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CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
News from the Nursing World	297	The Duchess of York at Papworth	307
Outlook: To Commemorate Intellect	300	State Examination Pass List (continued)	308
Lecture: Surgical Diseases of the Genito-Urinary Tract. V.—		Mainly for Midwives:	
Cystitis	301	Glimpses of Hospital Gardens: For the Mothers of Woolwich	309
Incident: An Unnecessary Trial	302	Baby's First Clothes	310
The District Nurse at Home.—In a Welsh Colliery District	303	Everybody's Opinion	311
The Florence Nightingale Week	304	College of Nursing	312
Model Answers	305	Appointments—Reading to the Sick	313
Diet for the Nurse	306	Notes and Queries	314

News from the Nursing World.

A SIMPLE but very sincere little ceremony took place at the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis in Maida Vale last Tuesday afternoon, when the retiring matron, Miss Weston, was presented with some very charming and useful gifts in recognition of her twenty-five years' service. Many members of the medical and nursing staffs, together with other friends of the hospital, assembled to witness the ceremony, which commenced with the presentation of a lovely bouquet of pale yellow roses. Among other gifts, Miss Weston received a fine portable wireless set in a mahogany case, a gold wristlet watch, and a cheque—all from the committee and medical staff—a beautiful little black and white onyx clock, with luminous dial, from the nursing and massage staff, and a case of ivory-handled carvers from the dispensers and office staff.



Miss Weston.

MISS WESTON'S THANKS.

Miss Weston was obviously deeply delighted and touched by the presentations and the appreciative tributes which accompanied them. In a graceful little speech of thanks she said: "I deeply appreciate the generosity and kindness shown to me. It is a sad day for me to be leaving the work in which I have been so interested.

But the work will go on, and my greatest happiness will be in the future progress of the hospital." Some idea of the hospital's advancement during Miss Weston's matronship may be gleaned from the fact that the number of patients has increased approximately from one thousand to seven thousand, the number of beds has been more than doubled, and four building extensions have been carried out, while a fifth—the largest of all—is now under contemplation. She has, indeed, earned a rest, and we should like to join in the wish expressed by Mr. Cudden, a member of the committee, who said: "I trust she may enjoy for many years to come the leisure she so thoroughly deserves."

IDEAL SURROUNDINGS.

Nothing could be more delightful than to be in a nice place on a fine day. This must surely have been the sensation of visitors to the Royal Sussex County Hospital at Brighton on the occasion of the nurses' prize-giving last week, for the day was a perfect one and the surroundings ideal. The sun blazed down out of the bluest of skies, while a tiny breeze stirred the gay flowers in the rock garden of the nurses' home, and fluttered the big green and orange sunshades under which the tea tables on the terrace were so temptingly arrayed. Down below, a calm and glittering sea did its best to emulate the blue of the sky. Best of all, to add to the happiness of the afternoon, Her Royal Highness Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, was there to present prizes to successful nurses. The gold medallist this year was Nurse Mary A. Booth, the silver medallist Nurse K. M. Saunders, and the bronze medallist Nurse M. M. M. Bathgate, who was also awarded the Butler Prize for the first place in combined medical and surgical finals.

IMMORTALISED BY DICKENS.

Among the guests was Miss Scott, who retired some years ago from her famous matronship of the hospital. The present matron, Miss Young, was trained under Miss Scott, gave a very fine address, in which she welcomed all the old nurses. "It is usually my custom," she said, "to show you some new extensions, but this year I have no further array of bricks and mortar to display to you! This does not mean, however, that things have been standing still, for we have had a very busy year indeed, and, thanks to the existing extensions, have been able to cope most satisfactorily with our heavy work." Towards the end of her address Miss Young announced a most interesting discovery which she had made. This was the fact that the Sussex County Hospital had been immortalised by Dickens in a book called "The Uncommercial Traveller," where a tramp is found to have in his possession a wallet containing a card on which is inscribed: "Please direct bearer to the Sussex County Hospital, Brighton." At the end of the afternoon a service was held in the hospital chapel, when two memorials were dedicated to the late Canon G. E. Oldham, M.A., one from the family of the Canon and the other from the nurses.

