



Barts Guild News

ISSUE 15

MAY 2020

The Guild rises to the challenge of Covid-19

The Guild have a proud tradition of finding ways to help in a crisis – notably during the Blitz when a shop was set up to provide bombed-out East Enders with replacement household goods and clothing at bargain prices and, importantly, a listening ear to tell their troubles to.

In these unsettling times the Guild is finding ingenious ways to maintain our services to patients and staff. The shop and the Princess Alice Garden remain open, the ward trolley has been redeployed to help distribute donated goods to patients and staff and the grants committee are working with the hospital management to find ways of helping staff affected by the Covid-19 crisis. As always we are calling on our best resource – our splendid volunteers – who are giving of their very best.

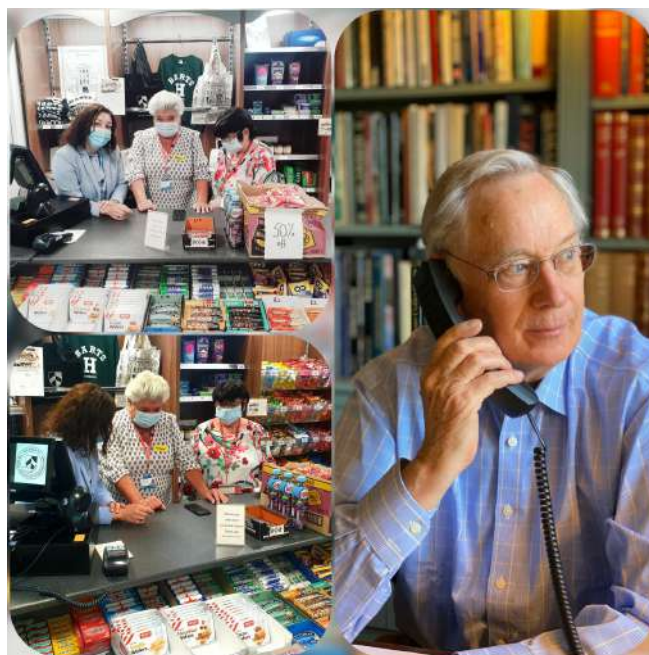
We will continue our support of Barts throughout the pandemic. This is the story so far...

Thanks from our Royal Patron

The Guild's Patron His Royal Highness The Duke of Gloucester telephoned the Guild shop to thank our volunteers for the support they are giving to Barts during the pandemic.

His Royal Highness spoke to the Guild's co-chair Valeria and volunteers Mandy and Jilly who are all helping on the front door triage.

Mandy, who with Jilly, Helen and shop manager Andy Haddon, is helping to keep the shop open said: "Jilly and I were thrilled when His Royal Highness phoned. We had quite a long chat on speakerphone. He thanked us for the work we are doing to help keep NHS staff and Barts patients safe and was very interested to learn what our duties on the triage desk were. We felt quite emotional after the call because it was lovely to know that our help was so much appreciated."



HRH The Duke of Gloucester called Guild volunteers to thank them for their support to Barts.

Photographs: Andy Haddon; The Royal Household

Thanks from our Royal Patron cont.

Mandy went on to explain: “On the triage desk we check that patients entering the hospital to see if they have any Covid-19 symptoms. If they have we give them a mask and take them to be tested.

“We also have to explain why patients can't take their companions with them to their appointment. Some of them get cross but we don't get upset because we can see how frightened they are and once they understand the reason for this precaution they are as good as gold.

“We give patients directions to help them get to their appointments, escorting them if necessary. Sometimes we have to console relatives who have had bad news and are very upset and that is sad but it's great when patients come and tell us they have finished their treatment and thank us for our help and that cheers us up.

“We are enjoying our stint on triage. Barts staff treat us as part of the team and its good to know that we can help out at such a difficult time.”



“Rewarding, enjoyable, contributing to help and having a laugh.” ~ Jilly



“Interesting, meeting patients, a bit of banter and being helpful.” ~ Mandy

Photographs: Andy Haddon

A message from the Nightingale

Professor Charles Knight, Barts Chief Executive (currently seconded to NHS Nightingale Hospital, London) said: “At this time of unprecedented pressure on the NHS across the UK it is truly inspiring to hear of the selfless, ongoing efforts being made by staff and volunteers across Barts Health Trust to combat coronavirus.

“Here at NHS Nightingale London, a major exhibition centre was transformed into an efficient intensive care hospital facility in the space of just nine days. Teams worked around the clock to achieve this task in record time, and every day since then our hospital staff and volunteers have been working tirelessly to meet the needs of our patients, and to save lives.



“I'm immensely proud and honoured to be a part of this tremendous team, but my respect and thanks go out to everyone across the NHS who is currently playing their part and rising to this challenge so magnificently.”

A view from the ITU

The Cancer information Centre is closed for the time being but The Cancer Information and Support Manager, Claire Murrell is keeping busy.

I'm working two days a week in the ITU Hub at Barts – it's been set up to speak to the relatives of patients in ITU with Covid-19. We speak to them twice a day to give an update on their loved one's condition. As you can imagine, it's not always good news but, when it is, we all feel so happy and relieved. London is eerily quiet, hardly anyone on the usually busy streets, and the communal areas of Barts are also deserted, as the majority of the clinics are now virtual. There are security guards on the doors – no relatives allowed in, just the patients who need to be seen face to face. The only busy area is the staff dining room and that's because the meals are free and, I have to say, quite good!

CLAIRE MURRELL

Ms Locatelli's Diary

Co-chair of the Guild, Valeria Locatelli, has kept a diary of her experiences during lockdown, which she has shared with us in Volunteer Voice, starting on page nine.

The Senior Management of M&G Plc – the company Valeria works for – has sent us this message: "In these exceptionally difficult times, we are proud that so many M&G colleagues have stepped up to volunteer their support for those who are on the front lines of Covid-19.

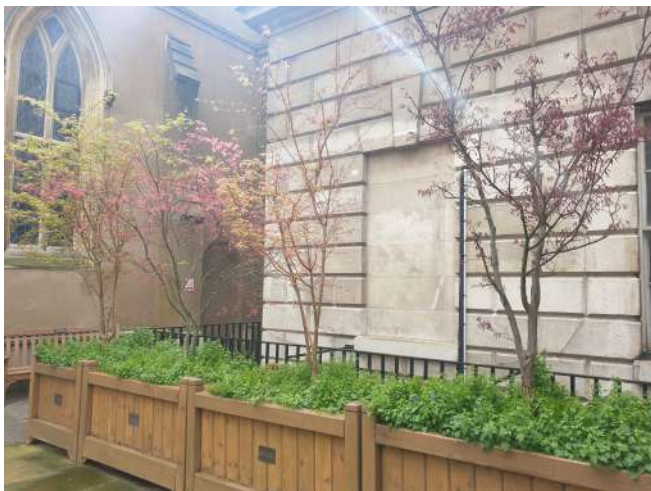
"Valeria – and the many other M&G colleagues who are helping to support some of the people most adversely affected by this public health crisis – have the full backing of the company.

"Our thanks to everyone at Barts Hospital for the vital work you are doing. Please stay safe."

The flowers that bloom in the Spring

The refurbished Princess Alice Garden has shaken off winter. Here's hoping that by summer patients, visitors and staff will be free to relax and enjoy the garden in full bloom.

Photographs: Valeria Locatelli



Small grant – big difference

A letter from Laura Bailey, Macmillan Cancer Information Centre Manager

Dear Barts Guild

I am writing to thank you for your kind help in purchasing a large number of clear plastic folders for the Macmillan Cancer information Centre.

We create information packs for all newly diagnosed cancer patients at Barts and provide the clinical teams with these packs and produce around 50 each week. With your help we have been able to continue this important work and help to provide patients with the information they need.

We appreciate all that you have done to enable us to continue this work and support patients diagnosed with cancer.

Many thanks and best wishes
Laura



*Volunteer David Butcher with folder.
Photograph: Frances McNally*

Rosalind Bax 1931-2019

Rosalind Bax was a loyal member of and fundraiser for the Guild from 1995 until her death at the age of 89.

Following her retirement as a solicitor in 1995 Rosalind joined the Guild. Within a year she was elected to the Committee and from 1997-2003 Rosalind organised Guild flag days with Margaret Henry. She was a competent, very kind and always helpful colleague.

I learnt from her obituary (The Guardian, January 23rd 2020) that Rosalind was a pioneer who, through hard work and persistence, punched her way through some of the thick glass ceilings that were barriers to advancement for female solicitors.

On graduating from Oxford she applied to several firms of solicitors to become an articled clerk and was turned down flat by most of them.

