

## The Encyclopædia of Nursing.\*

Prepared under the Editorial supervision of  
Lucile Petry, M.A., R.N.

THERE MUST HAVE been times in the nursing careers of many people when a really adequate book of reference on Nursing matters would have been much appreciated. Well, here it is, an excellent one edited by an American colleague. It contains a wealth of information on nursing and medical matters, covering a very wide field. It is something more than a purely medical dictionary, and in consequence would be a valuable inclusion in the reference library. There has been no book of its kind so far for the nursing profession, and it will surely be a very welcome addition. It is a very instructive book for all branches of nursing and for Nurse Teachers in particular.

\*Published by W. B. Saunders Company, Philadelphia and London. Price 24s.

## A Handbook of Dietetics for Nurses.\*

By Catherine F. Harris, S.R.N., Dipl. diet., R.C.N.

HERE IS AN excellent book on dietetics for the Student Nurse. It is clearly conceived and all the relevant facts are set out under headings which make for easy reference. The various plates and diagrams put facts before the reader in a way which appeals to the eye and makes remembering much easier. The dietary tables are clearly set out and no nurse fortunate enough to have this book will fail to gain a useful and workable knowledge of the subject. It is a very valuable text on the all important subject of feeding the patient.

\*Published by Baillière Tindall and Cox, 7 and 8, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2. Price 17s. 6d.

## Operating Room Technic.\*

St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minnesota, U.S.A.

THIS BOOK is intended for theatre staffs, especially those responsible for assisting at operations. Nurses will find it of great value and interest, though procedures in this may differ from those of our own operating theatres. The value lies in the clear accounts of the various operations and the lists of instruments which are needed for them. I liked the illustrations of the various parts of the body showing just what the operations are about. They should be a great help to nurses seeing these for the first time when it is difficult always to know just what is going on. A useful book of this kind is always welcome in a library. U.S.

\*Published by W. B. Saunders Company Ltd., 7, Grape Street, London, W.C.2. Price 32s. 6d.

## River Trip to Windsor.

A LOVELY EARLY AUTUMN was rustling gently in. Bright morning sunshine flooded my office at 8 a.m., and I experienced an utter distaste for the sight of the ugly brick walls of the factory opposite. Into my mind—all unbidden—came the lilting strains of "Sailing down the river on a Sunday afternoon," and a perfect picture of the shimmering reaches of old Father Thames

"Why not"—I mused—"it is Tuesday and not Sunday—but the boats still go to Windsor. Why not go with them?" With sudden determination I decided on the last trip of the season and persuaded a friend to join me.

I gobbled down an early lunch; took a train to Putney Bridge and a bus to Kingston pier. By 2.30 p.m. we were sitting perched high on a boat bound for Windsor. We were hot from the rush and the midday sun, but cool breezes played on our faces and the waters sparkled joyously.

Determined to make the most of our half day's unexpected freedom we settled down lazily to luxuriate in the glorious scenery as we sailed down past Hampton Court. Certainly Cardinal Wolsey knew where to build his palace! The superb gardens are still open to the public, where flowers

bloom in gay profusion for their delight. Passing under Hampton Bridge we entered Molesey Lock, from where we were floated on to a higher reach of river down to Sunbury and Shepperton!

The gentle motion of the old slow boat filled me with peaceful drowsiness. I felt constrained to sleep and I looked around for sufficient space in which to recline. Only the top of the water cistern high above the back seats was available, and much to my companion's consternation I spread out my coat, borrowed hers for a pillow and settled down snugly for a light siesta. I was sleepily aware of the many pretty house-boats we left behind and of being floated up again in Sunbury Lock, and of the hot sun's rays on my face and neck, and of the delicious coolness of the gentle winds. From the trees on either bank came the sweetest songs of birds and drowsy rural sounds; and I fell asleep until we came to Shepperton!

I awoke suddenly in what I imagined to be a Turkish Bath! But it was only the steam escaping from a pipe behind me! However, I decided I had better move before I fell into the tank, and with great reluctance I struggled back to full consciousness. Beyond Shepperton Lock is a lovely stretch of river down to Chertsey. Not a cloud dimmed the beauty of the dark blue sky as the sun smiled radiantly on peaceful river. Green fields stretched away for miles on our left and little alcoves between gorgeous trees on our right attracted us strangely to their cool and hidden depths. But the old boat paddled lazily by.

From Chertsey we sailed to Laleham, a lovely and almost secret place where Matthew Arnold the poet was born; with an old Norman church where he was buried.

On we sailed, borne higher on the river through Penton Hook Lock and on through Staines. Picturesque and lovely bungalows in vivid colours enhanced the beauty of both banks and filled one with longing for just such a place of one's own.

At Bell Weir the River Colne joins the Thames and this marks the boundary between Middlesex and Buckinghamshire. Here we sampled the tea brewed on the boat and we were not impressed by its fragrance; but it was hot, wet and refreshing. We gasped and marvelled at the wondrous beauty of the sprawling river scenery.

By now, the sun had slanted to the west. Not a ripple stirred the surface of the calm, clear waters. Leaning over the side of the boat we gazed pensively into the darkening river, and saw trees, banks and boat perfectly mirrored within.

Down by Magna Carta Island we slowly sailed, along by Runnymede, and thought gratefully of King John and his hosts of barons who forever set our liberties boundless as the skies. Cooper's Hill formed a lovely background of sheer scenic beauty and the view was breathtaking.

Sauntering into old Windsor we caught our first view of Windsor Castle, whose ramparts were bathed in a rosy glow and clearly outlined against the setting sun. The sky was afire with limpid gold and crimson. The air was still and cool. Pole stars were faintly visible and heralded the night.

We entered Romney Lock at 7.15 p.m. With a nostalgic sigh we left the boat and gazed sadly down the lonely river. The peace was tremendous and the scene hauntingly attractive so that we could scarcely bear to leave it.

Just one minute's walk away, our train awaited us for Waterloo. The sunset was beautiful beyond description and the air very warm. As we left the country far behind and entered outer London, the sky was dark, aloof and mysterious with myriads of brightly twinkling stars, and a young moon shyly rising. We turned our sixpences for luck, thought our own sweet thoughts, had a good supper and went sleepily to bed.

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When winter comes, then spring's not far behind, and boats will sail to Windsor once again. G. M. H.

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