

THE HOSPITAL WORLD.

We regret to learn that the London Clinic and Nursing Home, the largest nursing home in the country, opened only six months ago by the Duchess of York, is now being managed by a receiver appointed by the debenture holders.

The cost of the building and equipment was £430,000, which was £83,000 in excess of the estimate in the 1929 prospectus. The company, with the Duke of Atholl as chairman, issued 175,000 shares of £1.

The home has seven operating theatres, its own dispensary, a steam sterilisation plant on every floor, and a large resident staff. It holds about 200 patients, but only about half that number have been admitted at one time.

The annual receipts estimated in the prospectus were £123,000, based on the home being 85 per cent. full.

We learn that the home is carrying on as usual, but we fear this scheme cannot be made to pay under existing arrangements. The very high cost of maintaining an adequate nursing staff on so large and liberal a scale is almost prohibitive.

The Superintendent of Guy's Hospital, S.E., received a cheque for £500 from the Shepherd Trustees to provide a suitable resting-place for the remains of Thomas Guy, founder of the hospital, who was buried in the crypt of the hospital chapel, but whose remains have lain until now beneath the bare brick arches, the grey stone coffin resting on rough brick piles on the stone floor.

The Princess Royal will this month open the Harrogate new infirmary, of which she laid the foundation-stone in 1926.

Sir H. Percy Shepherd and his co-trustees have made a further donation of £1,000 to University College Hospital in memory of the late Mr. William Shepherd, bringing the total of their contributions since 1923 up to £4,000.

A cheque for £25,000 has been handed to the Lord Mayor of Birmingham to assist the General Hospital by Mr. A. W. MacNamara, who, with £50 capital, began to manufacture wireless parts in a shop costing him 7s. 6d. a week in rent. He is now managing director of a company which employs 4,000 persons.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR AND FROM LABRADOR.

GRENFELL ASSOCIATION LABRADOR CALENDAR FOR 1933.

Last year copies of the Grenfell Calendar were graciously accepted by Their Majesties The King and Queen. So many friends helped to make this calendar a success, thus giving a real contribution to the Labrador work, that it has been decided to repeat the experiment this year.

Another attractive Grenfell Calendar has been prepared for 1933 and will be sold for the benefit of Sir Wilfred Grenfell's work in Labrador and Northern Newfoundland. It is hoped that friends of the Association will help us to repeat the success we had last year.

The calendar consists of a frontispiece in colours entitled "Down North on the Labrador," and has a page for each month. Each of the twelve pages contains new photographs of the Labrador, a calendar for the month and new quotations from Sir Wilfred Grenfell's writings. The calendar is made to hang or to stand.

Many friends last year found it convenient to have their Christmas gifts sent direct from this office, The Grenfell Association of Great Britain and Ireland, 82, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, with their own card enclosed. Each calendar is packed in a box to match. The price of the calendar is 3s. 6d.

Packing and postage, book-post 4d., parcel post 6d.

VISITING DAY AT THE OSPEDALE MAGGIORE, MILAN.

By EUPHEMIA TORRY.

The Major Hospital (Ospedale Maggiore) in Milan was founded in 1456, with great pomp and ceremony, by Francesco Sforza as a gesture to the populace of the city he had just conquered. Its architecture makes it a "sight" for the tourist, but it is much more of a sight on visiting day.

It was sheer chance that took me there early Sunday morning, for I had an appointment elsewhere at 11. At 9.30 people were already passing through the entrance gates, so I joined them and got in without challenge. I found myself in a huge and lovely courtyard with a beautiful arcaded portico all round on the ground level and a similar portico, forming wide balconies, on three sides of the upper floor. The north-east side only has windows instead of open arches on the first floor. Not only are the pillars, capitals and the vaulting very beautiful, but in each angle formed by the arches is a carved medallion, every one different, and every available piece of wall space has some decoration.

Deciding to see what I could before asking for a guide, I passed under some arches on the right, out of the central court into a smaller and almost more beautiful court, in the centre of which was a low building, where once ice used to be stored. This structure is crowned by the Sforza pomegranate to commemorate the founder of the hospital.

Now this court seems to be the centre of distribution of stores. Low barrows on which were placed wicker baskets of the type often called a pannier, that is with a handle and two hinged lids fastening in the centre, were being wheeled about by men-servants. I could not see their destination and being still anxious not to attract attention, I asked no questions.

The next court, called the Kitchen court, was very similar. Here the low building in the centre, once the storehouse of wood fuel, is now used for household stores. Fruit and vegetables were being rapidly sorted by busy women. On one of the stones of the building is carved the date 1460.

Mass was being sung in the Renaissance chapel in the central court, a rather dark and superficially uninteresting building. Had one had time and opportunity one might have studied here the tombs of the founders and benefactors of the hospital throughout five centuries. Many and varied are the tales relating to the benefactions received.

But at the moment I was more interested in the present than the past, and crossed the centre court, now thick with people, to some smaller courts on the far side. Architecturally these were much less imposing, but here were occasional trees and seats where convalescents and their friends could rest. Now, at five minutes to ten, the crowd in the centre court had divided into four main groups opposite the entrances in the centre of each wall. I joined the group at the right-hand wall and, as the clock struck ten, huge iron gates were flung open and the crowd hurried into a vast ward with rows and rows of sick women in beds on either side.

Some individuals detached themselves from the crowd and went to the bedsides, but the major part went on through this ward to where an altar stood at a kind of four cross roads; that is, from this central space, wards opened on all four sides. About a third of my crowd turned to the ward on the left, but were prevented from entering it by a light grille. They pressed themselves against the grille and waved handkerchiefs and greetings to the patients, for this was a typhoid ward and friends were not allowed any nearer to the sufferers.

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