Rosalind persisted and eventually took articles with a law firm in Crouch End, although throughout her time there one of the partners refused to speak to her. In 1956 she obtained a position in a central London law firm but all her correspondence was signed by a male partner lest clients were alarmed by seeing a woman's hand on the letter. In 1963 Rosalind joined Coward Chance (now Clifford Chance) where she remained until retirement having become a salaried partner in 1971.

Thank you, Rosalind, for all your service to the Guild and for helping to make it possible for my generation of women to take up whatever profession they choose, and that today's young women can take this choice for granted.

Rosalind's funeral was on January 6th 2020 at Barts the Great.

JAN O'NEILL

Barts Guild Elective Grant – Covid-19 and the Class of 2020

For the last few years, Barts Guild have offered financial grants to support medical student electives, for students without other recourse to support such an experience. An elective is a time allocated at the end of the medical degree for students to explore and gain experience in a particular area of interest, often in hospitals abroad; gaining unique insight into differing health systems and working practises. These grants were supported by a generous donation by the Wainwright family, in memory of Dr Laurence Cartledge; former Barts ophthalmologist who was reliant on similar financial support during his training.

However, in light of the Covid-19 pandemic, all planned electives were cancelled. This is just one change affecting the university, with a number of other changes occurring to teaching, placements, examinations and graduation etc. Many final year students have instead been supporting the work of the NHS as volunteers and many will be starting their employment sooner than expected. The General Medical Council have facilitated early emergency registration for a number of new doctors.

With this in mind, the elective grants this year are still being awarded to the students, to support living and transport costs whilst they

James's diary

2020 is not a year we shall forget. On March 27th the University delivered us both our exam results and our degrees, in the midst of a newly imposed national lockdown during the current Covid-19 pandemic. This award we have worked extremely hard for and would normally collect walking across the stage in a July graduation ceremony, was instead suddenly dropped on our doorstep from a safe distance. By April 8th, many of us were on the GMC register.

In the midst of all this madness, national anxiety and fear for our NHS, all the plans that had been months in the making for an elective, end of year



undertake this important work. One planned recipient, James Stevens, had plans to travel to South Africa, to gain experience in paediatrics. Below is his report and experiences of working in the Emergency Department of The Royal London Hospital, Barts Health NHS Trust. The response and knowledge of Covid-19 is changing at a rapid pace; for reference, this account was written in mid-April 2020.

*DR ANDREW SMITH
Trustee & Chair of Guild Membership*

celebrations and time with family, long neglected for final exams, suddenly vanished over the space of a few days.

It was not the end we expected or anyone could have predicted and there is little time to mourn what should or could have been had all plans gone ahead, but instead of being on the paediatric wards of the Charlotte Maxeke Hospital in Johannesburg, I find myself back at work, back in the emergency room of The Royal London Hospital in what will end up being an equally unforgettable experience.

Continued on page six.

Barts Guild Elective Grant – Covid-19 and the Class of 2020 cont.

I am fortunate to have been employed by Barts Health prior to everything going on around us, prior to the call to arms for medical student volunteers and the mad rush for all the administration processes involved in mass recruitment. My role as an ED assistant, something I've done for a number of years, fell in line with what was required by volunteers and I was immediately welcomed into the unit, but not as I remembered it. With eight newly qualified colleagues, The Royal London emergency department's 'EMCREW' was born, a number that has subsequently grown to over 30 and includes Physician Associate (PA) students, pre-hospital medicine BSc students and dentists.

A bit like the daily updates from Boris, the emergency department was changing on a near daily basis. Nothing was where it was before, PPE (personal protective equipment) guidelines read at morning handover changed day by day and more and more the definition of the 'diagnosis: possible COVID' was transforming with each patient that walked through the door. It was in the first few days that it really hit home how unique this situation is – that nothing like this had been experienced by the NHS or indeed the world on this scale before. A department renowned for its organisation, resource and high-quality care was chasing, trying to keep up with an invisible illness that has the UK gripped firmly in its grasp.

It is at this point I can confidently say I was immensely proud to be part of the NHS, proud to be part of Barts Health and proud to be doing something towards the collective effort. From the cleaners organising rapid 'deep cleans' to keep the department moving, the catering staff feeding all the hospital without taking payment for food, and the nurses and doctors continually placing themselves at the patient's bedside delivering care – everyone is coming together to get from one day to the next, in the hope that eventually we will have come through the other side.

It is unavoidable, however, that Covid-19 will cause heartbreak, sadness and loss to a level the NHS has not previously borne witness to.

The emergency room is an emotive place, where life and death walk hand in hand and human life is at risk. Whether it's a bruised finger or a traumatic brain injury, having a loved one in the emergency room is awful. So then, to tell each and every patient and relative at the door 'no visitors' was my first heartbreak moment. When it comes to Covid-19, we don't know which patients will do well or which will fall off the cliff and require significant intervention. We therefore cannot give the reassurance that all will be OK when people leave their loved ones with us at the door. We will give them the best of us, the best treatment we can offer with the resources we have, but we cannot take away the anxiety, fear and loss that you will feel when they walk around the corner or into a cubicle, or indeed the isolation, loneliness and again – fear – that they will feel when you are out of sight. This for me has been my hardest experience so far and encases all that comes after it - the too-young patients who end up needing intubation, the frail elderly with a 'normal' chest infection that passes away in a closed room surrounded by strange faces masked in PPE. There will be lessons in this that I will take forward throughout my future career, the beginning of which I feel will be spent processing current events and experiences.

PPE, like 'unprecedented time', is a phrase no person shall want to hear for the foreseeable future. I truly believe in the power of a friendly face in the hardest of times making a difference, a memo that PPE seems not to have got. Unexpected lessons come from things often overlooked and I have found that more and more of what I am saying and how I am saying it is of the utmost importance when the sound is coming from behind an FFP3 mask, unmoving and emotionless.

Continued on page seven.

Barts Guild Elective Grant – Covid-19 and the Class of 2020 cont.

A recent trend has seen ‘friendly face’ laminated cards being attached to nurses and doctors to try and combat this – a particular highlight was Dr Alex George pinning his ‘Love Island’ profile picture to his scrubs – resulting in an odd picture of normality pinned onto the current strange working conditions of the NHS. I vow never to forget in all my career the power of a smile, a friendly hello and a handshake. Step 1 medicine – kindness.

Whilst the next steps in this uncertain time we’re currently in offer no sign of making themselves immediately known to any of us, a few things are certain. The UK has a new host of newly qualified NHS doctors, nurses, physician associates and allied health professionals who, just weeks into qualifying, are on the front line in the midst of one of the greatest challenges the NHS has ever faced. I think I can speak for all of us when I say – we’re glad we can do something, we’re glad to be part of the NHS family. There is also certainty to some extent in our careers, which can’t be taken for granted given the economic crisis many families find themselves in across the country.

It may come to pass that Foundation Year 1 comes around a lot sooner than anticipated. Many of us new doctors are now on the GMC register, ready to be allocated the interim contracts to take us to our planned August ‘black Wednesday’ release – the first Wednesday in August when newly qualified doctors usually hit the wards.

There is a lot of apprehension and nervousness amongst us, but also a readiness that comes with 5 years of training at one of the top medical schools in the country and experience in some of the world’s leading hospitals.

When the end of this pandemic comes afoot, I hope I won’t grieve the experiences and opportunities I lost but be thankful for those that I gained. There unfortunately are no easy paths in the current national situation, but it is with hope that I think about the future of my career, of the NHS and the UK.

*DR JAMES STEVENS
Barts Guild Elective Grant Recipient who
qualified from Barts and The London SMD 2020*



Thanks to Patrick from the Trust

In December last year, Barts Health NHS Trust held a reception for Patrick Jennings to thank him for his support for the hospital, patients and staff during his term as Chairman of the Guild.



Patrick (C) with Ian McDowell (L) and Charles Knight (R).



Patrick (R) with Helen Tighe (L) and Ed Rowland (C).

