

THE HOSPITAL WORLD.

COLINDALE HOSPITAL, HENDON.

Colindale Hospital has seen numerous vicissitudes, but we question whether it ever offered more beneficent service to humanity and the race than in the activities in which it is now engaged. The Hospital is situated beyond the ordinary noise and smoke of London, though the whirr of the aeroplanes as you walk through the grounds serves to remind you that these peaceful gardens lie close enough to one of the latest activities of modern development. As you enter the park gates you cannot fail to be impressed by evidences of a real interest on the part of those responsible for the Institution in keeping the surroundings beautiful; at once you find yourself admiring the variety of lovely roses everywhere, and before long you will probably strike a band of cheerful gardener patients occupied and happy in a flower garden and obviously gratified by your words of admiration on the results of their

in single wards; these last are very frequently occupied by what are known as the "absolute" cases—patients whose prognosis is good and who are being given treatment of which the main characteristic is absolute rest; they are made to live, as far as possible, a sort of vegetable existence and are hardly allowed even to think, so complete is to be the period of rest prescribed until they are well enough to pass on to other "grades" of treatment.

Our attention was specially drawn to the sputum pots, so made that only one hand is required to hold them and to open and shut the close-fitting lid. A sputum porter collects the pots at certain hours, substitutes others, and, after the contents of those removed have been sterilised and disposed of, the pots are sterilised, washed and returned later to the patients with a little water in each, to avoid risk of the expectoration drying. Each patient has his own (numbered) sputum pot just as he has his own set of plates, cup, fruit tin, spoon, fork, etc.

In the cupboard adjoining the ward we were shown the pockets and handkerchiefs supplied to the patients. The



THE COLINDALE HOSPITAL (M.A.B.), HENDON.

horticultural efforts. While going over the Institution we were told that it was part of the "cure" to encourage the patients to have as many hobbies as possible, and this one of gardening must prove hygienic alike to mind and body; the patients work under the direction of the head gardener, whose willingness to cut flowers for the ward decoration is evidently as much appreciated as it deserves to be, considering that such benevolence in gardeners is a somewhat unusual characteristic.

What strikes one perhaps more than anything else, in going over the Hospital, is the elaborate and meticulous care which is observed in the direction of controlling the spread of infection. In this connection, rules for patients and nurses alike are most stringently enforced; indeed, a sojourn at Colindale, whether as nurse or as patient, must provide an exhaustive and liberal education on how *not* to disseminate the germ of tubercle.

The wards are beautifully airy and spacious and each contains about thirty-eight beds, twenty-four of which are placed in the General Wards, ten on the balcony, and four

former protect the patient's own pockets from being made into storehouses of infection, and the latter are collected at certain definite hours each day; at each bed they are lifted with forceps and put into a pail containing water, to be carried off and thoroughly sterilised preparatory to being washed. These handkerchiefs are all numbered, and it is held that, if they are missing, the reason for their disappearance can usually be discovered, while, if paper handkerchiefs are used, the patients are much more apt to drop them anywhere, regardless of the danger that such action would give rise to. Incidentally, disinfectants are more or less conspicuous by their absence as you go round the Hospital, for it is believed that they are apt to give a sense of false security both to patients and nurses. Each patient is supplied with a sputum bottle for use when outside the ward, and it is as much as his chances of remaining in the Hospital are worth to be seen expectorating anywhere but into this bottle with its tight-fitting spring lid.

The wards are beautifully bright and the tables shine in

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