

In this connection may I take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the expert knowledge placed at the disposal of the General Nursing Council by the eminent medical men who have helped to draft the Syllabus for the future education of nurses?

I am, Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

Member General Nursing Council
for England and Wales.

20, Upper Wimpole Street, London, W.1.,

July 25th, 1921.

ADDENBROOKE'S HOSPITAL, CAMBRIDGE.

A RESIGNATION AND AN APPOINTMENT.

Miss Constance Crookenden, R.R.C., who for the past eight years has been Matron at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, has resigned her appointment and she will leave on September 1st in order to become proprietor of a nursing home at Brighton.

Miss Crookenden was trained at St. Thomas' Hospital and after private nursing for one year she was appointed Matron of the Cray Valley Hospital which appointment she held for 5½ years. On the resignation of Miss Montgomery as Matron at Addenbrooke's in 1913 Miss Crookenden was unanimously elected Matron. In addition to her duties at Addenbrooke's Hospital Miss Crookenden was for five years Principal Matron of the First Eastern General Hospital, Cambridge, containing 1750 beds, and in recognition of her services she was awarded the Royal Red Cross (First Class).

The General Committee of Addenbrooke's at their meeting held this week appointed Miss L. Forster-Feather to the vacancy. The successful candidate was trained at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, for four years and holds a first-class certificate. Since the completion of her training and after one year's military work in France she has held the following posts. Sister in charge of Women's Medical and Surgical Wards, Herefordshire General Hospital. Sister in charge of the Male Accident and Emergency Ward, Derbyshire Royal Infirmary; Night Sister, Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End, London; Pupil House-keeper, Charing Cross Hospital; Home Sister and Assistant Matron and since April, 1920, Matron of the Royal Gwent Hospital, Newport, Mon.

There were thirty-one applications for the appointment.

COMING EVENTS.

July 30th.—Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland. Quarterly Meeting. Royal British Nurses' Association Club, 194, Queen's Gate, S.W. 3 p.m. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick will explain the Rules for Registration.

July 30th.—Poor Law Infirmary Matrons' Association Quarterly Meeting. Eustace Miles' Restaurant, Chandos Street, Charing Cross, W.C. 3 p.m.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SWEET ROCKET.*

The publication of a new book by Miss Mary Johnston is always an event in the literary world, and "Sweet Rocket," both for its charming style and for its subject matter, which will repay careful study, is sure of a welcome from Miss Johnston's many admirers.

The author introduces us to a delightful country idyll—the visit of a teacher to an old pupil in her dearly loved "Sweet Rocket." Once her home, sold on her father's death owing to the poverty which compelled, she returned there as the secretary of the blind owner.

The story begins with the drive from the station, where Marget had gone to meet her guest. "The woman driving turned the phaeton from the highway into a narrow road. . . . The woman to whom this countryside was new, sitting beside the woman driving, drew a breath of pleasure. 'Oh, smell it! It goes over you like balm!'

"It washes the travel stains away. Take off your hat.'

"The other obeyed, turning and placing it upon the back seat beside a large and a small travelling bag. She drew off her gloves, too; then straightening herself, sighed again with happiness. 'How deep it goes . . . and quiet! It's thousands of miles away! . . .'

"There are five miles of it,' said Marget. Her tone added, 'I love it—its solitariness, its oneness.'

"It's miraculously beautiful,' answered her companion. 'It aches, it is so beautiful.' . . .

"They travelled again in silence. The visitor, a small, elderly woman, with a thin, strong, intelligent face. Something about her, alike of strength and of limitation, said 'Teacher for long years,' and Marget, who owed her much, loved this guide of her early years.

So Miss Darcy and Marget came to Sweet Rocket, and in the pleasant room, where Marget left her, Anna Darcy rested awhile, her head against the back of the chair, her eyes closed. "She was no longer a young woman, and she had had a tiring year, and it was grateful to her to rest thus. Rest! It was the word, it was the feeling, that was dwelling in this place. Rest, rest, deep rest without idleness."

Then they went down to supper. "The two entered the lower hall, yet drenched with the afterglow. A man, tall and big framed, turned at their step. 'Miss Darcy, this is Mr. Linden.' He put out his hand; the visitor laid hers in it. It was a strong hand, likeable. His voice, when he spoke, was the voice for the hand. 'I am glad to see you, Miss Darcy! Marget and I are glad . . .'

"Supper over they went into the parlour that was opposite the dining room, and was no more—"

* Constable & Co., Ltd., 10-12, Orange Street, London.

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