Photographs: Lizzle Clark

Cats vs Covid-19

We hope that all our readers are keeping safe and well and, just for fun, here is a reminder from the editor's house in London E11. **"Always practice social distancing"** *More on page twenty-eight!*



Photograph: Bob Cooper

Volunteer Voice: Valeria Locatelli shares her Covid-19 diary

Week One - March 30th 2020

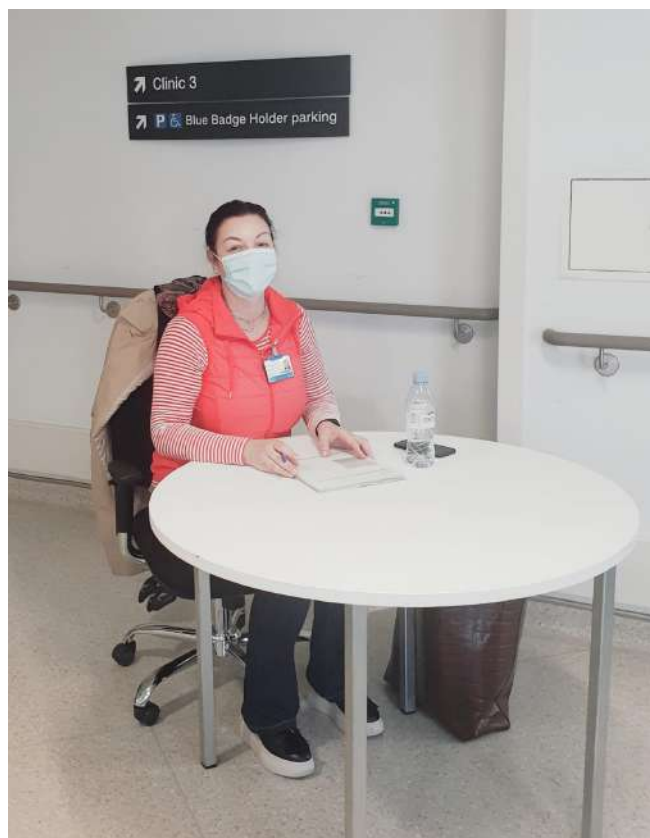
We are all in isolation, or lockdown as it is known at the time of the Covid-19 pandemic. I am stuck in London, in the City. I think about my house in Surrey, my garden, and wonder whether, by the time I am able to go back every plant will be overgrown and I will have a forest, or whether everything will be parched and I won't have either. I also think about home, and when I will be able to go back again and see the mountains that I love.

An email comes in – I work for a financial services firm that is encouraging us to help the community where we can. I email Dr Charles Knight, whom I have come to know through my long-time volunteering at The Royal Hospital Of Saint Bartholomew, and offer my services. This was last Thursday evening. The following Monday, I start the first of two weekly shifts at Barts working with the triage team, screening patients for coronavirus symptoms.

I tell my parents what I am doing. They only say 'be careful'. My Mother tells me Pope Francis has blessed all on the front line and surely I will be fine. I do watch his blessing *urbi et orbi* and I find myself moved by his words, reminding us all that it is only together that we can win this, it is only by putting others first, rather than ourselves.

When I arrive, I don't know what to expect but I am certain of one thing, of course I will be kitted out with protective personal equipment, or PPE, as it is now known widely at this time of Covid-19. Instead, there is none. I find a portable outdoor table, courtesy of the Guild, and a chair, courtesy of the transport lounge, and my workstation is ready.

As I sit down, I realise the only protection I have is a sticky tape on the floor, which should prompt patients to keep the required two metres safe distance. For a split second I wonder whether this is sensible.



I settle into a routine. I have a patient that does have Covid-19 symptoms, so I have to ask him to put on a mask and I escort him to be tested. To do so I have to go out of the hospital, to prevent further infection, and use the outside entrances that are now locked. I have my NHS pass, and head out with the patient – it turns out my pass expired in 2015, the security guard thinks I am trying to sneak someone in and turns me away. Luckily, the nurse I just spoke to on the phone to alert her of the possible Covid-19 case hears the kerfuffle and signs me in. Phew!

My next shift is on Thursday. By then, I have worked out how to manage my day job alongside my volunteering. With my phone and laptop at hand, I can connect from Barts if needed, and work there before and after my shifts, and I can easily take calls as I walk to the hospital or back home.

Continued on page ten.

Volunteer Voice: Valeria Locatelli shares her Covid-19 diary cont.

Mostly, I use the Princess Alice Garden, a quiet and peaceful spot right behind St Bartholomew the Less. I sit at a table recently donated by Mrs Ann Wickham, President of the Guild, in memory of her late husband, Professor John Wickham, who worked for many years at Barts and is considered the “godfather” of robotics in urological surgery and who also coined the term “minimally invasive surgery”. I email Ann and tell her I am putting the table to good use. She is delighted.

Week Two - April 6th 2020

Last Thursday was a tough shift. We have stopped allowing any visitors or escorts in the hospital; this means in-patients are no longer allowed any visitors, and those that come for treatment, tests or surgery have to go to their appointment alone. I find myself repeating ‘I am sorry’ and I become, like my fellow volunteers, a chaperone for patients that either cannot walk to their appointment unaided, or where their families feel uncomfortable about leaving them.

On Friday, we hear that the CEO of Barts, Dr Charles Knight, has been seconded to run the newly opened Nightingale Hospital at the Excel exhibition centre in East London, which, when fully operational, will be the biggest hospital in the world. We all send him messages of courage, support and pride in what he is doing. The NHS staff are true heroes.

I am back the following Monday, now kitted with a facemask, but I unfortunately cough my way through my shift. I have very bad hay fever and despite having a sign at my workstation that says so, some of the patients look at me with suspicion and decide keeping the safe distance is the best option. Result!

There are only a few of us volunteers and generally I always work with Irene and Eddie. We chat in between screenings and we get familiar with the staff at the hospital.

It is a very jolly atmosphere, despite what we are dealing with, and how exhausted the medical staff are, and I can’t help compare this to my many years in the corporate world, where a bad cup of coffee can make a difference between a good or a bad day.

Thursday is very much the same, more coughing and more screening. Many patients are now regulars, as they have treatment every day. We all have our ‘friends’ who, familiar with the process, rely on us to take them to where they need to go, and offer a chat and some words of comfort.

A nurse arrives. She has a mask on and looks frantic, sheer terror in her eyes ‘my temperature has spiked up and I need to be tested, I have been told to come to you’. She looks at me. For a moment, I wonder whether I should run a mile. I take her to clinic 2 to be tested, but I don’t know what happened to her.

Every day NHS staff and volunteers get a free lunch, I don’t take a break so get a packed lunch rather than hot food. I feel very much like a fraud, I can more than afford to pay but they won’t hear otherwise. Everywhere else, I am treated like any other NHS staff, my neighbours clap for me, and I get donations of cooked dinners so when I come home I can focus on catching up with the day job and reflect on my day.

I find that it takes me a day or so to process the emotions I go through during a shift and that I question my purpose. I become more easily frustrated with the sometimes minute issues at work, that don’t seem that important and resent decisions that, rightly or wrongly, make me feel overlooked. I speak to a long time mentor, he listens and says ‘everybody I speak to holds you in very high regard, it is not a question of if, but when. Keep going, you are doing all the right things’. The following day, chin up, that’s what I do.

Continued on page eleven.

Volunteer Voice: Valeria Locatelli shares her Covid-19 diary cont.

Week Three - April 13th 2020

This week starts with Easter Monday, so there is no need for me at the hospital. I think of those patients that are at the hospital where, today, like every other day since lockdown, they will have no company, but also no access to essential items from the Guild shop or through volunteers. My heart goes out to them and I think of how very fortunate I am.

I head to the hospital on Thursday in a pensive mood. So far not the best week at work, and it has only been two days! But when I arrive at Barts it is all put into perspective and I get to work with a big smile. Irene is already there, we have a chat about the Easter weekend, and she briefs me on what the day has been so far.

I settle at my workstation and I see a patient come in that is one of our regulars. He goes to Irene to be screened, and I call out to him, 'Mr Henry Turner [name changed], I remember you. Is that correct?' He turns to me and looks bewildered, 'No, you must have me confused with someone else, sorry.' I wink, 'Just checking you are not fibbing on your form Sir!' He breaks into a laugh; he tells Irene and me that tomorrow he has his last chemo. When he leaves after his treatment, he gives me a big wave as he knows I will not see him tomorrow and I wish him all the best.

The rest of the shift goes by in similar fashion: a succession of new patients, others than come in every day, there are those that say 'God bless you' and 'Thank you very much', and there are those that just want the screening over and done with. Many start chatting to us about their treatment and how it is going, and when we complete the screening and say to them you take care now, the usually reply 'and you take care too' which makes us feel valued and how it is all worthwhile. The most difficult thing is to deal with the families of those that come into the hospital for treatment.

Despite the hospital not allowing any escorts or visitors anymore, not many come alone. There is no waiting area as such at the entrance of the hospital where triage happens, so that's where they get separated. Most don't want to be too far from their loved ones, so father and son waited for Mum to finish her treatment standing outside the hospital to the sound of 'Go on buddy, let's go out in the sun to wait for Mum'.

