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MENGO NOTES 1969

September to December

MENGO HOSPITAL

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Senior Nursing Staff:

MISS E. FORSTER, S.R.N., S.C.M.

MISS M. E. HARDING, S.R.N., S.C.M. (*Matron*)

MISS M. KAJABWANGU, S.R.N., S.C.M., R.S.C.N.

MISS F. KIBUKA, S.R.N., S.C.M.

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MRS. B. SALI, S.R.N., S.C.M.

MISS F. M. SANDERSON, S.R.N., S.C.M., M.T.D. (*Midwifery Tutor*)

MISS E. VAUSE, S.R.N., S.C.M. (*Rural Centres*)

Physiotherapists:

MISS B. W. BREMNER, M.C.S.P.

MRS. B. HARRISON, M.C.S.P.

MISS C. BAGNALL, M.C.S.P.

Pharmacist:

Z. S. KALEGA, Ph. Tech.

Mengo Hospital, Uganda

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MENGO NOTES

September, 1969

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THE UGANDA MARTYRS' MEMORIAL

We have just returned from the ceremony outside the Church of Uganda Martyrs' Memorial Church at Namugongo, ten miles from Kampala. It was a most moving experience, all beautifully organised and peaceful. Hymns were being played and sung, especially the Martyrs' Hymn, as the Archbishop of Uganda, Anglican Bishops, Cardinals, President Obote and Members of Parliament arrived. Then came the Pope, in white, with no ostentatious pomp or show. In his address the Archbishop spoke of the past, repenting of the hatred and even fighting there had been between us. Yet today we were together—Protestants and Catholics—to remember and thank God for the people of both churches who had died for their common faith in Jesus Christ, their Saviour.

The actual place of their martyrdom was marked by a simple wooden cross with a list of fourteen names below and a picture of flames. Other words read, "To the Glory of God".

The service and words spoken were so sincere—all so real and dignified.

D. C. Billington

2nd August, 1969.

The Martyrs' Hymn, which they sang as they were burnt at the stake for their allegiance to Jesus Christ, is the Luganda translation of the English hymn, "Daily, daily, sing the praises of the City God hath made."—Ed.

"HAVE I GOT TO GO THROUGH ALL THIS AGAIN?"

"I knew I would have to be on my back with my leg in extension for thirteen weeks, and it felt like being a prisoner, shackled and pinned down," wrote Patricia.

Brilliant at languages, like other members of her family, she had been teaching in the Southern Sudan for years, until the big exodus of 1964. Since then she had been working on Bible translation into a Sudanese dialect with the help of Sudanese refugees living in Uganda.

But three times her work was interrupted by disaster—and each time it was a broken leg. First, tripping on an uneven path, then a car accident, and now a slip on the verandah of her house—and so once more a fracture and back to hospital.

Let her describe how she felt.

"It was the night of 26th August. I had been brought in fifty miles by car with a broken femur two hours before to Mengo Hospital, and was now installed in the very room I had occupied a year ago, with a broken leg. What a relief it was to relax in that atmosphere of loving care. All the same, I felt rising up in me the cry: 'Oh Lord, have I got to go all through the pain and discomfort again?'"

"I opened my 'Daily Light' and found the verses for that evening were: 'My cup runneth over . . .', 'The lines are fallen unto me in a pleasant place . . .', 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content . . .', 'My God shall supply all your need . . .'. I smiled wryly at first at what seemed so singularly inappropriate, but then suddenly realized that these were God's promises to me that the long weeks ahead should be a time of joy. It was a tremendous help to have that to hang on to for the good days and the bad, and to help me to be thankful when I did not feel like it.

"Sometimes there was a desperate longing to escape. I found that it helped me not to look at the long days ahead, but to count first the days and then the weeks as they passed, and to give thanks.

"People matter tremendously when a person is a prisoner within four walls. How wonderful it was to be cared for so generously, and so kindly. So many people who had no cause to do so, visited me, wrote to me, thought of lovely and beautiful things to bring me. It was overwhelming, and there was nothing to do but to accept and say 'thank you'. It became a sort of symbol and sacrament of God's grace to me, and gave rise not only to thankfulness to them but of joy to the Giver behind them. This was a source of strength.

"Inevitably there were worries about the work which had been interrupted and all the domestic details, but the Lord checked me in this. It was as though He said: 'It is all My work, and you are a tool to be picked up or laid down in My service'. When I felt so useless day after day doing nothing, He reminded me of that line: 'Content to fill a little space if Thou be Glorified'.

