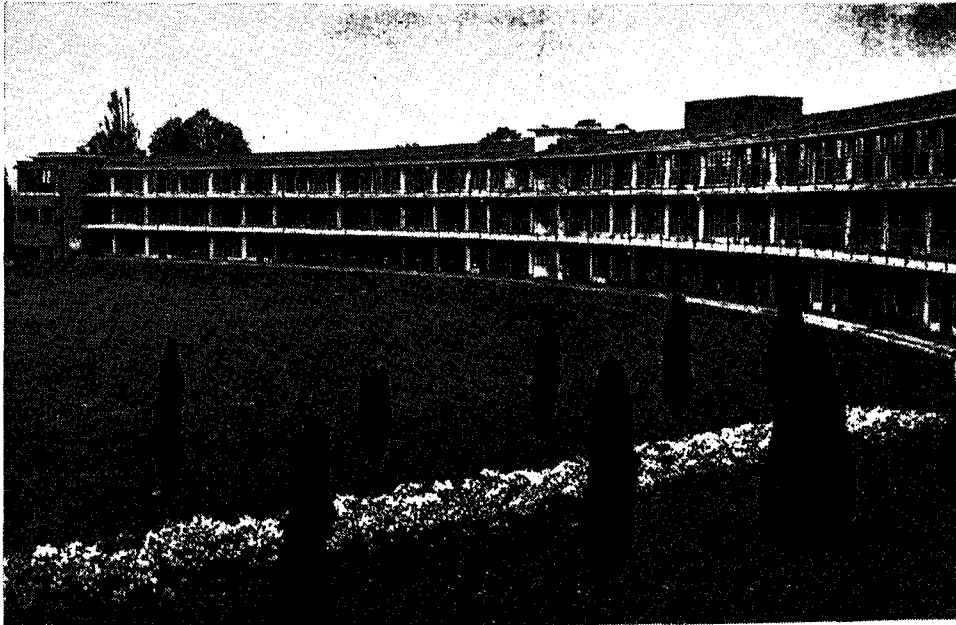


of the Chemical Industry and the journal "British Plastics," which is sponsoring the whole Exhibition and Convention.

The Council of Industrial Design, the Federation and the organisers of the Exhibition are jointly staging an exhibit entitled "Plastics—Design and Use," to demonstrate all the different types of plastics, their properties and applications, including many of those to be discussed in the Convention.

Admission is by ticket, free on application (specifying sessions) to "British Plastics," Dorset House, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1.

"I WAS INTERESTED in the account of the first Pageant of Nursing in the last B.J.N. How well I remember watching it from the gallery in the Connaught Rooms! Many Bart's people took part; I hadn't yet reached the 'Blue Belt' stage, so didn't qualify then, but later appeared in a photo as 'The Modern Nurse shakes hands with the old.'! which also appeared in



A delightful view of a Women's Block at the Harefield Hospital, Middlesex.

the B.J.N. During the Dickens Centenary, when all London was celebrating the event, Bart's gave a Sarah Gamp 'At Home,' at the Dore Gallery in Bond Street (1912). The Sarah Gamp was the Home Sister who took the part in the 1911 Pageant. All went as characters from Dicken's novels, Doctors, as well as Sisters and Nurses; those who couldn't afford to hire or make their dresses, were asked to go in uniform. I came under this heading, as I couldn't afford to hire the costume I wanted—the little dressmaker in 'The Tale of Two Cities.' So off I went in my clean, starched uniform, blue petersham belt, and the Bart's League Badge, to be received at the door of the Dore Picture Gallery by Sarah Gamp! At this moment a flashlight photo was taken, which you can see in the B.J.N. for May or June, 1912. I can't remember the date, but it seemed to be the spring; one old photo I've marked February. May, I spent in Paris, as guest

of the Ecole des Infirmières de la Ville de Paris, with whom Barts had an 'entente cordiale.' There was plenty of colour about hospital life in the days of Mrs. Fenwick, and her friend, Isla Stewart" writes a loyal and ardent supporter of the work of the late Mrs. Bedford Fenwick.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED the Winter, 1951, number of the Quarterly Bulletin of the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Kentucky, U.S.A. Some of our readers have met Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Director of the Service, in person, others know her very well through reading of her in these pages.

We feel our readers would like to join us in sending our congratulations to her upon her seventieth birthday, and to know from the Bulletin how the happy day was spent:—

"February 17th was a very special day in the Frontier Nursing Service. Mother Nature must have known it because she gave us a beautiful, warm, sunny day for almost the first time since Thanksgiving, and the very first snowdrops were blooming in front of the Big House.

"It was the day of Mrs.

Breckinridge's seventieth birthday and she had given us permission to have a little, a very little, celebration. After all it was to be her first birthday party since her childhood! We started by declaring Saturday, February 17th, to be an F.N.S. holiday. The celebration began at eight o'clock in the morning, when the entire Wendover crowd—men and women—flocked into Mrs. Breckinridge's room and sang 'Happy Birthday to You.' Each one greeted her personally.

"All the staff members had been invited to come to Wendover for a noonday dinner. Forty-five were able to leave their posts and came. Mrs. Breckinridge

had already told us, long since, just what menu she would like; spoon bread with turkey hash, mustard greens, young green onions and a cake with seventy candles. We have the world's best cook on our staff, so we were all delighted when Dr. Woodyard offered, with the able help of the kitchen staff, to prepare the dinner. The cake was baked by Audrey and decorated in yellow and white by Thumper, and to complete the color scheme, we had daffodils in the living room. Of course everything was simply delicious as are all dinners prepared by Dr. Woodyard. Mac proposed the birthday toast ending with a few words of Gaelic, 'Lang may your lum reek,' which translated means, 'Long may your chimney smoke.' During the morning the Heyden telephone operator called to say that she had so many telegrams for Mrs. Breckinridge she just did not have time to read them all over the telephone. Please could someone call at the office for them! After dinner

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)