At work the word has gone out about my weekly volunteering shifts and everybody asks me 'but are you not scared?' The reality is, I never think about it. I have volunteered for the NHS for several years and this is my job. I am fit and healthy and I can help, and that is what I do.

My shift ends at 3pm, Eddie takes over from me, I help her out with a young lady who does not speak English, but we finally realise Italian is her first language – that's where I come in handy. She has an essential first appointment but can't communicate for what or in which clinic. With my forensic nose on I manage to get some information about her condition and Eddie, who knows all the clinics at the hospital and has their numbers on speed dial on her phone, calls the one she thinks is right and bingo, we have one happy patient!

I head out, put on my earphones and start catching up with the day job as I walk home. This has not been a bad day at the office.

Week Four - April 20th 2020

After a sunny weekend, my roses are now blooming; Monday is a busy day. I have back to back meetings from 8am immediately before and after my shift. I head out kicking off a discussion on one of our overseas legal entities and by the time I arrive at Barts I take two more calls. I pop into the Guild shop, wave at Jilly and Mandy, shop volunteers, and Andy, the shop manager, and head to my workstation.

Continued on page twelve.

Volunteer Voice: Valeria Locatelli shares her Covid-19 diary cont.

There are no volunteers at the weekend, and I am briefed on several complaints received from the wards that visitors were screened into the hospital over the last couple of days, so I am under strict instructions not to let that happen. Easier said than done.

Two young ladies arrive, my guess is that they are in their early twenties. I explain only the patient can go through, it does not go down well. I ask where the appointment is and as I realise it's a consultation on the ground floor, and not on the ward, I know there may be flexibility.

Consultations are difficult appointments because patients are often diagnosed for the first time, or told whether treatment has worked or not, and what further options there may be. I screen the patient through, take her to clinic I where they confirm she is allowed an escort. I quickly walk back to the entrance with the good news, but I am met by a 'I am not sure it is safe for me to go in, do you think I should stay here?' In the end she joins her sister.

There are however many instances where the escorts are not allowed, whether on the wards or in the clinics. The wife of a patient waits for the call from the doctor that she can join her husband for his appointment, right by the entrance, sitting on a small chair that faces the wall. Only the call never comes. She comes to me and asks if she can go and buy a coffee from the hospital cafeteria, which, of course she can't. She starts crying. I go and get it for her, she has no cash to pay me back, I say 'Don't worry about it, it's a cup of coffee'. She starts crying again. It turns out even a bad cup of coffee can make a bad day better.

A while later, as I walk back from chaperoning a patient to her appointment, Irene asks 'Valeria, do you remember a Mrs Peggy Strong?' [name changed] 'Of course', I say, 'I screened her in about 10 minutes ago for a scan'. 'They can't find her anywhere'. Oops.

Turns out that Peggy missed her appointment and the clinic called her husband who is now frantically wondering where she is but can't do much as he has not been screened in, and as a visitor, cannot. I confirm where the appointment was and go the clinic; I am glad to hear that Peggy was, in fact, there, and had been redirected to the mobile scan unit outside the hospital.

I give the good news to the husband, and I take him to the mobile scanner. 'I am looking for a patient, a Mrs Peggy Strong', 'So am I' says the radiologist. This isn't going well. I leave Peggy's husband with the radiologist and they both go looking for her. A while later, I am glad to hear that they did find her; she got lost in the maze that Barts is, particularly now with only two of the many entrances open.

Thursday starts with three brothers, all looking alike, and a year apart from each other. They said they have been called by a nurse to come in. This is normally bad news. I screen them in and when the nurse arrives to collect them she confirms only two of them are allowed in. Middle Brother says 'I will let my younger brother go through, and my older brother as he has not seen Dad yet'.

A short while later, they are back. The nurse tells us their father has passed away and we arrange a quiet spot for them to make a few phone calls and deal with the necessary. It is a very busy shift, interrupted only by a large delivery from John Lewis, donations for the hospital, which is quickly directed to the general store set up on the 4th floor that distributes donations to staff and patients.

As soon as I finish at 3pm, I have a call with my boss. He asks 'how is it all going' I say 'very well'. He is surprised. I tell him about the three brothers, and how even in sorrow, there is always a smile, or a cup of bad coffee that makes it better.

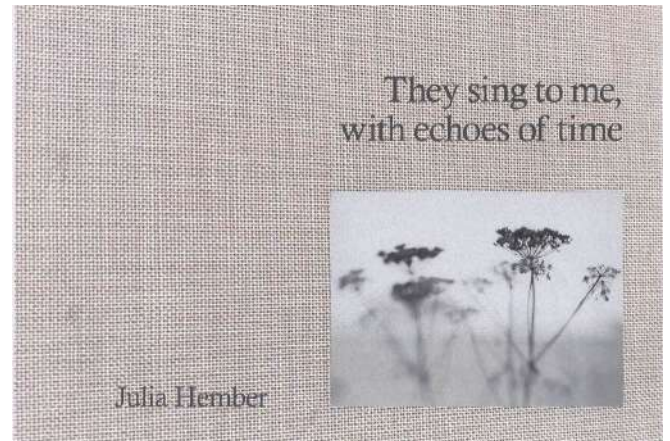
At Barts, every little helps.

They sing to me, with echoes of time

The photography of Julia Hember

Many of you will remember with great pleasure *What Julia Saw*, an exhibition of this remarkable artist's work, which was held in the Great Hall in the late summer of 2013

Julia Hember died of Leukaemia at Barts in 2003 at the age of 33. To commemorate what would have been her 50th birthday her family and friends have lovingly assembled *They sing to me, with echoes of time*. The book stands as a unique record of Julia's extraordinary vision. A selection of her remarkable photographs, printed in full colour, are interspersed with excerpts from her diaries and other writings. A book to treasure.



They sing to me, with echoes of time will be published on 1 June at £25 per copy and will be on sale at the Guild shop and online at www.bartsguild.org.uk/souvenir-store or direct from the publisher, York Publishing Service Ltd – www.yps-publishing.co.uk

Proceeds from all sales of the book will go to the Centre for Haemato-Oncology at Barts Cancer Institute.



Professor Christopher Hudson 1930-2020 – A Tribute

Having known Chris Hudson as a former student, junior doctor, colleague, and dear friend it is a privilege to write about the extraordinary contributions that Chris made to the specialty of Obstetrics and Gynaecology, and the care of his patients, not just at Barts and Hackney, but in three other continents of the world, Africa, Asia and Australasia.

To understand Chris, it is relevant to know something of his unusual early life. His parents lived in Bombay, where his father, Lovell, worked as an accountant. His mother, Margaret, who had been a nurse, had lost two children due to premature births in India, and hence returned to the UK for future pregnancies. A daughter, Anne, sadly now deceased, was born in 1926, and Chris was born in Oxford four years later.

Chris's parents remained living in India, while Chris was sent back home to England being rotated around four aunts as child minders, during the holidays, and apparently was in some kind of residential nursery school from the age of two! He only saw his parents when they came back on leave periods from India. He went to boarding school in Reigate at a very young age, and then to Radley College in Oxfordshire, with a strong emphasis on sport. This is where his life-long passion for rowing developed. He was apparently not noted for scholastic achievements, but no doubt his rowing prowess helped him secure a place at Queens' College, Cambridge, in 1949 for his pre-clinical studies.

From there he went on to Barts Medical School for his clinical training. At that time, so-called "hops" were held on Saturday nights in the Students' residence. These were *the* go-to-place for medical students and nurses seeking romance, and it was there that Chris met Caryl, and was soon wooing her with hair raising spins in an ancient Bentley drop-head coupé. It took some time for Caryl to "train him enough" to consider marriage, and this they did in 1957, Caryl supporting him in everything he did in their rich life.



Professor Christopher Hudson, MA, MB, B.Chir, M.Chir, FRCSEng, FRCOG, FRA(NZ), COG

After qualifying as a doctor, he did most of his specialist training at Barts and other London hospitals. It was customary at that time to train first as a Surgeon, and then as an Obstetrician and Gynaecologist. Some 12 years later, he was appointed a Consultant and Senior Lecturer at Barts. There is much to be said of the huge contributions that Chris made during his professional life, extending way beyond the devoted care he gave to literally thousands of patients. Two years after starting as a consultant at Barts, he was asked to take a year out on secondment to the University Hospital of Ibadan in Nigeria, a challenge that he relished. This inspired an interest and knowledge in pregnancy care of different ethnic groups in developing countries, and the lack of facilities in many parts of the world.

Continued on page fifteen.

Professor Christopher Hudson 1930-2020 – A Tribute cont.

On returning to Barts he was upgraded to the academic post of Reader at London University, and Consultant at Barts.