"There was the continual battle with pain, discomfort and self-pity, and many other strange emotions. There were days and nights of feeling on edge, irritable, and critical of everything, when someone trying in vain to find something for me in a drawer on the other

side of the room made me feel frantic because I could not get there. There were many times when noises from the next door rooms or the world outside seemed, in my weakened state, to be unbearable, and I longed to escape and felt rebellious because I could not.

"Then the devil used one of his favourite weapons: despair of self and one's reactions. There were many ups and downs and tears shed under the bedclothes, but the only way was to come again and again to the Lord in the confidence that He accepts me 'Just as I am', and in this there was rest. This was particularly so in convalescence too, in the long weeks of physiotherapy, when depression so often attacked during the slow return to strength and normality. How much the Lord's words: 'I have made, and I will bear' helped me, when I felt so tired of myself.

"He helped me, both in the ward and in convalescence, to see that the way to deal with self-pity and the feeling of uselessness was to try deliberately to 'go out' in concern and caring for all who came to me—hospital staff and visitors, and to try to think of them and their needs of the moment. Even if there was nothing very active to be done, at least one could pray and be concerned for them and make an effort not to grumble, for their sake.

"Although I do not want to have to go through that time again, yet I can wholeheartedly thank God for the richness of the experience of Him and His love through others given then, which perhaps could only come through such a time. And I praise Him for full recovery."

Patricia stayed with us for part of her convalescence. We marvelled at the peace and quiet joy that the Lord gave her. When at last she was able to be driven the 50 miles to her home, which of course she had to leave with no packing up time, many of her papers and books were found to have been eaten by white ants!! It was a deep disappointment and shock, but again the Lord comforted and helped her to praise Him for the things that *weren't* damaged.

(In this account only her name has been changed.)—Ed.

A FEW IMPRESSIONS FROM OUR ASIAN EVANGELIST ON VISITING ENGLAND

We returned to Uganda on 25th June after visiting England and Ireland.

We were very eager to visit this country as we have many friends there. And also we remember that the Gospel was brought to us in India by the people of the United Kingdom.

Moreover, I was interested in the problem of settlement of the Asians and to investigate the possibilities of spreading the Gospel among them.

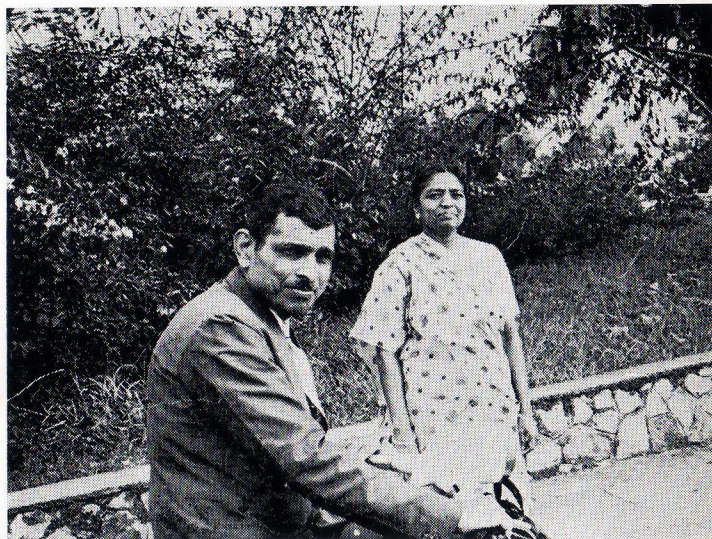
We had heard various views about the non-Christian atmosphere in the United Kingdom. But we enjoyed much Christian Brotherhood and hospitality, and found that there is great scope for spreading the Gospel among Asians.

We met many old friends, me especially, those who were formerly at Mengo Hospital. We bring greetings from Mrs. Barnes, née Brown, Dr. Goodchild, Mr. David Morgan and others.

We were greatly impressed by a church in Wilmington. There is real life there, and the Bible Studies are well attended and many take part. They have wide interests in Christian activities at home and abroad, and we felt greatly encouraged to meet such an alive group. "The Friends of Mengo" gave us a warm welcome, and are very interested in all news of the work here.

We thank God for such fellowship and long that more churches might have this caring and outgoing Spirit for Christ's sake. We proved once more that "in Christ" there is no colour bar.

