and make him an honoured and welcome guest.

"Lastly, I would like to repeat my sincere thanks to my senior staff and Ward Sisters for their help and loyalty to me, and to Mrs. Hastings and Mr. Bermel and the Committees under their chairmanship, for their help and encouragement

which they have always given us." In her report on the Nursing School, Miss D. I. Postle, M.B.E., S.R.N., S.C.M., T.D., the Principal Tutor, gave a few facts and figures, stating that of nurses taking the examinations 70 per cent. were successful, the remainder passing on their second attempt.

Presentation of Prizes.

Mrs. B. A. Bennett, O.B.E., Principal Nursing Officer Ministry of Labour and National Service, in her speech, spoke of the very fine film made at the hospital on nursing which could not be used nationally for training purposes because its size of film was not standard.

She felt it was so good to see so many nurses looking so very fresh and lovely and that so many married and single are coming in to train. She had been round the wards, and many may not know that the hospital was one of the old infirmaries which had gradually become a hospital. A 100 years or more had passed since, and the buildings had been transformed.

It greatly interested her that the wards were named after the nurses who nursed during the epidemic days of Cholera in 1860-lovely names such as Mercy, Hope, Truth, Faith.

After giving some humorous anecdotes, Mrs. Bennett spoke of the effect on the nurses' position and work arising from the encroachment of the numerous departments in the hospital field.

Her question-Where is Nursing Going?

The Nightingale Pledge.

The Nightingale Pledge was read by Miss L. Reid while the nurses stood. On behalf of their colleagues nurses proposed



Votes of Thanks: Miss Diana Walshe to Mrs. Bennett, and Miss M. M. Jerwan on behalf of her colleagues to the Matron, Miss Finch, and the Sister-Tutor, Miss Postle.

The chairman thanked Mrs. Bennett.

The ceremony completed, all adjourned to a most enjoyable tea. As we departed, we reflected on the happy atmosphere which one has learned to expect whenever visiting St. Georgein-the-East Hospital.

The Good Indian's Prayer

WE THOUGHT OUR readers would be interested to have the following "The Good Indian's Prayer" reproduced in this Journal.

The old maxims were discovered by Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, of Exning, in an old junk shop in Doncaster. She it was who sent them to His late Majesty King George V who had a copy framed and always kept it on his desk.

A copy of the actual photograph was at some time published in "The Sunday Times."

- Oh! Powers that be Make me to observe and keep the rules of the game. Give me to mind my own business at all times and to lose no good opportunity of holding my tongue.
- Help me not to cry for the moon, or over spilt milk. Help me neither to proffer or welcome cheap praise to distinguish sharply between sentiment and
- sentimentality, cleaving to one, despising the other. When it is appointed for me to suffer, let me, as far as is humanly possible, to take example by the well bred beasts, and go away quietly and bear my sufferings by myself.
- Sufferings by myself. Give me always to be good comrade and to view the passing show, with an eye constantly growing keener and a charity broadening & deepening day by day. Help to win, if win I may, but, and this Oh! Powers especially, if I may not win make me a good loser

a good loser.

All eyes on mother...

when feeding bottle time comes round. And that's when she's most thankful she follows the Milton routine. The bottle has been completely protected from dust, germs and flies ever since the last feed. So much simpler than relying on boiling water to sterilise the bottle and teat. No fuss heating water. No risk of cracked bottles. It's not surprising that nurses and midwives recommend it, and that most hospitals today insist on



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