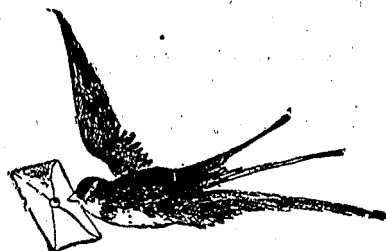


Our Foreign Letter.



MY DEAR EDITOR, — I left England 2nd September, and had a glorious voyage out, renewing my lost youth almost, and enjoying a

long-needed rest. I arrived New Zealand 17th October and travelled up to Rotorua to my sister on 19th October; had a delightful time there. Rotorua is the *Wonderland* of New Zealand, its geysers, mud springs, etc., too weird for words; and then its sylvan scenery is grand also—lovely lakes full of trout—springs and rivers of wonderful beauty. I thought I had few new experiences left, having travelled all over India as a girl, and yet Rotorua was a revelation to me. I simply revelled in the long coach tours, motor tours, not to mention the idle, sunny days spent on the various lakes. Whilst there I registered myself as a nurse, wrote to the Governor, the Chief Health Officer, Dr. Valentine (a charming man, and Bart's), and Miss Maclean (an exceedingly nice woman), Inspector of Hospitals, as you know. So whilst enjoying myself to the utmost I also had many irons in the fire. One day I had a wire from Miss Maclean to apply for this post. I did so. After many days I had another wire from the Board requesting an interview. Two days' journey to Wellington meant expense, as travelling is ruinous, but out of many candidates I was elected on 25th November, and took up my work here on 12th December, opened the hospital on 16th December, so that within two months of my arrival my adopted country had given me a matronship of £100 per annum; a gem of a new hospital; a lovely new nurses' home, over which I have full command; and further, an isolation block for "suspect" cases. The hospital is only for scarlet fever, and has six wards, divided by glass into wards 1, 2, and 3—first ward for acute, second ward for patients in the second and third weeks of the disease, and third ward for convalescents. Lovely deep verandahs, where, on bright, sunny days, our little patients live all day in their beds, which are quite easily moved about. The whole hospital is lit by electric light and thoroughly up-to-date. His Excellency was much pleased with it. It is situated on hills quite close to Government House; good grounds, in which our home is situated, quite close to hospital, on a hill, and approached by steps and terrace gardens (at least our landscape gardener tells me he will have my garden in the near future). My sitting room is very pretty, with a glorious view "over the hills and far away," and already looks like home, as I brought out all my pictures, etc. Our disinfecting rooms for the nurses are well planned, and comprise rooms as follows:—Room 1, where all ward uniform is left, and they walk into the bath-room; from bath-room into third room, where they slip on their dressing gowns and can then go to their

bed-rooms, dress in all fresh clothes, and go out. They never wear uniform in the home or out. Of course I have my own bath-room, and the nurses, when disinfected, have a second bath-room upstairs, as also a basin-room. The main hospital, or Wellington Hospital, feeds me with nurses three months at a time, as fever training forms a part of their training. All cases of diphtheria are nursed at present in the hospital, but later I think I will have them in another block. I have a cook and house parlour-maid (both lately out from home), and one porter for ward polishing, etc. So far the ménage is most comfortable. Is it not strange the Medical Superintendent is also a Bart's man?—Dr. Hardwick Smith. It is so nice. So far my impressions of New Zealand are very favourable, as I have met such kind people and have had such a good time. Wellington is very pretty on a fine day, when the atmosphere is clear beyond description, and the cloud effects wonderful, but when windy we are almost blown away, and a motor veil must be worn over one's cap even crossing to the hospital.

Now, dear Editor, I must really stop, but I felt you would be interested to hear about my doings. I had such a nice letter from the Queen Mother before leaving England. I wrote to her as I was anxious not to give up my Territorial medal.

S. E. POLDEN.

New Fever Hospital,
Wellington, New Zealand.

[Miss Polden has many friends in the nursing world, and they will, we feel sure, be pleased to hear of her happiness and good fortune. Her excellent work for the Royal United Hospital, Bath, will be long remembered.—Ed.]

THE TURIN EXHIBITION.

We are informed by the Board of Trade that in the British Section of the approaching Turin Exhibition chemical and physical apparatus will be shown in a practical and novel form, and arrangements are being made by which there will be on view at least two well-equipped chemical laboratories, with such work going on as will effectively illustrate various interesting processes. In addition there will be a large space available for the display in show cases of chemical products and apparatus not in use in the laboratories. A Court will be devoted to scientific instruments, and the equipment of a dark room is under consideration. The organisation of these exhibits has been placed by the Board of Trade in the hands of Dr. F. Mollwo Perkin.

THE NIGHTINGALE NUMBER OF THE "A. J. N."

The *American Journal of Nursing* for February appears as a "Nightingale Number." It is interesting to find facsimile reproductions of two letters from Miss Nightingale written to Miss Scovil—letters which have never been made public before. The speeches published are those delivered at the Carnegie Hall, New York, in May last, in honour of Florence Nightingale, and of the founding by her of the first training school for nurses.

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