Shantiel Savdhan.



Mr. and Mrs. S. Savdhan. Shantiel is on his motor-bike which he uses to visit Asian homes in Uganda, and to follow up those who have been interested while "in-patients" in hospital.

"BREAK UP YOUR FALLOW GROUND"

When Christine first felt God was calling her overseas she offered to C.M.S. in February, 1968, but Mengo was fully staffed in the Physiotherapy Department, so she applied to her home county and obtained a "travelling scholarship" for three months in Europe, from September to December, to visit units for cerebral palsy patients. This was a wonderful experience for her. While on this trip a letter arrived telling of Barbara Harrison's proposed marriage, so there would be a place at Mengo after all. Could she come? Chris arrived here in April this year. She writes:—

It is with praise that I look back and thank the Lord for His leading and enabling in bringing me to work at Mengo.

Our work here in the Spastic unit is very rewarding indeed. However, we do have so many children who travel long distances to come here for treatment, and so we see them all too infrequently. There is a great need for a parents' hostel so that these folk might stay a few days, and so be able to have intensive treatment for their children and be trained themselves. They would then go home far better equipped to carry on home therapy.

It is wonderful to know that the Lord is aware of all these needs and I pray that He might keep us so close to Him, and "available" for His use, that we might not hinder His plans for the future, in this place.

I have been so aware lately that it is my "unbelief" above everything else that "ties" the hands of my God.

The challenge here at Mengo is a big one, the opportunities are endless, and my vision of what God can do should be limitless.

But oh! how easy it can be to let the Devil reign victorious. I waste my opportunities, and my vision of what God can do begins to fit into the limited area of my finite mind. How the Lord longs for me to know in reality that He is the "God of the impossible", that "His strength is made perfect in weakness", that "without Him I can do nothing!"

God has also been showing me that "the work" we do for Him however important, worthwhile, exacting and exhausting it may be, is not enough, but it is our own daily walk with Him that is all important and all sufficient.

I have just been reading a book on revival and was so challenged by the words of Hosea in Chapter ten, verse 12:—

"Break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord till He come and rain righteousness upon you."

Charles Finney said of these words:— "In breaking up your fallow ground, you must remove every obstruction. Things may be left that you think are little things, and you may wonder why you do not feel as you wish to feel, when the reason is that your proud and carnal mind has covered up something which God required you to confess and remove. Break up all the ground and turn it over. Do not 'balk it', as the farmers say, do not turn it aside for little difficulties: drive the plough right through them, beam deep, and turn the ground up so that it may all be mellow and soft, and fit to receive the seed and bear fruit an hundred fold."

"Break up the fallow ground"—to me this means a willingness to let the Lord shew me things in my life which are not right, and when I repent He lovingly forgives and cleanses. Then, and only then, is the ground broken up and clean for Him to use.

Please pray for each one of us serving the Lord here at Mengo Hospital, that we might know in our lives the power of His Holy Spirit working in us and through us, that all might be to His glory.

Pray that we might not be like the church at Laodicea, "barely warm", (Rev. 3 v. 14-22 "Good News for Modern Man"), but that we might be "hot"—yes, "on fire"—for our living Lord.

Christine Bagnall.

NEWS OF THE PHYSIOTHERAPY STAFF

Mrs. Barbara Harrison is coming over here daily from her home at the University College, Makerere. She is running the Physiotherapy Department and the Spastic Unit with Chris Bagnall until Beryl Bremner returns from her home leave.

We have the following news of former voluntary workers in the department.

Sarah Halsey is having her 21st birthday party as I write this, 19th July. She is in her last year at Guys'.

Jane Shippam is engaged to be married. She is still nursing.

Sheila Rice is well into her training as a physiotherapist at the Middlesex Hospital.

Liz Main starts her nursing at Barts. in September.

We remember all they did to help us and pray for them. We love hearing their news and know they pray for us.

D.C.B.



Christine Bagnall getting the new short-wave diathermy apparatus ready for treating a patient.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

Dr. Roy Billington writes:

One Sunday afternoon recently I came back from a fellowship meeting held in the sunshine in the garden of an evangelist, just outside the city. There was much rejoicing over the recent results of the Greater Kampala Mission, which has been going on all over the city for the last three months.

