

This glorious exhibition of British pluck is indeed something to be thankful for, and we hope it may receive some form of recognition sooner or later.

A BABY HERO.

Here is a pretty little raid story. A dear little chap rising three was taken by his poor mother to the best place of safety she could find. She trembled for his life, but tried to keep him free from fear.

"Whack, bang, there they go again, jolly, jolly guns; what games they are having up there!" the poor thing cried.

"Does mummy like the guns?" the child asked, doubtfully.

"Oh, indeed she does. Guns keep Teddie safe," the trembling mother replied.

"Does Daddy like the guns?" the child persisted. He was answered that "Daddy loved them."

"Well, then, Teddie hates them, Mummie, dear," the child whispered, "but he'll pretend he doesn't afore all these peoples."

Bless the little hero!

Miss A. M. L. Faden left on May 24th to take up the position of Matron to the Serbian Relief Fund Hospital (Unit No. VI) on the Salonica front.

Miss Faden was trained at the Leeds General Infirmary. She was Sister and subsequently Matron in the British Hospital at Port Said, and has seen service in India and in a quarantine camp at Sinai. She went out to Salonica with the Venizelos Unit and later worked for a short time in the Serbian Relief Hospital at Monastir. Miss Faden succeeds Miss Steuart Donaldson, who has resigned after a year's service with the Unit.

Under a heading, "The Unauthorised Uniform," the *Weekly Dispatch* says: "Young women who borrow Army nursing uniforms for charity or any other purpose will do well to remember that they run the risk of a heavy fine from a police magistrate. One such, innocently enough, sought to aid a war charity by selling flags in the West End in borrowed plumes. The keen eye of a high official fell on her and she was reminded of the risk she ran, whereon she handed her tray to a companion and ran home quickly to change into her proper dress."

This is as it should be, but when next the young woman in question wishes to masquerade, as a nurse she has only to don the uniform of the highly trained Civilian Sister from Bart's, Thomas', or Guy's, and she can wear it with impunity—even in the dock!

Nurses holding a three years' certificate, who wish to join the French Flag Nursing Corps, can be seen by appointment by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, at 431, Oxford Street, London, W.

THE V.A.D. QUESTION.

The Joint Women's V.A.D. Department, the Headquarters of which are at Devonshire House, notify that they are urgently in need of voluntary nursing members for Auxiliary Hospitals. It is hoped that nurses will suggest to girls who are too young for general training, or who can afford to work for their expenses only, to offer their services to the V.A.D. Department. It is suggested that it might be pointed out that free board and lodging, when the present high cost of living is considered, are quite equal to a small wage. Those desirous of offering their services should communicate with the V.A.D. Department (8), Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.

We deeply regret to see appended to the following letter, addressed to the *Times*, the honourable letters "M.D." It throws light on one phase of the military nursing question on which our profession has loyally kept silence—the disloyalty of certain members of the medical faculty to their interdependent helper—the trained nurse—in their attitude to persons of social influence in their locality, who may, or may not, be their patients.

THE V.A.D.S.

SIR,—The letter from "The Father of One of Them," in *The Times* of the 18th inst., is, I think, both interesting and instructive. There is, however, one phase which is being overlooked and has much to do with the shortage of V.A.D. workers. I refer to the humiliating treatment meted out to those patriotic ladies by a large number of trained nurses under whom they have to work. Not unfrequently the V.A.D.'s efforts are ridiculed, and often in the presence of the wounded soldiers, one of whom has been heard to whisper: "Why do you stand it, nurse"? If this matter were attended to by the proper authorities there would be fewer V.A.D. resignations, and the supply would equal the demand.

I enclose my card and remain, yours faithfully,

M.D.

WHY NOT NIGHTINGALES?

The correspondence on the V.A.D. question, for which space is now being found, is illuminating. We wonder what the certificated nurses of the Nightingale School of Nurses at St. Thomas' Hospital will say to the suggestion of "The Mother of Another V.A.D." This lady writes in part:—

"We have just had a Red Cross recruiting week in Hampstead for workers in military hospitals, and the pay offered varies according to the work, the highest being 45s. 6d. per week, and these recruits are asked to join a Voluntary Aid Detachment! They will wear the same uniform and are called V.A.D.s equally with the voluntary V.A.D.s. Surely the time has come for some other designation to be applied to these workers joining a paid

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)