

She declares with pride that in the past months she had helped several hundreds of stranded refugees to get back to their homes.

"The people of France," she states, "are pathetically anxious for the British to invade and are enthusiastic every time the R.A.F. raids them."

Let us hope she may be of use to General de Gaulle in his Free French Movement; he is one of the outstanding personalities of the war.

The sub-title of the Matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, is Superintendent of Nursing, which emphasises her duties to the sick. This duty we took literally when appointed to the office in 1881, and we spent seven hours daily in the wards, from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. Thus we personally came daily into contact on duty with every member of the nursing staff, and knew of the progress of all acute cases. We found five or six hours in the office in addition time enough to deal with business and reply to all letters by hand. No typewriters or telephones in those days. The Assistant Matron had the care of the nurses off duty and the linen room, and the housekeeper did the catering, which was not calculated to satisfy an epicure. Personally, we supped off a boiled egg and a cup of cocoa without variation for six years! Occasionally we dined with the Sisters at 5 p.m., and remember a celebrated Sister Faith offering us a cut of beef which she described "As 'ard as the 'eart of Pharaoh."

It was in a night round that we came into contact with a case of "black typhus." In a medical ward we found the House Physician, Dr. Browne, known as "Brownie," because of his tenacity concerning the spelling of his name; a mere commonplace Brown he declined to be.

I found this devoted physician standing by a bedside

alone, gently restraining a male patient, who had just been admitted without diagnosis. He was delirious and of a dingy bloated appearance. On either side of the bed we kept watch for quite a while until arrangements could be made to remove him to the Fever Ward, where he died of "black typhus." No other case resulted from infection in the hospital.

In talking this interesting case over with the Treasurer, Sir Sidney Waterlow, he told us that, as a lad, brought up in conditions far from affluent, he had nearly died of typhus fever. For years science has banished this fell disease from our midst, but in the horrors of war conditions this terror is again disseminating the German troops, an additional agent of death.

The Fulbourn Mental Hospital Committee have approved a recommendation of a Sub-Committee that stockings should form part of the uniform of the female nursing staff, but still remain the property of the hospital. The Welfare Sub-Committee had been asked to recommend the number to be issued per year, and they had decided upon six pairs per member; an initial issue of four pairs being made, while the remaining two pairs were to be kept in stock.

What articles of clothing will the unfortunate ratepayer be required to provide next? If stockings why not shoes—and,

indeed, why not silk knickers and "nighties"?

Let us hope that lipstick and cigarettes will not be included in the emoluments of mental nurses.

A Matron informed us recently that in a Court of Law where she was giving evidence, the Judge enquired, "What is a Registered Nurse?", and she had the greatest pleasure in instructing His Honour!

We note Mr. Justice Humphreys recently enquired in the High Court, "What is lateral subluxation of the astragalus? Why don't doctors use plain English?" he asked.



Photo:] [Studio Lisa
Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth as Prince Florizel,
Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret as Cinderella, in Pantomime.

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