

PRIZE GIVING AT FULHAM HOSPITAL.

In addition to their colleagues over 100 guests arrived to do honour to the Fulham Nurses who were presented with Certificates and Prizes on Tuesday, September 22nd. These were composed of relations and friends of the prize winners, old Fulhamites, future Fulhamites due to enter about 1950, and members of the past and present committees. Senior members of the Staff were very pleased to welcome Miss Wamsley, late of the Ministry of Health, who has always taken such a warm interest in the Hospital and Staff, even since her retirement some years ago.

In the absence of the chairman of the Hospital Committee the chair was taken by Mr. Lancaster, who introduced Mr. Somerville Hastings, and apologised for the fact that they were a few minutes late owing to an emergency meeting at County Hall.

Dr. Coyle, Medical Supt. of the Hospital, spoke of the increase in the work of all departments and the introduction of a fracture Clinic. He mentioned that the accommodation had been strained to the utmost and that it was an urgent matter for the future to provide more beds for those patients who needed treatment for periods of four months and over.

Dr. Somerville Hastings addressed the Nurses and pointed out how much a Nurse meant to a patient, especially in small details; that to a chronic patient, often without other friends, the Nurse was the chief interest in life, apart from meals. He hopes one day soon to see all the Council's beds provided with curtains which can be pulled round or back with a touch, saving much carrying of screens and allowing more privacy for the patients.

The usual Votes of Thanks were proposed and seconded, Mr. O'Brien causing some amusement by proposing the vote of thanks to the Chair in the absence of Mrs. Willmot, and then seconding it himself.

The guests were then invited to go over to the Recreation room where tea was waiting, Miss E. Bevan, the Sister Housekeeper, being endowed with almost magic gifts in the catering line, had provided enough variety to please all tastes.

One of the prize winners, who was on holiday in the North, and who had come back for the day, had to be provided with a box of sandwiches, etc., for the journey. The rest of the staff finished the evening with a dance.

The following prizes were awarded:

PRIZES.

Medical Superintendent's prizes for senior nurses :—

Miss D. A. B. JONES, Miss M. PADFIELD.

Matron's prize for second-year nurses :—

Miss I. TAYLOR.

Prizes for junior nurses :—

Miss C. M. GRAHAME, and Miss D. D. DORMAN.

A special prize for Cookery and Dietetics, given by the Sister Tutor, was won by Miss JOAN ASQUITH.

LARGE ENROLMENT OF MATERNITY NURSES IN SOVIET RUSSIA.

In connection with the recent Soviet Government decree to train personnel for maternity homes, 21,000 nurses were accepted in the Schools of the People's Commissariat for Health, in July and September, for two-year courses. After six months' training, the nurses will start working as assistants in nurseries near their schools, while continuing their studies.

In January, 1937, three schools are to be opened in Leningrad, Moscow and Sverdlovsk for three-year courses in teaching nursing. In addition to the 2,900 obstetricians who graduated in 1936, 2,500 midwives who graduated this year will be trained as obstetricians.

"THERE'S SUCH A THING AS SERVICE."

Once again, after a spell of illness, Mr. Beverley Nichols has resumed his contribution of a page to the *Sunday Chronicle*. Both his books and this page are greatly appreciated by nurses, and we are glad to know that the nursing profession had a share in promoting his recovery, thus repaying somewhat the debt it owes him for many enjoyable hours.

Of his illness, Mr. Nichols tells us: "It is enough to say that about three months ago I began to crack up, that the cracking up aggravated that old devil—insomnia—and that, finally, I discovered myself sitting on the edge of a bed in a nursing home, with a specialist flashing bright lights in my eyes, jerking me on the knee, and taking my blood pressure.

"I remember saying, 'Now I only want to sleep.'

"And I did. Which was not surprising in view of the amount of bromide in various forms which they had put into me.

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"After a few days, or so it seemed, I woke up again. A very pretty nurse was bending over me. The following dialogue ensued:—

"What day is it?"

"Wednesday."

"When did I come in here?"

"Saturday."

"It isn't a lunatic asylum, by any chance?"

"Not more than the world outside."

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"I grinned. 'What has happened to the world outside?'

"It's getting on very well without you."

"I'm not so sure; what about Spain?"

"Oh!" she said, "I don't read the newspapers."

"Then you're a very sensible girl," I said. "Don't you ever begin. Newspapers rot the brain. That's what's the matter with me."

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"At the same time I tried to bribe her to get me an evening paper. She refused."

WOMEN WHO LIVE SPARTAN LIVES.

Mr. Nichols tells us that one of the first things he did when he returned to Britain was to see Diana Wynyard in "Ante-Room."

"Diana Wynyard has a face which, to me, has more beauty than almost any other woman's . . . like a very quiet and perfect day in Spring. But the most interesting character in the play was Jessica Tandy as a private nurse."

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"This nurse kept on confessing that her one object in life was to get out of nursing, and to marry. To marry anybody, anything. Sick or well, old or young.

"I could not help thinking of the conversations I used to have with my own nurse in the home."

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"I found out about her hours of work, her pay, her holidays, her prospects. It was a Spartan life. Many women would regard it as a terrible life. Yet she was happy."

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"Supposing I suddenly got out of bed, fell on my knees and asked you to elope, what would you do?" I asked.

"Give you a pill," she replied.

"But seriously. When one's ill one's very susceptible. Why don't you do your worst?"

"I'd rather die than marry an author. In any case . . . I'm very happy as I am. There's such a thing as service, isn't there?"

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