Little groups of people stood up to witness that they had found the Lord Jesus as their Saviour—a policeman, a soldier from the palace barracks, the old mother of a retired clergyman and many more. A team of housewives, church leaders, retired people, office workers and teachers, giving up their evenings, have worked round the town most devotedly, visiting homes and speaking everywhere.

In the hospital we have been most helped both by the visit of the Mission team to us and by a group of young people who spent a few days with us during the last holidays, learning how to visit patients and help them with books—an activity organized by the Scripture Union. Their keenness was a great encouragement to us.

Praise with us for two recent gifts, one for a short wave diathermy apparatus—a real necessity for our physiotherapy department. Then from an unknown interested group in the States, enough dollars to buy 35 copies of "Good News for Modern Man" (price 2/50 here) for our hospital prayers for students and other staff.

Margaret Harding writes:

We had our annual "Parents' Day" when the nurses can invite their parents and friends for the afternoon. About 100 came. First they were shown round the hospital. Then we had a little ceremony, at which our chaplain presented certificates to all those who qualified last year. This was followed by a short service of Thanksgiving and Commissioning. We then served tea for everyone. Those who could spare the time stayed for a "Parents' meeting when many interesting questions were asked and answered.

Barbara Harrison writes:

I would be grateful for your prayers for me in the extra responsibility I have while Beryl is on leave in England. Perhaps some of you will meet her and hear first-hand news of God's workings here.

The school for physically handicapped children opened just before Easter in a newly white-washed room in Mengo Primary School. About 15 children meet here every morning and some of them are learning rapidly. I notice the difference when they come for treatment as they are much better behaved now. Although the majority are spastics there are also some polios. Please continue to pray for Mr. Terry Lane, the Headmaster, and all the children who attend.

Alison Pollok writes:

1969 is going to be an important year in Uganda. We are in the throes of going metric; a Social Security Scheme has started for all registered workers; and the Pope is coming. The Government is opening more 100-bed hospitals in different parts of the country. I hear they are very nice and well-planned, but some are very isolated and the staff can feel very "cut-off"—especially if they have worked in Kampala. Miss Bond's visits as UNCF secretary are a great boon to them and she is trying to get books and magazines to help them start some sort of library. A number of Mengo trained nurses and midwives are in these hospitals.

Last year we lost one of our great men—Mr. Serwano Kulubya. The newspapers carried large headlines: "The End of an Era". He was a most gifted and gracious man whom I had the privilege of meeting once or twice on St. John's committees. He was Deputy Speaker of the National Assembly, Chairman of the Bible Society, first African Mayor, first African to address the British Parliament, etc., etc. He has been described as a history maker.

... We have had a lot of trouble with thieves this last year. They have broken into a number of houses as well as removing a lot of things from the classrooms. We have not suffered any violence, but the Government has become very worried about the increasing robberies with violence, and has brought in a bill to make that a capital offence. Anything may be taken—clothes, bedding, tablecloths, spectacles, pens—eggs were the latest. Cars vanish at a great rate—or wheels may be removed and the car left. It is an enormous problem.

VISITING ROUND THE HOSPITAL

In our seventh article we visit the households.

A hospital household may be comprised of a family; or one, three or four, sisters, physiotherapists or laboratory technicians; usually with the addition of a dog; cat; chameleon, or all three. Some households are quiet during the day, with all occupants at work, and some are comparatively quieter at night with the smaller members asleep in bed.

A great deal of the smooth running of each household depends on its house staff. Often a young man sweeps, cleans, washes, and cooks, and will have meals prepared ready to eat, when weary sisters return from the wards. Others will take their turn keeping an eye on the children when Mum is off on some other job or talking to a visitor. In the garden you will often find a schoolboy—digging away for his school fees—not that we abound in buried treasure! Some gardens blossom with flowers, and here you will usually find a "shamba boy" working full-time, they seem to be able to concentrate on the gardening a little better than we do!

The following is an account of an actual day's happenings.

It is Wednesday—the day begins with the hospital Senior Staff prayer meeting—we meet in the Library at 8 a.m., and take it in

turn to lead. This is a valuable time and no-one likes to miss this half hour of hearing a message from the Lord, and sharing news and problems together, followed by prayer—silent or spoken aloud.

Then the doctors meet in the Library to hear a medical tape or thrash out some medical problem; the sisters meet in Matron's office, wives return home. For me, a wife, first there are letters to type for my husband, and appointments to book over the 'phone for two patients to see specialists at the Government Hospital. Telephone calls take ages here.

