

BLIND MASSEURS BUSY.

The National Institute for the Blind in its 74th annual report, records a year of remarkable activity among the hundreds of sightless physiotherapists trained at the Institute's School of Massage and now engaged in the work professionally.

At the clinics attached to the Institute's London headquarters there have never been so many patients in attendance or so many treatments given. The numbers at the evening clinic were respectively, 7,610 and 14,117, as compared with 5,185 and 9,859 in the previous year; and at the Eichholz Clinic, which is now recognised as a fracture clinic by the Ministry of Health, they were 4,800 and 11,616, as against 2,972 and 7,657.

In the opinion of the Institute, this growth in patronage is partly due to the fortitude displayed by the blind masseurs during the German air attacks on London. The raids had not the slightest effect on the blind men and women practitioners or the blind students, who all remained "coolly at their posts at a time when, in London, especially, there was a dearth of facilities for physiotherapeutic treatments."

RADIO-THERAPEUTIC CENTRES.

In order to help to meet difficulty which has been experienced in providing treatment for cancer by irradiation at hospitals in inner London, arrangements have been made to enable such treatment both by X-rays and radium to be carried out at two hospitals in the London Sectors, one north and one south of the Thames.

One of these centres, the Mount Vernon Hospital, Northwood, is already receiving patients from Sectors II, III, IV and V, under arrangements which were announced to those sectors in Circular 2667 and are similar to those set out below. The Southern Centre, at Warren Road Hospital, Guildford, is now ready to receive patients from the remaining Sectors.

WHAT TO READ.**MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHY.**

"Concerning Queen Victoria and Her Son." Sir George Arthur.

"England is Here." W. L. Hanchant.

"The Letters of Evelyn Underhill." Edited by Charles Williams.

FICTION.

"A Curtain of Green." Endora Welty.

"There Was No Yesterday." John Stuart Alvey.

"The Burning Wheel." Slater Brown.

"The People Immortal." A Novel of the Red Army in Action. Rissili Grossman.

"Curtain, Mr. Greatheart." Anne Meredith.

"Blue Danube." Eunice Buckley.

"Life Begins Again." Baroness Van Boecup.

"Clay in the Mould." E. W. Savi.

"Don Rogerio." Somers Gill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Queens Die Proudly." W. L. White.

"Malta Magnificent." Francis Gerard.

"The Story of the Royal Army Corps R.A.M.C. Anthony Cotterell.

"These were Actors." James Agate.

"How America Lives." J. C. Furnas.

"Why Was I Killed?" Rex Warner.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

NAKURU WAR MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Nakuru, Kenya Colony.

October 1st, 1943.

The Editor, THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING,
19, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7.

DEAR MADAM,

I am enclosing my cheque, 14s. of which is for a two years' subscription to the NURSING JOURNAL, and £1, which I should like to give as a very small contribution towards expenses incurred in fighting the iniquitous Nurses Bill recently passed.

Yours faithfully,

IRENE B. H. MACDOUGALL (MRS.).

[We sincerely thank Mrs. MacDougall for her generous support. The word "iniquitous" describes "The Nurses Act, 1943," and for that reason we must not rest until it is amended. Rule 19, compelling Registered Nurses, without their consent, to pay any deficit in connection with the organisation of semi-trained Assistant Nurses, which is inevitable, is one of the most reprehensible acts of tyranny ever perpetrated by the British Parliament, and we shall not rest until members realise and amend it. The Act is known as "The Black Death" and the fact that the man, Mr. Ernest Brown, M.P., who confidentially drafted it, having been removed from office as Minister of Health, leaves an open field for protest.—Ed.]

KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

"Here is Something Sacred."

Hospital Sister writes: "How seldom a Sister puts pen to paper, either too busy or too indifferent to nursing politics, I suppose, but as you invite my opinion on the general turmoil stirred up by the Royal College of Nursing and Lord Horder, I feel prompted to say a word. I have now been a ward Sister for five years, and have no wish whatever for promotion—so called. I am happy nursing the sick, and helping them to regain their health; and those around me, probationers (pardon Student Nurses) and staffs appear like minded. We are all as proud as Punch of our wards, their beauty, cleanliness and comfort. The truth is, I am a born old maid, I know all the little dodges for homey comfort. I love dusting, polishing and building up the fires the right way. It is no good arguing that the inanimate have no feeling, because I know they have. Sheets, quilts, pillow-slips and towels strongly object to being pitched into a cupboard in rucks; bottles, glasses, pots and pans all object to lack of polish. Food wishes to entice, even the soap must be cut straight, and not wasted in sloppy water. No clatter-cum-bang, high heels, banging of doors, noisy voices. Well, that is the environment. Then nursing begins—and that is another story.

"On that bed is a human entity—man, woman or child. Here is something sacred—you cannot heal without soul touching soul. How few of us are worthy of such responsibility. So you see I am entirely out of date where modern methods are permitted, and when the 'Student Nurse,' as presented by her advocates, comes along, I shall no doubt be swept away in the general whirlwind."

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