

# Royal British Nurses' Association.

Incorporated by



Royal Charter.

THIS SUPPLEMENT BEING THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CORPORATION.

## THE FESTIVE SEASON AT HEADQUARTERS.

The festive season of the year was recognised at headquarters with all the enthusiasm and gaiety that nurses, more than any except the children, can bring to its observance. On Christmas Day in particular there is always a spirit of great good fellowship here, and many an unrehearsed tableau falls into its setting of holly and seems to fit into the general surroundings of the place in such a way as to make a picture worth remembering.

## DANCE.

At the close of November we had our usual dance, which was universally pronounced a great success. The numbers of ladies and of gentlemen were just equal and, as all were anxious to dance, the responsibilities of those who acted as hostesses were light. The music was excellent and varied too, for we were lucky once again in having a piper—the Macdonald of Skeabost this time, resplendent in Clan Ranald tartan, old lace and with ribbons floating from his pipes as he marched. He played the music for a Scotch reel which was danced with verve. But not the least appreciated item in the evening's entertainment was his rendering of some highland music, and surely never was the story of the flight of Bonnie Prince Charlie told more eloquently than by his pipes. There were so many pretty dresses, and, as several gentlemen always make a point of coming to our dance in highland dress the scene was a very colourful one. We heard many comments, at the supper table and elsewhere, on the culinary achievements of our cook, who always enjoys making a special effort in order to make her contribution to "the Nurses' Dance" something to be remembered.

## THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

There was a large attendance at the Birthday Party on December 7th, when we celebrated the Foundation Day of the Association. The flaming candles on a huge birthday cake were symbolic of the wealth of friendliness with which members gather together for this annual event. Telegrams of greeting were sent to the Founders, Dr. and Mrs. Bedford Fenwick. We were fortunate in having with us Miss Osborne, whose beautiful singing added much to the pleasures of the Birthday Party, which always appears to come as a climax in the year's activities, for both the young and the older members like to come together then.

## SALE OF WORK FOR THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL FUND.

The sale of birthday gifts sent to the Association was another cheery affair, and in little more than two hours realised well over £62 to help maintain the beauty of our headquarters. We offer warm thanks to all those who sent gifts and to those who came with open purse-strings to purchase these.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

However some might deplore the storm, it undoubtedly added much to the charm of Christmas here. Never did

the long wide street look more beautiful, and Kensington Gardens in winter garb was a scene of perfect loveliness. Christmas seemed to enter quite suddenly with the arrival of Miss Treasure's "tree of life and light." As if by magic its dark boughs were soon glittering under her deft fingers. She has her own ideas of what a traditional symbol should be, and symbolic only does this tree remain; no presents are hung upon it, so that the memory of it may be free from any of the acquisitive feelings that are somewhat apt to pervade a modern Christmas. High overhead there is always the glittering fairy with her wand directed to the ever-changing group about the hall fire. By tea-time members from outside began to gather in to enjoy Christmas cake around a blazing fire, and, despite the fact that every country visitor had had to cancel her coming owing to the storm, 33 sat down to enjoy the good things provided for Christmas dinner, and an exceedingly cheerful gathering it was. We thank the many who have sent us gifts of flowers, fruit, sweets and other good things; the list is too long for inclusion here.

## SCATTERED HOSPITALITY.

But our hospitality for Christmas time extended far beyond the holly-circled dining-room at Queen's Gate, for, from the sale of the Christmas calendar, we had sent out just over 220 cheques for Christmas cheer to sick and aged colleagues who find themselves in difficult circumstances, and who, but for the friendship of the nurses in helping with our Christmas work, would, as they express it, be "left on the shelf." The Christmas Fund has extended its benefits this year, for, week by week, it has been sending a little extra help to one who is passing through the Valley of the Shadow: she belongs to no organisation of nurses, and this help will continue until her annuity from the T.N.A.F. falls due to be sent six months in advance. One old lady, whose conception of an Omnipresence sounds more practical than imaginative, sends a message. "God cannot be everywhere, so He sends you to look after us." Thus, with our usual persistence, we ask you to bear her message in mind when the time for the calendar comes round once more.

## NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

On the last night of the year we gathered, at midnight, to "see" the New Year enter and send our good wishes to all our members over the world, many of whom were listening, like ourselves, for Big Ben to toll the passing of the year. The Scotch folk in the Club usually see to it that we celebrate the event in the orthodox manner. A friendly neighbour offered to come in, not empty-handed, the traditional "dark man" who should be the first to enter if the luck of "One-hundred-and-ninety-four" is to continue. Then we sang "Auld Lang Syne." May it be the augury of many happy friendships in 1939.

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