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EDITORIAL.

THE DREAM THAT CAME TRUE.

It was all like a fairy story—a true fairy story. Once upon a time a girl with City traditions in her blood entered the nurse-training school at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the City of London, which has seen close on 800 years of splendid service for humanity, and learnt there the pride of craft, the joy of comradeship, the happiness of helpfulness, and much more besides. And she lived for three years and upwards in the dilapidated group of houses called for politeness sake by the authorities the "Nurses' Home"; while if you spoke to the nurses they would tell you, "I sleep in the horse-boxes," or "up-the-corkscrew," or "in the Wild West," as the case might be. They were young and ardent, and made little account of a few hardships. Moreover, have not Bart's nurses for the past forty years been promised that new Home which is to be a paradise of convenience? It was a comforting, if somewhat unsubstantial, dream for succeeding generations of nurses, but it is small wonder that the late Treasurer's nights were disturbed when he thought of the nurses sleeping at the "top of the corkscrew," and visualised what would happen if a fire broke out in those rickety old tenements. In due time our probationer, herself the daughter of a Sheriff of the City of London, married one of its Aldermen—Sir John Baddeley—who is this year Lord Mayor, and so the stage was set for the next scene in the play.

It was fitting that when at last the house-breakers were to begin their work on the old building that the Lady Mayoress should be asked to inaugurate it. And it was an especially happy coincidence that she should be a certificated nurse of the hospital. So it

came to pass that on Tuesday morning last there rolled up to the hospital that beautiful array of old-world coaches, superb horses, and splendid paraphernalia which Londoners know and love so well, associated with the Pageantry of the "Lord Mayor in State"—Sheriff, City Chamberlain, mace-bearer and all complete. A star cast, indeed, with the Lady Mayoress as the leading lady.

Then they descended from the coaches of crystal, and crimson, and gold, and after being received by the Treasurer of the hospital (Lord Stanmore), the Almoners, members of the Medical Staff, Clerk to the Governors, and Matron, they disappeared, and after a space appeared again on the flat roof of the old building (surely a fairy must have guided the party up that steep ladder to the roof), where there materialised the Lord Mayor in his robes of State, the Lady Mayoress and the rest of the picturesque party. At a given signal the Lady Mayoress, with a handle (which later the fairies transformed into the pedestal of a beautiful lamp, delicately decorated, and bearing the arms of the City and of the hospital—a charming memento of a great occasion), gave the needed impetus to send a chimney stack toppling over into the court below. And so the good work was inaugurated, which a year hence we hope will have materialised in bricks and mortar as the first wing of Queen Mary's Home for St. Bartholomew's Nurses.

The first step towards the erection of the new Home was taken when Her Majesty the Queen laid the foundation stone of the new wing last spring, the second is the beginning of the actual work of demolition by the Lady Mayoress. Before long, we may now reasonably hope, the Home which so many Bart's nurses have ardently desired will not merely be the Home of their dreams, but the dream that came true.

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