

First Prize 1944 Essay: Class "C".
Class C V.G. 9
1 Prize

Name :- Violet Kauchi.

Date of Birth :-

Address

:- 16, Carmelite St.,
Valletta,
Malta G.B.

School attended :- Girls' Secondary School

Number of words. 646

Age.

Essay "Class B"

My Cousin Overseas.

My cousin was born of Maltese parents in Malta on September 10, 1917. She received her early schooling at the "Government Elementary School" between the years "1922 to 1927", reaching the standard of the certificate of "Primary Studies". In 1928 she attended the "Girls' Secondary School", where she remained till 1934. In the same year she obtained the "School Certificate", but it was not until she was nineteen that she decided to follow a course of training in Theoretical and Practical Nursing at the "Clapp - Zammit Hospital". On becoming a full-trained nurse she was sent to accompany a lady patient to London. On their way war broke out. Immediately on her arrival to London her patient had another attack of fever and was compelled to go back to hospital.

There my cousin was duly presented to the matron and after a long talk with her it was decided that the former would make the hospital in London her headquarters. "This represents home for me in the United Kingdom for the duration of the war" she wrote to me in her first letter. There she passed another two years of training to become "A State Registered Nurse".

Since 1941, her past years have been energetic, full and formative for this young lady, who had neither time for sports or entertainment. Her work was the continual relieving from pain for the sick and the wounded.

She has under her care a ward of twenty bed-ridden patients suffering from eye trouble. Every morning it is her duty to see that every patient receives his breakfast nicely and helps those who cannot see because their eyes are bandaged. Afterwards she thinks about their toilet, changes their bed-linen and puts

the ward in order ready for the doctor's daily inspection in the meantime, she prepares the trolley with the necessary articles such as medicine and instruments, cotton wool, gauze and lint for the patients' dressing. She starts scrupulously to dress each patient's eyes according to the doctor's orders, and marks on a chart the patient's symptoms or variations in temperature, pulse and respiration. When the dressings are ready and the infected dressings burnt and the patients are ready and as comfortable as they can be and the ward looks gay with well made beds and fresh flowers, she refills the dressing drums with cotton wool, bandages, and refills the medicine bottles ready for the next use. She then sees to the patients' regular meals which are prepared as daintily as possible. When the patients are settled and everything is prepared then she takes a chair and sits near those patients who have both their eyes bandaged, writing letters to their family and friends, or reading books to them written by their favourite authors or lending a kind ear to their tales of old happy memories.

She proved an excellent nurse when she stuck near her patients' bed-side while the enemies were dropping bombs around the hospital.

She said in one of her letters: "Here is a true picture of the Empire at war. One sees Australians, Indians, Canadians, New-zealanders, Tasmanians, and Bermudians, and one realizes the vastness of this family of nations. A New-zealand pilot, who was posted to Malta coming across me, said: 'Hallo Malta I am bound for your island. How about a few letters of introduction?' Of course he gets them and what is more, is sure of a welcome at the other end of the trip, through this, and at once ^{to} 'at home' in the place."

My cousin taught me how to love and appreciate the Empire through her vivid descriptions. The forces spoke about their immense work which performed in masses is moving the Empire towards the great victory. Their talks made her appreciate and realize what the unity of forces and Empire mean to the winning of the war.

List of Books used

nil.