

as a fighting force in the interest of public health but to its individual members.

The nurses, of course, are in the forefront because they are directly engaged in preventive and curative work, but their work is made possible by other members. Thanks to the House-Member, they return after their strenuous days to a comfortable home, and plentiful, well-prepared meals. Thanks to the drivers, they are able to cover long distances, and so to visit a much larger number of cases than otherwise would be possible, and thanks to the storekeeper, their patients are supplied with necessaries—layettes, household goods, whatever the need of the moment may be. Without the work of anyone of these the fighting force of the Unit as a whole would be impaired.

The day's work is arranged in this wise: At seven a.m. a bell is rung by the House-Member (already on duty) and almost simultaneously there is the dull boom of ammunition dumps being blown up, for live shells are still found in considerable quantities, and every morning those collected during the last twenty-four hours are destroyed. At 7.45 the second bell rings, the signal for breakfast, which is served from that time until 8.15. Then everyone retires to attend to her room and to prepare for the morning's work. Soon the cars are throbbing in the courtyard ready to go into action, and punctually at 8.45 the nurses, with baskets fitted with appliances and other necessaries, take their places within them, and off the cars hum, under the vigilant eye of Miss du Sautoy, and the less vigilant, but quite as interested eye of "the child of the regiment." I haven't mentioned him so far, but he is quite an important person, known as "Hiddy," aged seventeen months. Most of us have annexed "Souvenirs de la Guerre," of more or less value, Miss du Sautoy and Lady Hermione Blackwood have put all their eggs into one basket, or more accurately two, for Hiddy has a sister aged three at present in England, and they accepted both children as a trust from their mother when she was dying. Curiosity caused me to ask how Hiddy came by his unusual name, and I was promptly told "because he was so hideous when he was a small baby." Well, at times, it must be owned, he is not so good-looking as at others. He has a way of putting out his underlip when displeased, which does not make for beauty, but can a child ever be really ugly, let alone hideous, who has a creamy complexion, eyes like brown velvet, and hair like the colour of ripe corn? No, his baptismal name of René seems more appropriate.

But this is a digression. Off spin the cars on their beneficent mission, and if you are staying in the house you may accompany them. It is worth your while to do so. Sometimes you can go indoors with the nurses and note the skill with which they perform their work and manage their patients, or you may remain outside with the driver. Does the time seem long to her? Not a bit of it. She produces a piece of fine cambric, and the capable hands—warranted to drive you securely over the roughest of roads,

or to race you down a road past the warning notice "danger of death" without turning a hair—swiftly and certainly set dainty stitches in the piece of needlework growing every day in beauty.

At twelve o'clock, or as near that hour as may be, back hum the cars. Lunch is at 12.15, a meal to which every one is prepared to do full justice. Then the members of the Unit separate, and reassemble for tea at 4 o'clock, after which the nurses make another round. Seven o'clock sees the cars back again like homing pigeons, dinner is at 7.30, after which there is conversation and music in the salon. Punctually at 9 p.m., Miss du Sautoy announces "the Curfew," and forthwith it is "lights out" and everyone retires to her room. I asked once whether the Curfew was a town institution or peculiar to the house. Miss du Sautoy smiled; "You see," she said, "this is a place for work. Miss Cunninghame cannot go to bed till she has seen the lights out downstairs, and the doors locked, and she has to be up at six o'clock, so I instituted the Curfew."

That is the secret of the happiness of the place. It is for work, and the dominant notes are, careful administration, efficiency, responsibility, and pride in the Unit as a whole.

At Reims, everything is up to time, and the nurses ready for duty, nor do the cars go out of action. Their drivers see to that. They take a pride in being competent to do all running repairs, and if any are needed they are attended to over night.

Every month Miss du Sautoy presents an exhaustive report to Headquarters. On the first of the month it is tendered. No excuse here of being much too busy to keep accounts, as has been known to happen elsewhere. And appended to the Superintendent's report is one from the Senior Nurse, the Storekeeper and the Senior Driver. The last mentioned reports such matters as how much petrol has been used during the month, whether all the cars have been in daily use, if not which car has been out of action, for how long, and why! The reports are full of expert information and models of conciseness.

M. B.

NURSING EDUCATION UP TO DATE.

We were privileged last week to spend some hours at St. Thomas' Hospital, and in that time to just touch the fringe of what is being done, largely through the initiative of Miss Lloyd Still, the Matron and Superintendent of the Nightingale Training School for Nurses, for the evolution of nursing education—a full report of which would fill an issue of the B.J.N.

Now that the General Nursing Council has elected an Education and Examination Committee, of which Miss Lloyd Still is chairman, it is to be hoped that wide publicity will be given to the urgent necessity for systematic teaching in nursing schools, and for their endowment.

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