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ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR NEURO-DISABILITY :
Fundraising : Appeals : Christmas Appeals

Our 'at Home'

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Part 2

residing here have their troubles and their trials and the visits of these ladies are a source of balm and comfort to many of them. In addition to the Lady Visitors, there is the Ladies' Association, the President of which is Lady Loch, the daughter of our late President, who has taken a very deep interest in our work. She is assisted by Miss Allcroft, who is well known to all of you, and who has appeared on this platform on many Founder's Days. These ladies are engaged in raising money for us. They are doing a noble work, and during this past year they have added £658 to our funds. When one remembers that £20 is sufficient to pay a pension, you will see how valuable the aid is which we receive from this Ladies' Association, which has no direct attachment to our Institution, but which works quite outside the Board, purely for the love of the work.

We have, from time to time, changes here. This is a world of change, and in this Institution we have changes, and sometimes changes are things which we do not desire. The Board feel that any change which takes place in the Institution, either

in regard to the officers, the nurses or the attendants, is a very serious matter to those patients on whom they wait, and we deeply sympathise with you when those changes take place. They are beyond our control, but, at the same time, we know that they are a source very often of great trouble no less to us than they are to yourselves. There are other changes also which affect the comfort of the House generally.

Mr. Holt, who was steward here for only a short time, retired from that position, and the Board felt that it would be rather a difficult matter to find his successor. But it came to our knowledge—in fact it had been within our knowledge for months—but it suddenly dawned upon our minds that the man we wanted was here; a man who had been with us for between twenty-five and thirty years; a man in whose integrity and uprightness the Board had every confidence, and after some deliberation this position was offered to Mr. John Millar, who is now our Steward. We felt he had a difficult task when he commenced his work, but he has manfully met it, and we hope for him a long continuance in the work

which we know is congenial to him, and in which he takes a very great interest.

I do not wish to forget one who is known to, I think, all of you here, and who has for many years taken an active part in Founder's Day, and to whom our hearts go out in great sympathy, I mean Mr. Joseph Watts, our late Steward. I should like to ask our Secretary to convey to Mr. Watts from this meeting our heart-felt sympathy with him in his present position, and our hope that peace and contentment may fill his heart and mind so long as God wills.

We have also had a change in regard to our Assistant Matron, who left us, and Miss Catherine Watt has come to take her place. She has not been here many weeks, but we are hoping great things from her. She comes to us with splendid credentials, and we look forward to her sojourn here under our Matron with great hope.

There is one other thing more I want to say, and it is very difficult for me to say exactly what I wish. The Board know that many of you suffer most acutely, some of you suffer more than

others, and we sympathise with you very much. I want to say something in as kindly a way as possible, and it is this: that in your sufferings and in your trials we want you to feel the Board are with you, and that whatever changes take place here are (so far as they are within our control) made for your good and for your comfort and for your happiness. We are very anxious that if things do not always go quite right that the best construction should be put on it by all. We know that even in the best regulated families things do not always go quite smoothly, and certainly in a large family like this there will be occasions when the wheels will not go round quite smoothly. We are always anxious that all should do their very best to help the wheels to run freely. Robert Louis Stevenson has written something like this:—

“ There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it ill behoves any of us
To find fault with the rest of us.”

I suggest that very often it might be a great help to the officials, when a hitch occurs, if you will endeavour to smooth over the difficulty and try and persuade others and yourselves that there is

good in it, though at the moment you cannot quite see where it comes in.

I have nearly come to the end of my remarks, but there is just one thing more I want to say, and that is we have a gentleman here to-night who is deeply interested in this place, inasmuch as he is a descendant of the Founder. This is Founder's Night; a night we desire to keep in his memory—we do not want to forget that great and noble man who started this Institution, and it is particularly appropriate that we should have Mr. Eliot Pye-Smith Reed here, because he is so closely connected with the Founder—it seems the one link which we want. Mr. Pye-Smith Reed has been on the Board for many years. He has City engagements which prevent him coming to our meetings so often as we would like to see him, but I am sure we are all delighted to see him here among us to-night.

