

Royal British Nurses' Association.

(Incorporated by



Royal Charter.)

THIS SUPPLEMENT BEING THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CORPORATION.

“AT HOME” TO THE MEN OF ST. DUNSTAN’S.

“The best thing we’ve had yet at the Club” was the verdict of several members after “the party” last Saturday, and if the afternoon’s entertainment was all that could be desired this was in no small measure due to the kindness of the guests themselves. After tea was over and we had adjourned to the drawing room, we enjoyed a truly delightful concert lasting, without any interval, for over two hours. Miss Dorothy Clarke sang song after song in her magnificent contralto; after each one came the request for “just one more,” until she had to go off to keep an engagement to sing elsewhere. But soon we found that there was no need to have gathered in all the musical talent available in the Association that afternoon. Mr. Noyens gave us delightful music on his violin, Mr. Cowley’s clever recitations and songs were greeted with peal after peal of laughter, and the songs of Mr. Davis and Mr. Singleton were simply beautiful. We are indebted to Mrs. Howell from St. Dunstan’s for her kindness in accompanying, and to the following members of the Association for singing:—Mrs. Fleming, Miss E. Aughton and Miss A. E. Jones. Indeed those members who “turned up” to help in seeing that the Association’s guests were shown all proper hospitality, went away with the feeling that, to a very great extent, they had been the people entertained. “We must have another afternoon like this again,” we heard one of them remark, and in less than three minutes they had agreed that, at some early date, they would ask St. Dunstan’s to give a concert at the R.B.N.A. Club.

At the close of the afternoon the nurses expressed to their guests the pleasure which it had given to themselves to receive the men of St. Dunstan’s, not at a hospital “somewhere in France,” but in our own drawing room in “old Blighty.” After the nurses had joined in singing “For they are jolly good fellows,” hostesses and guests sang a verse of “Auld Lang Syne,” and after “God Save the King” we said good-bye. In our visitors’ book there lie no pages which the R.B.N.A. members will scan with greater pride than those on which are inscribed the names of the gentlemen of St. Dunstan’s who honoured with their presence the first New Year’s gathering held in our Club at Queen’s Gate.

AN IMPRESSION.

Our afternoon engagement at the Club for January 21st—“An At Home to the men of St. Dunstan’s”—I had looked forward to with the keenest delight, and writing these lines a few hours after the men’s departure feel it has been a Red Letter Day for the Club. Nothing could have expressed more beautifully the late Sir Arthur Pearson’s work than the words of Miss Clarke’s first song, “The Blind Ploughman,” for we realised so forcibly through these men what his work had been:—

To set their hands upon the plough,
Their feet upon the Sod,
Turn their face towards the Sun
And Praise be God.

And that their faces were towards the Sun was evident by the reflection which shone on ours, in their presence, and the song in our hearts, too, of praise for the privilege of experiencing that joy. It was the first time I had been in their company, but one of their great compensations I felt was the power of diffusing the light from within, which can only come through the Father of Light, to whom all things are visible. E. A.

AN ENTERPRISING NURSE.

Miss Amy Louise Atkins, who has just been appointed Teacher of Handicrafts at the Ministry of Pensions Hospital, Cannock Chase, Hednesford, Staffordshire, has shown considerable enterprise in equipping herself with new qualifications when, after years of strenuous war work, she found that her health was not likely to stand the strain of nursing indefinitely. She was trained at Torbay Hospital, and most of her military nursing was done in Egypt. Having decided, when the war was over, to give up nursing, she entered upon a course of training at the London School of Weaving. During the three months she has spent there she has done some beautiful work, and in addition to weaving she is an adept in loom necklace making, raffia basket making, chip carving, jig saw puzzle making, doll making, &c. But handloom weaving is her chief hobby, and we expect that she will become one of the links which will help to prevent this from becoming a lost craft as a few years ago one feared that it might, just as the wonderful knowledge of dyes once possessed by the Highland women has been lost.

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