

personal cost"—and it is "proposed to hold this Memorial Service each year at the foot of the austere and majestic peak to which an additional dignity has been imparted by naming it after her."

In our picture Dr. Edwards is seen pronouncing the Benediction after the service, which consisted of the hymn "Rock of Ages," the Scripture Lesson the 23rd Psalm, and the concluding prayers, which included the words, "We bless thee for the wonderful example of courage and devotion to duty exhibited by Thy servant, Edith Cavell, and all those who, in imitation of Thy Son our Saviour, have willingly given their lives that others might be saved."

That the large congregation did not assemble without difficulties may be realised from the fact that the piano used had to be carried up 7000 feet on the back of pack ponies.

The Angel Glacier is so called because from certain angles, as in a photograph before us, it has the appearance of a recumbent angel with outspread wings.

In the foreground of the picture is ice covered with *débris*. The pole behind Dr. Edwards is a "Totem post," so called because a "totem" is a natural object, especially an animal, used amongst North American Indians as a symbol of a tribe or clan, and images of this are often carved, or hung on a post which is placed in a conspicuous position.

Jasper Park is particularly interesting, not only for its natural beauty, but because it affords a sanctuary for birds and animals.

Mr. Harry Mount, Chairman of the Board of Management of the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, Canterbury, presided recently at the annual prize distribution when prizes were presented by Lady Katherine Hardy.

A feature of the prize list was the medal given by Dr. R. J. Ferguson, who, on retiring from the medical staff last year, gave it to be awarded annually to the probationer who was most proficient in her work and most popular with her colleagues, which was awarded to Nurse Pyle who had completed 19 months' training.

Dr. Harold Wachter, presenting his report, said that 13 nurses had passed the State preliminary examination, and seven the final examination. Examinations to-day were much stiffer than in the old days. The nurses had to go up to London for them, instead of being examined in Canterbury by people who wanted to pass them.

In the hospital examinations eleven entered for general surgery and all passed, Nurse Kemp receiving the first prize. In medicine ten entered and nine passed, Nurse Kemp again receiving the first prize. Nine entered and all passed in the theory and practice of nursing, Nurse Stone being first. Nine of these candidates had also passed the State examinations.

Eight nurses had finished their training and been granted their certificates, and five had obtained the certificate of the Central Midwives' Board.

#### MEMORIES OF QUEENS.

"Memories of Queens" will be continued next month.

## TWENTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

### PREHISTORIC NURSES.

By "One of Them."

Perhaps "prehistoric" may be considered rather absurd for a mere span of twenty years. But the change of outlook and of conditions of work during that time, in the nursing profession, marks what looks like a much longer stretch of time. For this change our thanks are mostly due to Mrs. Bedford Fenwick.

In "the good old days" nurses had to scrub, and sweep and polish—and that not only during their pro days.

In a Bart's Ward a small boy was being taken out by his mother.

"Na, Tommy, say goo' bye to the lidy and thank yer."

"'Taint no lidy. It's Nuss."

How could a woman with rolled up sleeves, scrubbing hard, possibly be a lady! And, of course, poor Tommy had been constantly corrected on admission. "You must say 'Nurse,' Tommy, not 'lady.'"

The coster has, or, rather, had (I write of the beginning of the present century), a peculiar idea of a hospital nurse. He looked up to her, yes—we all probably remember *Punch's* coster who told his nurse she was a real fallen angel—an unfortunate way of describing one whom he thought must have fallen straight from Heaven.

At the same time, our coster friend thought her a bit of a fool to scrub and work for a thirteen hours' day. It was no uncommon thing for a patient to offer to get his favourite nurse a place as a B.T.T. waitress. She had been good to him, and he would use his influence to get her what he considered a better position in life. One good turn deserved another.

The coster women who came into hospital thought even more strongly than men on the subject.

"'Ere, Nurse, 'ow much wages do yer get for scrubbing so 'ard?"

"Wages? I don't get any at all."

"What? Yer don't get no wages? Gar'n, Nurse, don't believe yer."

The next time my staff nurse came round the ward:—  
"That there little nurse in grey says as 'ow she gets no wages for scrubbing so 'ard."

"Wages! My good woman, she pays the hospital a guinea a week for the pleasure of doing it."

Words failed my coster friend at the moment, but every day after that, as I scrubbed the lockers, she ejaculated, "And yer pays a guinea a week for doing *that*." She had evidently come to the conclusion that I was only fit for a Mental Hospital and more words would be wasted.

The British working-man again—"LABOUR," with all Labour's contempt for a good honest day's work—also looked on nurses as more or less fools. Women who worked at high pressure for a thirteen hours' day, at best a ten hours' day, were people who deserved nothing but contempt.

Nurses in those days did not dream of introducing Trade Union principles into their work. There was no talk of a minimum day's work for a maximum day's pay. No talk of an eight hours' day. They went into hospital with the one idea of working hard.

Some nurses may have gone into hospital with the

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)