He was among the first Barts Consultants to take on duties at Hackney, and The Mothers' Hospitals, which dealt with a high proportion of ethnic minority patients, and many living in poor socio-economic circumstances.

He was a brave surgeon, often taking on especially difficult cases, and developed a new radical operation for ovarian cancer, as well as being at the forefront of research into new drug and immunological treatments for this form of gynaecological cancer. He published many important papers on ovarian cancer, and received awards and prizes for his research, which improved survival rates in this form of cancer.

In 1978 he was invited to take the post of Foundation Professor at the new Westmead Medical School in Sydney. This took some consideration, as it meant taking some of his teenage children out of school at a difficult time in their education. He achieved a great deal in building up women's healthcare services in this new hospital. After eight full and innovative years there, Chris and family felt a call to come back to London. Fortunately there happened to be a vacant Consultant post at Barts and the new Homerton Hospital, and it was no surprise that he was appointed to this, and so returned to Barts, the hospital that he cherished so much.

His research output resulted in 92 academic publications, he wrote five textbooks, travelled all over the world lecturing, and sat on endless university, Royal College and National Health Committees. He was a brilliant surgeon, and devised an operation for advanced ovarian cancer, as well as publishing important research on new medical treatments, which changed thinking on how to deal with this disease.

Later in his career he carried a banner for the management of HIV in relation to pregnancy,

which had considerable influence on attitudes and care of these patients.

He loved everything about Barts and he played a major part in the campaign to prevent the hospital from closure. Students loved him for his enthusiasm for the Boat Club, and his clear teaching. He expected high standards from them, and could be stern if they fell short of his expectations, but he was respected for this. He and his wife Caryl were extremely generous in providing hospitality at their home, and generations of us will remember his barbecues and fireworks on 5 November.

In retirement he took on active voluntary roles in his local community, including being patient representative on the Health Authority. In addition he carried out teaching and examinations for students and postgraduates in Pakistan and India. He continued to play a part in many aspects of Barts life, most notably as the first male Chairman of the Guild of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, but also as a Friend of the Great Hall of Barts, and the Boat Club.

He was enormously proud of his three children, Graham, a naval officer who changed careers to become a University lecturer, Jayne, a physiotherapist, and Neil, a Veterinary Surgeon, who was elected an MP in December. He bore his debilitating illness of the last 5 years with extraordinary patience, and determination. When Sarah and I visited him just a few weeks before he died, his trademark twinkling of the eye, and raising of one eyebrow was still much in evidence.

He died just a few days before he was due to attend the House of Commons to hear his son, Neil make his maiden speech.

We shall miss his courageous wheelchair visits to Barts, and remember his vigour, energy, gentle humour and integrity.

SIR MARCUS SETCHELL

Some personal memories of Chris from Guild colleagues

Ann Wickham, President

Professor Christopher Hudson became a member of the Guild in 1990. He was among the first male members following the Guild's decision to admit men in 1979. In 2007 he was elected Chairman. His wise counsel, knowledge of Barts, foresight and many kindnesses ensured that the Guild was on a firm foundation for the future.

His leadership came to the fore in 2011 when the Guild celebrated its centenary. He was at the forefront of the planning and overseeing of the celebrations of this auspicious occasion. These celebrations included a thanksgiving service in Barts the Less, followed by a luncheon attended by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. At the AGM which followed, the guest speaker was the broadcaster and historian Michael Wood.

Our Patron, HRH The Duke of Gloucester, attended a reception given by the Lord Mayor at the Guild Hall and spoke warmly of the Guild and its achievements.

A Centenary Fair was held in the Great Hall and the final celebration was a concert held in at the City Temple, compered by Henry Kelly and including celebratory music by Handel – and an appearance by Barts Medical students proudly displaying their trophies, something which was very close to Chris's heart. The centenary year also saw the publication of "A Century of Service" and the Guild's first calendar.

Chris enthused everyone into action and the result was a triumph for him and the whole Guild. He retired from the Chairmanship in 2012 but continued to give his support to the Committee. He was elected Vice President in 2017.

Chris's funeral took place in St Mary's Church, Theydon Bois on March 11th 2020. Tributes were paid by Jayne Gould and Graeme Hudson (daughter and son) and Sir Marcus Setchell. Neil Hudson (son) read a passage from Ecclesiastes.

We extend our sympathy to his widow Carolyn and to Jayne, Grahame and Neil and their families.

Thank you, Chris, for always being there for the Guild.

For reports of the Centenary celebrations see: BGN No.1 July 2013; Annual Report 2011-12

By an interesting coincidence from 1330-1540 St Mary's Church supplied a perpetual chaplaincy to St Bartholomew's Church, Smithfield, London.

Andrew Phillips

I was aware from a friend, who as a young anaesthetist had once been a part of Chris Hudson's Barts' Firm and been in some awe of him, that Chris could be formidable in the standards he expected. Later, I also saw that if he disapproved of an action or opinion he could seem to some to be forbidding. I never found him so. He showed me nothing but encouragement and support. He had medical eminence and I had no medical or hospital association, when I succeeded him as Guild Chairman, but there was no trace of condescension in his manner and when introducing me to the Barts high command. It helped, I think, from Chris's viewpoint, that I had worked in a renowned national institution – for Chris (and I) thought Barts Hospital to be akin to a national body in its high importance, even if not in its formal name.

At Chris's funeral Sir Marcus Setchell in a fine tribute said that, when young and old, Chris 'led from the front'. And he did. It was, however, in the way the best leaders do. He did not take everything to himself but trusted others to come to the fore as well, to play their part, appreciating their different abilities. I admired how, when his health and mobility were in such decline, he still joined us – grace in adversity – for Barts and Guild occasions. It takes an exceptional spirit, not given to very many, to do that, to support your younger colleagues by showing you are still the lion in winter. But, then, Christopher Neville Hudson was an exceptional man.

Some personal memories of Chris from Guild colleagues cont.

Wendy Mead OBE

Many accolades have, quite rightly, come forward following Christopher's recent death. His world stature as an eminent obstetrician and gynaecologist, his care for students both in their studies and sporting pursuits, his commitment to Barts Guild, his joy in his family life, and his great sense of humour have all been recorded.

Care and concern for his beloved Alma Mater, St Bartholomew's Hospital, ran through all the threads of Chris's long and productive life and led to one aspect of that concern which seems to have been overlooked.

His active support to the campaign to save Barts from closure led to the second legal challenge when the campaign secured a Judicial Review of the public consultation on the proposal to close Barts Hospital.

Chris galvanised the Barts consultant body into commissioning a précis, from academics at the University of York, of the disadvantages of large single sites with no proof of economies of scale. They also identified some financial anomalies in the consultation document which formed the basis of evidence that the public consultation was flawed.

The Judicial Review was not successful in overturning the decision on closure but it was instrumental in preventing John Major's government from making that final and fateful decision before the General Election in 1997.

The Labour Party landslide was the turning point in Barts' fortunes; much more work was required to achieve the splendid hospital we have today, but Chris's part in that triumph must never be forgotten.

Sue Boswell

When I wrote in BGN 8 (2016) an appreciation of Chris Hudson as he stepped down from the Guild Management Committee I concluded: 'Chris will maintain his interest in the Guild and we hope to see him at the Christmas concert on 6 December.' And indeed, despite his increasing immobility, ultimately confining him to a wheelchair, Chris did continue to put in a faithful appearance at Guild events almost until the end.

His commitment to the organisations he was involved with – both professionally and later as a volunteer – was something I'd always noticed, since my arrival in the Alumni Relations Office at Queen Mary, when he was quick to invite me to become the Secretary to the Barts Alumni Association, soon to be united with the London Hospital Medical Club with the merger of the two medical schools. Chris became the first President of the new Barts and The London Alumni Association (BATLAA), serving also on the Editorial Board of its new alumni magazine, the Barts and The London Chronicle (BLC), of which I was the Editor until my retirement in 2006, and maintaining his long-term support for the student and alumni rowing teams, both male and female. In my final issue of the BLC an appreciation of his work by leading gynaecological surgeon Tom Ind described Chris's distinguished career and wide range of interests – and, tellingly, mentioned that during the time of the merger negotiations in the 90s 'he was voted out of the chair at the Medical Council at Barts for being too pro-The London Hospital and sacked from the Trust Board for being too pro-Barts'.

I think that sums up very nicely Chris Hudson's whole-hearted commitment to whatever organisations he worked with – and that certainly includes the Barts Guild to which he devoted so much time and effort over the years since becoming one of the first men to join as a member!

Happy Times

It seems a long while since we could go out and socialise with friends and family but, before Covid-19 arrived, the Guild celebrated Christmas 2019 with its usual enthusiasm.