The faithful seventy-year-old African Church worker has already slipped into the dining room, followed by Christine Nabagereka, who helps in teaching the children in the spastic unit. We meet for a short time on Wednesdays to plan speakers for the Sunday Ward services and check that the five daily ward prayers, held from 8 a.m. to 8-15 a.m. are really being covered, especially if someone is on local leave.

A telephone call . . . "Could I go over and discuss the problem of what to do when there are two schoolboys in the quarters now needed for the one who is working at the new sisters' flat?" Of course the schoolboys should not be there at all—but when there has been an empty room it is hard to refuse when their homes are far away, and they have a place in a Senior Secondary School, but nowhere to live, and only half the school fees. (How grateful we should be for countries where education is provided free, with enough schools so that children can live at home.)

"Yes please, Chris, I would be most grateful for your article for Mengo Notes—just a short one on why you came here to Mengo."

Back to the typewriter, we must get something ready for sending to our long-suffering editor in England, for the next copy of the Notes. Gwen Oliver has done her bit, I must do mine.

The doctors have arrived for a quick cup of coffee—a car has drawn up at the door—"Do come in for a cuppa"—it is the Chaplain from a leading Secondary School who has dropped his mother to have lunch with us. My guest from up-country wants to know where the sewing machine is. She is very kindly repairing a worn seat in one of our well-used sitting room chairs, what a help!

The family letters must get off which I began last night—telephone again—from the Hospital intercom—"Yes, Munange (my friend), Oh, what wonderful news—Mr. . . . who has been in the ward so long has accepted the Lord Jesus as His Saviour. Praise the Lord, indeed." We'd better have some lunch, so I disappear into the kitchen for a few minutes.

After lunch my guest has gone to rest, and our lunch guest is snoozing over a book, so I can fix up about that couple coming in to supper, and say goodbye to the friend returning to Kenya, and then England.

I sit down with my elderly guest, and we talk as I stitch up some upholstery on the settee. She remarks how different life is out here, people calling in all the time—"You never seem to be alone."—It's true, but how worth while. A knock on the door—three

little Asian girls—"Please can we have some flowers?"—great big luscious eyes look up into mine. No rain lately so plants are very dry, but we find a few—"You are our friend," they say. The father owns the "Top Life Club" (a night club) in the village below us—contacts like this are *not* by chance.

Tea to get—a family arrive. We run down in the car to the King's Lake for a walk round—a glorious evening, the lake like glass reflecting changing shades of colour as the sun goes down—6-30 p.m.

"Have you an incubator?" Just as supper is ready this young English couple lately arrived from the United Kingdom (unknown to us), come very concerned about their cook's premature baby in the Maternity Ward. We assure them that everything will be done to help the little one, our midwives are most caring—with our comparatively warm climate we use oxygen but haven't an incubator. Life is never dull! But the temptation comes to feel harrassed, or worried because the interruptions sometimes prevent one doing the thing which seems more important and worth while at the time. Our "times are in His hands"—and when we keep in close touch with Him we find He helps in each situation—maybe it is your prayers which help us—Thank you.

D. C. Billington.

SCRIPTURE UNION

From Wednesday, 8th April, to Monday, 14th April a group of young people came to the Hospital from an S.U. Conference held on Namirembe. They had a room in Albert Cook Ward for their meetings. These young people were learning how to visit, help patients and sell literature in Hospitals, which they did in Mengo during the Conference. Their meetings were a great help to the staff and the work they did in the wards and out-patients in taking services and ward prayers, was a great encouragement to all.

... FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

By a Mengo Correspondent.

Last time Kampala was described; if we go over the hill, past the Cathedral there is a beautiful panoramic view of Kampala on the other side. High on the far hill one can see the red top of the tower of All Saints Church (the English Chaplaincy Church of Uganda), where many races and many denominations worship in fellowship together at the English speaking services. At least half the congregation are African. (Of the hundreds of Asians in Kampala very few families are Christian.)

Here there is a large Sunday School and both boy and girl Crusader classes, again inter-racial, often top the world list for Sunday attendance. Every other Sunday evening there is an after-Church Youth Service attended by upwards of two hundred young people. There is much to praise God for, but much to pray about as the opportunity for reaching the young people of this city for Christ is tremendous.

