

## THE PASSING BELL.

We regret to record the death at Bristol, after a very serious operation, of Miss Grace Margaret Marley, a member of the nursing staff of the 2nd Southern General Hospital, and much loved by all connected with both the military and civil side of the Infirmary. The funeral took place at Melksham Cemetery, and before the removal of the deceased nurse a memorial service was held in the chapel of the Royal Infirmary, attended by the Matron (Miss Baillie), Sisters, Nurses and the domestic staff. At Melksham the first part of the service was held in the parish church; and, in addition to the relatives, there were present Colonel Prowse (2nd Southern General Hospital), Sister Kennedy, and Nurses N. M. Smith, Hardiman and Withershaw of the Royal Infirmary, Bristol.

As the sad result of an accident, the death occurred last week at Cambridge of Miss Beris Selina Frances Burton-Fanning, a member of the Voluntary Aid Detachment working at the 1st Eastern General Hospital, Cambridge, and quartered at Selwyn College.

Whilst talking to a colleague over her fire before going to bed Miss Burton-Fanning discovered that she was in flames. It is believed that a spark from the fire set her dressing gown alight.

We regret to record the death in France of Miss Barbara Esmée St. John, a member of the 112th V.A.D. Sussex, a "Red Cross Nurse," the daughter of the Rev. H. B. and Mrs. St. John, of Ninfield, Sussex. After serving for a year in the 5th Southern General Hospital at Southsea, she was sent abroad to the 26th General Hospital, France. Since the great "push" began, she had charge of a surgical ward of thirty-five beds, with occasional stretcher cases in addition, with only a young orderly of seventeen to help her, working thirteen hours a day. A sister looked in to help when necessary. She was attacked on October 4th by scarlet fever; but was making a good recovery, when paralysis set in. She was buried in the soldiers' cemetery at Wimereux on the following day with full military honours, much mourned by all who knew her.

We have, in this Journal, so often criticized young women not thoroughly trained, being given responsibility, for which they are not sufficiently experienced, in the care of our sick and wounded soldiers, that we only refer to it in connection with this sad death to point out that the more conscientious the woman the greater the strain upon her physically and mentally; and the charge of thirty-five acute surgical cases with a Sister occasionally "looking-in," under the conditions described, would tax the resources of a highly experienced nurse. It is neither fair on a partially trained person to place her in such a position, nor upon stretcher and other serious cases that they should not have the skilled nursing which is their right.

## NURSING ECHOES.

Those of us who have *lived* our lives, and we are thankful we have done so, have lived through very vital moments. We can recall wonderful thrills—indeed, we have had more than our share—it would take a chapter to enumerate them. For instance, the first time we entered a ward in uniform; again, when, as a girl, we passed out by Henry VIII's Gate at Bart's, having been appointed Matron of the first Royal Hospital in the Empire; when we opened the cable on the other side of the Atlantic to read that the Royal Charter for the R.B.N.A. had been won; when we stood hand in hand with Julia Ward Howe and Lucy Stone, and gazed on blue Michigan through the peristyle at the World's Fair; the sudden pink sunset and afterglow of stars on the Acropolis; a leaf gathered from Wolfe's grave on the heights of Abraham; the sight and touch of Washington's sword at Mount Vernon; the embrace of Victoria and her son, a King to be, within the Abbey Church of Westminster; the defeat of the Nurses' Directory Bill (calculated to subjugate them), in the House of Lords; the homage of the boy Prince of Wales, in his gorgeous habiliments of resplendent blue, as he knelt bareheaded before his father and Sovereign at the sacring and crowning of King George V, and repeated the valiant words:—

"I, Edward, Prince of Wales, do become your liegeman of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die, against all manner of folks—so help me God."

And from that coign of vantage behind the grille, when we watched the division on the first reading of the Nurses' Registration Bill in the Commons in 1914. A stream of voters going to the left—a mere sprinkling to the right—and listened to the announcement, "the Aye, have it."

And then, to crown it all, to watch batches of neatly uniformed Australian nurses pass into the Australian Imperial Forces Headquarters at Westminster, to vote on an Imperial referendum on the question of conscription, among the members of the Australian Naval and Military Forces in Great Britain!

A vital moment indeed, prophetic of the great civic responsibility with which the women of the Empire will be entrusted after the war.

Trained nurses are urgently needed in Rumania, but we believe they are not to be permitted to offer their services from this country to our latest Ally.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)