Mr. Eliot Pye-Smith Reed's Speech.



DEAR MR. WICKHAM AND FRIENDS,

I have been asked to come here this evening and say a few personal words to you. I am sure the visitors will forgive me if I say those few words rather more to you who are living here than to them. I know—nobody can know better—the truth of what the Chairman has said in his general survey of our work and of the admirable way in which we are served by our officers, and therefore I think it would be unwise for me to go over that ground again.

I have visited some of the rooms upstairs and had talks with many of the bed-ridden Patients, and I cannot feel that my time has been ill-spent. I have received during those few minutes some impressions which will never leave me—impressions of the sweetness with which affliction is borne by some of those, who, like yourselves, are suffering from day to day. It does one good to have a lesson of that sort in this otherwise

bright and happy Home. When we are delighting in health and strength—how often do we fail to thank God for it? It comes to me as a message to-night that, if I have health and strength, I should recognise it as one of God's good gifts. I was just reading a sentence from Jeremy Taylor, in which he exhorts those who are in affliction to set their hearts firm on this resolution—"I must bear it inevitably and I will, by God's grace, bear it nobly." The suffering that comes to you is, I am afraid, inevitable; do make it by God's grace, noble!

I thought it would interest you if I read to you a passage from my grandfather's diary. He began thinking about gathering together the funds for a Home to shelter those afflicted with incurable diseases as early as the year 1845, but he was compelled to keep the idea in the background for a time, because his hands were full. He had not very long started Earlswood Asylum and the Reedham Orphanage, and on 1st November, 1853, he writes in his diary, "After study and inquiry, the way seems much clearer than it did. I am promised £2,000 to start with, and it may

"make me pretty poor: but he is hardly poor
"who enriches others."

From that time the Institution began to take shape, and it was in the following year that it was really founded. I naturally take a great interest in the Hospital because the very year and the very month of that entry which I have just quoted from Dr. Reed's Diary was the very year and the very month when I was born, so that I feel that I have been intimately connected with this Institution from my childhood, and it is a great joy to me. I feel it an immense responsibility that I should come to be in any way identified with such a noble work as was conceived by that noble man. I recognise that God put His hand upon my grandfather and called him to this work—and I feel that the Founder, although he would have been the last to have claimed any recognition, is remembered, and if you ask, "Where is his monument?" I answer, "Look around you!" He requires no statue in any public place to keep his memory green. You have the London Orphan Asylum; the Infant Orphan Asylum, Reedham Orphanage, Earlswood



A WELCOME VISITOR

Asylum, and last, and perhaps in many ways dearest to him as the child of his later life, you have this Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath. (*Prolonged applause.*)

My grandfather was permitted by God to devote himself to the uplifting of those who are in distress ; to the amelioration of their sufferings and pointing them upwards to Him who can alone give them peace, and such a life we cannot but consider well spent, and we may all wish in our way and in our measure to be sharers of that joy. Just let me read you these few lines from Wordsworth :—

“ Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And has the nature of Infinity.
Yet through that darkness (infinite though it seems,
And irremovable) gracious openings lie,
By which the soul—with patient steps of thought,
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer,—
May pass in hope : and though from mortal bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
E'en to the fountain-head of peace divine.”

Every single item of the musical programme is listened to with rapt attention ; every word of the speeches is heard and understood and appreciated. The applause in the Assembly Room on Founder's Night may strike a visitor who is there for the first time as not being so hearty as one might expect ; the reason for this is that only very few of the Patients have the physical ability to clap their hands !

" God save the King " is played and sung by the entire audience and a move is made for other rooms. Many of the Patients are in their places in the Assembly Room a full hour before seven o'clock when the programme opens, for it is a matter of time to arrange 150 invalids, each in his or her special chair or specially constructed couch.

The visitors go to the De Lancey Lowe Room for light refreshments, and the Patients go to one or other of the three of their own dining-rooms for such dessert as they are able to take. In the De Lancey Lowe Room last December there were about 280 visitors, all eagerly talking and exchanging confidences.



