

## THE MILITARY HOSPITAL, HAMPSTEAD.

Last week there was opened a new military hospital at Hampstead in the building formerly known as the Mount Vernon Hospital for Consumption. Now all that is changed. A Military Commanding Officer, Colonel Reid, is in charge, and, what is of special interest to readers of this JOURNAL, their own M.P., Dr. Chapple, with the rank of Major, is in charge of wards. Earlier in the War he was for several months serving his King and country on an ambulance train, so that members of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses will realise that their Bill is in charge of a patriot as well as a politician.

One realises the transformation in the hospital as soon as one enters the doors. The entrance hall and wide corridors are dominated by men in khaki, sergeant-majors, hospital orderlies, and

lance Association, containing a variety of useful gifts. From Sister Willes one learnt that everyone has been most kind, and many of the residents in Hampstead have sent useful gifts, but she would be glad of some bed-tables on castors, made to slide over the beds, and some flower-pots for the plants which decorate the wards.

The main wards on the three floors each contain 25 beds, and are very bright and cheerful. Many of the patients were up when I visited the hospital. A service was being held, and sung in unison by men's voices—the voices of men who had fought and been wounded in the defence of the Empire—one clearly heard the words of the "tug-of-war" hymn, the soldiers' special favourite:—

The Son of God goes forth to war  
A kingly crown to gain.  
His blood-stained banner streams afar,  
Who follows in His train?



MAJOR CHAPPLE, M.P., AND NURSING STAFF AT WORK  
IN A WARD AT THE MILITARY HOSPITAL, HAMPSTEAD.

a passing medical man, while up and down the corridors pace the convalescent soldiers in smart brand new hospital uniforms of blue coat faced with white, trousers to match, and scarlet tie; the distinctive red cape of the Army Sisters and the grey cape with red border of the Military Nursing Service Reserve, are also in evidence.

In spite of his many preoccupations as Commanding Officer of a hospital only recently opened, which has already received a batch of wounded from the front, Colonel Reid most kindly gave me permission to see the hospital.

Sister Willes, a member of Q.A.I.M.N.S., is in office as Matron, and under her guidance I went round the building. I found her in her office surrounded by crates sent by the St. John's Ambu-

Who best can drink his cup of woe  
Triumphant over pain;  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train.

There was something strangely moving in the simple grandeur of the hymn heard under such circumstances.

The charge of the Sister on each floor, besides the main ward, includes a sunny balcony, containing twelve beds, and smaller wards with five and two beds in each. On the second floor are two small but cheerful and airy wards, one set apart for tuberculosis and the other for enteric. They are so placed that they can easily be cut off if necessary from the rest of the floor, and be quite self-contained.

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