

# SOME FAMOUS HOSPITALS

The 122nd anniversary of the birth, on May 12, of "the patron saint of nurses"—Florence Nightingale—is being celebrated in several countries. Memorials to her are legion and the influence of her work and sacrifice is still apparent in countless hospitals.

By Sister D. E. BURCHILL, formerly 2nd A.I.F.

**V**ISITING WORLD-FAMOUS hospitals is a memorable experience. St. Thomas's Hospital, London, comprises seven separate buildings overlooking the Thames. The first training school for nurses was established by Miss Nightingale in 1860 at St. Thomas's, and was run on lines laid down by her.

In those days there were two divisions of Nightingale nurses. One class, destined to become St. Thomas's sisters, were "paying" probationers. They were usually recruited from well-to-do families, and not only received no salary, but had to pay £20 premium for their first year's training. They qualified after three years.

**An Alternative**  
For the less wealthy there was a four-year course with a paid salary of £8 for the first year, which increased in the following years, but never totalled more than £20 a year. Though they could, and did, become sisters in other hospitals, they were ineligible for that post at St. Thomas's.

Miss Nightingale was anxious to recruit "gentlewomen," not from motives of snobbery, but because it seemed to her that the more a girl gave up in the way of a comfortable home and a financial background the more likely would she be inspired by a sense of vocation. Even the paid probationers were not likely to take up the profession because they hoped for easy money.

In those days the neighborhood of St. Thomas's was rough to the point of danger. A strict hospital rule forbade the nurses going out in the evenings if they were on duty. Their working day was of nine and a half hours. One free day a month was really the only possible chance most of these girls, who came from sheltered Victorian homes, had of con-

tact with their relatives and friends. Much of the instruction and lectures came in the so-called "off-duty" time (two hours) daily.

Many Australian nurses have seen the four-wheeled carriage used by Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War; it stood in an alcove on the ground floor of St. Thomas's. This historical relic was destroyed when the hospital was blitzed during the Battle for Britain.

## Australian Link

It is interesting to recall a link between Miss Nightingale and Australia. When the Sydney Hospital was opened Sir Henry Parkes wrote to her asking if she could send out a lady superintendent to introduce (and supervise) her own system of nursing there. The reply can be seen today in the Sydney Hospital. Nursing's greatest heroine recalled Australia's generosity to her "Crimean Fund," and stated she would be happy to send the first lady superintendent for the new Sydney Hospital.

A famous midwifery centre is the Rotunda Hospital in Dublin, Ireland. An extremely low mortality rate and

specialised "Rotunda methods" brought it to the forefront. Girls wishing to undertake the training here signed on from school and paid £20 premium for the twelve months' course.

Our glassed-in, hygienically controlled hospital nurseries contrast strangely with a slight I saw at the Rotunda in 1937. In a large ward, the nurses were suspended in cots at the foot of their mothers' beds. When baby cried mother gently rocked the cradle with her foot.

## Cosmopolitan

The American hospital in Paris is perhaps the most cosmopolitan hospital in the world. Many nationalities are represented on the large nursing staff. During the war when the Nazis marched into France, an Australian nurse, with others on the staff, was interned. She eventually managed to escape. After many hardships she found her way to England, there to await transport to Australia.

Commanding a magnificent view over the city of Jerusalem in Palestine is the fine Jewish hospital—the Hadassah Hospital. Situated on the Mount of Olives it is built and equipped on American lines. The architectural achievement, spacious wards, wide corridors, unique paneling and stained glass windows reveal the tenacity and enterprise of the long-suffering race of Jews. The banquet hall has long, massive tables and chairs with mirror-like surface. This is the room of rejoicing. When a baby boy is born to Jewish parents in the Hadassah Hospital, relatives and friends celebrate there.

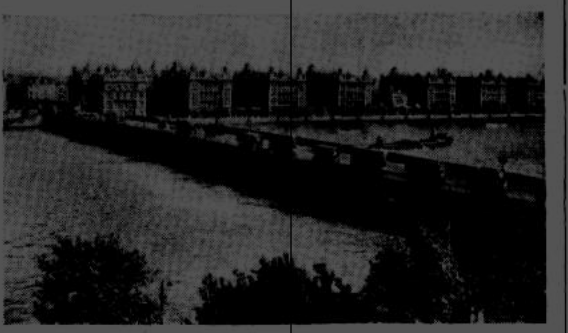
The Hadassah Hospital is claimed to be the only hospital in the world where the nurses receive in clinics their lectures and instructions wholly in the Hebrew language.