Near the church looms the Apollo Hotel, with its six hundred beds, and around it are springing up large office blocks, which can be seen through the trees on the far hills. Kampala is a city of many trees, not just green ones, but ones that flower, yellow, scarlet and blue. All this fresh beauty reminds us of the goodness of our Lord and Creator, but only a comparative few in this great city believe in Jesus Christ . . . what an opportunity to tell them the "Good News!"

THAT'S THE WAY MONEY GOES!

In Uganda although medical treatment in government hospitals is free, every pupil has to pay school fees. This is unfortunate when the father cultivates and does not get much cash for his crops, and means some of his children will not get to school. However, the bonds between members of the extended family are very strong, and if the parents, uncles and aunts agree that a child is bright and should be educated they will all contribute to produce the school fees. When a child has had enough education to get further training, for example, nursing or midwifery at Mengo Hospital, she only receives a few shillings a week pocket money. Once she is trained and a staff nurse she might get about 300/- a month, less board and lodging.

But this money is not considered her own. She has younger brothers and sisters and is expected to pay their school fees. If she is the youngest child she probably has nephews or nieces to help as her uncle may have helped her.

So one day when I was visiting a maternity centre I found one of the staff nurses rather upset because I hadn't taken out their salaries. Her sister had been sent away from school until she found her fees. It was natural for her to come to her elder sister for the money. Fortunately I could give the schoolgirl a lift back to Kampala and lend her the money which the staff nurse returned to me a few days later. Most of the nurses know that after they have met the needs of their relatives only a small part of their salary will be left for themselves. If there is a family emergency the nurse will have to give them even more. Most of the population are self-employed small farmers, our nurses are part of the small percentage who are able to be employed and earning.

ANY STAMPS FOR MENG0 PLEASE?

The Post Office seems to be excelling itself these days with so many special issues of its stamps. If Friends of Mengo are able to collect these, or any other used stamps and send them to Mr. Crane, who runs the Mengo Stamp Bureau, we would be most grateful. He offers many sets of British and Foreign stamps for sale and the money goes to Mengo Hospital. His address is:—

Mr. Michael Crane, 29 Bradshaw Close, Fair Oak, Eastleigh, Hants.

THE LEAGUE OF THE CRESTED CRANE

Those of you who belong to "Friends of Mengo" may know that we have a junior branch, who are called the Crested Cranes. This bird is our national emblem, and is also the hero in a lovely traditional story about a Princess who strayed from the place of safety; was attacked by a great black bird; and bravely rescued by a grey crane. On returning home her father, the King, gave the Crane its Crown, which its descendants have proudly worn ever since.

The children love the story and it is a very easy one to use as a parable of our Lord Jesus Himself.

Mrs. Lavy, who was out here for many years, runs the League from England for us, and produces a bi-monthly paper which the children enjoy reading. It usually contains a story giving background to life in Uganda; another about a hospital child; a project or something to do in aid of Mengo; and news of members, new and old.

Some of the English branches run "Mengo Evenings", by giving a concert, having a sale; in one case with the attraction of rides on a member's pony. The proceeds of these evenings go to the work of the hospital. Members also sort and send stamps to the Mengo Stamp Bureau.

At times when members of the Staff are on leave in England, they are able to go to some of the branches showing slides, and answering questions about many different aspects of the work of the hospital. We hope that one day some of our English Crested Cranes may be able to visit us, many young people do come to this country, especially between school and college, and we are always glad to welcome them.

If you know a group of boys and girls who might be interested in joining the Crested Crane League please ask them to write to Mrs. Lavy, all details are on the back page of these Notes.

In the next issue we hope to give you news of Mengo's own branch of Crested Cranes.

Gwen Oliver.

EXTRACTS FROM THE HOSPITAL BULLETIN

News to help you to keep a little bit more up to date in news and prayer needs.

April

- 28 Christine Bagnall, our new Physiotherapist, arrived from England to be ready to relieve Beryl Bremner, on leave in England till December.

