

tion of American medical men as Assistant-Director of the British Recruiting Mission in the United States. Colonel Goodwin has learned his war medicine in the field, and therefore knows all the practical necessities of the situation.

We may take it that he has noted the heroic devotion to duty of the Military Nursing Services, and realised the imperative duty of maintaining the highest standards of nursing efficiency at the front and at the base.

It should be the aim of the new dispensation in the Army Medical Service to eliminate by degrees the *charitable* element in the care of the nation's defenders. Their well-being should be the first charge on State funds, as they are the bulwark which stands between the Empire and its destruction. Philanthropy may have its uses, but it is high time it was eliminated from control of sick and wounded sailors and soldiers. It is the duty of the State to provide the most skilled medical, nursing, domestic and hospital treatment for those injured in its service and support.

May we suggest to Colonel Goodwin the necessity, if a dignified status is to be maintained by our military nurses, of eliminating the objectionable "Serf Clause" from the contract signed with the War Office by these nurses. It is a disgrace to the Army Nursing Board that it should ever have been made obligatory upon trained women before they can offer their invaluable services to our stricken soldiers. We sincerely hope the new Director-General will make a clean sweep of autocratic, obsolete, and humiliating conditions from the Imperial and Territorial Nursing Services. Later, he might with advantage, also, turn his attention to the untrained Commandant!

THE CULT OF ADVERTISING.

The expert charity advertisers, the British Women's Hospital Committee, not content with bleating for "widows' mites and millionaires' cheques," and with lacerating the feelings of those who have lost their nearest and dearest in the war, issued on Sunday in the *Observer* a new appeal in the name of the "Nation's Nurses," surmounted by a picture of the unfortunate hospital ship *Rewa*, and proclaimed "The Nurses Suffer too. They share the hardships of the Army and Navy. They deserve all that can be done for their noble profession."

The Nation's Nurses (not merely the College clique, for whom this appeal is issued) share the hardships of the Army and Navy because it is their *duty* and their glory to do so, and, in so doing, they claim the silent service for their country accorded to our sailors and soldiers.

To be met at every turn by these gruesome demands for cash by Viscountess Cowdray and Dame Webster upon our behalf, when we hotly resent the interference of these "philanthropists" in our affairs, is a hideous affront to the whole profession of nursing; but when it comes to exploiting our almost sacred relations to our patients, especially the sick and wounded, it is nothing less than an outrage.

FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

CHEERY DOINGS IN THE WAR ZONE.

From many Sisters we hear what a Happy Christmas and New Year's Day were enjoyed by their patients, and how they entered into the spirit of the time, decorating their wards and having a real good time in spite of the war. The account from Château-Thierry may be taken as typical. Each of our patients, writes a Sister, on Christmas Day got a very nice parcel, thanks to the kindness of the Comité de Londres, Croix Rouge Française, and Miss Ralph, in Paris, from Australian friends, sent the patients in Sister Hendrie's Service, a small packet containing handkerchief, cigars, chocolate and note paper. The patients were charmed. The Hospital gave turkey and fried potatoes, and some good wine for dinner; and I gave my patients a coffee party in the afternoon, from 3.30 to 7. The French infirmières also gave parties in their wards. So everyone had a very nice Christmas.

Next day we had a Cinema. On New Year's Day we had another good dinner of turkey, with champagne and oranges for dessert, and a cigar for each; and a lady brought them a big basket of *gauffres*.

It is good to hear of cheery doings in the war zone.

"CHIC NOEL."

Ward decoration in some centres was something quite new for Christmas Day, but the patients threw themselves into this distraction with great enthusiasm, and were greatly pleased with the result. Christmas trees, gifts, games, and gramophones, to say nothing of a feast, added much to the fun. Miss Conway-Gordon was thanked for a "Chic Noël," and adds: "I think we enjoyed it as much as the patients, their pleasure and gratitude were so great." Splendid dinners were forthcoming at Beaulieu, owing to the generosity of English and American residents, with presents for all, and a very good concert. "One of the wards was cleared for the occasion. . . . In the middle the 'phone rang up, and we had to prepare for 80 new arrivals at one a.m.—this meant general bustle when the festivities were over, as many new beds had to be put up. All was prepared and ready. The chances of war!"

BUT THIS IS FRANCE!

"We had a most happy time," writes another Sister, "decorations and festivities, chocolates, cakes, sweets, competitions and prizes, singing, music, and presents; we ended up with 'God Save the King' and the 'Marseillaise.' Some of the cases are most pathetic and one could not but feel, on looking at them, the greatness of the sacrifices made by these men, who had not only given themselves, but *all they had*. Many indeed were homeless, wifeless, and childless, as the result of the Huns' barbarity. Others perhaps had had news *once* in three years from their families, and there were some whose families

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