

NURSING ECHOES.

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to send an annual subscription of £1,000 for 1947 to King Edward's Hospital Fund for London.

King Edward's Hospital Fund has received a further instalment of £75,000 from the Nuffield Trust for the Special Areas. It will be recalled that in founding this Trust, Lord Nuffield provided that any sums that might be available by way of repayment of loans or otherwise from his Trust for the Special Areas should pass to King Edward's Hospital Fund for London.

A total sum of £575,000 has now been received, the first £250,000 of which was, at Lord Nuffield's request, allocated to Guy's Hospital.

At the recent Annual Meeting of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, held in London, Her Majesty Queen Mary, sent her best wishes, and congratulations to Superintendents and Nurses receiving Long Service Badges.

The Annual Meeting was held after an interval of three years, and during that time there had been 207 more Associations affiliated to the Institute, and there were 263 more Queen's Nurses. There is still a distressing and lamentable shortage of nurses.

It was regretted that no priority is given to the purchase of motor cars for district nurses. In many parts of the country their work is being hampered by having to cycle long distances in country districts, often in severe weather, which results in a serious wastage of nurse-power. It was reported that the shortage of accommodation is also hampering the work of the district nurses and midwives. Some local authorities manage to find accommodation for the district nurse, some give no priority at all, and some provide two rooms; two rooms in someone else's house is not fitting accommodation for a district nurse and midwife who has to sterilise her equipment when she arrives home.

On January 16th, the people of Walsall, according to custom, honoured the Birthday of Sister Dora, and the Mayoress placed a floral tribute on the statue on The Bridge.

The noble and self-sacrificing labours of Sister Dora (Pattison) at the Walsall General Hospital, from 1865-78, in the cause of the sick and suffering endeared her to the hearts of Walsall people.

Many welcomed the opportunity of paying homage to her memory, and also of honouring the Nursing Profession, which she adorned.

Alderman Charles Key, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, revealed recently, when distributing prizes at Lewisham Hospital, that out of 12,780 candidates who passed their Preliminary Examinations in 1944, and could reasonably be expected to sit for their Final Examination in 1946, 2,700 failed to complete their training. This wastage from nursing during training is a disturbing feature.

When a meeting was held recently at the Bernhard Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement in London, at

which Lord Justice Cohen presided, Miss Myra Curtis, Chairman of the Curtis Committee, which is enquiring into the care of children, advocated the provision of cheerful, generously equipped reception centres where children from unsatisfactory homes could take the first step into a new life. She said there were not enough offers of the right kind of foster homes for the 125,000 deprived children in this country. Divided responsibility in public care resulted in children being bandied about from one authority to another.

Homeless children are not getting all the care they need; there is impersonality in dealing with them, and too many decisions taken by office staffs who never have an opportunity of seeing the children concerned.

We are constantly reading in the Press of cases of brutality to young children, and hope the day will soon dawn when these unwanted little ones can be placed in congenial surroundings.

The Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service, Lexington, Kentucky, U.S.A., has just arrived, in which we are gratified to know that the Founder, Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, is feeling better after her recent illness, but not yet allowed to do any strenuous work.

The following story found within the pages of *The Bulletin* shows the appreciation which even the outlaw feels towards the members of this splendid Service:—

ON A MOUNTAIN TRAIL

Far back in the Kentucky hills, Bad Mose, a notorious and dreaded outlaw, lay in ambush guarding carefully his well-hidden moonshine still. Across his lap lay his rifle. By his side sat, as if motionless, a tousled-haired ruffian known as Zeke. They were watching the trail below them. Their ears were alert to every sound. Their eyes were keen and piercing.

"Quick, draw back behind these bushes," whispered the leader. As they peered out from their hiding place they saw for a moment, silhouetted against the western sky, the blue-gray uniform of a young woman riding at breakneck speed.

"It's only Scotty," said Bad Mose. "She is going to see a patient just over the p'int" and the two men shuffled their giant bodies into more open-space.

"Say, Zeke, you are kind of a newcomer and I want to give you a very important order and I never give one twice. You saw the nurse who just passed. I saw the gleam in your eye, but take orders once and for all. I take my hat off to the Frontier Nurses. My men all do the same."

"Yes, Boss," said Zeke, eager to obey his master.

Bad Mose talked on in a monotone of voice. "I owe my life to that nurse," and he nodded in the direction which Scotty had taken.

"I was in a skirmish once on one of the loneliest trails of the hills. I crawled into an old deserted cabin to die, I thought, as I sank into a coma with my back against the log wall. A terrible thunderstorm came up and drove a wet, bedraggled little nurse into the same cabin. She flashed a light around and when she first saw me she thought she had found a dead man. Quickly she found her saddlebags and from its contents she dressed my wound as best she could under the circumstances. I must have passed out for a short time. I just had a dim recollection that as she was leaving the cabin I heard her say: 'I'll send help to you.' This last sentence brought me to my senses. I dragged myself outside the cabin. The rain was over. Half pitching and falling, I stumbled on through the woods, and some time the next day I made it back to my den."

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