A Celebration of Christmas

The Barts and The London Music Society performed a glorious mixture of choral and instrumental music punctuated with readings by actors Ursula Mohan and Frank Barrie and the audience joined in the Christmas carols with gusto.

With excellent ticket sales, generous sponsorship from our friends Saunderson House, Sue Evans who very kindly provided the wine and mince pies and a very popular raffle organised by Lynn Peabody the concert raised the handsome sum of £2,653. Grateful thanks to our sponsors and the volunteers and staff of the Great Hall who helped to make the evening a success.



Photograph: Bob Cooper

This year's concert is planned for Tuesday 1st December – save the date!

Christmas trolley round

Chief Elf Lesley Evans (far right) and (pictured L-R) David Lenclume, Ed Rowlands, Angela Robinson and Steve Bench toured the wards with small gifts for staff and soft drinks for patients.

Santa's little helpers

Queen of the North Pole, Ann Wickham, and her team of elves and Polar Bears wrapped 250 Christmas gifts to bring some cheer to patients who spent Christmas in hospital. The parcels contained a Barts Guild mug dated 2019 and a selection of tea, coffee and hot chocolate sachets. The hard-working elves were: Helen Cooper, Mandy Handley, Margaret and David Henry and Sue Mason. The Polar Bears asked to remain anonymous and no photographic evidence exists!



A swell party

Guild volunteers – party animals to a man and woman – and members of the Guild Committee celebrated the season with a hugely enjoyable party on the top floor of the Rising Sun.

The pub laid on a tasty buffet and the free bar was taken full advantage of. Thanks to Ian, Lesley and Jenny for organising a great celebration.

Photographs: Lesley Evans and Bob Cooper



Meet Andy

My name is Andy Haddon and I have been working as the Guild Shop Manager since October 2019, initially via an agency and since the end of January as a permanent member of staff.

My most recent role before joining the Guild was as a Customer Trading Manager with Sainsbury's, working at a North London store. Prior to that, I was with the Library Service at King's College London for seventeen years, eventually leaving as Head of Customer Services. I have a degree in Psychology, obtained as a mature student after eleven years working for Lloyds Bank. My career has now come full circle as I started in a local shop after leaving school, and I couldn't be happier.



The Guild is a wonderful organisation and I am proud to be part of the team that does such amazing work. The volunteers and trustees are fabulous, welcoming people, and a joy to work alongside as we deliver our invaluable services to NHS staff, patients and visitors.

Rt Hon Frank Dobson 1940-2019

Saviour of Barts Hospital and judged by a BMJ poll to be the best UK Health Secretary since Aneurin Bevan

Frank Dobson died on Remembrance Day 2019. He had been a London Member of Parliament for nearly forty years, and the needs of London and its citizens were a central thread in his concerns. In October 2015 he was guest speaker at the Barts Guild's AGM. As he stood under the portrait of King Henry VIII in the Great Hall I could not help but think how little he and Henry might have in common. Yet they shared a singular bond. They had both saved Barts Hospital for the future: Henry in the last days of his life in 1546/47, Frank in his early months as the Labour Government's Secretary of State for Health in 1997/98. He told Parliament: "We will not countenance the closure of that great hospital which has faithfully served the people of London for eight hundred and seventy five years."

In the 1990s the Hospital had been threatened with closure by the previous government: a proposal mired in loose thinking and flawed data. The Save Barts Campaign mounted a determined defence in which its chairman Wendy Mead (later to be Guild Vice-Chairman and a Trustee) showed leadership of a very high quality. The City of London and the East End banded together in support. Frank agreed with the Campaign. Earlier he had said "I am not going to see on that wall 'St Bartholomew's Hospital. Founded by Rahere, 1123AD. Closed by Frank Dobson, 1998AD'". That October day he told me that saving Barts was one of the very best things he had done in his political life. He lived to see his decision vindicated superbly by the building of the new block for heart and cancer services at Barts and its further development as an internationally renowned hospital.

The long years in parliamentary opposition saw Frank as a front bench spokesman for education, health and energy, critical of privatisation and hospital closures, pugnacious and knowledgeable in pursuit of his arguments and values. In debate he got beneath the skin of both prime ministers



Frank Dobson receiving a gift from the Guild after he spoke at the 2015 AGM.

he faced: Margaret Thatcher and John Major.

The first Labour Health Secretary for almost twenty years, he experienced the inevitable difficulties that afflict great offices of state. However during his stewardship he established the institutions that became, now, the National Institute for Health and Care Excellence and the Care Quality Commission, central to the NHS's present oversight; revised NHS performance tables; initiated new standards for patients' assessment in casualty departments; saw the NHS Direct telephone advice service brought into being in 1998; and, chiselled extra money from the Treasury. He defended the inherited private finance initiative, though with his own reservations, because he thought it would see hospitals built faster.

In argument "never the most emollient of men" he could rile senior doctors and surgeons with his unvarnished responses. Others, especially younger colleagues, found this straight-forwardness refreshing, even charming. "Lovely man" said a nurse after he had side stepped an orchestrated management reception in order to talk informally with young and junior staff, about whom he later wrote glowingly to the hospital senior management.

Continued on page twenty-one.

Rt Hon Frank Dobson 1940-2019 cont.

At our AGM he did not hide his dismay that so many young nurses and doctors were being so pressed financially in the expensive capital city.

“He had a penchant for making children smile” (sometimes by pulling funny faces). Perhaps this added extra determination to what he considered might be his proudest achievement (along with saving Barts) – the acceleration of the meningitis C vaccination campaign. “I said ‘We can’t find the money? You must be bloody joking. I don’t know much about meningitis C, but it kills a hundred toddlers a year and maims another thousand’.”

Frank’s front-line career ended when, with some reluctance, he was persuaded by his prime minister to stand for Mayor of London against the insurgent independent Ken Livingstone. He lost, regretted his decision and described the period as the lowest point of his life. That depression passed due to his resilient personality and his family’s protectiveness. Annabel Ferriman a former senior editor with ‘The BMJ’ said of him: “He was the antithesis of a 21st century politician, being honest, warm and down to earth, with no hint of pomposity.”

Ferriman’s sentiment cuts to the chase. Frank Dobson was a seasoned politico of a kind much rarer now than it should be: concerned for people, able to relate to them, warm-hearted and tough-minded, message straight-from-the-shoulder and sympathy heart-on-sleeve. What you saw was what you got. There was no plastic posturing in front of political correctness: his blue jokes, salty quips and language delighted some, were appreciated by more and were no doubt not to the taste of some others. “Stick it up your wicket” he replied judiciously to spin-doctors when they advised him to shave off his white beard.

Whatever aims he felt were unfinished, and whatever arguments attended his time in office,

in 2013 a BMJ polling of top medical figures – a demanding constituency – thought him the best Health Secretary since Aneurin Bevan, an accolade that he didn’t advertise but must have treasured.

It is a measure of the spread of his sympathies that he would refer to three special and modern heroes he held in his heart: Rosalind Franklin, who contributed to DNA’s discovery but never won the acclaim she should have, and which her male colleagues later did; Nelson Mandela; and Colin Townsley, the firefighter who gave his life trying to save others in the 1987 King’s Cross fire, in Frank’s constituency. In 1992 he spoke of Townsley’s sacrifice and a fellow MP recalled it was the finest speech by a politician he had heard.

Alongside the affable, bluff and canny political persona stood the serious student of history. There were historical heroes too. William Tyndale and his wonderful English Bible translations that imbue our language to this day – together with the words of Shakespeare of which Frank had a lifelong love – were admired by Frank. So was Oliver Cromwell, whose towering influence on parliamentary history and the democratic ideals of the Commonwealth he celebrated. He was a leading figure in the Cromwell Association and wrote perceptively of the Lord Protector. The blunt ‘warts and all’** honesty of Oliver would have greatly appealed to Frank. It was with similar – almost majestic – simplicity that he announced in 1998 “Barts will be saved”; and with those words Frank Gordon Dobson stepped into his honoured place in the history of St Bartholomew’s Hospital.

ANDREW PHILLIPS

***Mr Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all, but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it.*

An unusual birth

The Guild of Barts Hospital was conceived at a crucial moment in British social history.

Guild Co-Chair **Ian McDowell**, keen to do something useful during his Covid-19 lockdown, has been investigating, and gives here his personal response to what he has discovered.

The founders of Barts Guild were living, just like us, through turbulent times.

