

TERRITORIAL HOSPITALS IN SCOTLAND.

NO. 4. GENERAL HOSPITAL, STOBHILL.

The 4th Territorial Hospital in Scotland, located like the 3rd at Stobhill, has as its Principal Matron Miss Melrose, Matron of the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow. The work of the Principal Matron is no sinecure, involving both a daily visit to the hospital at Stobhill, some miles away (in addition to the supervision of the Royal Infirmary) and a considerable amount of correspondence with the War Office—correspondence which must not only deal adequately with the business in hand—that goes without saying—but which must be written on particular paper for a particular subject, or the powers that be wish to know the reason why. It is easy to realise what a strenuous year Miss Melrose has had when we remember that

the vicinity. Many were acute cases—shrapnel wounds, which play havoc with the tissues—septic compound fractures causing much anxiety, bad medical cases due to exposure, and so on.

Some of the less seriously injured patients were quite ready to tell of their adventures. The opinion was expressed by those who had been through the South African campaign that there was no comparison in the severity of the two. So thought a patient with a leg injury, pleased to converse with the casual visitor. Out of his locker, tied up in a handkerchief, he brought out a collection of trophies—the spike of a German helmet, bullets, English, French, German, medals, shoulder straps, rosaries, and many other trifles. "I have given away so many to the nurses and the French girls," he said; "I reckon that is about the best I have left," holding up a medal. One



Photo.]

[The Glasgow Herald.]

A GROUP OF NURSES AND PATIENTS. NO. 4 GENERAL HOSPITAL, STOBHILL.

she took an active part in the Nursing Conference in February, that in the summer the new wing of the Royal Infirmary was opened with a visit from the King and Queen, and that she had to forego a much-needed holiday, which had just begun when war broke out, because of her duties as a Territorial Principal Matron.

Nevertheless, she was kindness and hospitality itself to the stranger within her gates, and took me down to the hospital at Stobhill where the Matron of No. 4, Miss Ogilvie Thompson (trained, and an Assistant Matron at the Royal Infirmary) greeted us. The liberality of the citizens of Glasgow to the hospital was in evidence in the rabbits, jam, flowers, fruit, and other gifts in a room set apart for their reception.

The patients were, many of them, home from the front, others from the Territorial hospitals in

patient was the proud possessor of a German helmet intact. Another held up two square biscuits. Frankly, I thought they were dog biscuits till I learnt they were Army rations, but Tommy Atkins' ingenuity had found a use for them not contemplated by the War Office, and let into the centre of each was a portrait which he particularly valued. There seemed no reason why the frame should not endure for years! More gruesome relics were pieces of shell extracted after much pain, and in one case a great ring of iron thrown from a projectile of the enemy and embedded in a man's shoulder.

From the wards we passed to the great kitchen, where there is every convenience for preparing the food for this large family, and very savoury odours were issuing from the huge cauldrons and ovens.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)