

NURSES' SOCIAL UNION.

A very successful inaugural meeting of the Portsmouth Branch of the N.S.U. was held recently, when Dr. Hilda Clark gave an address on Co-operation. She said it must give the greatest pleasure to all who are engaged in organized social work to find the great nursing profession prepared to encourage its members not only to obtain the highest possible professional ability, but also to regard their work in its widest aspect as it concerns the good of the community as a whole. She urged the profession to make a stand for satisfactory conditions of work and remuneration, saying that work can only be really efficiently done if these can be obtained, and by co-operation to this end she believed that the real effectiveness of the profession can be enormously increased.

She thought that the interest in wide social movements would supply the necessary continuity of interest in those members who were engaged in private nursing, for they, as well as the district and institution nurses, had a very important work to perform, and their observations on social questions would be of great value.

Miss Pye, who was in the chair, and the Branch Secretary both spoke of the possible future of the Union, and of the Portsmouth Branch. The funds in hand were not great, but one of the points of the Union was that the Branches were allowed freedom of development according to the members' desires.

It was suggested that branch meetings should be held once a month, and it was decided to hold a business meeting in January, to elect the committee for the year, and to discuss the programme. Several doctors have kindly promised to give lectures.

There was a great demand for application forms after the meeting. Applications for membership should be made to the Secretary, 33, Auckland Road, E. Southsea.

RESIGNATION.

We regret to report the resignation, owing to ill health, of Miss G. Hare, Sister Ophthalmic of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Miss Hare will be missed by many friends to whom she endeared herself during her many years of faithful service as nurse and sister at the hospital. We hope rest may soon restore her to health. As a member of the League, she will no doubt keep in touch with her colleagues. We recollect with gratitude how on many occasions this kind little Sister looked after our material needs at League tea parties in the Great Hall.

GUY'S NURSES AT HOME.

The entertainment given by the Matron and Nursing Staff of Guy's Hospital in their charming Home on Monday night was most successful and enjoyable. The guests, who were received by Miss Haughton, passed on at once to the stately nurses' sitting room, which, with its white walls and warm red curtains, formed an admirable background for the crimson and green garlands encircling the pillars and for the crimson shades.

The first part of the entertainment consisted of a series of tableaux admirably conceived and staged, acted by members of the nursing staff and illustrated by songs. Especially excellent were "Only an Orange Girl" (sung by Nurse E. M. Fletcher) and "Caller Herrin'" (sung by Nurse Dickson). The pose of the fisher girl offering her herrings to a supercilious fine lady was admirable. Nurse Maugham caused great amusement by her recitation "Sh!" and everyone was sorry when this part of the programme was concluded.

The first part revealed much musical and dramatic talent, the second creative ability. "The Return of the Wanderers" brought down the house. It was announced as "A Guy's Mystery Play," and the motif was explained in verse by "The Prologue," a speaker draped in black. Then came "The Imp of Guy's," introducing "Vienna," "Rochester Junior," and "Stockholm," lordly medicos, one of whom explained that though nurses might think themselves indispensable, they were nothing of the kind. In Vienna they were not needed. They evidently resented also that the nursing staff required any rest, and that ordinary operations were out of order after eight o'clock at night.

The three tableaux consisted of "She was," illustrated by Mrs. Gamp, "She may be," an aseptic nurse clothed from head to foot in white, her mouth covered over, and looking, truth to tell, rather like a burn case, and "She is," a Guy's nurse of the present day seated at a table busy with her work in spotless and becoming uniform. It was small wonder that the wanderers agreed that they had seen nothing to compare with the white and mauve of Guy's.

When the curtain fell there were loud cries of "Author, author!" "It's Sister Lydia, it must be," remarked someone; "no one else could do it," and the cries grew more insistent till at last Sister Lydia rose and said that she "only thought of it," Sister Gladys had written quite half, and been invaluable in the stage management, and many others had helped.

While tea and coffee were served members of the resident staff were arraying themselves in caps for a competition, in which the Matron was the judge. She should know, for no cap in London "sets" more perfectly than hers, and no uniform is more immaculately neat.

Then a valse sounded out, and that, of course, was irresistible to nurses till "Auld Lang Syne" brought a very happy evening to a close.

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