A magnificent hotel with restaurant provides accommodation for relatives and friends of patients. The chaplains' department issues an attractive printed weekly pamphlet of cheer and goodwill to every patient.

In our own hospitals here, and in other lands, one finds the same self-sacrificing spirit of service to a common ideal—the succor and healing of the sick and maimed in mind and body.

The spirit of Florence Nightingale, and her sense of dedication to a way of life which inspired her, is still the guiding light, the highest ideal of womanhood to thousands of nurses serving today throughout this land—and beyond.

# Influence of Florence Nightingale



St. Thomas's Hospital, London, adjacent to Westminster Bridge.

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# POETRY NOTEBOOK by Michael Thwaites

## Yeats: Poet of Ireland and Byzantium

The last word on Yeats is not likely to be said for a long time to come; but his unique position in this century's poetry continues to be recognised by critics of all schools.

**I**N the older anthologies where most of us gain most of our first impressions, however, Yeats suffers grievous injustice. I wonder how many false judgments, how much distaste (in my own case amounting to positive hostility) has sprung from self-conscious schoolyard acquaintance with Innisfree alone.

It has taken me years, I confess, to make my peace with those nine bean rows and to open my ears to the subtle music of Yeats's verse undistracted by the fanciful busse of that bee-hive glade. (Admirers of the poem must bear with my irrational prejudice.)

The poetry of Yeats's early pliant romanticism is not negligible as poetry, but it by no means indicates his range or the compelling force of his later more disciplined and objective work.

## Vitality

Yeats is the supreme example of self-renewing poetic vitality. "We were the last romantics," he once wrote; yet he survived to be recognised a master in the modern mood and idiom. In his early work he loves a languid twill atmosphere; and right to the end he exploits to the full the power of his magic suggestion; the term "magical" is often thrown over his writing.

But the change in Yeats's style was a conscious response to changes in his own outlook. "I deliberately reshaped my style," he wrote, and in Adam's Curse:—  
I said, a line will take us hours  
To do what once a moment's thought  
Our stitching and unstitching has  
Been naught.

Yeats is a modern in not merely being a conscious craftsman in words, but in acknowledging and emphasising the fact.

## New Ground

Much has been written about him recently, but "The Lonely Tower" (Methuen), studies in his poetry, by T. R. Henn, is a fresh and stimulating approach.

The author, a lecturer in English at Cambridge, is scholarly without pedantry and has produced a book that will enlighten the layman as well as interest the specialist.

For the latter there is some new ground broken in a study of that difficult poem, "A Vision," and in an examination of Yeats's debt to certain painters, which uses some new material made available for the first time by the poet's widow.

## Improved Methods

Methods were greatly improved early this century. Finally, Professor Mairi de la Motte, of the University of London, has produced a book that will enlighten the layman as well as interest the specialist.

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## Unionists

The book continued: "All hands aboard this ship the captain, Lord Bunsen, are members of our trade union. All are dedicated to the task of waging unrelenting struggle against the ship owners until all vestige of the Fascist blanks is wiped from the earth. And if you don't believe me, read the union rules, which is where I got them ringing words from."

## The Lonely Tower

By Samuel Palmer

A lonely built Padstow man  
Comes cracking jokes of civil war,  
As though to die by gun shot were  
The finest play under the sun.

A brown lieutenant and his men,  
Half dressed in national uniform,  
Stand at my door, and I complain  
Of the foul weather, hail and rain.

A pear tree broken by the storm,  
I count those feathered balls of soot  
The moor hen guides upon the stream,  
To silence the hen in my thought;

And turn towards my chamber,  
Coughing.  
In the cold snow of a dream,  
Purely as description the poem is

## Historical Cycles

Mr. Henn stresses how deeply Yeats, by nature a solitary, was affected by the struggles of his country and times.

