

NURSING ECHOES.

We have to thank many readers for kind letters and good wishes for a Happy Christmas, for which we are, as ever, grateful. We only hope that if possible each reader of the *B.J.N.* will take a look round and do some little thing to make sure that every man who made such great sacrifices for us during the war may find himself among friends, enjoying some of the good things he has helped to provide for us.

For the next fortnight the generous Yuletide spirit will reign supreme in our hospitals, and lovely flowers and plants, Christmas trees and brighties, will enliven the scene and chase pain away. It is good to let ourselves go at this season to give and take all the fun possible. Personally we prefer a peep into the Children's Hospitals and wards; one is never too old to feel a thrill of excitement in opening parcels and bulging stockings, and longing to be that star-crowned, blue-eyed fairy glistening at the very top of the tree. We are glad to hear that a real pre-war Christmas is to be the order of the day in the hospital world this year—now that good cheer has come down in price.

"Sister says as I can choose me Christmas dinner this year" (alas! probably his last), a little pale-face recently told us.

"And what 'ave you chose?" a near-by neighbour inquired.

"Well, it's to be a real good tuck-in—two 'elpings of juicy goose, onion stuffings, apple sauce, with a lib'ral supply of brown gravy, brown taters, and sprouts."

"Not 'alf. Where you going to stow it all?"

"Just you 'old 'ard. To be follered by——"

"If you aint busted."

"I'm a telling yer—to be followed by *wine* trifle—no teetot'l pudding for me—cheese and biscuits, and everything as ever is for dessert. Oranges, gripes, nuts, bull's-eyes."

"Specially gripes. How about yer coffin?"

"Well, what abawt it?"

"Aint you guv the order for it—polished hoak and brass fittings?"

"Your father a corpse collector?"

"What if 'e is?"

"Well, you guv 'im my complements of the season, and tell 'im as everything comes to 'im as waits."

"Y're a good plucked 'un."

Just what we were thinking.

Then Sister: "Arn't they too wonderful?"

"Indeed yes—just British," we agree.

The programme arranged at the Prince of Wales's General Hospital, Tottenham, where Miss Bickerton is a past mistress of hospitality, may be taken as the scope of hospital festivities:—

Monday, 26th, 3 to 6 p.m., Patients have each two friends to tea.

Thursday, 29th, 3 to 6 p.m.; Patients' Children to Tea and Entertainment. Also friends of Hospital, 3.30 to 6.

Friday, 30th, 3 to 6 p.m., Poorest of Out-patient Children.

Saturday, 31st, 3 to 6 p.m., Out-patient "Old People." Tea, 6 p.m., Nurses' League.

Friends and doctors give encouragement to all these subdued high jinks, but it is the unselfish personal participation of the Nursing Staff in the arrangements which carries them off so triumphantly.

This year Sister Fowler has written and arranged an Eastern Fantasy, in three Acts, called "The Dream," in which all the parts will be played by Sisters and Nurses. They will also give "The Area Belle," and there are to be songs, recitations and dancing. Merry doings indeed!

The London Temperance Hospital Nurses' League are very pleased with the result of their Sale of Work on December 3rd. It realised £51, which was beyond their expectations. At a meeting of the League held on December 13th it was unanimously agreed that £20 be sent to Ispahan for the support of the London Temperance Hospital bed for one year; that a certain sum be set aside for a memorial to their beloved friend, Dr. Ironside (this will take the form of something specially needed at the Mission Hospital—an appliance, or apparatus, as the case may be); that the usual yearly donation be sent to the Nurses' Missionary League; and that a sum of £5 be handed over to the Matron for the Christmas Fund.

A very satisfactory result of the afternoon's work.

December 29th is "View Day" at St. Marylebone Infirmary, and invitations have been issued by the Infirmary Committee, of which Miss M. E. Broadbent is Chairman, to visit the Infirmary from 3 to 6 p.m. Tea at 4 p.m. R.S.V.P. to Miss Cockrell, the Matron,

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