

them in?" said Matron. Well, at the Prince of Wales Hospital, we agreed, mentally, that of course nothing else could be done! Sister Neal showed us her "school," with its very adequate supply of up-to-date teaching equipment; a reference to the General Nursing Council examination results revealed the fact that at the Prince of Wales Hospital they are exceedingly satisfactory. We had strongly the impression, as we walked round with Sister Neal, that here is a case where the personality of the teacher is a factor that counts for a good deal in the educational work connected with the nursing staff.

The garden of the Prince of Wales Hospital is something to be proud of, if indeed it can be called a garden, for it seems more like a bit of real English country, with a rose garden set here, a bank of lupins there, and little groups of picnic parties scattered about as one set of nurses and then another are free for tea.

As time has passed the hospital has taken in one large house after another, and apparently the tendency has been to preserve as far as possible the trees in the gardens, annexed to those, when the ground was not required for building purposes. Trees there are in endless variety, beautiful oaks, ash trees, cedars, all sorts of fruit trees, and even a solitary pine, this last a poor representative of his kind and evidently just tolerated like some of the human stragglers who have found their way across the Border; either the mental or physical atmosphere (or perhaps both) does not agree with this representative of Scotland, and the Matron evidently felt the necessity to intimate to us his species, so degenerate was he!

We made our way through the garden paths at last to where, under a spreading tree, a table was laid; the gauze over it gave a feeling of mystery and anticipation. The Sisters came along from the tennis courts and wards, and as tea progressed a number of doctors joined the party, until it grew large, but extra tea and cups appeared from nowhere. Michael, the Irish terrier, likes the society of humans, so he was there; by the way, this characteristic was once the factor that saved his life, for he was a legacy to the hospital from a grateful (or far-seeing) friend, left to it with the proviso that, should he not take to the staff, he be "put to sleep." A small black kitten joined the party. "He came to the hospital all alone" was the somewhat apologetic explanation of his presence. "How could we send him away?" It was indeed a delightful picture of how refreshing and joyous off-duty time can be; here was a real relaxation from the ordinary relationships that hospital etiquette rightly demands. Miss Bickerton is evidently greatly respected and loved by her staff, and it was with a certain quiet amusement that we heard soft insinuations as to the possibilities which the grounds offer for a golf course and the roofs for a swimming bath. But these apparently quite casual ideas were blown into the air, like so many dandelion parachutes, by the humorous yet conclusive repartee of the Matron. It was a pleasant reward indeed, that picnic, for a somewhat trying journey through the London streets on a hot day; one could not but enjoy the delightful tea, home-made cakes and sweets, and all the pleasant conversation.

We came away with the impression that the nurses of the Prince of Wales Hospital are no Marthas, but a talk with the Sister Tutor and a glimpse of them in the wards convinced us that they are confirmed optimists, and that they bring to their classes, their nursing duties, and maybe even the call to be up in the morning, as much enthusiasm as they do to the tennis court or a tea party under the trees.

As we left the hospital we realized we had come into touch with the true spirit of the Good Samaritan.

I. M.

A RIGHT ROYAL RECORD.

FIFTY YEARS PRESIDENT OF ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

It was prize day at St. Thomas's Hospital on June 28th, when H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, a typical Royal Prince and great gentleman, visited the hospital of which he has been President for fifty years, and distributed the prizes to the successful students of the Medical School.

It was a glorious summer's day, and amongst the guests the Lord Mayor of London and the City Sheriffs were present together with hundreds of friends of both sexes, the ladies in their fluttering and lovely gowns adding to the gaiety of the scene which is unsurpassed for beauty even in glorious old London. The river at this spot flowing with dignity, and showing no favour with either north or south, there it divides the magnificent buildings which adorn its banks, south, the splendid Hospital, Lambeth Palace and the County Hall; north, the Houses of Lords and Commons, the Clock Tower and the magnificent Abbey of Westminster. Once resident amidst such splendour and content is difficult to find elsewhere! But to return to our Royal Duke and the order of the day.

Before the distribution of prizes, Sir Arthur Stanley, the Treasurer of the hospital on behalf of the Governors, presented to the Duke of Connaught a copy, by Mr. Dorofield Hardy, of the portrait of the Duke by Sir Arthur Cope, in celebration of the 50 years of his presidency of the institution. The Duke afterwards presented the portrait to the hospital.

Sir Arthur Stanley said that it was on January 18, 1882, that the Duke of Connaught was elected a Governor and President of the hospital. He need not tell them what a fortunate day that was for the hospital, which had enjoyed half a century of uninterrupted progress under the auspices of its illustrious president. It was worthy of note that in 1882 the number of out-patient attendances was 113,570; in 1931 the number had risen to 575,687. In the surgical report for the year 1866 it had been found that 70 operations were performed, with a mortality of 39 per cent.; in 1929 there were 6,300 operations, with a mortality of only 3 per cent. He thought he was justified in saying that the work of the hospital in the last 50 years had been progressive. A scheme had been worked out for the better utilisation of the existing premises of the out-patient department, and a plan had been evolved which would, he thought, provide an adequate department for many years to come. At the same time they had undertaken the work of reconditioning the wards of the hospital, taking a block each year.

In making the presentation of the portrait to the Duke of Connaught, Sir Arthur Stanley said he hoped the Duke would forgive him if he added that it was the earnest hope of the Governors that he would be pleased to allow the portrait to remain in the hospital as a lasting tribute to the great services he had rendered to the hospital and as a testimony to their heartfelt gratitude.

The Duke of Connaught said he hardly knew how to begin in thanking them for the great cordiality of their reception. Little did he think when more than 50 years ago he was asked to become their president that half a century later he would be standing there addressing them still as their president. He appreciated the honour they had done him as president of their ancient and magnificent hospital, in which he took a deep interest. As time passed he became more and more proud of the position that it held among the hospitals of England and especially of London. He thanked the Governors of the hospital for the honour they had done him in presenting him with his portrait, and he confessed that the presentation was

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