MATRONS AT ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

The provincial members of the Association of Hospital Matrons, who came last Saturday to what Miss Lloyd Still, in her welcome to them, truthfully described as "a very hot London," must, nevertheless, have felt that even in the depths of the country they could not have found a much cooler place than the one where their annual meeting was held. This was the governors' hall of St. Thomas's Hospital, where the dark oak panelling, stained-glass windows, and lofty ceiling gave an almost cloistral coolness. Vases of tall blue lupins and bowls of pink and cream roses scented the air, and double doors opening on to a terrace at the far end of the hall let in the breezes of the river. Tea, with strawberries and cream and ices, followed the business part of the meeting, and then many of the members accepted the kind invitation which had been extended to them to visit the Archbishop's garden, just across the road from the hospital. The meeting was very well attended, and we had prepared a full report of it as usual, but just as we were going to press, the honorary secretary informed us that she did not wish publicity given to the details of the proceedings this year.

THIS WEEK'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

At this time of year we usually make an appeal to our readers for holiday contributions to our Elderly Nurses' Fund. This season, however, we realise that most people's holidays will be of necessity very economical ones, and so, instead of making a special holiday appeal, we have decided simply to publish a special cross-word puzzle this week, and hope that all our readers will help us to make it a great

success. Those who remember the two or three puzzles we have previously published of this type will recall that all we ask is that each competitor shall insert in the envelope containing her cross-word puzzle solution just a few stamps, or, if she can afford it, a postal order. We do realise, of course, that many readers have already sent all they can afford to the Fund, and so the prize is awarded in the usual way to the competitor whose puzzle is the first correct one to be opened, whether the envelope contains money or not. After the prize-winner has been discovered all the envelopes will be opened, and we shall hope to find that their contents will add a goodly sum to our Fund.

A NEW PRIZE-GIVING.

In accordance with the usual summer programme, prize-givings for nurses have been frequent events during June and July. But last Monday a certain new and highly important ceremony of this kind took place at the Guildhall, Westminster, when for the first time the medals open to all the general hospitals under the county council of Middlesex were presented. Mr. G. Marlow Reid, the popular chairman of the Middlesex County Council, made the awards. Two examinations were concerned, one last September and the other last April, and nurses from four hospitals competed—Redhill, and Central, North, and West Middlesex respectively. The great honour of winning the County Gold Medals fell to Nurse D. M. Hanson, Redhill Hospital (April), and Nurse E. L. Matthews, West Middlesex Hospital (September). The two County Silver Medals in April were won by West Middlesex Hospital, the successful entrants being Nurse M. E. Gallinagh and Nurse C. F. L. Watson, and last September Nurse E. M. Kitchen (Central Middlesex) and Nurse E. M. Lewis (North Middlesex) were the Silver Medallists. We heartily congratulate all six nurses, who must be feeling a proper pride in having won such grand distinction, both for themselves and their hospitals.

A DELIGHTFUL GATHERING.

The annual summer gathering at Bedford College for Women which takes place when the international nursing students who have completed their course of training receive their certificates, is always enjoyable. Although it is convened in the first place for business purposes, it also partakes largely of the nature of a social gathering, and this year in particular it was an international social gathering, for the representatives of the International Council of Nurses who are over here to confer during Nightingale Week were amongst the guests. In addition there were many of the important members of the nursing world. The most prominent perhaps was Miss Musson, who lately received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at the Leeds University and

appeared in her academic robes. Mingled with the congratulations of her friends was a certain amount of temporary sympathy, for the day was very warm, and the many yards of scarlet cloth, pleated closely into a yoke over the shoulder, surmounted by the black velvet beefeater's hat, though honourable, must have been distinctly trying. Details of the meeting and the list of successful candidates will be found on page 304.

SOME "RULES FOR NURSES."

In addressing the nurses of the Miller General Hospital at their second annual prize-giving on Tuesday, Dr. Harold Pritchard, the senior physician, read some "rules for nurses" which



Miss Doreen Stack.

caused a great deal of merriment amongst his audience. These rules, said Dr. Pritchard, must, without doubt, have belonged to what he called the "dark period" of nursing, as they were hardly applicable to nursing in its present highly developed state. The most hilarity was caused by a rule which referred to the nurses' duty of scouring beer cans, and by another which threatened summary and immediate dismissal to any nurse who either got drunk or quarrelled with the other nurses! Lady Essex French, for the consolation of any nurses who might be discouraged at all in their work, related an amusing extract from a letter written by Florence Nightingale's sister.

HOPE FOR US ALL.

