

Nursing Echoes.

It is once again our privilege to handle *League News*, the official organ of the League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses, founded by Isla Stewart in 1899, in its familiar green cover adorned with the League badge.

The delightful frontispiece shows the Preliminary Training School building at Letchmore Heath, Herts, with several Bart's students emerging from its imposing portals. Surely learning must be a great adventure here.

League News opens with a letter of thanks from Miss Helen Dey, C.B.E., R.R.C., the President of the League, and the retired Matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, for gifts presented as a token of affection and appreciation to her at the Annual General Meeting in July—a gold evening watch set with a banquette of rubies complete in blue leather case with the St. Bartholomew's Hospital crest in gold, and a cheque for £750.

From this gift, Miss Dey has given £200 to her personal maid for 24 years to enable her, with the consent of the Matron and Governors, to visit her sister in New Zealand.

These gifts are evidence of the esteem in which Miss Dey was held by her staff, she being the first trainee of the hospital to be appointed Matron.

We later come to a portrait of Miss Dey in uniform with which we are familiar, followed by a portrait of her successor, Miss J. M. Loveridge, also a trainee of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

A full report is given of the General Meeting of the League in the Grand Hall of the Hospital, at the termination of which Dame Ellen Musson made the presentation to Miss Dey in the charming manner one associates with Dame Ellen on such occasions.

We congratulate Nurses D. R. Wright and D. G. H. Evans upon gaining the Hospital Gold Medal and First-Class Honours.

Accounts are given by members of their visits to Scandinavia when attending the International Council of Nurses' Congress in Stockholm in June, and *League News* ends with a complete list of members of the League and their addresses, comprising over 34 pages.

A MEMBER of the British College of Nurses, Ltd., sends interesting news of her experiences on the other side of the Atlantic. After the death of her patient, whom she nursed in Maryland for thirteen months, the decision that the patient must be buried in her home town brought our colleague to Ottawa, from where she writes: "It was my good fortune to have an introduction to Miss Mabel M. Stewart, registered nurse, superintendent of nurses of the Royal Ottawa Sanatorium, who engaged me there and then. And here I am, and like it very much. The work is most interesting and I think every nurse should have experience of T.B. work; I am very glad I accepted. We have a really lovely nurses' home, beautiful bedrooms with balconies and up-to-date sitting-room, and a kitchen which contains all sorts of useful things, if we should feel hungry before going to bed.

"So you see I am really in the lap of luxury. We have an eight-hour day, and a day and a half a week off.

"The hospital was built as a sanatorium in 1910, then called The Lady Grey Hospital, and Lord Tweedsmuir opened the large and beautiful coronation entrance gates.

After more accommodation had been added in 1913, it was called The Royal Ottawa Sanatorium.

"The building of a large new wing is now in hand to accommodate 130 surgical cases, and it will have the very newest equipment."

In expressing warm admiration of the lady superintendent's able, just and fair administration in this post, which she has held since 1924, our member writes: "I am glad to meet such a woman. Miss Cox, who emigrated from England to Canada in 1912, has been here ever since, with the exception of doing war work in England from 1916 to 1918." She, too, is most competent and is still a staunch Britisher, and greatly interested in the savings fund, of which, in conclusion, the writer sends a copy, which it gives us pleasure to bring to the notice of our readers:

THE ROYAL OTTAWA SANATORIUM SAVINGS FUND PLAN.—The object of the fund is to assist in providing the means whereby employees of the sanatorium may create and accumulate a fund payable in a lump sum or in monthly allowances upon their retirement from the service of the sanatorium.

A project we consider highly commendable.

ALWAYS of interest, *The Quarterly Bulletin* of the Frontier Nursing Service recently received, acquaints its readers that the Service has now been in existence for full twenty-four years, and that next year will mark the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the organisation.

The formation of this humanitarian work to serve throughout the rural areas of Kentucky, U.S.A., was inspired by Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, R.N., and her noble band of trained nurses and midwives now operate throughout 700 square miles of territory by horseback, mule and jeep.

We cannot do better than quote the remarks of the Certified Public Accountants, when presenting the last year's audited accounts:—

"These impressive figures portray a scene more magnificent than any artist ever conceived. Its background is the wooded hills and verdant dales of Eastern Kentucky, interspersed with dogwood and laurel. Its impelling motive is the alleviation of the suffering of countless thousands through the ministrations of the Frontier Nursing Service during a quarter of a century. It is lovely in and of itself, and inspirational in its spirit. It affirmatively answers the question propounded by Cain—'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

WHEN this office was situate in Portland Place, London, W., prior to the dark days of the last war, it was usually our pleasure to meet M. Constantine Skirmunt, the then Polish Ambassador, taking his morning walk in company with his Aberdeen terrier, who, regardless of the high office of his beloved master, would keep the Ambassador waiting while he completed his many calls.

We now learn from a letter addressed to *The Times* by Count E. Raczynski that this great diplomat has died in Lower Silesia at the age of 82.

Although he relinquished his post in 1934, it seems but yesterday that this tall, stately gentleman adorned our London.

We much appreciate Count Raczynski's graceful tribute to this great man.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)