

The V.A.D. Brigade by Angel Davis

I thought I knew each regiment, battalion and brigade
Until I got Bristol, by Red Cross train conveyed,
And saw upon the platform a company in blue,
Of goodly wives and daughters, a little flappers too.

I whispered to a comrade, "Pray tell me who are these
With smiles upon their faces?" He answered, "V.A.D.s
They're called the 'Pillow-smoothers', they have another name.
The 'Very Artful Darlings', and well they play the game."

I am but a shy young ANZAC, not used to women much,
I've always dreaded nurses, and hospitals, and such;
How was I going to stick it, until my wounds were well?
A crown of them all fussing - far worse than shot or shell.

I lay upon a stretcher, a little girl tripped up.
My cigarette she lighted, and held my coffee cup,
And "Could she write a postcard to send to any friends?"
Or, "Would I like a pillow?" She bucked me up no end.

I had no friends in Blighty, and when the pain got worse,
I never could have stood it, without that little nurse;
A father, mother, sister, and sweetheart all in one.
If I had not adored, I must have been a hun.

But what if I should lose her? I know, I'll put a ring
Upon her wedding finger, to claim my little thing;
And when the war is over, if I should lucky be
That 'very Artful Darling' perhaps may cross the sea.

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