The letter ran as follows:—"Of course, everything that kindness can do is being done, but poor dear Florence is such a shockingly bad nurse." "After this," said Lady Essex, "I think there is hope for us all!" Judging from the results of the Final State Examination, however, there does not seem any cause for despondency at this hospital, as all the candidates who entered this year were successful. The gold medal was won by Nurse Doreen Stack, and the silver and bronze medals by Nurses Blodwen Plummer and Mary W. Allchurch respectively. After tea, despite showers, it was found possible to play off the semi-final and final of the tennis tournament, and Nurse Saxby beat Sister Tidd in the final after a very close match, the score being 6-4, 5-7, 6-4.

TRAGEDY AND COURAGE.

It is hard indeed to imagine a hospital visited by a more terrible tragedy than that which occurred on Tuesday at the Chiswick and Ealing Isolation Hospital. A young probationer, Miss Sybil Armstrong, who was to have been married in three weeks' time, was shot dead while talking to her father in the presence of the matron of the hospital, Miss Ida Gregory. The only relieving feature in the ghastly occurrence is the supreme courage shown by Miss Gregory, who threw herself between father and daughter in an effort to avert the tragedy. Apart from her injuries, which fortunately are slight, Miss Gregory must be suffering grievously from shock, and we offer to her our sympathy in having suffered such an overwhelming experience, and our admiration for the extraordinary bravery with which she met it. Our sympathy also goes out to the fiancé of the dead girl, and to all her friends at the hospital. Miss Gregory was general trained at Rotherham Hospital, took fever training at Birmingham, and has been matron at Chiswick since 1927.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It is interesting to notice how, as a hospital grows, it changes its name, and, so to speak, indicates the sphere of its service by its title. In the June number of the Hospital Aid Council, Mr. Sydney Walton, the president of the Harrow Hospital, comments on the significant changes of name in his hospital—first the village hospital, then the cottage hospital, then the Harrow Hospital, and now the Harrow and Wealdstone Hospital. "Names can tell of landmarks, tide-marks: they can record growth and inspirations: they can stir us to new endeavours," writes Mr. Walton. It would certainly seem that when we say "What's in a name?" the answer, if it concerns a hospital, may be a great deal.

A MEMORABLE OCCASION.

Tea at the North Middlesex Hospital last Friday afternoon was a jolly meal, for it was the scene of the reunion of past and present nurses. Old friendships were renewed and reminiscences and jokes exchanged over the cakes and the scones, the ices and the strawberries. On more than one count it was a memorable afternoon. It was memorable in the first place for the number of matrons among the guests; the title kept cropping up at this table and that all round the room, and it was a particular pleasure to see Miss Joan Inglis, now retired, well known as one of the pioneer trained matrons under the old Poor Law system. After tea, Lt.-Col. Mort conducted a party round the new radiological department, of which he is most justifiably proud. It is completely up-to-the-minute, with all the latest improvements in the matter of safety devices, both for the patients and the staff, and its proudest possession is an installation of Grenz rays, a recent German discovery.

The Nursing Outlook.

TO COMMEMORATE INTELLECT.

IN this issue we describe what is truly the start of a remarkable movement—or, rather, perhaps, we should say the continuance, for the start was made over thirty years ago. The scheme for founding a memorial to Florence Nightingale which should take an international form and thus incorporate the homage of the whole world to the great pioneer has at last come to fruition, and it would seem that it will be of lasting benefit to the nurses of the future, whether they be English or French, German or Italian, Indian or Siamese. At the inaugural meeting held last week, at St. Thomas's Hospital, it was doubly fitting that the explanation of the scheme and the history of its past should fall to Mrs. Bedford Fenwick—in the first place, because the suggestion emanated from her; in the second, because it is essentially an educational scheme, and Mrs. Bedford Fenwick is unquestionably one of the intellectual giants of the nursing profession. We cannot do better than give her own words in which to put the scheme before our readers.

"When I was a child," said Mrs. Fenwick, "my Nannie gave the name of Florence Nightingale to the fairy princess about whom she used to tell us at bedtime. I only knew then that her name was illustrious. I longed to learn more about her. But until the life of Sir Edward Cook was published, there was very little clearly told about her; one heard only the vague stories of an angel who floated among the sick with a lamp in her hand. Of Miss Nightingale as she truly was, a woman of stupendous intellect, of wonderful humanitarianism, and of great organising ability, we knew nothing. It was in 1899," continued Mrs. Fenwick, "that the first international meeting of nurses was held—a handful of thirty or forty matrons who gathered together in London to discuss possibilities, who had not a penny with which to make the object of their work public, but who felt that the time had come for all members of the great sisterhood to join as one. That was an historic meeting, as in another thirty years this meeting to-day will be historic. We are to-day 'in at the beginning,' as we all like to be. There was again a movement shortly after the death of Miss Nightingale to found a memorial to her, but the scheme proposed was one of pensions for nurses, and we wanted not charity but education. In 1912 the International Council of Nurses met at

