

staircase every time they go out or in; a near relative of mine who is Matron-in-Chief in one of our Dominions could hardly believe her eyes as she saw this sight every time she passed along the pavement, which was twice a day. I've watched and wondered at it for years now. I've never seen any of the maids in that quarter doing it.

The Midwifery Ramp was the first nail in the coffin of Nursing—from that moment it began to disintegrate; now nobody knows what it is! "Serious shortage," "5,000 short in L.C.C. Hospitals," "Hospitals closing down, can't get nurses," "Wards being closed for want of Nurses," "Private Nurses and V.A.D.s work in Hospitals," "Sisters and Nurses want to sleep out," "Processions and Protest Meetings through the Streets," am quoting from the Daily Press. This *after* State Registration, gorgeous "Homes," which they call Prisons! Swimming baths, tennis courts, smoking rooms!! Allowed to paint their faces, use lipstick, wear what they like. I repeat, am quoting from the Daily Press.

Of course, the whole system is illogical and topsy turvy. The uniform is hideous and uncomfortable; some wear caps that look like pillow-cases filled with air, others wear afternoon tea-cloths highly starched, with enormous wide hem-stitched hems—*real* tea-cloths, awful belts, cuffs and collars, black stockings; everything *ugly*. And as the authorities have *no* imagination, and call them by the name of a servant who minds children, from Bible times, the servants retaliate, and wear their clothes, even though it's registered! The Barber-Surgeons didn't retain their name "Barber" when they began to be a profession, oh, no.

Well, *no* amount of talk in the Caxton Hall, or any other place, is going to make any difference at all.

Nursing will either go back to the Gamp, or to the Nuns, where it originally came from. And if the authorities are wise (for once) they will choose the latter, or they will be *forced* to accept the former.

They are all *so* anxious to do away with the Religious, but equally anxious to *retain* the Conventual Rules!

That was illogical as applied to lay people, and of course the system has broken down hopelessly.

COMMON SENSE.

But all this is very bad for the sick.

KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

Sincere thanks from Barbados.

Miss E. H. Hudson writes from Barbados:—

"Please accept my very sincere thanks for all you are doing to prevent the passing of the impossible Bill for associating the untrained with our Register. I wish there were some way in which we abroad could be of help, for it does not seem quite fair that a few should bear the brunt of the battle. If our voting papers could arrive in time for our votes to be recorded, perhaps we could help in that way; but papers never arrive, here at least, until the week—the last time the very day they had to be in. I cannot help thinking there must be many Registered Nurses serving abroad or living abroad who take a very great interest in everything pertaining to our profession and who would be only too glad to help to swell the votes of those who have the *best* interests at heart."

Thanks for Courageous Editorial.

"Thank you for courageous editorial in last month's BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING. It is a masterpiece. Here it is not admitted in our Library, and indeed if I sign my name to this note, Matron, who is taking a leading part in pushing "Control" and depriving Registered Nurses of their privileges, will no doubt find a means of relieving me of my post."

"Is it possible to apply to the King for justice? His revered father, King George V, announced "*Le Roi le*

Veult" in granting us our privileges in the Nurses' Registration Act, 1919. Surely if King George VI realised that his Ministers proposed to break faith with us he would disapprove of such a breach of contract."

"Nothing has roused me so bitterly as to realise the General Nursing Council is 'selling us' *in camera*. What do they take us for? We have right of entry to our own Headquarters. It is there we should make ourselves heard." [Quite so.—Ed.]

Grateful Thanks.

A Fellow of the British College of Nurses "would like to send her grateful thanks and most hearty congratulations for the careful watch the College keeps on the interests of the Profession."

Suitable Title wanted for "Assistant Nurses."

"I note that during the discussion on nursing during the Conference of the British Hospitals Association held recently at Cambridge, that a Scottish delegate, speaking in the discussion on a suitable title for 'assistant nurses' proposed that they should be called by the Scots title of 'Stickit' nurses (a stickit minister signifying incapacity).

"Personally as far as I can judge, the last thing these semi-trained women desire is to *stick it*: that is to be left to the pupil nurse proper—with three or four years' hard work, four or five exams and paying our very costly piper—the G.N.C."

Registered Nurses to Blame.

"I have read with interest what may be termed the quack nursing controversy, and have come to the conclusion that Registered Nurses themselves are primarily to blame for the position in which they find themselves.

"Many of them in large towns and all round the coast have opened nursing homes and institutions, and run them with untrained and semi-trained women.

"This they have done for two reasons: (1) The unskilled staff is cheap, and (2) the organisation of adapted houses far from comfortable for the staff—so highly qualified nurses will not work in them. Thus a system is in practice all over the country, which, in my opinion, is neither ethical nor honest."

Bombard the Ministry of Health.

"Already the control of auxiliary nurses by lay combines is causing the greatest friction. Imagine this situation! Wardmaids are being recruited; these women are told they will do no cleaning, that being the duty of student nurses—and they will be paid £2 a week—much more than pupil nurses' salaries. The situation becomes more and more grotesque every day, and the sooner we bombard the Ministry of Health the better. Is this another phase of appeasement?"

Death at Her Door.

"*Where Angels Fear to Tread*" writes: "The life of a dear child greatly beloved was sacrificed by a semi-trained nurse I knew. She got the little diphtheria patient out to make his bed, sat him upright in a chair; he was dead when replaced in bed—pure ignorance."

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PRIZE COMPETITION QUESTION FOR AUGUST.

Describe symptoms of Sunstroke and Heatstroke and the usual treatment. Also permanent injury which may occur.

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