

in a gold border, and above Queen Alexandra's monogram—two A's, red interlacing an anchor and cable gold; the whole surmounted by the Imperial Crown.

The Reserve Sisters have been supplied by St. Thomas', the London, the Middlesex, the Sheffield Infirmary, and the Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast.

The main wards are medical and surgical, and just now most of the cases are sick and wounded soldiers, both British and Belgian. It is needless to say that the floors are polished as highly as it is possible to polish them, while the "brights" shine like gold and silver, for there

the patients live either under slight shelter, or in the open. There is a large dispensary, and in the grounds are smoking sheds, where the patients can enjoy a pipe or cigarette; they do not smoke in the wards at Haslar. The convalescents have delightful airing grounds, facing Spithead. Altogether they seem to have a very good time. In the grounds there is a church, approached through the quadrangle.

As I returned to Portsmouth across the harbour from the Gosport side, there were many indications of the strenuous war in which we are engaged. Boat after boat plying



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is no one in the world capable of putting so high a polish on things as the men of the British Navy, both ashore and afloat. Attached to the large wards are small wards, or cabins, as they are called at Haslar, for special cases.

There are two operating theatres, one for major and one for minor operations, excellently equipped and well lighted with both natural and artificial light. There is also a large dental department, and I was told that it was surprising how many men need the attention of a dentist.

Other blocks are those for officers, the zymotic block, and the tubercle grounds, where

between Gosport and Portsmouth carried passengers wearing khaki. At anchor in the harbour was the *Medusa*, a private yacht, smart with fresh white paint above her bright green hull, and bearing conspicuously the symbol of the Red Cross. Ironclads and torpedo-boats were to be seen in various directions, looking in the gathering darkness like grey wraiths, instead of the grim iron walls which, manned by sailors of the first Naval Power, have maintained inviolate the freedom of the Empire, and, across the entrance to the harbour, and over the harbour itself, searchlights were continually playing. M. B.

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