Cologne; they had visited Kaiserswerth during the day and placed flowers upon the grave of Frederika Fliedheim as to-day we have placed flowers upon the grave of Miss Nightingale herself. It was the first banquet of women to be held in Cologne, and we were inspired by the beautiful music we had heard, the paintings we had seen, the great friendliness we had received. This was only two years, remember, before the crash of war! A memorial—the statue on Waterloo Place—had meanwhile been raised to Miss Nightingale—some of us like it and some of us don't. I am one of the latter, though it is quite nice to have a statue of a woman among so many men! We wanted, however, a memorial of a more living nature, and we were full of enthusiasm and eager to start. Then came the tragedy of the war, and nothing was done.

"Florence Nightingale," said Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, "was one of the greatest geniuses among men and women who ever lived—honoured and acclaimed for her marvellous intellect. It is acknowledged that when intellect exists in a woman it is on the same plane as when it exists in man, provided it is there. So far it doesn't often seem to be. It is, therefore, Miss Nightingale's intellect which we wish to commemorate—the brain which eighty years ago laid down the underlying laws of health, order and management which are still true to-day. The people of the future will be people who love knowledge, and no ignorant nation will be able to stand in the fierce economic struggle. Let us therefore found an educational scheme for the trained nurse, the nucleus of which we have already in the International Students' training course—a scheme in which all nurses can participate and which will educate them in the higher branches of administrative work and public health. We have come together to-day for co-operation, amalgamation and progress, to found not a museum or a mummified memorial, but a forceful and a useful organisation, simple yet effective, whereby all humanity may be benefited."

FROM

THE NURSING MIRROR.

OF Forty-four YEARS AGO.

The Doctor's Horse.

What is a doctor's horse? This is not a conundrum, nor is it a question to be answered by the light of natural science after this fashion—a doctor's horse is a mammalian quadruped, genus equus, and so forth. From the point of view of taxation, these things are of no account. The point is this—whether a doctor's horse is a trade horse or a pleasure horse, an animal which should or should not be taxed. Is it to be classed with the squire's hunter or with the sturdy colt that draws the butcher's cart? A trade horse must be kept strictly for trade, and if after the daily rounds the Frau Doctorin borrows the carriage to pay a few calls, she may chance thereby to bring the vindictive tax-gatherer down on her husband's head.

"Is yours a large district?" I asked her.

It is a very scattered one and comprises Southsea and parts of Broughton, Bersham, and Brymbo—mining villages nearby.

"I expect you are very busy all the time?"

"I pay about 2,000 visits during the year and have about 150 cases, which, as might be supposed, are mostly accidents from the mines, and from the Brymbo steel works, though these have now closed down and a great many people are out of work. Our nearest hospital is at Wrexham, and accident cases are taken there. I also pay visits to outlying farms in the neighbourhood, and one has to be prepared for all sorts of emergencies."

Enquiring about payments, I found that subscribers pay 1d. a week.

"Is there no midwifery work?"

"No, not in this district; it is all done by the local midwives. We have a very flourishing Infant Welfare Centre, and I sometimes go in to help."

"How do you get about the district?"

"I have my bicycle, and the buses go to almost every part now and are most convenient; over two routes I get a free pass, which is a great help."

"Do you speak Welsh?"

"Yes, but I do not use it as much as you might think, for there are a great number of English families living round here. However, some of the older people feel much more at home with their own language, and I always speak Welsh to them."

We discussed the absorbing topic of holidays.

"I have a month in the year," said Miss Hughes, "and I can take it when I like, as I arrange with the nurse at Pentre Broughton to take my duty during that time. We also have a mutual arrangement with regard to a day off now and again, when I go down to Chester and sometimes to Liverpool, as both places are within easy reach of Wrexham."

"I see your house is called Tegfan—what does that mean?" I queried, for all Welsh names have an English equivalent. "And is it your own?"

"No," said Miss Hughes, "but, indeed, it is almost like it, for I have lived with my present landlady for twenty years. At one time we lived in another house, but when she moved here I moved with her. Tegfan means a 'pleasant place,' and you can imagine from my length of stay here that I have always found it so."

