

THE DEATH OF LORD KNUTSFORD.

We learned of the death of Lord Knutsford with a stab of pain.

A foeman worthy of our steel!

Thirty-five years have passed since, as Chairman of the London Hospital, Mr. Sydney Holland, as he then was, came to 20, Upper Wimpole Street, to talk over the proposed State Registration of Nurses, and we pleaded with him that he would keep an open mind on this project of reform.

In those days, brilliantly handsome—gay, gallant, and endowed with extraordinary charm, we realised that if this great man—for in spite of foibles Sydney Holland was truly great—was on the side of the nurses with vision, their ideals would soon materialise.

He handled so many weapons with which to attain victory. A compelling personality—humour, sympathy, enthusiasm, immense social influence, political power, wealth and ambition, not to mention a partisan press in his pocket! We longed to utilise them all in the great economic struggle for statutory organisation of a Profession of Nursing—then the Cinderella of women's vocations—in the service of national health.

Alas! it was not to be.

So we entered the lists as keen antagonists and fought to a finish in the twenty years' struggle for and against the Statutory Regulation of Nursing Education and Registration.

From whence comes energy? Science is only now testing it. To inspire, to infuse thought and feeling, that is Power, and compels victory for any holy cause. During those years of almost superhuman effort, whilst others slept, we made obeisance to many moons, and saluted the light of uprising suns.

We met Lord Knutsford socially from time to time and were never convinced that he was really at ease in the oppressive environment of uninspired and reactionary persons. His place was with the advance guard.

When Isla Stewart died, untimely, he sent us a characteristically feeling letter, which has been, and will be, carefully preserved in the Registration archives.

We listened together in the House of Lords on December 15th, 1919, to the reading of the Order of the Day for the Second Reading of the Nurses' Registration Bills, and when Lord Knutsford rose in his place and courageously owned "I have been defeated," and later "I am a beaten man," we Registrationists longed to violate the rules of that lordly Chamber and vigorously contradict him.

Lord Knutsford on that memorable occasion urged the Government to "go a little further and have a compulsory and not a voluntary Register." Let us hope the time is not far distant when this statesmanlike recommendation will be enforced.

The funeral of Lord Knutsford took place on Thursday, July 30th, at Bassingbourne, near Royston, Herts. The service, in accordance with his wishes, was very simple and was attended by near relatives and friends only.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

The flag flying half-mast over the London Hospital where he died was a symbol of the sorrow felt at the sudden passing of Lord Knutsford, and as the oldest organ of professional nursing opinion in this country we should fail in our duty if we left unexpressed the deep sense of regret, not to say indignation, felt by the profession at large, that the London Hospital team of nurses should have played in the *Nursing Times* Lawn Tennis Challenge Cup Final against the St. Thomas's team at Marylebone; when their great Chairman was yet unburied. *Noblesse oblige* demanded that London Hospital nurses should have stood at the salute until the bier of their official Chief had passed by.

E. G. F.

MEMORIAL TO SIR RICHARD BARNETT.

The choice of Sunday, June 14th, for the unveiling at Christ Church, Albany Street, of a Memorial Tablet to Major Sir Richard Barnett, by members of the Barnett and Whieldon families, was a happy one, for it was the date of the Dedication Festival of this church which he loved so well, and in which he held the office of churchwarden for thirteen years. The church, in festal array and beautifully decorated, held, as was fitting, no element of sadness for the "faithful warrior" whom the tablet commemorated.

The relatives present included Colonel H. Norman Barnett, Mrs. Gemmill Barnett, Mr. Bruce Barnett, Mr. J. B. Whieldon, Miss Whieldon, Mrs. Rossi, Mrs. Scott Main, and Major Charles Bill.

In the congregation were included Mr. J. W. Creasser (Sir Richard Barnett's Executor), Miss Margaret Brey, Vice-President of the British College of Nurses, and Miss Elsie Armstrong, Member of the Council of the Royal British Nurses Association.

The procession at the commencement of the service included the choir, the parochial clergy, the Rev. R. S. Swann-Mason, M.A., O.B.E. (Vicar), and the Rev. D. H. Owen and the Right Reverend E. J. Bidwell, D.D., formerly Bishop of Ontario, vested in cope and mitre, and preceded by his chaplain carrying his episcopal staff. The hymn "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven" was sung with fine effect as the procession passed round the church.

The sermon was preached by the Bishop, a College friend of Sir Richard Barnett, who took as his text "Compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses."

After speaking of the Dedication Festival and the debt of gratitude which the parishioners owed to the pious founders of their parish church, the preacher referred to the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, a belief in which was so often on the lips of those who rehearsed the Apostles' Creed.

That great company which no man could number, who had lived on this earth and worshipped God here, were still present with us in a very real manner, compassing us about. Among those who had worshipped in that church, they were, he said, thinking that morning specially of one greatly beloved of them all, who had left them a shining example and had served his God and his country in the most faithful manner. So when he presently went down from that pulpit to unveil the Memorial let them not think of him as one who had gone from them, but rather as one who was still a member with themselves of the living Church of God. Now for a more personal note. It was his great privilege to have met their late churchwarden (Sir Richard Barnett) first as a young man at Wadham College, Oxford, where he, the Bishop, became greatly attached to him and impressed by his nobility of character. They at once formed a friendship and that which attracted him to Richard Barnett was his fidelity to his religious duties, a habit not very common with undergraduates then. He was indeed the first young layman he had met who, without being an extreme religionist, was a broad-minded Catholic gentleman. He was a religious man in the best sense of the word.

The Bishop recalled how they frequently worshipped together at the well-known Church of St. Barnabas, Oxford. Sir Richard was not particularly interested in outdoor sports, and for that reason not so well known in the 'Varsity as those who rowed and played football. His main interest, even then, was in politics. He was a great chess player and one of the best rifle shots in the United Kingdom. In later years he served his Church and the State in many directions, but he was not one of those who separated

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