May

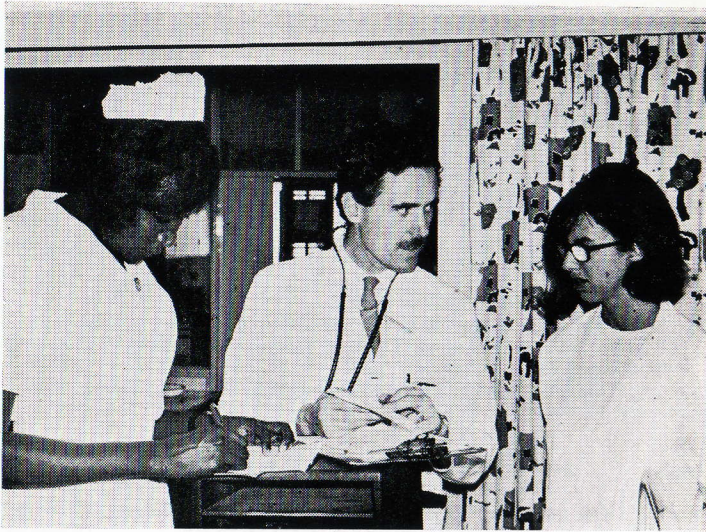
- 11 Dr. Tom Hall and wife Rhoda arrived to help us for three months.
- 11 Eve Vause and Beryl Bremner left for home leave.
- 24 Parents Day—Our Chaplain Canon Y. B. Mukasa presented certificates to our finalists in nursing and midwifery, and led a thanksgiving service. He also introduced to us the new Chaplain, the Rev. Katurama.
- 25 9.30 a.m. Final Rally of Kampala City Mission at Lugogo Stadium.
- 26 Senior Staff meeting at the "Chancery"—8.30 p.m.
- 31 "Bring and Buy Sale" at the Billingtons' house and garden at 3 p.m. in aid of Uganda Hospital Christian Fellowship funds.
(Later—Total £125 English money, including donations).

June

- 4 Tea party at Kijaguzo House (meaning Welcome), to say goodbye to Liz Main and Liz Harding.
(Liz Main has given valuable help for nine months in the physiotherapy department, and is now doing nursing training at St. Bartholomews Hospital. Liz Harding was with us for three months orientation before going on to Rwanda to do physiotherapy. We miss them both—Ed.)
- 16 Sister Kalega will not be working in the Hospital from now until after her baby arrives.
(This will have gone to the Printers before the baby is due—Ed.)
- 30 Presentation of Badges in Out-patients to those just passed finals, altogether.
- 30 Sister Mary Kajabwangu, one of our Mengo nurses, arrives back from England to join us here having done her S.R.N. and S.C.M.
- 30 Florence Kibuka and Mary Kajabwangu moved into the new sisters flat (No. 2). It is good to have both new flats occupied.
- 30 Dr. Elizabeth Webb from St. Bartholomews Hospital also arrived to work in the Hospital for three months.

July

- 9 5.30 p.m. Board of Governors Meeting.
- 15-17 Three women medical students arrived from England, to work part-time here and in other hospitals, to gain experience and help us in the process.



Miss Mary Kajabwangu with Dr. Hugh Oliver and a volunteer
Medical Student in the Children's Ward.

* * *

Thank you for your prayers for doctors. Dr. Tom Hall offered to come and help us in May. He has been working in a research unit at the Government hospital, and has come to us for three months before returning to England. This was wonderfully timed and we do indeed thank God for him. Also Dr. Elizabeth Webb who has come from St. Bartholomews hospital London, again for three months, but because of this help, all three more permanent doctors will have been able to get away for much needed local leave, in turn.

Also we look forward to Dr. Tony Bateman (Barts.) coming to us in October. By then he will have married another doctor. Please pray for them both, and the other newcomers to the staff.

Hospital Prayer

O God we pray for this hospital which is set today among the perplexities of a changing order. Help us to learn the new ways that Thou would teach us and in every unknown path, give us boldness to follow Him who is the same Saviour yesterday, today and forever.

Mengo Notes (minimum annual subscription 5s.) may be obtained from Miss K. M. Oliver, 24 Cavendish Avenue, Cambridge; or in Uganda from Mrs. D. C. Billington, Mengo Hospital, P.O. Box 7161, Kampala.

Information about the League of the Crested Crane may be obtained from Mrs. P. Lavy, The Beeches, 8 Camden Park, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Permission to print from this magazine must be obtained from the Editors.

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Overseer:

MR. B. NYONYINTONO

Chaplain:

CANON Y. MUKASA with the co-operation of other members of the Cathedral Staff.

Evangelists to Asian Patients:

MR. and MRS. S. SAVDHAN

Warden of Nurses' Home:

MRS. Y. KAIZI

Assistant: MRS. M. KAMYA

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Map of the
PROVINCE OF UGANDA
RWANDA AND BURUNDI
showing the
DIOCESES
and
PRINCIPAL TOWNS