

## The General Nursing Council For England and Wales.

### Election, 1955, Results.

#### GENERAL ELECTORS.

- Area 1.—*Newcastle Regional Hospital Area.*  
\*Miss A. Y. Sanderson
- Area 2.—*Leeds Regional Hospital Area.*  
\*Miss K. A. Raven
- Area 3.—*Sheffield Regional Hospital Area.*  
\*Miss J. B. Price
- Area 4.—*East Anglian Regional Hospital Area.*  
\*Miss L. J. Ottley
- Area 5.—*North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Area.*  
\*Miss M. J. Marriott
- Area 6.—*North East Metropolitan Regional Hospital Area.*  
\*Miss J. M. Loveridge
- Area 7.—*South East Metropolitan Regional Hospital Area.*  
\*Miss D. L. Holland
- Area 8.—*South West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Area.*  
\*Miss M. J. Smyth
- Area 9.—*Oxford Regional Hospital Area.*  
\*Miss E. M. Powell
- Area 10.—*South Western Regional Hospital Area.*  
\*Miss E. M. Bryant
- Area 11.—*Welsh Regional Hospital Area.*  
\*Miss S. C. Bovill
- Area 12.—*Birmingham Regional Hospital Area.*  
\*Miss C. A. Smaldon
- Area 13.—*Manchester Regional Hospital Area.*  
\*Miss L. Jones
- Area 14.—*Liverpool Regional Hospital Area.*  
\*Miss K. I. Cawood

TOTAL VOTES IN ALL AREAS—487,286

#### REGISTERED MENTAL NURSES.

1. \*Miss W. V. Waters
2. \*Mr. C. Bartlett

TOTAL VOTES—12,111

#### REGISTERED SICK CHILDREN'S NURSES.

\*Miss G. M. Kirby

\* The persons whose names are marked by an asterisk have been declared by me to be duly elected, and all candidates have been informed of the result of the poll.

JOHN R. DAIN,  
Returning Officer.

28th June, 1955.

### Word for the Month.

To a lady who, looking at an engraving of a house, called it an ugly thing, he said, "No, madam, there is nothing ugly; I never saw an ugly thing in my life: for let the form of an object be what it may—light, shade, and perspective will always make it beautiful."

JOHN CONSTABLE.

Quoted in C. R. Leslie's "Life," 1843.

## City of Golden Wax.



### The Story of a Colony of Wild Bees. Condensed from the Book by Frank S. Stuart.

THE CITY INSIDE the oak tree was peopled at this time by some 60,000 winged inhabitants. In daytime it was pervaded by a translucent, pale light, a kind of golden warmth which filtered through the hole which was the city's main gate, and also through some knife width crevices in the side of the great trunk. The crevices had been filled by generation and generation of bees with a transparent propolis glue, gathered from pine and plum trees. This glue had set very hard, like dull glass. When the sun was setting, its rays struck horizontally through the propolis and some trick of the angle divided the light rays into all colours of the spectrum; this miracle happened especially after a rain-storm, and was one of many wonders of the place.

The streets of the city were bordered with hanging combs of lustrous yellow wax. The combs were spade-shaped and hung at an exact distance from one another—enabling bees to work on opposite faces of a comb without impeding one another. The distance did not vary so much as one-eighth of an inch.

Very wonderful indeed were these intricate plates of masoned gold. On each side of them were thousands of hexagonal cells, whose walls were only one thousandth part of an inch thick when they were newly built; yet in a single comb there hung more than ten pounds of shining honey, and over it crawled thousands and thousands of urgent bees. This city is no common achievement.

Man cannot air-condition his cities, but bees vary temperature, humidity, even the very breezes that ventilate the golden ways.

Just within the city gates stand the fanners, line upon line of them, poised with claws gripping the ground firmly and wings vibrating so fast as to be invisible.

Outside the sun may smite the ground till the grass shrivels on the burned earth; or a flurry of falling snow may turn the calendar topsy-turvy and bite the blackened leaves from the trees; but here within the city the temperature is always that of a very hot summer day and the air is always fresh and sweet with the honey scent of ten thousand flowers.

Refuse or dirt cannot harbour here. In mid-summer the thousands of tiny restless feet come and go unceasingly; labours are performed with an intensity and eagerness that no human project can equal; the little winged figures transport enormous loads, perform prodigious tasks.

Pollen is spilled, and honey, dust and propolis and water and fragments of wax; flies are killed, perhaps, or deadly combats fought with wasps when wings, heads and legs fly this way and that; but never a speck is left to spoil this perfect place.

Up and down the land, in hives and trees and caverns, were hundreds of thousands of other waxen cities, each one as exquisite. Each of them was a world in itself, fiercely intent on the continuance of its own race, though hedged about with destructive enemies and all manner of overwhelming natural catastrophes.

Today as from time immemorial dramas as vivid and poignant as man's are being played out in these tiny cities to which man never gives thought.

#### Dance of the Bee Bread into the Air.

Sixteen thousand times a minute, the tiny silver pinions beat the air as the bee shot up into the glowing spring sky.

Man has visions of flight, but this bee becomes part of the

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