A recent copy of "The Nursing Mirror" was lying on the table, and Miss Hughes told me that she always kept it to read at the week-ends, "and the first thing I turn to is the news," she declared.

The afternoon was drawing to a close as Nurse Hughes accompanied me to the gate. Up the long hill came the colliers, coal black at the end of their strenuous day, and from the many cheery greetings they exchanged with Miss Hughes, in Welsh and English, I judged that Southsea was justly proud and fond of her, with her long and honourable record of time spent amongst them.

H. M. C.

The Florence Nightingale Week.

AN inaugural meeting to discuss the formation of a Florence Nightingale Foundation was held at St. Thomas's Hospital last week when a large number of distinguished members of the nursing profession were present. Lady Minto took the chair and Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, whose speech is reported in full on our Outlook page this week, explained the scheme. She was followed by Sir Arthur Stanley, who dealt with the plan from the point of view of the League of Red Cross Societies. It is proposed that the present course of post-graduate work at Bedford College for international students should be used as a basis for a more extensive scheme which will be of benefit to all trained nurses from all parts of the world. A special committee will be formed in each country: Mlle. Chaptal, president of the International Council of Nurses, who was unhappily unable to be present, wrote to say that such a committee was already being formed in France and that a sum was being subscribed towards the plan. Past students who had undergone the Bedford College course had promised £200.

Election of the Committee.

Mlle. Hellemans, of the Belgian Nurses' Association, spoke in warm support and promised the assistance of her Association.

The business of the meeting then took place, the elections of the new committee being as follows: President, the Duchess of Devonshire, who represents Derbyshire, Florence Nightingale's county; Vice-Presidents, Lady Minto, Lady Airlie, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, Dame Sarah Swift and Miss Lloyd Still; Executive Committee, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, Miss Lloyd Still, Dame Ann Beadmore Smith, Miss Musson, Miss Dey, and Red Cross representatives not yet appointed, including Sir Arthur Stanley.

The meeting then adjourned for tea in the garden.

The International Students.

On Thursday of last week the certificates to the students who had completed their International Course for the season 1931-1932 were presented to them by the Duchess of Atholl at Bedford College for Women. The chairman was Sir Arthur Stanley, who expressed his pleasure that, though the Red Cross societies felt that they could no

longer, after the next year, finance this training as before, a way had been found out of the difficulty, for the International Council of Nurses wished their Memorial to Florence Nightingale to take the form of studentships for post-graduate courses.

Miss Jebb, Principal of Bedford College, welcomed the many old students who had come to England as delegates to the Florence Nightingale Week meetings. Many of them were not only leaders in the nursing world, but also pioneers in their respective countries, both for education and for the development of women.

The Duchess of Atholl said that she was proud to be asked to give the certificates in this great continuous and concerted effort thus to band together the different countries in understanding and fellowship. Nursing was the foremost profession for women, now embracing not only tending the sick, but child welfare, nutrition, the prevention of disease, and the teaching of self-control.

Mr. Ernest Swift, Secretary-General of the League of Red Cross Societies, said he had recently visited eighteen national societies connected with the Red Cross, and everywhere he had found the nurses imbued with the spirit of service and sacrifice. As a climax to the League's long support of this International Course, it had been decided to hold a summer school at Bedford College during 1932, an announcement which elicited much applause. Lady Aberdeen, who was unable to be present, sent every student a sprig of white heather to wish her good luck.