The disappearance of the great houses, representing wealth and culture, he regretted and yet saw as part of an inevitable historical cycle (the term "gyre" which was coming to an end. Yet he was horrified by the waste of political violence, and castigated the beautiful and fiery revolutionary Maude Gonne, who for years was Laura to his Petrarch, for misusing her divine gifts in hatred and agitation. His marriage to Georgina Hyde-Lees brought some stability. A prayer for My Daughter is one of his finest and most poignant poems.

But always in him was the frustration of Ireland, which he saw as a mirror and microcosm of the whole world, unable to realise the glory and poetry that was in her through civility and internal strife.

Out of Ireland have we come  
Great hatred, this room  
Maimed us at the start.  
I carry from my mother's womb  
A fanatic heart.

## Dramatic

Yeats's mind was intuitive and dramatic; he is in essence a poet, not a systematic philosopher. Mr. Henn considers the various changes against him fairly and honestly, and where "fascism" is mentioned is able to point out that Yeats liked blue shirts long before he had ever heard of General O'Duffy's blue shirts.

In establishing Yeats's poetic greatness could, to my mind, have given more attention to that other mastery of compelling incantation which makes Yeats at his best so strong and exciting a poet, and preserves him at his "coldest" from all danger of intellectual desiccation.

# The DAYS AFTER the LAST RESTORATION OF POMPEII

**T**HE BIRDS WERE strangely quiet, cattle in the stalls strained at their chains, dogs barked without apparent reason.

Suddenly, with a terrible clap of thunder, the green slopes of Vesuvius to the north split open. Fire broke from the mountain's heart. Smoke rose to the sky and, amid deafening roars, a tearing rain of stone and ash blotted out the sun.

In the raging, total darkness which followed, master and slave, woman and child, suffered the same screaming terror as the chained animals. Roofs collapsed on those who delayed to snatch up valuables.

Bulphur fumes suffocated those who sought shelter in cellars. Sticky ash burnt most who sought escape in the streets. Slaves who grasped a moment's freedom to loot their masters' homes died with hands clutching gold.

In the temples, the theatres, the gladiators' cells, moments of panic, of desperate flight, of heroism, were ended in death.

Three days later the sun came out. Herculaneum had disappeared beneath a 45-foot deep layer of mud, hardening to stone. Pompeii showed only where the tallest buildings broke through a 20-foot deep layer of ash.

## Survivors

Cautiously, survivors began to return. Some houses were located by digging. But walls would collapse and bury salvage parties. After the most accessible places had been stripped of any valuables, the search was gradually abandoned.

Then weeds began to grow rank over the towns. In time the new earth of ashes was cultivated. Vines grew around the few pillars which poked through the surface from the buried towns. Then the pillars

On the morning of August 24, 79 A.D., the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum dozed under a brilliant sky. But the earth tremors of recent weeks had left behind strained nerves. Even the retired businessmen and their wealthy guests from Rome, sipping wine in the luxurious seclusion of white-walled villas, felt something ominous in the air. By ROBIN BOYD

grew over the ash, new villages arose. Within a few centuries they had disappeared completely from the memory of mankind.

This story, told with graphic and thorough detail, forms the first half of "The Destruction and Restoration of Pompeii and Herculaneum," by Egon Caesar Corti, translated from the German by K. and R. Gregor Smith. It is an exciting and terrible chapter of history, but the second, quieter half of the story is no less absorbing.

## Accidental Find

One day in 1710 a peasant was digging a spring for his house water. He hit upon some fragments of costly marble and alabaster, thought little of the matter, but sold them to a stone merchant. Soon they turned up on the site where Prince d'Elboeuf, a wealthy Austrian bachelor, was building an elegant house.

D'Elboeuf noticed these pieces going into a mosaic, realised they had come from some ancient building, traced the peasant and bought his land. He drove a well beside the spring and sent out subterranean channels from the bottom. After a few days his workers struck a vault with statues and pillars of multicoloured transparent alabaster.

Still no one realised that a whole city lay somewhere there in the earth. Scholars whom the Prince consulted advised he had discovered part of an isolated temple. Then Vesuvius threatened the land again, and for a

few more years the excavations ceased.

