

Nursing Courses were approved for the purposes of Part I of the Preliminary Examination.

Miss Catnach, Miss Darroch, Miss Holland, Miss Marriott (Chairman and Vice-Chairman *ex-officio*), have been re-appointed a Sub-Committee to deal with matters arising out of the Examinations and matters connected with the re-institution of the Test Examination.

Miss Calder, Miss Holland, Miss M. J. Smyth (Chairman and Vice-Chairman *ex-officio*), have been re-appointed a Sub-Committee to deal with the Revision of Syllabuses and allied matters relating to the training of student nurses.

Miss Holland, Miss Lane, Miss Lawson, Mr. Sayer, Miss M. J. Smyth (Chairman and Vice-Chairman *ex-officio*), have been re-appointed a Sub-Committee to consider matters relating to the conditions of approval of hospitals as Training Schools. The terms of reference of this Sub-Committee include consideration of special schemes of training submitted for approval.

General Purposes.

Miss J. McK. Calder has been re-elected Chairman for the period until September, 1951.

It was agreed that the sum of £113 0s. 6d. be passed for payment for overhaul of heating installation at 23, Portland Place.

It was agreed that the Committee had considered the desirability of having certain of the Council's records micro-filmed. This was approved.

Mental Nurses.

Mr. C. Bartlett has been elected Chairman for the period until September, 1951.

Disciplinary Cases.

The cases of Mary Christina McAuley, S.R.N. 110289 and Aisa Pitt (formerly Sullaiman), S.R.N. 118941 were considered, and the Council agreed to postpone their judgment on the facts proved against Miss McAuley for the period of one year; and to remove the name of Aisa Pitt (formerly Sullaiman) from the Register of Nurses.

Next Meeting of the Council.

It was agreed that the next Meeting of the Council be held on March 29th.

The Council then went *in camera* to consider the scales of salaries for members of the Council's staff above the grade of Principal Clerk; and the form of the Written Test for Pupil Assistant Nurses.

Mid-Winter Madness.

THE FIRST MONTHS of the New Year are now behind us. With their departure came the "Flu," with all its attendant evils. Staff absentees; more patients; fewer nurses to tend them and a scarcity of daily workers to keep the wards clean. On top of all this, no cheering news from the Assembly of the United Nations nor the Korean War front. In very deed, 1951 was not putting its best foot forward and something had to be done about it.

Idly turning the pages of a Sunday newspaper and with almost pathetic instinct, our eyes caught the glamorous advertisements of the Winter Resort hotels. There was Cornwall, boasting of its Italian Riviera climate (all but 4°C.), and we were filled with a sudden, compelling nostalgia for the sea. Visions of sunny bays and rocky coasts, seagulls and little boats, not to mention fresh eggs and lobsters stimulated the imagination! Well, why not? The 'phone was handy, and a few pound notes, salvaged from the Christmas blitz, lay snugly in our wallet. The temptation to run away for a week grew to irresistible proportions, and the battle for sanity was lost.

In next to no time St. Mawes was answering our long-distance call. Yes—certainly, a lovely bedroom facing the

sea awaited us. Paddington next answered and assured us of a sleeper on the Midnight Express.

Seven whole days of enchantment lay ahead; seven days of blissful, carefree life—with no responsibilities, and seven days of gentle spring stolen from April, to be relived again in their proper season, and one could not wish for more!

Cornwall, ever faithful to its lovers, charmed the sun into holiday mood for us. May-like skies smiled serenely overhead, and the sapphire waters of the little bays glistened and sparkled brightly amid their emerald settings. Gleaming white snowdrops peeping shyly with downcast eyes from the fragrant earth, and saucy primroses spread their golden petals—obviously fooled by the early sunshine. Immaculate blackbirds sang sweetly of the joys to come and everywhere was peace, contentment and happiness.

By the lapping water's edge we sat, drinking in the beauty of the lovely panorama of coast and sea. Fat seagulls waddled noisily around the rocks and little boats paddled quietly around the lovely bay. Very gently and almost imperceptibly the warm rays of the winter sun tanned our faces. Flippant breezes added colour and whetted our appetites and in a matter of a couple of days we were pictures of glowing health and well-being.

St. Mawes Castle stood out gaily from above the coastline and as we walked around its grounds and gardens, a most glorious view of Falmouth and St. Anthony's met the eyes. In the clear sunshine the sight was magnificent, and the air like wine and we were not slow to appreciate our great good fortune.

St. Just-in-Roseland's lay a couple of miles from our hotel. A walk to this famous beauty-spot rewarded us with a wondrous view on a warm and sunny day. Down by the creek, whose waters were of sparkling blue, stood the fifteenth-century little Church, surrounded by sub-tropical plants and palm trees. The cemetery bloomed with dainty flowers, and there was a profusion of snowdrops and primroses along the borders of the well-kept walks. The air was warm and filled with the fragrance of pines and moist earth, and gay with the song of blackbirds.

We had one dark and stormy day. In case we forgot it was January and not May, the rain came down in torrents and the angry seas dashed themselves against the verandah of our hotel. Spray from the rolling breakers was pitched against our windows, with sounds like exploding shells. Inside, we were snug and warm by a glowing fire, and tales were told of smugglers of long ago. At night we were lulled to sleep by the breaking of the waves and we awoke to another warm and glorious sunny day.

The oldest inhabitant was walking abroad when we sallied forth. Being truly Cornish, his mind and speech gave evidence of mysticism and superstition. Like a prophet of old, he denounced the nations of the earth as evil and displeasing to Almighty God. Unless we all repented in sackcloth and ashes—greater tribulations were in store for us!! We shivered with apprehension—even though the sun was warm, for his words echoed our own fears and misgivings. Noting our chill, he said kindly: "Now don't you go worrying too much, Miss, t'ain't right, not when you's on your holiday. You enjoy yourself—troubles enough no doubt later, if them there United Nations don't do better than lately." And he sat himself down and puffed his pipe peacefully in the sunshine; evidently the evil state of the world bothered him only in patches!

But Spring is surely coming. We've met it and we know!! Our old Cornishman we spoke to, said: "Come again, Miss, and pick your time. It will be a lovely June, a fretted July, a sunny and hot August and a glorious September." So we pass on that prophecy to you, and hope you too will "pick your time." Until then, no doubt, you will dream your dreams and make your own plans. When your holiday comes, may it be happy and sunny—as was ours.

G. M. H.

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