

THE ROYAL NATIONAL ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL, GREAT PORTLAND ST., W.

A PATIENT'S GRATITUDE.

My friend (shown on left in photo) and I arrived at this hospital, both wounded with the Herts Yeomanry in the British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. My friend was hit all round the right eye and face with spent shrapnel, but luckily, did not lose his sight; all the lead was eventually extricated without much trouble, although he looked just like a *currant-pudding* when he first arrived in England. I had my jaw broken by a bullet which hit me just below the ear on the right side, passed through the jaw and out of my mouth, a very awkward and uncomfortable wound; but after two months' careful attention I began to eat quite well again, and now there is

graph, he was suffering from shell-shock and dysentery, which is sometimes worse than wounds. There is no compulsory work in the hospital, but the wounded are always pleased to assist the nurses in any possible way; these two are shown winding bandages.

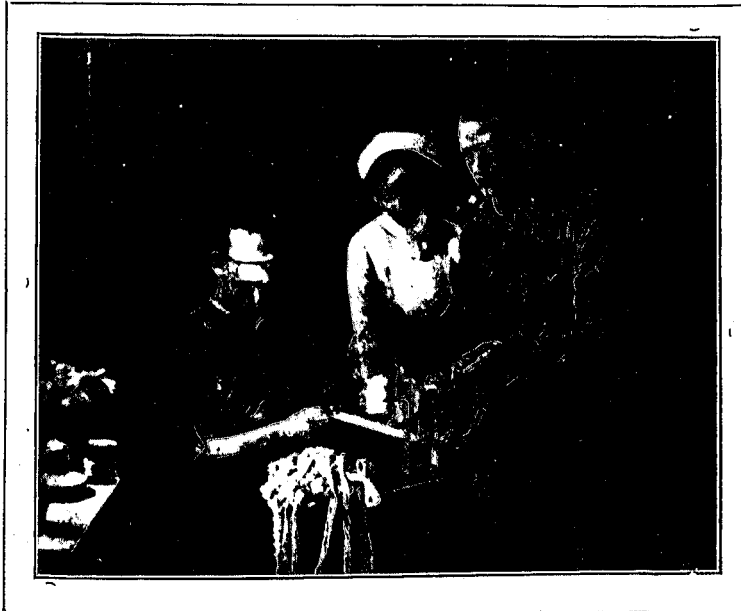
Church services are held in one of the wards every Sunday, visiting each ward in turn for the bed patients.

Visitors are allowed every day at certain hours, and there is always a plentiful supply of papers, cigarettes, pipes, tobacco, and games, &c. Each ward has a gramophone and generally a piano.

As soon as patients are well enough, they are allowed out for a walk (an hour and a half) twice a day, in parties under charge of the senior man in the ward; Regent's Park and the Zoo, being quite near, are favourite places. Private cars call every day to take out patients and often there is a concert.

In conclusion I must say, although I had a good home to go to, I was sorry to leave this building, so well was I cared for in every possible way.

T.P.R. S. A. BROWN,
Herts Yeomanry.



PATIENTS ASSISTING THE NURSES.
ROYAL NATIONAL ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL, LONDON.

only a small scar showing, and I feel very little of it.

The chief thing that the soldier likes about this hospital is that he is more or less free from military rule, it being a private (civilian) staff, but under Government control; all the doctors, surgeons, &c., are civilians. A military representative visits the place about once a week.

I am sure this is one of the best cared-for hospitals in London, the whole staff being very efficient and kind to the soldiers. I was there during a Zeppelin raid on London. As soon as the warning came, all the day nurses came up immediately and assisted in getting all the serious cases down from the top floors by the lifts. An Australian is seen on the right of my photo-

most tenderly cared for by Sister Hitchcock at Grasse for many months, where the French authorities treated them both with the utmost kindness. Recovering slightly, she was brought to England, and both Sisters left for their home in New Zealand in a troopship last October. About a week before she reached Colombo Sister Lind became suddenly much worse and died about twenty-four hours after leaving Ceylon, and was buried at sea.

When we remember the charm and sweetness of character, and gay, courageous spirit of this young Sister we realise how deep must be the sorrow of her bereaved family. If only she could have lived to see all her dear ones again. They have our sincere sympathy.

FRENCH FLAG NURSING CORPS.

THE PASSING BELL.

We deeply regret to report the death at sea, on November 21st, of Sister Lind, a bright young life sacrificed to duty. Sister Lind, a member of the Registered Nurses Society, went to France in October, 1914, where she did splendid service for the Corps, working with the utmost devotion through the terrible epidemic of typhoid at Bergues and elsewhere. She developed phthisis, and was

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