

by the Rev. F. F. Buckingham (Chairman of the St. Thomas' Board). The speakers invited on this paper are Mr. William Hammick (Vice-Chairman of the Salisbury Union) and Mr. G. S. A. Wayless (Medical Officer of the Devizes Union). Is it too much to hope that before the Conference takes place the promoters will appreciate the desirability of inviting a nurse to speak on nursing?

At a recent meeting of the Evesham Guardians, a letter was read from Mrs. Hoddinott, of the Nursing Home, who wrote that the Board's letter was the first she heard about her night nurse being absent from the workhouse, and she would arrange for a nurse to be there regularly in the future, as she particularly wished her nurses to give every satisfaction. Mr. E. H. Wadams said the nurse in question left the house for several hours in the middle of the night without having been to see a patient anywhere.

Nurse Godfrey, the assistant nurse, sent in her resignation and a long letter. She said if the superintendent nurse was paid £40 a year to walk about all day, and the assistant nurse £25 for doing the work, it was time someone knew about it. She did not feel equal to doing night duty. The resignation was accepted, and it was decided to advertise for another assistant nurse.

Apparently Nurse Godfrey does not understand that to supervise and organise efficiently are quite as onerous as "doing the work," as she describes her share in the care of the sick in Evesham Workhouse. No nurse, however, can so describe her share of the duties who does not "feel equal" to doing night work. It is well that the Guardians have accepted her resignation, in favour, we hope, of someone who appreciates the fact that the sick need care both night and day.

We gather from the experiences of a patient narrated in the *Thermometer* (Nordrach-on-Dee) that life in an open-air sanatorium is not without excitement.

"'You may go on the balcony to-day,' said the doctor, genially, in the tone in which he might have granted me leave to visit Banchory village.

"As a rule, I accept a small crumb like the balcony with gratitude; but to-day I shivered suggestively. There was a southing sound in the trees which made one feel it would be far from sultry out of doors. The doctor, however, took no notice, and after having opened a window which had mercifully shut itself during breakfast, and murmuring 'Twelve to four—not longer,' he bade me good morning and left the room. I mentally registered a vow it would not be 'longer.'

"Soon after twelve I was lying on my lounge, so wrapped up in shawls and rugs that I felt quite warm and comfortable in spite of a strong N.W. wind. Suddenly I felt what seemed like a shower of pebbles

on my face, and feared lest some patient was justifying the opinion of the villagers by becoming really 'daft.' Afraid lest I should be battered beyond recognition, I tried to rise; but nurse had tucked my rugs so well round me that I could not even get my arms free. However, I soon found, to my relief, that it was only a heavy hailstorm. The awning was hastily lowered, and for a little we had a peaceful time; but soon the wind rose to a hurricane and the table on which the occupants of the balcony keep their books, papers, &c., was lightened of its load, with the exception of the ink-bottle and the *Nineteenth Century*, which no doubt, from the heaviness of its contents, was able manfully to stick to its post. Papers, letters, and envelopes were scattered in the wildest confusion around us, while some had even been carried over the parapet and were madly whirling amongst the trees.

"Our troubles did not cease with the arrival of lunch. A sudden gust of wind sent my serviette flying, and in my efforts to save it the glass of milk was capsized. I fear it drenched the patient on the balcony below, and one felt really glad it had not been hot soup.

"The *Nineteenth Century* now began to show signs of restlessness, and, in our attempts to keep it from joining its giddier companions, the ink-bottle was upset, again bedewing the unlucky patient below. It was indeed unfortunate. I had often heard that milk took out ink-stains, but never the reverse; so it was a pity the ink did not precede the milk. We looked wildly round for blotting-paper to send down to him; but it was joining in a reckless game of 'hide-and-seek' amongst the pines with the envelopes and note-paper.

"I began to wonder how long it would be before we joined our belongings; but, probably owing to the extra kilos. gained since we came here, we stuck to our lounges. I know now why they are so anxious we should gain weight.

"Four o'clock came at last, and, after some time spent in chasing what was left of our property on the balcony, we returned to our rooms. By this time the wind had suddenly fallen, whilst the sun was shining brightly, and casting long shadows on the lawn; giving one the impression that it was the conclusion of (what it had certainly not been) a peaceful June afternoon."

Once more the danger of sea-sickness, and the consequent need of skilled care, is emphasised by the death of a steward on one of the Liverpool passenger steamers which run to Llandudno and the Menai Straits, who died on Saturday as the result of sea sickness. He was vomiting, when he broke a blood-vessel. A tragic consequence was that a resident of Bangor employed at Port Penrhyn was so overcome by the sight that he subsequently died.

The readers of the *Times of India* have liberally subscribed to reimburse the nurses engaged at the Arthur Road Hospital, Bombay, for the losses they sustained in the recent fire. The subscribers to the fund include his Excellency Lord Northcote, and the total amount realised is 2,412 rupees, which it is hoped will make good the losses actually sustained.

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