

## SPIRES IN THE VALE OF BELVOIR.

Miss E. E. Fowler, Acting Secretary Registered Nurses Society, has handed me two cheques to help save the lovely Spire of Thoroton Church, Notts. In writing the little article last week I had not in my mind that nurses could spare cash, knowing their many family and professional calls, but hoped the sale to be held on May 26th, at 431, Oxford Street, W., might be augmented by gifts. Every article will be priced at a few shillings only, and as dramatic properties many would be fine. In most generously sending £5 5s., Mrs. John Temple writes:—

Mossley Bank,

Aigburth, Liverpool.

DEAR MADAM,—IN THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING for this week I have just read with some interest the little sketch, from the able pen of Mrs. Fenwick, "Spires in the Vale of Belvoir." I can understand so thoroughly what Mrs. Fenwick's feelings must be in regard to the Church of her early years, and what the loss of that spire would mean, not only to Mrs. Fenwick, but to many others. I, too, have looked over the Valley of the Trent, in the spring and early summer, and often much admired the beauty of its churches and their spires, and in many counties of England I have sat on the tops of countless hills and gazed far away beyond the blue, into the never, never land, where there is no further need of churches or spires, and where the corroding hand of time is not seen or felt.

I sympathise with Mrs. Fenwick in her courageous effort to help save her beloved church spire. She has so many other things that claim her attention I have much pleasure in sending her £5 5s towards this worthy object. I know what an indefatigable worker she has always been for, and on behalf of, the nurses of England, and admire her much for the tenacious way she has stuck to her flag. Mrs. Fenwick could very well say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these." I trained for a nurse in 1900, and this thought was never absent from my mind, and always was a great help and comfort to me through all the strenuous years of my nursing life, and though I am no longer nursing, I take an interest in what is going on in the nursing world, and do what little I can to help those who are less fortunately placed than myself.

I am sure Mrs. Fenwick ought to receive quite a nice sum in answer to her little appeal, and I wish her every success.

Yours faithfully, K. M. TEMPLE.

Miss Helen T. Baines, Assistant Matron, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C., most kindly sends £1 is., "knowing Belvoir well." No doubt if she has leaned over the Castle parapet and glanced beyond the emerald terraces across the lovely Vale, she may have located Thoroton Spire in the Valley of the Smite, if the glorious old elm, oak, ash, beech and walnut trees, for which the village was famous, were not in full leaf.

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

## FOUR TYPES.

Trained nurses may be roughly divided into four types. Every nurse should look into her mirror occasionally and try to read the writing in the glass. It is not easy to read. To see ourselves as others see us is indeed a gift of the gods, and very few possess it. Perhaps it is just as well. If the gift were universal there would follow a universal breakdown of self-esteem which might prove disastrous.

Every profession has its types and the nursing profession is no exception. A friend of mine was speaking of a *confrère* (I beg her pardon, a *consour*). "Oh, X.," she said, "yes, I know her. She's the Mayfair type." "What is that?" I asked. "Oh, they're easily recognisable," she said. "They wear wonderful white creations on their heads—the sort of nuns of Brittany effect; high-heeled shoes; tight waists; dangling chatelaines and their patients reside exclusively in Mayfair. They know the aristocracy by heart. Can tell you when Lord X. had his appendix removed and when Lady Y. went into a nursing home and why. They powder their noses in hot weather and use a little lip-salve as a tonic when they feel run-down. Mind you," she added, "I've nothing to say against X. She's quite a good sort, but, oh! how I should like to cut a couple of inches off her heels! She's got the most wonderful memory for names of anyone I know. Never forgets the name of anyone she's nursed—provided he or she's got a title, I mean. For ordinary folks her memory is no better than mine."

Then there's the religious type. The religious type of nurse is usually highly conscientious, and, provided her patients think as she does, she gets on with them excellently. But if she is high-church and her patient low-church, or *vice versa*, there is sure to be trouble. The religious type should never take a case far from a church; in fact, she will be well-advised to work as near as possible to the church at which she likes to worship. Otherwise she is usually more or less unhappy. Many people, otherwise broad-minded, refuse to engage a nurse of the religious type during Lent; that is, of course, if they can find somebody else. They say the Lenten fast has a bad effect on the temper, and, although the religious type of nurse may be ever so much better for her Lenten penance when it's all over, the process has a temporary adverse effect on the temper. The religious type should never take a case in the country. She probably won't like the church, even if it is within easy reach. And that will make her unhappy.

The sensational type, though not so ubiquitous as it used to be, is still frequently to be met with. The sensational nurse never forgets the harrowing details of the cases she has nursed. She treasures them up and trots them out—usually at inopportune times. Her imagination is, as a rule, an active one, and consequently her stories lose nothing in the telling. For patients who require "thrilling" she is excellent, but if soothing syrup

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