

But how about Sister Rip van Winkle? Quite recently I had a little nurse friend warded in the "London." She was full of its praises—the skill of the Surgeon, the untiring devotion of her nurses, the excellent food and service—hundreds of pounds' worth of benefits for a mere song!

I had not been inside the hospital for nearly forty years. I was prompted to pay my colleague a visit—so I went. I stepped out at Aldgate looking around for changes. Where were they? Not apparent to the eye. The same wide and busy thoroughfare—the little houses, the sunlit canopy of blue, bracing breezes, the tinkling trams, and actually the self-same sausages and onions—a savoury mess—sizzling in the pan! The tired, good faces of the passers by, factory girls with fewer feathers, but silken hose, and the fat hatless aliens and their chickaleery coves. They were all there.

Greatly heartened I tripped along. Arrived at the grim-faced hospital, but few structural changes were apparent outside.

A new boulevard of trees dotted the pavement, and big crisp leaves whirled around, crowds and barrows of lovely chrysanthemums proclaimed it visiting day. I stepped inside the gates. Just the same type of porter, smiling, courteous, responded to enquiries, and quite easily, in spite of internal reconstruction, I found my way to Mary Northcliffe Ward.

Here, in a charming sick-room, containing four beds, I found the little patient I sought, bright and convalescent (after extraordinary excavations), looking as dainty as a little French marquise, reclining on snowy pillows, in a blue satin negligé—in a garden of roses!

I always think a hospital ward the nicest place in the world, so speckless and bright, and in this particular place, with its cream walls, clear burning fire, warmed and suffused with the right nursing atmosphere serenity reigned supreme. It is little wonder that the beds are in constant request by those in need of immediate surgical relief.

Just round the corner from "Mary Northcliffe" Ward the "Charlotte" group of wards are situated. I could not resist peeping in—and in seeking Sister Charlotte (who was engaged) passing through my old charge.

That forty years had passed away since "my day" seemed incredible! and the many improvements as to fittings for the comfort and sanitary safety of the patients in no way removed the old landmarks. The group of four wards leading one into the other, the "lobby" and the garden spaces viewed from the windows—all were much as of old.

Groups of nurses instead of one only in each ward, several Sisters, in pale blue and "tails," on duty instead of one (often on duty for sixteen hours!) demonstrated the more humane conditions of a hospital nurse's work. In every ward, beside nearly every bed, memories grave and gay, sprang vividly to life—just episodes I should love to set down, but lack of space, and perhaps discretion, forbids.

The corridors as of old teemed with activity—students, nurses, trollies, patients. In the garden I paid court to the statue of Queen Alexandra; caught a glimpse of the modern nurse in trim attire enjoying a game of tennis, and in passing the stately buildings—new Departments, Schools, Nurses' Homes—which have materialised through the extraordinary psychology of the "Prince of Beggars," realised his claim that this Town of Healing is truly a National Institution, which cannot, and will not, be permitted to collapse.

As such, no doubt, the London Hospital will for centuries continue to serve the people of East London from the City to the sea, and will be found humming by any Sister Rip van Winkle who may pass through its portals in the spirit, and flit through its wards unseen.

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

LOOKING ON.

Everybody is likely to be interested in the new edition of Jimmy Howcroft's poems, which, under the title, "Looking On," is now issued by the author.

Howcroft is an airman who was desperately wounded during the war. Since 1916 he has been unable to move hand or foot; indeed, it is a mystery to his doctors that he should be able to live since his spine is fractured. He is in constant pain. Howcroft, however, has the poet's ability to rise superior to his surroundings, and most of the poems in this little volume were dictated to his nurse in the London Hospital, where he was looked after for five years.

Howcroft now lives at Liphook, in a cottage, in comfort, largely owing to the tangible result of the sale of the first edition of this book. With his wonderful enthusiasm he is now very keen on starting a poultry farm, and he is looking to future sales to start him in this scheme.

These verses serve to show us there are no circumstances, however adverse, which a courageous spirit may not surmount. There must be many who, admiring this war hero's sustained courage, will be glad to help in the small way of securing this little book of poems, which has proved itself of help to many on account of its outlook of cheerfulness and courage. This second edition, much augmented, revised, and a new photograph added, can be obtained from the author at Little Forest Cottage, Liphook, Hants, at the low price of 2s. 6d., post free, or by the kindness of Messrs. Eden Fisher & Co., Ltd., from them at 95, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3.

LITTLE FOREST COTTAGE.

TO MY NURSES AND OTHER FRIENDS.

It's a little bit of heaven,
Ah! this is what I find;
And I want to share my heaven
With the rest of all my kind.

The birds are sweetly singing,
There is laughter in the trees,
And the sunbeams keep on dancing
To the music in the breeze.

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