TIME FLIES: HELP US NOW.

The refreshments are served from tables arranged close to the walls. It was interesting to watch the throng. There was a member of the Ladies' Visiting Committee standing in the midst of a little group, who, while eating an ice, was telling of some of the good work done by the Royal Hospital for Incurables to a few visitors who had never before been in Putney; there was the Chaplain cautiously threading his way through the crowd and balancing a plate, piled high with sandwiches, in one hand and with a very full glass of lemonade in the other, fearing that every moment an elbow or a foot would impede his progress and jeopardise what he had undertaken to convey from the table to a waiting friend in the centre of the room; there was the Matron looking everywhere for some sort of a seat on which an elderly lady (who has not missed a Founder's Day for forty years) could sit. Torrents of talk, mainly about the Patients and the difficulty of raising funds for the Charity, were to be heard on all sides.

And then many of the visitors leave the De Lancey Lowe Room and go to the dining rooms, where the Patients are gathered together. Kind

friends have supplied some crackers for the occasion. Christmas is not far away and Incurables have to live somewhat in the future, if they would maintain a serenity of disposition: it is not difficult to *hope* that next year, or next month, the pains and the aches will be less severe, and so to-night paper-caps and paper-aprons and paper-masks, all found in the crackers, are donned by incurable invalids, who are trying to forget they are in a Home and that they are Patients.

And then some of the visitors (still interested and still not weary) walk down the long wide main corridor and come to the billiard-room, where the strange sight can be witnessed of Patients playing billiards while sitting in wheel-chairs! One, who has by a fearful accident been deprived of his legs, and who is wearing artificial limbs, goes round and round a table in pursuit of a white ivory ball, which he hits with all the cunning and skill of a professional billiard player. Some of the visitors give an exhibition game, and their strokes are followed with the keenest interest.

Seated round the room are some of the male Patients quietly enjoying a last pipe, or cigarette, before retiring to their beds.

Good-nights and good-byes are said, and soon the hundreds of lights go out, and once again the huge block of buildings is dark and wrapt in silence. Up in the wards many a thankful heart is offering up thanks to God for this Royal Hospital for Incurables, and many a visitor is going home along a lonely road and determining to double his or her subscription to so worthy a cause.

Our England is a garden, and such gardens
are not made
By singing "Oh, how beautiful," and sitting
in the shade
While better men than we go out and start
their working lives
At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with
broken dinner knives.
There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not
a head so thick,
There's not a hand so weak and white, nor
yet a heart so sick,
But it can find some needful job that's crying
to be done,
For the glory of the garden glorifieth every
one.

