

themselves bravely. A group heavily bandaged about the head marched ashore like soldiers," writes Ronald Monson. The last two miles of the trip had to be done on foot, and they dragged their baggage with them. Whilst embarking, a New Zealand nurse fell between the Greek vessel and the ship she was to embark on and was in danger of being crushed. Able Seaman Webb, of Melbourne, dived in from the destroyer, and the sailors kept the boats apart with their feet whilst they were rescued. "As soon as we got aboard the boys served us with hot tea and sandwiches. The Navy lads were wonderful. They gave up their cabins and actually gave us bacon and eggs for breakfast in the morning." And so they escaped from Greece and the Germans.

In *The Quarterly Bulletin* our loyal friend, Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, discusses the "woes" of the amateur editor—lack of time, inexperience, gathering material, sorting and shaping. Mrs. Breckinridge asks:—

from the last speech of Lord Lothian, our great Ambassador, who recently died in Washington.

"The plain truth is," he said, "that peace and order always depend . . . upon there being overwhelming power behind just law. The only place where that power can be found behind the laws of a liberal and democratic world is in the United States and in Great Britain, supported by the Dominions, and in some other free nations . . ."

"The issue now depends largely on what you decide to do. Nobody can share that responsibility with you."

The speech added: "And before the Judgment Seat of God each must answer for his own actions."

A recent decree issued in Rome has forbidden women to wear trousers, with the exception, subject to the approval of the local authority, of beach pyjamas. We are all creatures of habit. Well do we remember during the visit of the I.C.N. to Kaiserswerth in 1912,



Photo]

[Evening Standard.

Miss N. S. Garner, A.R.R.C.

Miss M. H. Goodrich, R.R.C.

Miss I. H. Price, A.R.R.C.

MATRONS IN QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ROYAL NAVAL NURSING SERVICE.

"Is there compensation for all these woes? There is, indeed. Nothing is ever without compensation. Every issue of the *Bulletin* brings letters that warm that part of the heart known as cockles. People are too kind. They overlook the amateurishness and pull out the bits of reality embedded here and there to praise. I am sure that more than one member of our staff who has gone through veritable birth throes to write of an experience is rewarded a thousand times when she learns that someone read and liked her story. I know I am. My mail shows me that the *Bulletin* does fulfil its primary purpose, which is to keep our supporters abreast of what the Frontier Nursing Service is doing.

"Will you who read this let me know in what way I can better my task?"

In our opinion, no other editor, no matter how professional, could ever inspire the *Bulletin* with the same spirit and heart as its present gifted "Amateur." An ardent patriot, she quotes lines in the current issue

where the domination of the deacons was apparent, Miss L. L. Dock remarking, "I don't like men in petticoats"!

We have received the following slogans suggestive of propaganda for saving the status of the Registered Nurse:—

"The Grading of Nurses is *de-grading* to Nurses."

"Regionalisation is penalisation."

"No Class Snobbery, no Jobbery."

"No L.C.C. Compounds for Assistant Nurses; a fair field and no favour."

It is good news that 50 of the so-called German Nurses who have been living in luxury in the Isle-of-Man, are to be exchanged for British Nurses held in Germany. We note in the *Sunday Express* that characteristically one of these aliens is flicking out her tongue at the photographer.

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