The women who met at 34 Harley Street on 2 June 1911 to decide on the Guild's first steps would have seen, during the previous two years alone, the invention of the first chemotherapeutic drug; the adoption of wireless communication on shipping; "Bakelite" launching the modern plastics industry; and a small biplane crossing the Channel. The previous year had brought rumours of the scheduled return of Halley's comet, which had last appeared in 1835. It was said to be a harbinger of death. "Comet Pills" went on sale to guard against toxic gasses. When the comet duly arrived on 20 April, comet parties were held on rooftops in central London. The rumours, in part, proved to be true. By May 6 King Edward VII was dead after a series of heart attacks, and King George V ascended the throne. The "Edwardian" era was over.

1911 would bring even more cataclysmic change. A famously hot summer would bring disease, including 'flu, to the still-Dickensian slums around Barts, many of which would be demolished by the City authorities by 1917, using Zeppelin damage as a pretext. It would also bring the Parliament Act, by means of which the Asquith Liberal Government would finally remove the Tory-controlled House of Lords' ability to thwart progressive legislation. A National Insurance Act would be passed to protect ordinary working people who lost their jobs from the lingering spectre of the Parish Workhouse. For the first time ever, it would contain a form of social health insurance.

Within the next ten years there would be a 'flu pandemic, killing millions; revolutions in Russia

At a Committee Meeting held at 34 Harley Street on June 2nd - Mrs. Moore in the chair & Mrs. Bostly, Mrs. Bruce Clarke, Mrs. Griffith, & Mrs. Lott present, it was decided to postpone the proposed meeting to inaugurate the Guild till October & a letter was sent to the lady Sandhurst asking for her consent to this arrangement. Mrs. Griffith was asked to send for patterns of flannel & calico from Spence Bolders & Co. & Mrs. Lott undertook to make some specimen garments to be shown at the October meeting to members joining as workers. 1/- was contributed by each member of the Committee for current expenses & handed to Mrs. Lott as temporary treasurer.

Millicent Moore
July 12th 1911

and Ireland; and votes for women. Big hats covered in fruit and flowers would be abandoned in favour of "gamine" haircuts. Britain would live through a World War called the "War To End All Wars". It was not.

Through all of this, the progressive social movement started by five Barts women at a tea party on 2 June 1911 would grow and grow. By 1929 the Guild would be capable of endowing in perpetuity a side ward in the new George V Surgical Block at a cost of two thousand guineas (£2100).

It is hard to calculate the "real" value of this huge sum in today's money, but when weighed against the average salary at the time it was the equivalent of over £600,000; and as a fraction of British Gross Domestic Product at the time, its equivalent value is nearly £1,000,000.

Continued on page twenty-three.

An unusual birth cont.

All charities have a founding document. In the case of the Guild of Barts Hospital this is something akin to a birth certificate, or more accurately, a conception certificate.

A single-sided piece of paper has been neatly but hurriedly inscribed in copper plate, and signed *Milicent Moore July 12 1911*. The five lines at the end, concerning money, are even more hurriedly dashed off, as though this is the least interesting aspect for the writer. But is this really the impatience of disinterest, or the impatience of destiny? The next five years would see perhaps over a thousand women mobilised in Barts Women's Guild Working Parties all over London and the Home Counties. News of the new Women's Guild would cause excitement in far flung parts of the British Empire.

Look at the content! Mary Griffith ("Mrs Brice Griffith") is to "send for patterns of flannel and calico from Spence, Bolden and Company". Helen Tooth is tasked with making some specimen garments". Mary Griffith lived at 96 Harley Street. Later, she lived on Chelsea's prestigious Cheyne Walk. While dressmaking was something women did as a leisure pastime at all levels in society, Mary would have been a relative stranger to flannel and calico. She would have had wardrobes full of linen, taffeta and silk. She would seldom, if ever, have washed her own hair. Her housekeeper might have had dealings with Spence, Bolden and Company, but Mary Griffith would barely have known how to get in touch with them. When she did, Spence Bolden and Company would have been as surprised as anyone else. Helen Tooth was the daughter of a smart country parson who kept a coach and pair and paid a curate to do all the donkey work. She might well have enjoyed a spot of embroidery in front of a roaring fire on winter evenings, but "making some specimen garments"?

What exactly was it that was infecting these thoroughbred women with an itch to kick so dangerously at the constraints imposed upon them by their social position?

The sense of momentum is extraordinary. The most important decision recorded in the document – to postpone the Guild's inauguration meeting until the end of the summer – is presented not as a discussion, with pros and cons, but as a *fait accompli*. The minute records that a letter has been sent to Eleanor Sandhurst (who would become the Guild's first Chairperson and President), presumably by Milicent herself between 2 June and 12 July, asking for Eleanor's agreement to the postponement. Lady Sandhurst seems not only to have missed out on the discussion, she does not even appear to have been invited, as no apology is recorded. If nothing else, one senses the dominance, at the very beginning of the Guild, of Milicent Moore's personality.

The more we learn about this extraordinary woman, the more all this makes sense. Milicent Moore's connection with the distinguished doctor Sir Norman Moore, and by extension with Barts Hospital, takes some explaining. If her family had had their way, her cousin, beautiful, fragile Amy Leigh Smith, Norman Moore's first wife, would not have been part of this story, and the Guild as we know it would not have existed.

The Leigh Smiths – ancestrally rich, mercurial, eccentric – were so suspicious of the charming but penniless Irishman's intentions towards their extremely eligible daughter that they banned her from corresponding with him. From their Edwardian perspective, it was as though he had come from another planet. Born in 1847 into a Manchester of dark satanic mills – the city used by Friedrich Engels to describe all that was wrong and unjust about the Industrial Revolution – fourteen year old Norman Moore was forced to earn a living as a child labourer in a cotton mill – where he could very easily have gone deaf from the noise, or fallen under a loom and died – until he was talent-spotted by members of the radical, intellectual circle that surrounded his Non-Conformist single mother.

Continued on page twenty-four.

An unusual birth cont.

He was sent to brand new Owens College, later Manchester University, from whence he departed on a scholarship to St Catherine's College Cambridge.

Norman's talent and charm would eventually cut through the Leigh Smiths' snobbery, and he would win his prize.

But Amy Leigh Smith's health was poor from the start, and Norman was destined to fall in love with the wild, altruistic cousin who turned up to nurse Amy through her final bout of tuberculosis.

The cousin was Milicent. To marry Norman was to marry Barts. And so the Guild was born.

Milicent Leigh Smith Ludlow would have been as surprised as anyone by the marriage. She lived a somewhat deliberately unmarried existence on the estate near Battle that she bought with her own money after she was orphaned back in the 1880s. She was warned at the time that she might not be able to find a tenant for the farm that came as part of the estate, so she managed it herself. According to "cousin Amy", she preferred to run about her Sussex estate dressed "like a hop picker". Amy disapproved of Milicent's "untidy-dirty-rushing life", including her courageous involvement with the distressing, and even dangerous, work of St Margaret's House in Bethnal Green.

"The Green", as it was known, was notorious for its slums, gangs, prostitution, and much else besides. St Margaret's House had been founded by Oxford graduates in 1889, partly as a refuge for women who had fallen prey to sexual exploitation, had lost their jobs in domestic service, or were victims of domestic abuse. The charity still occupies the premises it moved to in 1903.

Projects hosted by Milicent's favourite charity included a needlework scheme, in which ordinary women worked alongside more privileged volunteer women to make and mend clothes for the very poor. Tantalisingly, this scheme very

closely resembles the early activities of the Barts Women's Guild.

At its postponed Inaugural Meeting on 25 October 1911, the Guild presented as its inspiration the Ladies' Association of Guy's Hospital. The Guys Association went through several incarnations and was finally dissolved in 1993. But what really stands out is the Guild's resemblance, in tone and in substance, to the Bethnal Green needlework project. The Guild chose as its title not the stately "Ladies Association", but "Women's Guild": a women's social movement.

Why "Guild"? The word "Guild" would at the time have been closely associated with the progressive romantic medievalism of the Crafts Guilds established by Christian Socialist William Morris and his circle in the 1880s. These were radical groups, based on shared creative labour, designed to forge relationships across the social classes for the betterment of society as a whole. And why "women", as opposed to "ladies"? The words "women" and "ladies" had been acquiring a political nuance for some time. In 1889, no less a person than Oscar Wilde had taken on the Editorship of Cassels' ailing publication *The Lady's World*, and given it a modernising makeover, rebranding it *The Woman's World*, because, as he wrote to a friend, the former magazine was "insufficiently womanly". Wilde went on to say exactly what he meant by this:

"We should take a wider range, as well as a high standpoint, and deal not merely with what women wear, but with what they think, and what they feel."