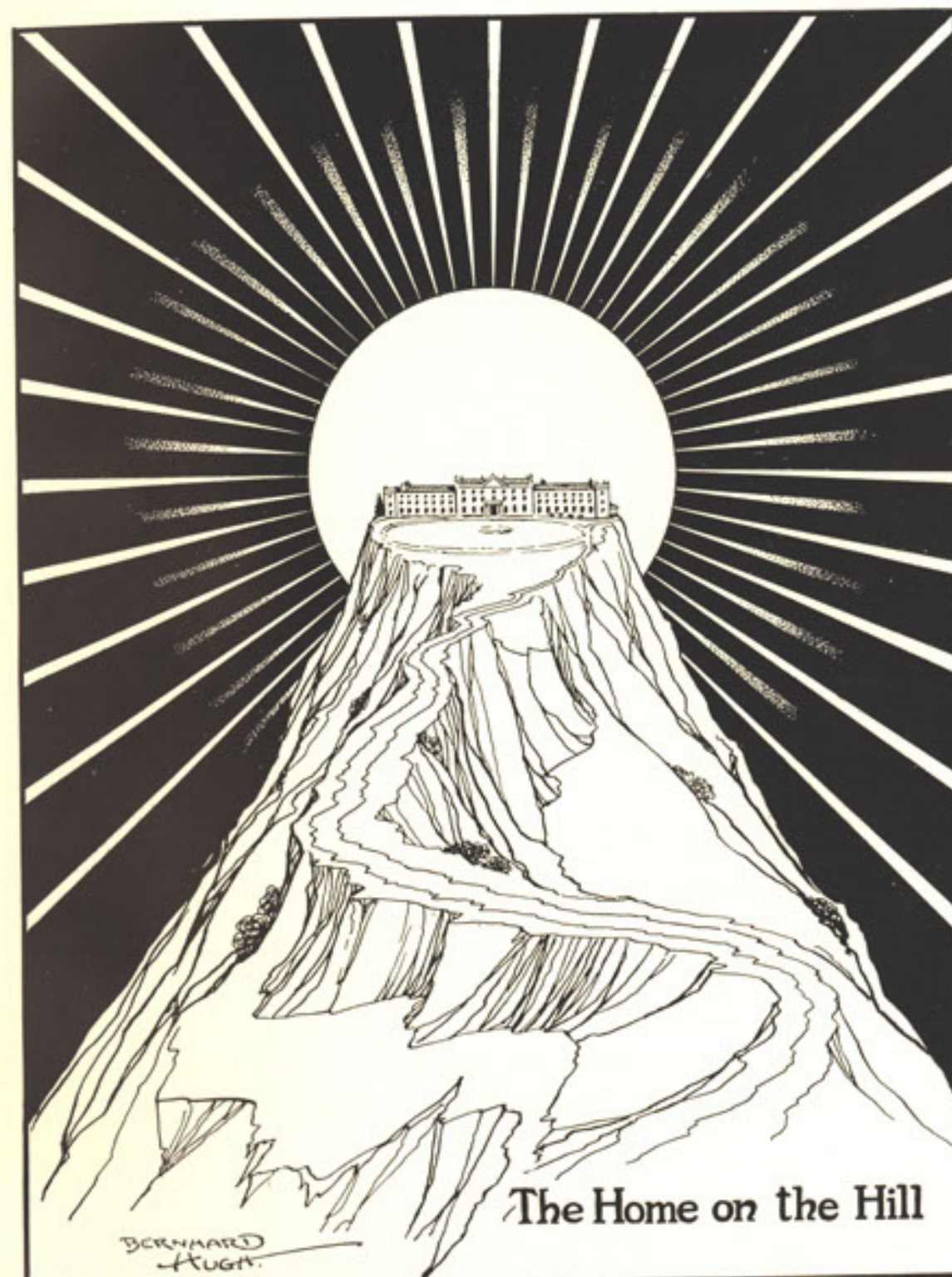
RUDYARD KIPLING.

The following article is reprinted from
"THE WANDSWORTH BORO' NEWS."

Christmas at the "Home on the Hill."

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

There is no Institution in London, nay, in this country, more interesting to visit than the Royal Hospital for Incurables. Situate on West-hill, Putney, almost within a stone's-throw of Putney Heath, on the brow of a hill, and in its own grounds, which comprise some twenty-four acres, this national institution is a landmark for miles around. And what a welcome awaits you as you enter its entrance hall, with the lofty wards and corridors, and spacious rooms opening all around you. How pleased the Patients are to see you; even the bashful visitor is soon at his ease, conversing with first one and then another Patient, until it seems as if it cannot be the first visit, but the fiftieth.



The Home on the Hill

"Hark, the herald Angels sing! Glory to the new-born King." These joyous words of the Christmas carol and many other familiar ones would have been heard on Sunday evening, the 21st December, as the nurses, assisted by members from the Parish Church and Trinity Church choirs, went round the wards, under the direction of the organist, singing Christmas carols to the Patients who had already retired for the night, and with this, Christmas at the Royal Hospital for Incurables may be said to have begun. Christmas, too, at the Incurables is no sleepy or depressing thing, I can assure you. Each post, for some days beforehand, has been exceptionally heavy, for though laid aside from the strenuous life outside, stricken down with some dread and incurable disease, these poor afflicted ones are never idle, and have many, many kind friends outside who never forget them at this festive season.

