

## Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses.

The Annual Meeting of the above Society will be held at the Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, on Friday, May 4th, at 3 p.m. Will all members make a note of this date and keep it free?

### The Revolt in the R.B.N.A.

The natural indignation caused by the methods employed in conducting the business by the hon. officers at recent meetings of the Royal British Nurses' Association has resulted in the resignation of at least six Lady Consuls from their official positions. These ladies no doubt realise that if they do not withdraw from these positions they are tacitly supporting the policy pursued, and have adopted the only possible course in dissociating themselves from it.

We briefly referred in a previous issue to the outrageous article placed in the official organ of the Association by the Medical Honorary Secretary, Dr. Comyns Berkeley, containing various misleading and false statements and a gross personal attack on members who dared to oppose the indefensible conduct of business at the recent meetings. We are informed that several ladies present at these meetings have written letters of protest to the *Nurses' Journal*. These letters have been excluded.

It will thus be seen that the same dishonourable policy of utilising the journal, maintained by the members, to express the views of the hon. officers, while those of the members who do not agree with them are excluded, is still being pursued—a policy which in the past has brought the R.B.N.A. into general disrepute.

The Protest signed by twenty-two of the most influential members still remaining in the Association, including seven of the Lady Consuls, against the unjust conduct of business at the General Meeting on February 7th, and forwarded to the Executive Committee, has met with scant courtesy at its hands. The protesting members have been informed that "it is not within the province of the Executive Committee to bring any protest before the General Council, but it is open to any member of the Council to offer a Resolution of Protest on giving notice of the same in writing.

The General Council is the Governing Body of the Association, and it is certainly not only the province but the duty of the Executive to place business concerning the Association before the Governing Body when requested, as in this instance, to do so.

## Reminiscences.

### "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

She was a new patient, a big Scotswoman, literally padded with chest protector and flannel. Jean McBain was her name, or as she said with an assumption of dignity, "Miss MacBain I am always called."

I prepared to bath her, but when she learnt my intention I was absolutely staggered by the torrent of abuse which fell on my unaccustomed ears. That I, a lassie, should want to put *her* into a bath, who had never been bathed since she had rheumatic fever ten years ago! This was too much for Jean.

In vain I coaxed and held forth about hospital rules. My authority (such little as I then possessed) was exerted in vain.

Miss MacBain was supreme in her wrath. Her loud, angry voice awed me, and I was obliged to seek aid.

As I returned to the bath room with my Staff Nurse sounds from within told us that Jean's better nature had prevailed on her to submit, so the bathing proceeded apace. I got her quickly to bed, very snug and warm, the hot-water bottle seeming to comfort her slightly.

But as I said good night Jean's benediction was, "I shall curse you to my dying day."

\* \* \* \* \*

Some time afterwards I was on night duty, going my silent round and feeling very lonesome and just a little eerie in the dim light. (What nurse will ever forget the awesome feeling of being on night duty for the first time?)

I found Jean restless, complaining of pain in her eyes. So very gently I bathed the poor eyes; almost sightless now, and presently brought her "the cup that cheers."

It must have been the tea that reached Jean's heart, or perhaps she had found out that I was not so bad as she had at first supposed, for there, in the closer companionship that comes in the darkness, Jean told me her life story.

Very short and very pitiful it was as it came from the old woman's lips, but after 30 years not one detail had Jean forgotten.

Of course, her life story was her love story. It is often so.

They were to have been married in a week when her sweetheart died. Two days and two nights his constant cry had been "Jean, Jean," so that she could never leave him, till he left her.

"And," she said to me, brokenly, "Nurse, lassie, when I saw you doing the same things for others that I had done for my poor laddie,

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