The real discoveries came in 1738. Working from d'Elboeuf's well, the Marchese Don Marcello Venuti, the caretaker at Naples, discovered much greater statues, a long staircase, and an inscription which showed that d'Elboeuf, by mere chance, had his upon the front of the stage of a theatre.

Thus Herculaneum, under 60 feet of now solid stone, was discovered before Pompeii, under a comparative skin of ash. But in 1748 an experimental

shaft sunk over the site of the second city struck, by chance again, the town centre.

Within a fortnight walls, frescoes, helmets, coins and the first of the dead were discovered. Curiosity and greed for the treasures drove on the diggers with a complete lack of method.

In 1750 some scientific organisation and mapping of the excavations were introduced by Karl Weber, a Swiss architect. Now the wonderfully rich store of treasures began to be uncovered—a perfect gallery of art.

The author, an historian and not an archaeologist, writes as an enthralled layman who has discovered the facts rather than as a specialist trying to interest laymen.

In the concluding chapters the present day reader may find with surprise the praise of Mussolini's Government and its record of raising the standard of health—the zealous care of social progress—and so on. The explanation is that the book was first published in Germany during the 1930s.

Mussolini's Government will also master the remaining problems of reconstruction "in a handsome way," the author prophesied inaccurately.

View of pillared court of a house in Pompeii.

# The ENGLISH SHORT STORY Contemporary Trends

**A**S A RESULT THE SHORT story grew out of itself into a distinct literary form. It became respected and was no longer a medium of escapism and relaxation such as it had been regarded until then.

Until the first world war it was used largely as a means of experiment. By the 20's it was established and by the second world war was already an independent and individual art form in its own right.

But it would not be right to assume that it is only within the last 20 years that the short story has been accepted as a legitimate medium of literary expression. For it has, since the days of Edgar Allan Poe, drawn around itself a tradition which, like its cousin the novel, its sponsors are anxious to preserve.

## Two Schools

In this development we find two distinct schools of treatment, the story with popular appeal and that with literary intent. A short story, we are told, is a separate entity with a beginning, an end and a middle, yet Chekhov said that the first two should always be cut out and usually the middle as well.

Again, with regard to plots, there is a divergence of opinion. H. E. Bates, one of our leading short story writers today, says, "I have never from the first had the slightest interest in plots," but to O. Henry plots were almost everything. It is for the author himself to determine which school he will follow or, as is becoming more evident today, whether he will seek to express himself along his own individualistic path.

There is, therefore, some difficulty in attempting to summarise the development of the short story in the post-war years. Writers who today are immature may well develop into unorthodox, yet satisfactory, story-tellers.

Writers of talent and enterprise had begun to realise by the end of last century that the short tale presented problems of story-telling and composition that were quite different from, and often more difficult and more satisfying than, those of the full-length novel. By G.B.A.

as Theodor Benson in "The Man From the Tunnel," have been unfortunate failures.

What exceptions there have been have been largely noticeable in the long short-story work of unusually powerful psychological suspense.

Other writers who established their names as short story writers, such as William Somerset Maugham and Saki, who gave up the mines for literary career, have concerned themselves mostly with the longer form. This applies, too, to Bates but fortunately another volume of his tales, "Uncle Julian," is due to appear shortly and should reach Australia within the next month or two.

## Important

Undoubtedly the most important volume of tales to appear during the period since the end of the war is A. E. Coppard's "The Dark Eyed Lady," published in 1947.

Coppard remains the dark master of the English short story and it was good to find that Messrs. Jonathan Cape saw fit a few months ago to republish one of his best-known volumes, "The Black Dog."

Unfortunately for his art, continued to write novels—that the second mix is proof of the dissimilarity in treatment and construction. In his earlier stories there was a decorative lushness, but with maturity his work became firmer and the variety of rural characters which he portrays are drawn with robustness and precision.

As a landscape artist Bates is unequalled, a quality which was also evident in his Burmese novels, and his appreciation of natural beauty is

and usually in other planets. The result is not always satisfying. Indeed, it is rarely so, but he does deserve credit for having attempted an individual approach even if the result is too often far-fetched and lacking in that sincerity which is necessary to convince.

