

" Our Ensign has often since looked back upon that last dinner of Nos. 1 and 2 Company mess—the last supper of the Girondins somebody called it; the long table, cunningly contrived out of mess boards covered with the famous white American cloth cover, the candles stuck in bottles, the white enamel mess crockery, the familiar faces round the board, the background of rain-coats and glasses and revolvers and belts hung on nails hammered into the tree trunks forming the walls of the dug-out.

All through dinner, messages kept arriving, company sergeant-majors or orderlies bulking large in the low entrance.

As the hour for departure drew near, one by one, gradually, the officers rose from their sand-bag divan and started to array themselves for battle, girding on their belts hung with a manifold collection of apparatus; one by one they clapped their helmets on their heads and stumped up the little stair into the night. Thus imperceptibly the double-company mess broke up, and the partnership of the summer months was dissolved for ever."

Later, " They had to carry on. He had a pang when he found all those joyous company messes he had known shrunk to a group of officers small enough to take their meals together at one short table."

The sadness and horrors of battle are described with a poignant pen and in words that go straight home.

Our Ensign, watching through field glasses the British advance, gives a characteristic word-picture—

" The men appeared as little brown dots.

" Once a figure detached itself from the advancing line, right in the teeth of that whirlwind, bent over a prostrate figure, picked it up and started to struggle along—probably to the shelter of a shell-hole. But even as our Ensign watched, with bated breath, the little brown figure and his burden rolled over and lay still."

In the nature of things, the book teems with tragedy and pathos—and, the pity of it, 'tis true.

H. H.

The King's Fund for Hospitals, have, during the past year, received £205,781 4s. 9d., and has distributed amongst various hospitals and institutions the large sum of £190,000. The London gets £15,500, Guy's £9,500, Charing Cross, £8,000, Middlesex, £6,000, University, £5,500, Westminster, £5,000, St. Georges, £4,500, and St Mary's, £3,500. Very welcome gifts in these hard times.

At the welcome given to the heroes of Mons on Saturday last at the Albert Hall the cheering was longest and loudest for the members of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

THE COLLEGE OF NURSING, LTD.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—With reference to a report being constantly circulated that the V.A.D. Nursing Member is to be admitted to the Membership of the College of Nursing, I shall be obliged if you will make it known that the College stands exclusively for the Trained Nurse.

V.A.D. Nursing Members who wish to become Members of the College must serve their full training and hold a Certificate of a recognised General Training School.

I am, Dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) ARTHUR STANLEY;

Chairman of the Council.

6, Vere Street,
Cavendish Square,
London, W. 1.

[What term constitutes " full training " in the opinion of the Council of the College of Nursing; Ltd.? We hope they will state if it is a three years' term of work in hospital wards. Also we urge that the deliberations and conclusions of the " Secret Session " of General Hospital Matrons—who met at the Automobile Club, London, on Monday, to consider the question of giving preferential treatment to V.A.D. probationers—should be made public as soon as possible, as it is a question of vital importance to the whole nursing profession.—ED.]

CLOSE UP THE RANKS AND STAND FIRM.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

MADAM,—I was lately invited to become a member of the Scottish Nurses' Association, and I refused on the grounds that as I was a member of the N.U.T.N. and the Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses, and as we were all fighting for the same cause and represented on the Central Committee I was already *ipso facto* a member! It seems a pity that there is not more cohesion between our various Nurses' Associations. Why should we not all wear a badge denoting we all belong to the one army fighting above all just now for *our* Registration Bill; we might, as do the various regiments in the Regular Army, have our club badges, but it is a waste of money—a scarce commodity at present—if a nurse joins several societies all working for the same object. If a badge is considered unnecessary it should be an

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)