

Naval and Air Forces have called for the younger nurses, and the former is now fully supplied. . . .

"I have only missed the September, 1942, number of the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING, so have been very fortunate. It often takes three months these days to reach me. . . .

"The fruits of the earth have been abundant this year. The Government stepped in and fruit juices were made for the men fighting in New Guinea, sorely needed in that mosquito-riddled district. . . .

"We heard Mr. Churchill very distinctly over the air on Monday. How fortunate we are to have such a man leading us in this war—may it be to victory very shortly. Then we may be able to help feed those starving millions in Europe; we have the wheat here, and trust the boats will be made to take it away with all the other good things we produce here—meat, butter, eggs, cheese, etc."

[We have recently received this most generous gift, and can assure Miss Ashton that the cake and fruit arrived in finest condition, and the former was greatly enjoyed at tea by the Council of the British College of Nurses after an arduous sitting.]

KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

"A Snare and a Delusion."

A Clubwoman writes: "I always read your Journal at my Club as it contains information which does not appear elsewhere, and I usually agree with you. About the Assistant Nurse, however, we home-makers realise that in the future luxury nurses, like those Registered, are not for us. My doctor quite agrees that what will be needed after the war are *domestic* nurses—those who will not be highly trained and who will help with the housework; and this, I gather, is the intention of the new Nurses Act, 1943, promoted by the late Minister of Health and present Minister of Labour. A Registered Nurse is at present employed in our house for the care of a very serious case, and must be waited upon hand and foot. She takes her meals with us, to save work; requires four meals carried from basement daily, and does no domestic work in the sick-room, and—as she says, 'her health is her capital'—naturally requires fresh air every day and to be off duty for a 10-hour night. Assistant Nurses with less salary could be set to do her share of domestic work, clean the sick-room, keep up the fires, fetch her own trays from kitchen, sleep in patient's room if necessary, do a little light washing for patient, and not expect three courses at breakfast—cereal, egg and bacon, and marmalade or fruit. Members of this Club are all hoping that the Assistant Nurse will relieve them of drudgery, and as none of our daughters intend to enter the nursing profession in its higher grade, what is known as 'the educated nurse' will soon be a class of the past. Serious cases will be removed to hospitals, 'where Registered Nurses will be supplied.'"

[We fear our correspondent will have a rude awakening in the future, but there is little doubt when the 16,000 Assistant Nurses are let loose upon the public—guaranteed by the General Nursing Council for England and Wales—that housework, long hours of service, and scanty meals will not form part of their programme. The safety and comfort of the sick is apparently of secondary consideration.—ED.]

The Sheep and the Goats.

Sister in L.C.C. Hospital: "I note you disapprove of the segregation of pupil Assistant Nurses, as do I. What harmony can there be with class distinctions? None. But the high salaries to be paid to Assistant Nurse Students, £70, as arranged by the Rushcliffe Committee, will also have to be paid to regular Student Nurses, or we shall get none."

KINDNESS.

"One never knows
How far a word of kindness goes;
One never sees
How far a smile of friendship flees.
Down through the years
The deed forgotten reappears.

"One kindly word
The souls of many here has stirred.
Man goes his way
And tells with every passing day,
Until life's end:
'Once unto me he played the friend.'

"We cannot say
What lips are praising us to-day.
We cannot tell
Whose prayers ask God to guard us well.
But kindness lives
Beyond the memory of him who gives."
Edgar Guest, in the Watchman-Examiner.

WHAT TO READ.

MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHY.

- "Edward Lyttelton." An appreciation. Cyril Alington, D.D., Dean of Durham.
- "Lady Gregory's Journal, 1916-1930." Edited by Lennox Robinson.
- "Memoirs of a British Agent." Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, K.C.M.G.
- "Autobiography." Margaret Evans.
- "The Eagle and the Dove." St. Teresa of Avila and St. Therese of Lisieu.

FICTION.

- "Growing Up." Angela Thirkell.
- "Double Lives." William Homer.
- "Arrival and Departure." Arthur Koestler.
- "They Were Sisters." Dorothy Whipple.
- "The Wheel Stood Still." Horace Annesley Vachell.
- "The Second Wife." Muriel Hine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- "The Word of an Englishman." Tom Clarke.
- "Blood and Bouquets." Frau Fromm.
- "Who Are the People: Some Thoughts on Our Present Malcontents." Cohn Brogan.
- "The Chinese Children Next Door." Pearl Buck.
- "Women at War." The Women's Services. Margaret Goldsmith.
- "The Story of the American People." C. F. Strong.

LAST WORD FOR 1943.

A Vision.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—MALACHI iii, 17.

Dawn stole again above the battle plain
When its mad din had ceased. Stretched at my feet
In all-appealing silence lay the slain
Wrapt in the sunrise for their winding sheet,
And one arrayed in gleaming white, and crowned—
Each thorn point in lit star—stood at my side.
Awhile he looked upon the stricken ground
Death's piteous dominion spreading wide—
Then turned and spake, triumphant eyes ashine,
I have them now and all their souls are mine!

CLARA BELASYSE MYERS.