

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.

AN AMAZING EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR EDITOR,—During Armistice week, amid solemn acts of remembrance, stirring sounds and yet more stirring silence, the scarlet glow of Flanders poppies and the gathering of patient crowds waiting to place their countless tributes to the memory of our glorious dead, the following amazing and very unpleasant experience befell me. Seeing one of the many pathetic figures of our ex-Service men, standing unobtrusively in the bitter wind with his collecting-box for the unemployed (the gaunt army to which, alas, he now belongs) outside the post-office door in Oxford Street, a short distance from Tottenham Court Road, I invited him to come with me to lunch at the well-known restaurant next door, to which I was going. He accepted, and we entered, found a table and sat down. My guest was a nice-looking boy, perfectly quiet and respectable in appearance, and neatly though poorly dressed; his collecting-box was tucked away under his arm, and he assured me that he had no intention of attempting to use it while we remained inside. We were hardly seated, however, when a manageress came up to me saying "I am sorry, madam, but we cannot serve you with this man." I asked why my guest could not be served like anyone else, telling her that no collections of any sort would be attempted in the restaurant. She adhered to her ground, remarking that their customers disliked collections in the streets and at the doors. I replied that that could have nothing to do with the question of serving this man who was infringing no rule and was entitled, like myself, to be treated as any other customer. It was in vain, and not liking to argue the matter further before the poor lad, who had at once risen to his feet looking most uncomfortable, I accompanied him outside, where he declined to try another restaurant, at which I was not surprised and I could only express my deep regret for what had happened.

Is this then our gratitude to the equally gallant survivors of our "glorious dead"? In three short years has England so far forgotten as to allow them to be so slighted in the city they helped to save? Is it not sufficiently shameful reminder of our broken pledges to see the numbers of them unemployed and starving in our midst, but must the smug and prosperous owners of establishments that would not now exist but for them, be free to refuse them ordinary courtesy, because through no fault of their own they are "down and out"?

I know the incident will cause you as much indignation as it did to

AN EX-RED CROSS NURSE.

POPPY DAY.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR EDITOR,—There are very few visitors at the present time in quaint old-world Vevey, but on Armistice Day a little crowd of English residents flocked to the English Church to spend a solemn half-hour in communion with those who gave their lives to save the liberty of the world. Everyone wore the red flower of remembrance, and when the little congregation dispersed and went on their homeward way, some to the heights above Vevey, the Swiss peasants looked on and said "England does not forget."

But the daily papers from home give both English and Swiss a rude awakening! In them they read of hotel dances to celebrate the Armistice, of giddy men and women pelting each other with the "flower of remembrance," thoughtless boys and girls dancing on the dead, and by so doing, lacerating the hearts of those who still mourn and still remember!

And the Swiss read the English papers and ask: "Is it true that England has already forgotten?"

AN ENGLISHWOMAN ABROAD.

[We hope before another "Remembrance Day" comes round His Majesty the King will have it known that the heroism of those who died gloriously—some in lingering agony—to save the liberty of the world, should be kept with humble and heartfelt gratitude; and not celebrated with gross self-indulgence and lack of decency. The "Victory Ball" with a popular cry for aid for indigent nurses began these hideous revels. We, of all women, we trained nurses, who had tended in their cruel suffering and in many instances died for the defenders of the Faith, were made, to our everlasting disgrace, the excuse "for dancing on the dead."—ED.]

TO MANY CORRESPONDENTS.

We would advise that letters addressed to this Journal on the burning question of the record of Certificates on the State Register be sent to the General Nursing Council, 12, York Gate, N.W. See this week's Editorial. As you are all anxious that your Certificate of Proficiency should be recorded in the Register, ask that Schedule I shall be amended to include this information in justice to yourselves, the public and the medical profession.—ED.

PRIZE COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

December 3rd.—What are the channels through which infection enters the body? Describe one infectious disease, the method by which it is communicated, and the nursing care of the patient.

December 10th.—What are the earliest symptoms of (a) scarlet fever, (b) measles, (c) typhoid fever, (d) Small-pox, (e) Whooping cough; and how soon after exposure to infection would you expect the symptoms in each case to appear.

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