

sometimes Sister's eyes looked a *little* tired.

The Occupational Therapy Department lingers in our mind as a small oasis, where fingers created such articles that left our small attempts completely in the shade.

Beautifully designed rugs were flourishing under lissome fingers, outstanding in design and colour; most exquisite tapestry was being woven by a one-armed patient; and two deaf and dumb women were embroidering cloths of surpassing beauty.

A padded room was visited, well-upholstered in cream leather work, where patients, during excessive excitement, would remain uninjured until the attack had passed.

Patients suffering from tuberculosis were in bed under verandas, where all looked on to fine lawns and bright flower beds.

We visited Male reception and treatment rooms, staffed by male nurses very efficient in their white overalls, and very human; they had much affection for their patients. Charge Nurse J. F. Horst, in command of the Infectious block, we are confident, would inspire hope and comfort in his poor flock.

Charge Nurse W. Beckenham patiently described to us the Shock Treatment, very often administered in conjunction with graduated doses of Insulin, which meets with much success in certain cases of mental illness. In this block one patient was occupying a padded room.

A canteen is available for all, where every sort of small necessity is on sale. We learned that the staff find it most useful, but some of the patients prefer to carry their pence into the village to make their purchases; we saw shelves upon which sweets were arranged in a most tempting manner.

A library is also available for the patients, where they may select books suitable to their own tastes, and presided over by the Chaplain to the hospital.



Miss M. Wakefield, S.R.N., F.B.C.N.,
Matron, Bexley Mental Hospital.

Late afternoon we traced our steps to the farm, courteously welcomed by Mr. Whitehead, the Farmer in Charge, who is assisted by a few farm workers, plus a number of male patients. Patients we met, returning to the hospital after their day's work, looked well and contented with their lot.

Mr. Whitehead conducted us through his domain; to the piggeries where upwards of 200 pigs were living in the cleanest quarters one can imagine; past chickens and geese in glorious surroundings; to the slaughter-house where we learned of the humane method in which the farmer puts his charges to sleep; on to the dairy and milking sheds, where floors and all utensils were scrupulously clean. Fifty cows were happily grazing in the meadows.

Our tour of the farm did not end until we had seen the fodder sheds and equipment, had inspected the oat straw rick which had been carted and stacked in three days; and an honour we greatly prized was an introduction to the farm horses, and to Romulus, the bull. Bruce, the farm dog, when he discovered we were not afraid of big dogs welcomed us as a friend.

The last stage of our tour took us into the Church, a stately building where Church of England, Church of Rome, and Nonconformist services are held, according to the creed of the patients. On to the lecture rooms for the student nurses, where precious equipment, models, charts, etc., are to be found, and which were proudly displayed by Miss Wood.

This hospital did not escape damage by enemy action, when a nurse and several patients were killed. It is hoped that repairs may soon be completed, and damaged buildings in use again.

We cannot end this story without offering our most sincere thanks to Miss M. Wakefield, Matron, and Miss E.



The Nurses' Home and Tennis Courts.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)