

THE BRITISH COLLEGE OF NURSES.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

Each year the British College of Nurses entertains as its Guests of Honour at its Annual Dinner a section of the community whom it specially delights to honour—distinguished members of the Medical Profession, and of the Health Services, High Commissioners and Agents-General of the Dominions of the Empire. Last year the College combined with others to entertain at luncheon, in Montreal, as there was no free evening, the Board of Directors of the International Council of Nurses, and distinguished Canadian members of the nursing profession, and this year the President (Mrs. Bedford Fenwick) had the happy inspiration to entertain "The Gifted of the Gods"—those who have the power of self-expression—and some twenty-four persons of eminence in Art, Music, the Drama, Literature, and Science responded to the invitation of the President and Council to dine as the guests of the College at the Café Monico, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

The guests, who were received by the President, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, F.B.C.N.—who carried a lovely bouquet of sweet peas, presented by Miss S. A. Villiers, Vice-President, on behalf of the Council—in the Renaissance Saloon, included the Duchess of Bedford, representing Aeronautics; Sir Charles J. Holmes, K.C.V.O., formerly Director, Keeper and Secretary of the National Portrait Gallery and Director of the National Gallery, Painting; Dr. John B. McEwen, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music; Mr. Allan G. Wyon, F.R.B.S., Sculpture; Miss Vera Beringer, Drama; Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, Literature; Miss Elizabeth Scott, Architect of Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon; Mrs. Keynes, J.P., President, National Council of Women; Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon, J.P., Vice-President, International Council of Women; Dr. Marie Stopes, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S., F.R.S.L.; the Rev. George Berens-Dowdeswell, M.A., Mrs. Berens-Dowdeswell, M.A., Lady Baddeley, J.P., Miss Winifred Mayo, Mr. Lewis Casson, the gifted husband of a gifted wife (Miss Sybil Thorndike), Mrs. Massey Lyon and Miss Burford Rawlings (of the Society of Women Journalists); Dr. Bedford Fenwick, Trustee and Treasurer of the British College of Nurses, Mr. Bishop Harman (representing the British Medical Association); Dame Anne Beadsmore Smith, R.R.C., Matron-in-Chief of the Territorial Army Nursing Service; Miss M. E. Medforth, R.R.C., Matron-in-Chief, Q.A.I.M.N.S.; Miss E. M. Musson, C.B.E., R.R.C., Chairman, General Nursing Council for England and Wales; and Mrs. John Temple.

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, President of the College, presided over a very gay and distinguished assembly, numbering some 120 persons; on her right was the Duchess of Bedford, on her left Sir Charles J. Holmes, and the other guests of honour were at the high table while many Fellows and Members brought and entertained parties at the tables presided over by Miss M. Breay and Miss S. A. Villiers (Vice-Presidents of the College), Miss A. M. Bushby, Miss M. S. Cochrane, R.R.C., Miss D. K. Graham, and Miss K. A. Smith, R.R.C. (Members of the Council).

Many charming gowns both of hostesses and guests added to the festive appearance of the occasion, and the

company seemed well content both with their surroundings and their neighbours. The tables were decorated with red and pink carnations, a dainty fan lay in the place of each guest. The music was provided by a charming band, and the Toast Master, resplendent in scarlet, taking up his position behind the chairman "prayed silence" for each item on the programme, beginning with Grace, said by the Rev. George Berens-Dowdeswell.

THE LOYAL TOASTS

The loyal toasts, "His Majesty the King" and "Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the other members of the Royal Family," were proposed by the President, and honoured with enthusiasm.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA, LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The toast of the evening, "Art, Music, the Drama, Literature and Science," was proposed by Miss Isabel Macdonald, F.B.C.N., Member of the Council of the British College of Nurses and Member of the Royal British Nurses' Association.

The Gifted of the Gods.

Miss Macdonald, on rising, said she felt it a very great honour, and a very great responsibility to propose the toast in honour of "The Gifted of the Gods," who were the guests of the British College of Nurses that night.

She would say quite frankly that the President arranged this great pleasure for Fellows and Members of the College because she had it on her mind that nurses were becoming rather too familiar with a certain dull fellow called "Everyday" who went on doing the same thing day after day, and she wanted them to acquaint themselves with the lovely things that were going on around them.

The President's plan was succeeding so well that none of us wanted to see "Everyday" for a long while—not until to-morrow morning, anyhow. She suggested that our Chief Rambler, Miss Liddiatt, should organize a Ramble directly the dinner was over, but we must take our guests with us, otherwise we should not be able to appreciate the wonderful things we should see. But Miss Liddiatt's char-a-banc would not suit at all for this particular Ramble. The only possible chariot for this expedition would be the famous aeroplane of Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, and its destination would be Mount Olympus, the shrine of the great god Zeus, who conquered the skies.

We would go by the way of Edinburgh, and see the hand of a wizard writing, writing, the hand of Sir Walter Scott, giving us the fragrancy of his border minstrelsy, and a gift of literature drawn from an illimitable imagination.

And then perhaps Dr. McEwen would touch one on the elbow and point to a little man standing on the balcony of a summer house looking at the flowers in the garden with their chalices lifted to the sky. The gods were holding converse with the man that night, and the flowers were the symbols they used. From what they told him Richard Wagner gave to us the double gift of a Beethoven and a Shakespeare in his "Parsifal and the Holy Grail."

On this Ramble, said Miss Macdonald, you will see many things. You will see men tearing down machinery and burning the mills and, if you ask "Everyday" why they do this, he will reply that the men are afraid that these machines are going to replace their own powers for wage-earning. But this was not the real explanation. They were standing, these wreckers, at the portal of a new age, and the spirit of the age that is passing is whispering to them, "Here you have something that is going to dam up the creative faculty in man. No longer will you by your imagination and the craft of your hand make beautiful

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