Many a bedridden Patient has been cheered by the receipt of some useful article or garment, bringing thoughts of thankfulness that they have not been overlooked.

Christmas morning was ushered in by the

nurses, who, at a quarter-past seven, under the direction of the Matron, sang Christmas hymns round the wards before entering upon their day's duties. This was greatly enjoyed by the Patients. At half-past eleven the Chaplain held a short Service in the large assembly room, which was well attended, ninety Patients remaining to receive the Holy Communion. The Christmas fare at dinner consisted of roast turkey, plum pudding, cheese, celery, and dessert of all kinds. A great quantity of dessert and boxes of crackers had been presented to the Institution by kind friends. The Chaplain stayed to dinner (in the ladies' dining-room) during which the local Prize Band was good enough to play several Christmas carols, an act much appreciated by all. The large rooms and wards were, as usual, tastefully decorated with holly and evergreens.

The climax was reached when at six o'clock in the evening the assembly room was crowded to its utmost, for the nurses then gave their fifth annual Christmas entertainment to the Patients. This is the one event in the year in which every Patient endeavours to do honour to his or her nurse, in

spite of pain and suffering, for the nurses had for the last two months devoted all their spare time to rehearsing, in order to make the entertainment a huge success. When it is stated that these rehearsals can only be held from half-past nine until half-past ten o'clock at night after a long and hard day's work, one realises what a labour of love an entertainment given by the nurses means, and what unselfish devotion to the interests of the patients is given in order to take their share in the Christmas activities for the benefit of others. The programme, as in former years, was under the direction of the organist, and in this he was ably assisted by the Patients, who entered heart and soul into everything and worked nobly for success.

The first part of the programme consisted of songs and choruses by the "Melrose Patriots"—Nurses L. Aldridge, G. Campbell, E. Dent, H. Dunn, F. Dunn, N. Evans, N. Froud, E. Harris, A. Hedger, M. Hosker, G. McDougall, N. Mandeville, A. Morris, F. Palmer, L. Rand, K. Virtue, and J. Wynne-Williams, who, all attired in fancy costumes of red, white and blue, looked very pretty and

effective behind the footlights when the curtain was drawn aside. The programme opened with a musical prologue, specially written for the occasion, sung by Nurses E. Dent, E. Harris, G. McDougall, and L. Rand, and on the entrance of "Father Christmas" (impersonated by Attendant R. Robertson) the chorus sang "Hail! Christmas, hail!" (to the tune of "Hail! smiling morn") which was very effective.

Then followed the humorous song and chorus, "Go away, Mister Crocodile" (Nurse L. Rand), which amused everyone. Nurse E. Dent sang very well "Land of Hope and Glory," assisted by the chorus in the refrain. The chorus then gave a very spirited rendering of "The Minstrel Boy." Nurses K. Dunn and N. Mandeville were twice recalled for their graceful dance, "Pas de Deux." Nurse L. Aldridge gained an ovation for her character song and chorus, "Gretchen, Mädchen, Mine," and made a very pretty picture in her "Dutch" costume. Nurse E. Harris very ably recited "Aunt Tabitha." Nurse L. Rand made a great hit in her character song and chorus, "The Old Cracked Basin," which was most

amusing. A very sweet rendering of "The Meeting of the Waters," sextet and chorus—Nurses E. Harris, A. Hedger, M. Hosker, N. Mandeville, G. McDougall, and J. Wynne-Williams, pleased everyone.

Another pleasing item was "The Dear Home Land," sung by Nurse E. Dent, the chorus taking up the refrain, "The Old Folks at Home," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Auld Lang Syne," which was very effective. Nurses N. Froud and A. Hedger gave an excellent rendering of the vocal duet, "I don't want to play in your yard," with chorus. Nurses N. Mandeville and G. McDougall were recalled for their graceful dance, "The Jollity," with bells on their ankles. "The British Flag of Freedom," sung by the chorus, with large and small flags waving, made a fitting finale and tableau to the first part of the programme. Miss Muriel E. Henniker opened the second part with a pianoforte solo, "Rustle in spring" (Christian Sinding), and gaining an encore played "Crescendo" (Per Lasson).

