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ST. DUNSTAN'S HONOURS QUEEN'S GATE.

God has made His sun to shine
On both you and me;
God, Who took away my eyes,
That my *soul* might see!

Some few weeks ago I expressed in this Journal my appreciation of the "House Beautiful" at Queen's Gate, on my first visit there. Since then I have had further glimpses of it, and my love at first sight has, if anything, increased in its ardour. On the afternoon of Saturday, July 15th, its doors were thrown open to a very peaceful invasion, absolutely without casualties, by the Heroines of St. Dunstan's, who came up smiling and evidently enjoyed their entertainment at the hands of the R.B.N.A. nurses and friends, as well as contributing themselves in no small measure to its success.

What were one's impressions in such a scene? I think the outstanding one was perhaps the truth of the beautiful verse above-quoted. There was undoubtedly evidence that these men *had* obtained a power of vision more than was merely physical. While sympathising with Samson's grief in Milton's masterpiece, one must admit that the strong man was far behind these twentieth century Gentlemen of St. Dunstan's. They do not rend the air with agonising cries, but set to work and thus prove that a man may indeed "see the things he gave his life to broken, And stoop to build them up with worn out tools." *What* a structure they are raising out of their stony griefs! What an *Epic* the story of St. Dunstan's is—one of the greatest pages in the future History of England!

Snatches of their casual chat showed how, with the help of their instructors, they are becoming as interested and proficient in their new "jobs" as if they had never done anything else. Carlyle would have *loved* my basket-maker friend, whose zeal for his "ancient and honourable craft" was worthy of Carlyle's ideal hatter himself, who would not rest until he had made the best hat that could be imagined. My friend was, quite justifiably, proud that, on the incontrovertible evidence of the bakers, "the men who really know," St. Dunstan's *does* turn out bread baskets that "never turn a single straw" for all the vagaries of an English summer.

They evidently also realise the "All work and no Play" adage, for someone found his way to the piano, and to the strains of this Pied Piper dancers, ranging from eighteen to eighty years, were soon merrily "tripping the light fantastic toe." Messrs. Pitt and Clark's playing and singing were greatly appreciated, and the conjurers, Messrs. Thomas Eaton and Greaves, proved that even the keenest eyes are apt to miss a good deal that goes on at quite short range; while another friend's wonderful but somewhat terrifying methods of piano-playing demonstrated that he was heroic enough to "face the music"* in more ways than one.

As a guest, I feel myself able to say some things about the hostesses which their own modesty forbids them to tell. I know not who the Good Fairies were who provided the tea, ices, cigarettes and such things, but whoever they were, they had that perfection of kindness which comes of long practice. They were the life of the party, were here, there and everywhere, and never for one moment in the way—the ideal hostesses in men's eyes wherever found. The cook, waitresses, and other people responsible for the management of things, did everything "as good nurses do"—further comment is superfluous. The "Club Nightingale," Miss Jeanette Smith, charmed our brave music-lovers by her sweet singing; her way of combining deep feeling with that control which satisfies technique might be imitated with good results by many famous concert-singers.

The "Interpreter" demonstrated the "gentle art of fortune-telling" to an eager crowd, in a manner too harmless to offend even the most nervous of captious critics in these materialistic days. Her table was thickly populated by mystery-loving admirers, and was quite a feature of the entertainment. Last, but not least, "Billie," the Club Dog, behaved admirably. As though conscious of the slight doubt in certain quarters as to whether he would uphold the traditions of the Club, he made a special effort to do so, and came out with flying colours, demonstrating to all who doubted it, that he realises as well as the humans that "When you're in Queen's Gate you must do as Queen's Gate does."

PIXIE H. BAIRD.

* This gentleman played a tune on the piano with his nose specially for the Secretary's edification.

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