

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF NURSING.

The attempted exercise of power by the Royal College of Nursing over the whole nursing profession is ever on the increase, and this is quite unjustifiable as there are at least sixty thousand nurses on the State Register who are not members of the Royal College.

In a recent letter from the President, Miss Mary Jones, Matron of the Royal Infirmary, Liverpool, the financial needs of the College are emphasised. We are informed that Founder members (which are included in stressing its membership) numbers 17,000, and that their subscriptions are entirely voluntary. It is to be realised that in these times of financial stress the older nurses outside the security of hospitals, and kindred institutions, have little money to spare. The annual balance-sheet of the Royal College shows, in our opinion, a too liberal expenditure on salaries and in other directions which might well be overhauled, and if possible diminished, for the period of the war.

APPOINTMENTS.

MATRON.

Dudley Road Hospital, Birmingham.—Miss A. A. Lunt, S.R.N., S.C.M., has been appointed Matron. She was trained at Preston Hospital, North Shields, and has been Ward Sister, Theatre and Home Sister at St. Mary Islington Hospital, London; Second Assistant Matron at Newcastle General Hospital; and First Assistant Matron at the Dudley Road Hospital, Birmingham.

Bank Hall Hospital, Burnley.—Miss M. B. Johns, S.R.N., S.C.M., has been appointed Matron. She was trained at the Cumberland Infirmary, Carlisle, and at the Leeds Maternity Hospital; and has been Night Sister, Ward Sister, Labour Ward and Clinic Sister at the Bank Hall Hospital, Burnley; Matron at the Haig Maternity Home, Hawick; Matron at the Leicester and the Leicestershire Maternity Hospital, Leicester; and Matron at the City Maternity Home, Lincoln. Miss Johns holds the Midwife Teacher's Diploma.

North Wales Counties Mental Hospital, Denbigh.—Miss B. D. Hughes, S.R.N., S.C.M., has been appointed Matron. She was trained at Bethlem Royal Hospital, at the Dulwich Hospital, and at the Middlesex Hospital, London, and has been Assistant Matron and Deputy Matron at Runwell Mental Hospital.

DEPUTY MATRON.

St. James' Hospital, Leeds.—Miss Florence A. Moore, S.R.N., S.C.M., has been appointed Deputy Matron. She was trained at Booth Hall Hospital, Manchester, and at St. Luke's Hospital, Bradford. Miss Moore was the winner of the Sister-Tutor Scholarship offered by N.A.L.G.O. in 1930, value £150 (one year's course at King's College, London); holds the Sister-Tutor's Diploma, King's College, London, and the Diploma in Nursing, London University. She has been Ward Sister and Sister-in-Charge of the Preliminary Training School, and Sister Tutor at Booth Hall Hospital, Manchester; Sister Tutor for the Tynemouth Joint Hospital Board; and Senior Sister Tutor at the Smithdown Road Hospital, Liverpool. Miss Moore is an Examiner for the General Nursing Council for England and Wales.

North Wales Counties Mental Hospital, Denbigh.—Miss E. G. Griffith, S.R.N., has been appointed Deputy Matron. She was trained at the Prestwich Mental Hospital, and at the Manchester Royal Infirmary; and has been Assistant Matron and Sister Tutor at the Croydon Mental Hospital; and Deputy Matron at the Brighton Mental Hospital.

ASSISTANT MATRON AND SISTER TUTOR.

Keighley and District Victoria Hospital, Keighley.—Miss Mabel Grunwell, S.R.N., has been appointed Assistant Matron and Sister Tutor. She was trained at St. James' Hospital, Leeds, and has been Staff Nurse and Holiday Sister at the War Memorial Hospital, Purley, Surrey; Midwifery Sister at the Walker Dunbar Hospital, Bristol; Ward Sister, Orthopaedic and Surgical, at the General Hospital, Altrincham; and Night Sister at the Keighley and District Victoria Hospital.

"FISTICUFFS."

A District Nurse writes: "I once sent you a little story which you were kind enough to publish. Perhaps a lesson may be learned from the following."

Travelling, as you know, is a great test of patience at the present time, and standing recently on a station platform in the north to catch the one fast train in the day, I noticed a little woman overburdened with children and baggage. In the way we district nurses have when in uniform, I approached her and offered to hold baby. Not a bit of it; she clutched it all the tighter and said ungraciously: "No, you don't; but if you'll take Jimmie by the hand, it may save him from jumping on the line—he's a limb."

Thereupon I clutched Jimmie, and when the train from the north, half an hour late, clattered into the station, the mob awaiting it surged forward and clambered into it, seats or no seats. Thus, still clutching Jimmie, I found myself pushed into a compartment without mother and babe. A few minutes and we were off. But now arose still further hubbub. Jimmie, pounding his fists into my chest, set up a howl. "She's stole me from Moo. Where's my Moo?"

This attack was apparently too much for the chivalry of a young soldier sitting opposite.

"Stop it, young 'Itler," he commanded, clutching the boy's wrists in his hefty fist.

Then an old lady close by demanded, "And who's you to call 'im 'Itler. When did that tyrant fight with his fists? Not he, and, young fellow, let me tell you that as long as England fights with her fists she is safe—bombs or no bombs. Let those Germans come out of the clouds and take a few bloody noses. That would larn 'em. Here, Jimmie, come to your Granny and see what we can find in this basket?" A few minutes and all was peace—Jimmie having demolished sandwiches, cakes and apples, the poor old lady's food for days, no doubt. With his head pressed to her capacious bosom he was soon asleep.

Then the door into the corridor was opened and the guard poked his head in. Pointing to me, he exclaimed: "Ah! there you are. Are you the Nurse who has walked off with a little boy called Jimmie? If so, you must explain matters. His mother is in hysterics."

"This is becoming very serious," said a man in the corner in clerical garb.

"Far from it," said the young soldier. "Anyway, I hope this young lady will look upon me as a friend—I'm just out of hospital."

"The best thing you can do," I said, turning to the guard, "is to fetch Jimmie's mother and relieve her anxiety."

In a few minutes this was done, and without thanks she took my seat; she was, I feel sure, convinced that I had kidnapped her Jimmie. In the corridor the guard offered some sound advice. "Let me advise you, young lady," he said, "not to play philanthropist on a station platform. Some of these days you'll get left."

I hand on the advice to my fellow nurses for what it is worth. I am entirely at one with the kind-hearted philosopher who believes in "fisticuffs."

"A GALLANT GENTLEMAN."

Leonard Henley, aged 10, has been presented by Bermondsey Civil Defence workers with a gold watch in memory of his father, late Mayor of the borough, who was killed when putting out incendiary bombs. An inscription describes Mr. Henley as "a very gallant gentleman."

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)