurses.

First Army Nurse Assigned To Isotope Research.

FIRST-LIEUT. Margaret E. Peters, A.N.C. (Res.), has joined a team of four specialists at the Army Medical Centre, Washington, D.C., who are exploring new possibilities in the use of radioactive substances in the diagnosis and treatment of disease, the Office of the Surgeon General of the Army recently announced. The team is assigned to the Department of Radiobiology located in the Medical Department of Research and Graduate School at the Army Medical Centre. The other members of the team are Capt. Robert J. Soberman and Capt. Richard P. Keating, both doctors, and Lt-Col. Roy E. Maxwell, chemist.

Lt. Peters is the first woman to be assigned by the Army to the task of working side by side with men scientists in medical research with radioactive isotopes. The purpose of the assignment is to instruct her in the handling of radioactive substances and to develop techniques and procedures which may be used by nurses in the future. Her pioneer experience is expected to open up an entirely new field of activity for the Army Nurse Corps.

Stationed at the Army Medical Centre since last December, Lt. Peters served as a staff nurse at Walter Reed General Hospital and attended the course in Atomic Medicine sponsored periodically at the Centre by the Armed Forces Special Weapons Project and the Army Medical Department. It was her own suggestion that an Army nurse be permitted to go beyond the fundamentals of the Atomic Medicine course and develop nursing techniques to be employed by Army nurses as the use of radioactive substances increases in medical practice.

Lt. Peters received her B.A. from Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa., in 1931. She graduated from the Columbia University-Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing with high honours in 1935, and entered the Army Nurse Corps in 1942. She served overseas as head nurse at the 2nd General Hospital in England and with the 48th General Hospital in France, landing with the Normandy invasion forces on the Utah beachhead. With other members of a team sent out to assist the evacuation hospitals in the care of battle casualties, Lt. Peters was in Carentan three days before the Battle of St. Lo and was assigned to the shock ward during the attack.

After cessation of hostilities, Lt. Peters remained in the European Theatre and was appointed associate editor in charge of Nurse Corps information for *The Overseas Women*, a service journal published in Paris. During her five months with the magazine, she visited all Army hospitals which had been overseas two years or longer, interviewing Army Nurse Corps officers on their reactions to military service and obtaining data on their future plans.

Lt. Peters returned to the United States in December, 1945,

and was separated in the spring of 1946. Between then and her return to the Army Nurse Corps in December, 1948, she was Assistant Director of Nurses in charge of Nursing Service and Acting Director of Nurses at the 350-bed New Rochelle Hospital in Westchester County, New York. She is a native of Cumberland, Pa.

Schoolboy Poet.

THESE poems were composed by Tony Shadrack at the age of 14 years. Tony has recently been successful in obtaining his School Certificate and is hoping to study law.

FAIREST CITY.

Fair city of our Freedom,
With narrow winding streets,
The costers and the Pearly Kings,
The little pubs so neat.

Fair city of our Freedom,
Behind thy towers high,
There is a part of London,
The part which will not die.

It is the mark of People
The poorer of our race,
Behind a rough and shabby life,
They hide a tender face.

The men no-one will think of,
Who always will be there,
The little people of this world,
For whom we have no care.

And when you think of London,
Of swans on Serpentine,
Remember those unthought of ones,
Of whom there is no sign.

It is the common people,
For without them there would be
No London by a silver Thames,
No city of the Free.

Their names will stand forever,
For they will always hold,
The Glory that's unwritten,
The story that's untold.

THE JOURNEY'S END.

When near the journey's end, remember me,
Life's but a prelude of what is to be.
The world is but a little touch of Spring
Before the warm, bright summer thus sets in.

When near the journey's end, look back on Life,
The happiness, the sorrow and the strife,
A little cottage by a silver stream,
'Tis but a dream-house of what might have been.

When near the journey's end, think back that way,
The opportunities that came and passed away.
The little plans you made that ne'er came true,
The things 'you slid'; the jobs you meant to do.

When near the journey's end, lift up thy head,
'No matter what I've been, or done, or said,
I've made my plot along the common way,
I've played my part—I've lived the life I may.'

When near the journey's end alone, say with a sigh,
There's men who've made a greater name than I,
For we are really all the same at heart,
No matter what our rank, our place, our part.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)