Other writers of the younger school appear to be waiting for a lead, yet are not prepared to take that which Coppard and Bates have already given. The result is that "originality" has become a literary commonplace in the literary magazines. This may be a logical consequence of the war, and can fairly be expected to right itself in due course when there is a more vital stream from the established writers.

## Uncontaminated

In the meantime what is being written is peculiarly English, and, for the most part, not contaminated by the tough sentimentality and staccato mannerism of the American school. On the other hand, the Americans are now more vital, more prolific than the English, and if no support is shortly coming from the established authors, they may find it difficult to withstand trans-Atlantic influence.

Charles Jackson has already made himself felt in England. It would be unfortunate if, through lack of quality in our own, English readers found themselves acknowledging a preference for the hard-drinking and promiscuous work of Hemingway and his disciples.

Fortunately, the contingency is not likely to arise, for although there is a strong invasion of Britain by the Americans, there is evidence that the Americans themselves, undecided as to their own development, are looking towards England for their lead, at any rate as far as the novel is concerned. It may extend to the short story.

In the meantime, a new lead is required from such as Coppard, Elizabeth Bowen, and Saki. "Uncle Julian," which as previously mentioned is to appear shortly, is a step in the right direction.

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# Scientific Education Problems Complexities and Difficulties

**I**N EARLIER TIMES — THE eighteenth century, when the foundations of present scientific knowledge were being firmly laid, is a particular case—the average citizen had a far better grasp of the real meaning of science than a similar person has in this age.

It must be recalled, however, that experimental science was then scarcely more than a century old. Newton himself was born within a year of Galileo's death.

While the "new science" of this era brought forth many important truths, it remained for Newton to obtain the first great scientific synthesis of Nature, that revealed not only the system of celestial mechanics, but also something of man's relationship to the universe.

## Results of Research

Passing beyond these fundamentals, today, a sound, if limited, basis for understanding general science is possible only if the conditions of research, and the manner in which practical applications of discoveries come about, are fully appreciated.

As well as some knowledge of scientific language and facts, a comprehension of the "strategy of science" is also necessary to "get the most out of science," in the wider sense.

This brings an essential recognition of the fact that science promoted merely for the increase of knowledge does not necessarily involve an increase in wisdom, and also if the utilitarian criterion of discovery is pursued in a short-sighted way, then as to results it defeats itself.

Further, the history of science reveals that the majority of discoveries which have made the biggest differ-

ences to every-day life—for example radio, antiseptics, X-rays and spectrum analysis—are all the result of purely abstract research.

We cannot demand that scientists make "useful" discoveries, because science consists to a large extent of an attack upon the unknown. We no longer dare assert that any field of scientific investigation will not provide the practical innovation for future technology.

A student of dreams is no less scientific than a student of chemistry; provided assertion is not allowed to outstrip evidence, and there is clear understanding of that particular knowledge.

The uses to which scientific discoveries are put depend upon the goals which society, in general, sets, and two quite different schools of thought exist today concerning the method of obtaining the greatest return from scientific endeavor.

One of these maintains that theoretical research is not sufficiently planned, and that only during periods of war has science been given an over-all purpose and direction.

The opposite body of opinion holds the view, to quote Dr. Harlow Shapley, that the essential condition for scientific progress is "freedom for the investigator in choosing his field of study and following his own inspiration."

While no one is disposed to set limits to man's understanding, it must

quire adjustment of formulae, and sometimes a new idea may change the whole framework and outlook of science.

New aspects of things that take during the course of evolution require new sciences. The ancient world might have been classified in relatively simple terms; but as fresh syntheses of matter and mind appear so also must science assume new forms.

Those who assert that "scientific truth is the creation of the human mind" are missing what is characteristic of man's scientific formulation of an orderly universe. The fact that an astronomer can predict the night of a comet's return shows that our scientific views of Nature closely approach objective reality.

## Aims of Science

In the realm of knowledge, absolute integrity is essential to progress, and through the strict mental discipline to which truth seekers must submit the moral element is brought into the story of science.

The duty of science is to embrace all aspects of things of which man has cognisance, and the object of true scientists is to discover the marvellous pattern of a perfect universe.

Perhaps science will ultimately find that mental aspirations of this sort largely influence the course of biological evolution in the sense that "what a race desires most is probably what it will eventually get."

By G.D.