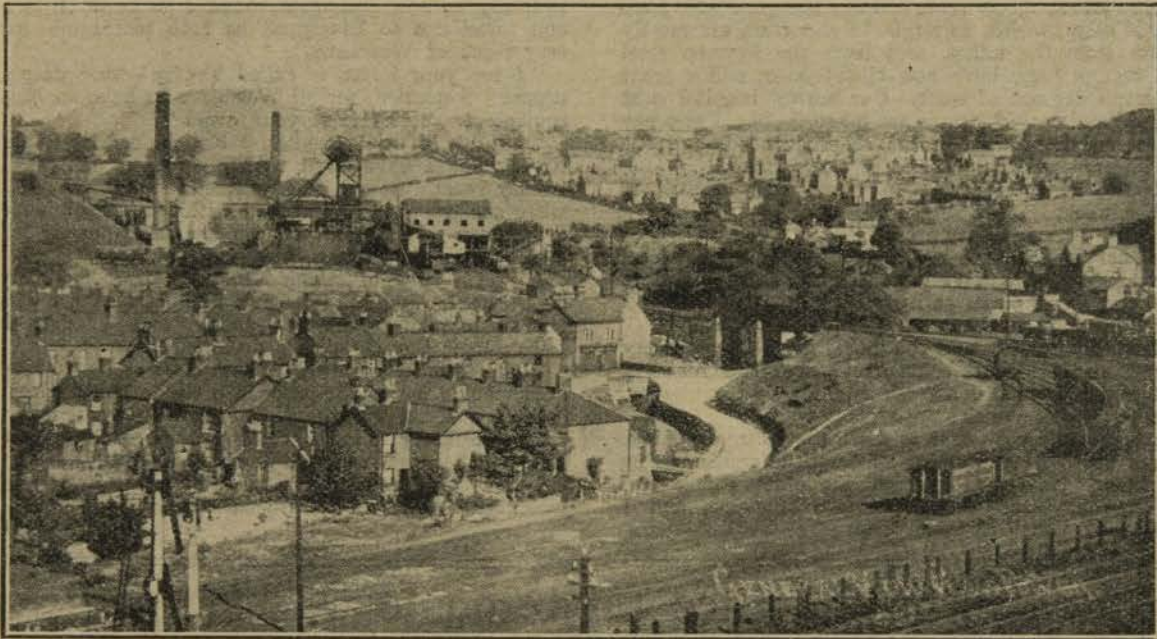
The following students received certificates and will work in their respective countries:—

Miss Elli Montin (Finland), Miss Zoé Bourni (Greece), Miss Frantiska Picova (Czechoslovakia), Miss Eeva Aitto (Finland), Miss Aloisia Menich (Hungary), Miss Dafinka Nikodimova (Bulgaria), Miss Lila Jacob (India), Miss Marjorie Barnett (New Zealand), Miss Roksanda Cabrinovic (Yugoslavia), Miss Maria Senni (Italy), Miss Slava Smiljanic (Yugoslavia), and Miss Zofia Wilkomirska (Poland).

Miss Jacob is returning to India as head of the Health School in Poona; Miss Montin, sister-in-charge of the hospital at Helsingfors; Miss Bourni is going back to Greece as sister-tutor; Miss Ottley obtained distinction in every subject; and Miss Wilkomirska is to occupy the position of matron of the Military Hospital at Warsaw.

The District Nurse at Home.

IN A WELSH COLLIERY DISTRICT.



A Typical Mining Village.

A VISIT to Wales conjures up scenes of the wild beauty of mountains, deep rivers, rushing torrents, peaceful lakes, and smiling valleys which combine to give it the appearance of the Tyrol, and as from the train I caught a glimpse of these, with a river winding through green meadows, I approached Wrexham with as much eagerness as did the famous George Borrow.

The sweet-sounding bells of Wrexham Church, one of



Miss Mary Hughes, A.R.R.C.

the Seven Wonders of Wales, were chiming as I left the town for Southsea, a typical mining village on the outskirts of Wrexham, stern and hard with its dumps and towering head frames of the pithead, which disfigure the landscape and bring home to the visitor the strenuous lives of the colliers. In the cold grey dawn the narrow streets ring with the tramp of feet as the men go down the pits, to come up again in the late afternoon blackened and begrimed after their day in the depths of the earth.

The afternoon was cold, and I was glad to sit with Miss Mary Hughes before her cosy fire to chat about her work.

"Do you know Wales well, and have you been here long?"

"Oh, yes, I have!" said Miss Hughes, and proudly owned to being a native of the district and having spent twenty-two years nursing in it. In the course of conversation I learned that in March, 1931, she had had the honour of visiting Buckingham Palace, where she was presented by the Queen with the long service medal for twenty-one years' service as a Queen's nurse. Miss Hughes was the only nurse from Wales to receive this coveted honour on that occasion.

A Treasured Possession.

"And I am sure they are proud of you here," I said.

Nurse laughed. "I had hoped to steal away very quietly without anyone knowing about it," she said, "but the news leaked out somehow, congratulations poured in from every side, and I had quite a send off." Nurse showed me the beautiful gold medal, which is one of her most treasured possessions, and she is proud, too, of her distinction of A.R.R.C.

Talking of training, I learned that Miss Hughes was trained at the Royal Salop Infirmary, Shrewsbury. She then took up private nursing, and after this was for 4½ years during the War at the 5th Southern General Hospital, Portsmouth.