

THE MEDICAL SERVICES OF THE NAVY, THE ARMY, OF INDIA AND THE AIR FORCEThe Association Dinner.

Sir William Osler, in proposing this toast, said that he approached the task with no little trepidation, because he had never before spoken in the presence of so many ladies. If there was one person more than another of whom he stood in dread it was the doctor's wife! Turning to the toast of which he was in charge, he said that, the tribute of deeds having been paid, the tribute of words in return must be inadequate. War as his colleagues had seen it was hell; no one saw war as the doctor did except the nurse. He knew what the men of the medical services had been through during the past four years, and how colossal had been their task that of providing a citizen army with thoroughgoing medical service. It had been no easy job, and the men in charge of it had been criticized and criticized unjustly. He had been asked what in his opinion was the chief single triumph of the army the one outstanding event and achievement on the medical side. He had replied that it was not the way in which wounds had been dealt with, the sanitary dispositions, the measures taken to meet new diseases, such as trench fever. The chief triumph had been that for the first time in history a great war had been fought without the great killer; enteric was controlled. Their hearts were full of gratitude to a number of people as they honoured this toast, first of all to the men who, long before this war was thought of, organized the Territorial forces and their hospital services. If there was one man more than another who deserved credit in this connexion it was Lord Haldane. How much they owed also to Sir Alfred Keogh, and how lucky he was to get out of his job alive! That evening they welcomed his successor at their board. It was one of the nicest things he knew that Sir John Goodwin had at last succeeded in inducing the War Office to add to their coat of arms — a pair of scissors, to cut red tape forever! He could say nothing that was adequate as to the work of the nurses. Words would fail any man to describe the labours and courage of those women. A procession of the Guards in Picadilly would not particularly appeal to him, but he would like to see the nurses from the casualty clearnign station marching through that thoroughfare. And last of all, how could they be grateful enough to the men who had dies for them? They were many. They gave their lives. They were immortal. x x x x