A pleasing novelty came next when Mr. Winfield White, "the living marionettist," gave his popular

entertainment on his own diminutive stage. His impersonations were very clever, and caused constant peals of laughter amongst his audience, and his short but merry entertainment came all too quickly to a close. The kindness of Mr. Winfield White in making a two hours' journey on Christmas Day was greatly appreciated by the Patients, and hopes expressed that he would pay them another visit at some future occasion. The programme concluded with a humorous sketch, entitled, "The Woman's Rights Association," by S. Knowles, the characters being: "Miss Jemima" (president), Nurse E. Harris; "Miss Spriggs," Nurse J. Wynne-Williams; "Miss Kessiah," Nurse H. Dunn; "Miss Prim," Nurse N. Evans; "Miss Crotchett," Nurse M. Hosker; "Miss Green," Nurse H. Virtue; "Miss Pure," Nurse A. Hedger; "Miss Handy," Nurse A. Morris; "Miss Plumb," Nurse L. Aldridge; "Mrs. Blunt," Nurse G. McDougall; "Mrs. Watts," Nurse L. Rand; "Jane," Nurse N. Mandeville. Scene: "Miss Jemima's" drawing room. Time, afternoon.

This amusing sketch went with a breeze from start to finish, and reflected great credit on the

Patient, Mr. F. G. Winter, who has been indefatigable in his labours in coaching the nurses, and who was very largely responsible for the success of his pupils. Nurse E. Harris as "Miss Jemima," the president, who had a somewhat long and arduous part to perform, acquitted herself admirably. The singing of the National Anthem closed a very enjoyable and attractive programme.

Mr. John Millar, the Steward of the Institution, proposed, on behalf of the Board of Management and the Patients, a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Henniker and Mr. Winter for the very excellent entertainment they had given them all. As he said, the long day has its closing time, and all good things must have an end. He thought that Christmas Day at the Institution had been a very happy one, both for Patients and staff, from beginning to end, and the successful way in which the nurses had performed throughout the evening was very fitting encouragement to Mr. Henniker and Mr. Winter for the trouble and time they had devoted to the preparation of the programme. (Applause.)

Mr. Henniker, who responded, thanked Mr. Millar and the Patients for their hearty vote of thanks,

and said that they were all indebted to the Matron and Steward for the success of the entertainment, for without their kind assistance in entering into the spirit of the entertainment and granting facilities for the rehearsals it would have been impossible to ensure its success. On behalf of the nurses, he thanked them for their kind help, and also thanked the Patients for the appreciative way in which they had received their endeavours to amuse them. (Applause.)

The Patients then adjourned to the large dining rooms, where tempting edibles were awaiting consumption, and much fun was caused by the pulling of "crackers" containing caps, masks, and various articles of adornment.

If you have never paid a visit to this hospital, please do so and take a friend with you. Once you have been you will go again, and then become a subscriber. Remember, the hospital is a Home for 235 patients, and besides this gives a pension of £20 a year to 730 pensioners outside. It costs £35,000 a year to keep this huge Institution going, and as there is only an assured income of about £6,000, there still remains £29,000 to be provided

every year. Do help to meet this huge sum. The Treasurer or the Secretary will be only too pleased to acknowledge the receipt of subscriptions and donations at the head offices, 4, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

Not memory of a faded bliss;

But, suddenly to know

I had forgotten! This, O this

With iron crowned my woe;

To know that on some midnight sea—

O, bitterest pang of all!—

A drowning hand was waved to me,

Then swept beyond recall.

ALFRED NOYES.

Form of Bequest.



I bequeath to THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, PUTNEY HEATH, the sum of £ , free of duty, to be paid, together with the duty thereon, out of such part of my estate as can be lawfully bequeathed for charitable purposes, and to be applicable to the general purposes of such Institution, and I declare that the receipt of the Treasurer or other proper officer for the time being of such Institution shall be a sufficient discharge for the same.

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