Milicent Moore's early thinking also seems to have been inclined in what we would now call a Feminist direction. Milicent's Aunt Barbara (Boudichon), who was a close friend of George Eliot, and would co-found Girton, a women's college at Cambridge, appears to have influenced the young Milicent.

Continued on page twenty-five.

An unusual birth cont.

Milicent's early "Essay on Knotty Points" includes the following passage:

"Why were [women] created? Only for the continuation of that poor race called Man? Only to wash clothes, cook food or clean houses? No! emphatically No!"

Charities have never existed in a vacuum. To survive and thrive they must mould themselves around the concerns of their day. The overriding concerns of Milicent's day included the challenge of widespread poverty, the mixing of different social groups, the plight of the working poor, and the changing role of women. All of these concerns would impinge, in one way or another, on the Guild, as it carried out its charitable work before, during, and after, the First World War.

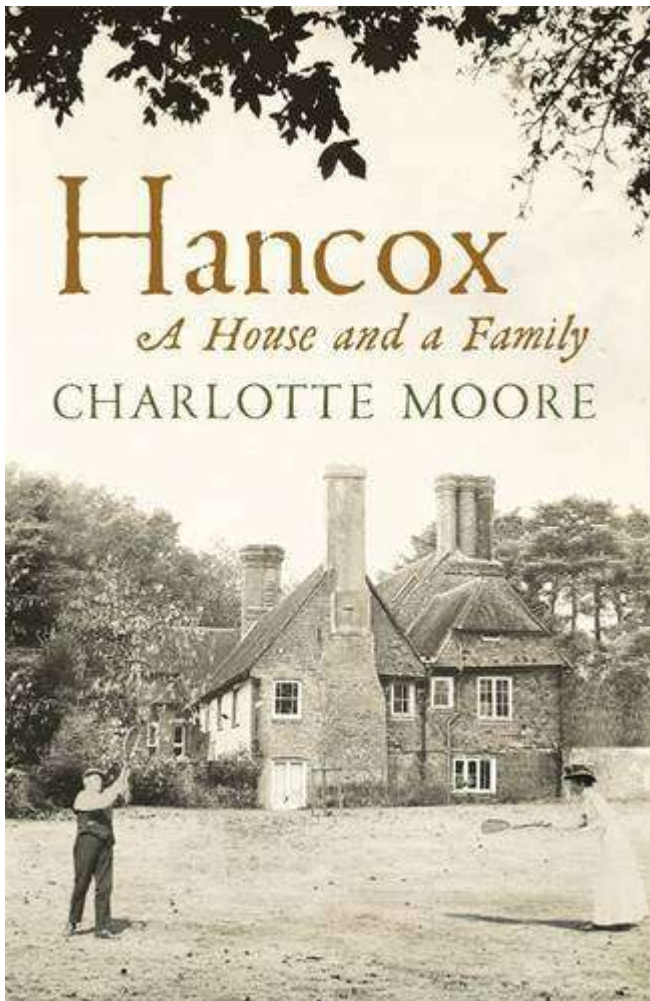
Barts was, and is, a Royal hospital, and more than one of Milicent's colleagues on the Guild Committee enjoyed an intimate relationship with the Royal Household. Britain at the time was a divided society, with some, like the playwright George Bernard Shaw, looking forward to a more equal society, and some, like Rudyard Kipling, wanting the Days of Empire to carry on forever. How did the Guild manage to steer such a sensitive course with such resounding success?

And how did Milicent and her colleagues fare, through triumph and tragedy, in the First World War, when they were to embrace further controversy?

Tune in to the next edition of Barts Guild News to find out!

I am hugely grateful to Barts Guild President Ann Wickham for the wealth of information contained in her excellent history of the Guild.

Information on Milicent Moore was gathered mainly from Charlotte Moore's extremely enjoyable portrait of her ancestral home in Sussex, 'Hancox: A House and a Family' available from booksellers and online.



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Waking a Sleeping Giant

The North Wing and Gate House at St Bartholomew's Hospital

Whether arriving at the North Wing or leaving the Great Hall at St Bartholomew's Hospital, visitors cannot escape the peculiar and unsettling influence of William Hogarth's giant canvasses. Painted in the 1730s they tell the story of the Hospital – its history, aspirations and values – through the biblical stories of the Pool of Bethesda and the Good Samaritan.

In the former, Christ is shown at the head of a rabble of the 'innocent afflicted' – ordinary people suffering from illness and disease seeking a cure at the blessed waters. Opposite this group, at the far corner of the painting, facing the viewer as he or she descends the great staircase, is a skeletal figure looking down as if towards his own grave. Hogarth was painting at a time when death, disease and physical suffering were visible everywhere on the streets of London and this unsettling reminder of our mortality has never been more pertinent.

St Bartholomew's Hospital is one of those special institutions that help to define London. Its long history caring for the sick and vulnerable is a reminder of the humanity which tempers and balances the mercantile preoccupations of the City.

For historians of art and architecture the status of the Hospital is close to mythical. For here, in the 18th century the celebrated architect James Gibbs collaborated with the painter William Hogarth to produce a masterpiece – the North Wing, with its spectacular Great Hall (inscribed with the names of 1000s of donors) and the painted staircase described above.

Remarkably, this building and the east and west ranges of Gibbs's elegant stone-fronted Square have survived bombing and redevelopment and are now among the treasures of London's built heritage.



As a historian and heritage campaigner I had been aware of the plight of the North Wing for many years. I had been following developments from south of the river where I was leading the project to conserve another, even more monumental 'sleeping giant', the Painted Hall at the Old Royal Naval College, Greenwich. Like the Great Hall at Barts, the Painted Hall (another design partnership, this time between Sir Christopher Wren and Hogarth's father-in-law Sir James Thornhill) had been in dire need of conservation and repair. Supported by a grant from the National Lottery Heritage Fund, a major programme of works began at there in 2016 – this involved the conservation of about 40,000 square feet of baroque painting. As part of the largest open access conservation project in Europe 90,000 visitors ascending the vast scaffolding during the works to observe and learn about conservation techniques and the history of the paintings.

Shortly after the Painted Hall project completed in 2019 I was approached by the trustees of Barts Heritage. Recognising the intriguing parallels between the two sites and sensing an exciting new project in the offing I agreed to join the Trust.

Barts Heritage was founded in 2017 to take on the repair and responsibility of the historic buildings within the Hospital site, starting with the North Wing and Henry VIII Gate House.

Continued on page twenty-seven.

Waking a Sleeping Giant cont.



The driver for the project is the 900th anniversary of the Hospital in 2023 and the ambition is to beautifully restore the buildings and re-present the interiors, providing for a range of uses and much improved public access. The total cost is about £23m, to be raised from a variety of sources.

Thanks to a grant from the Paul Mellon Foundation I was able, immediately, to add the painting conservators Sophie Stuart and Stephen Paine to our team. Sophie and Stephen had led the painting conservation at Greenwich and here at Barts they were commissioned to carry out a detailed survey of the great Hogarth canvasses and of the interior of the Great Hall. As well as yielding some stunning hi-resolution photography (pictured), this work has already revealed a wealth of fascinating information about the creation and subsequent conservation of these remarkable spaces.

As well as developing a methodology for carrying out the conservation work, we have also started to set our minds to how – based on the Greenwich model – we could open the conservation project to the public when the project commences.

The advent of the Covid-19 crisis has had an immediate impact on our plans – with numerous lectures and fundraising events cancelled. It has also, however, opened up some new opportunities – highlighting the need for us to work more closely with the Hospital to put health and wellbeing at the heart of our project.

The ambition now is to incorporate within our designs space and facilities to support the hospital staff – giving them better access to the beautiful interiors within the North Wing and the health benefits they can bring. The story of pandemics and the critical role played by the Hospital over the centuries will be told as part of our new Museum display. Hogarth's paintings will tell their own story.

For more information on our project and to make a donation, please visit our website.

WILLIAM PALIN
Chief Executive
Barts Heritage



BARTS
HERITAGE

www.bartsheritage.org.uk

Cats vs Covid-19 cont.

We hope that all our readers are keeping safe and well and, just for fun, here are some further reminders from the editor's house in London E11.



Always wash your hands



Meditation may help
Photographs: Bob Cooper



Symptoms? Self isolate!



Barts Guild

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DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

AGM (tba)
Helpers' Tea (tba)
Volunteers' Party (tba)
A Celebration of Christmas - Tue 1st Dec (tbc)
Like the majority of diaries, apart from the odd Zoom chat or supermarket delivery, the Guild's diary is empty right now.
Please keep an eye on the website, Facebook page, Twitter and your inboxes – email and Royal Mail – for details of our usual events.
We hope to see you soon!