

Royal British Nurses' Association.

Incorporated by



Royal Charter.

THIS SUPPLEMENT BEING THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CORPORATION.

CONGRATULATIONS.

The following letter was sent to Prince George on the announcement of his engagement :

His Royal Highness Prince George, K.G., G.C.V.O.

*Balmoral Castle,
Aberdeenshire.*

Sir,—The Members of the Royal British Nurses' Association have desired that the respectful congratulations of the Corporation be conveyed to Your Royal Highness on your engagement to the Princess Marina of Greece. By the gracious commands of Her Royal Highness the President I have the honour to convey those congratulations and the good wishes of the nurses, that Your Royal Highness and the Princess may have great happiness.

We would also request Your Royal Highness to be graciously pleased to convey to the Princess Marina an expression of welcome to England from this Royal Corporation of Nurses.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your Royal Highness's obedient servant,
ISABEL MACDONALD, *Secretary.*

20th September, 1934.

In reply we received the following letter from the Comptroller to Prince George,

St. James's Palace, S.W.

25th September, 1934.

DEAR MADAM,—I am desired by The Prince George to convey to you, and through you to the Royal British Nurses' Association, His Royal Highness's sincere and appreciative thanks for the kind message of congratulations on his engagement.

Yours truly,

ALICK ALEXANDER, Major.

Comptroller to H.R.H. The Prince George.

The Secretary,

Royal British Nurses' Association,

194, Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

CONCERT.

Her Royal Highness, the President, has graciously consented to be present at a Concert which some artistes have most kindly agreed to give at 194, Queen's Gate, on 8th November, for the House Beautiful Fund. At the time of going to press only the most preliminary arrangements have been made, but full particulars will be available very shortly, on application to the Secretary.

GIFTS TO THE CLUB.

H.R.H. The Princess Arthur of Connaught, venison; Mrs. Temple, Miss Hutton, fruit; Mrs. Brownsey, Mrs. Lambert, Misses Ainslie, Hutton, Lindsay, Meyboom and Williams, flowers; Mrs. Temple, picture frames; Miss Macaulay, marquetry newspaper rack.

RAMBLE.

On September 19th the Ramblers set out on an expedition to Cambridge taking Bishops Stortford by the way; but this last turned out to be the main feature of the ramble. We had received, from Mrs. McCarthy, an invitation for our large party, 35 in all, to lunch at the Vicarage and we had a warm welcome from her as the charabanc drew up at the Church. Through the churchyard we passed to the rambling Vicarage among the flowers; in the hall it was as though we had stepped, all at once, into a beautiful world of an olden time. It is curious how out of tune old furniture can sometimes be in a modern house but here we had an example of how harmoniously it fits into its proper setting, such as is this sixteenth century house. In the drawing room which is a modern addition, we entered still another world—part of fairyland it seemed, so exquisite was the effect of a few rare pieces of an Eastern art, the lovely blue of the carpet and the masses of flowers all of those last in delicate pastel shades. We exclaimed at the beauty of the scene as we entered and were told that the flowers had been sent by some unknown friend as a message of welcome to the nurses; we would like her to know that it will indeed prove an unforgettable and helpful one for beauty impresses itself more than anything upon the memory and works on through the subconscious. After a most delightful lunch and expressions of warm appreciation of so much hospitality, we passed through the old porch of the Vicarage again and on into the ancient church where Mr. McCarthy, the Vicar and Rural Dean of Bishops Stortford, showed us more beautiful things than we can enumerate here and gave us many items of information regarding this 15th century perpendicular building. It is a perfect and graceful harmony of form and colour and light, a jewel suggestive of many facets and in the depths of its impressions of loveliness you are conscious of the penetration of history and tradition and an intimate life with the folksoul that lives on in the old town, its houses clustering round its church upon the hill; you can realise how the latter has become an actual entity living on in the generations, receiving at the hands of each sacrifice and labour and love while, in its turn, it gives to them those feelings of veneration and wonder that keep alive inspiration both for life and for work.

The ancient Norman font and other relics indicate that an earlier Christian Church stood on the site of this present one; incidentally the Vicar remarked, when showing us the former, that it was responsible for a high infantile mortality, at one time, when the babies baptised were completely immersed. We enjoyed so much the beauty of the whole that it is difficult to select one work of art from another. Strange little heads look down on you from the pillars, each subtle and claiming your attention whether you will or no because of the cleverly suggested mood or temperament in the faces carved in stone. A woman with the face of a monkey indicates Darwinian or satirical leanings in some monkish sculptor and a man with a stomach-ache sets you reflecting whether the inspiration for this particular work of art came indirectly from "certain

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