

REGISTER OF HOSPITAL
APPOINTMENTS

MEDICAL REGISTRARS	
FROM	TO
Dr. W. J. O'Donovan	... June 16th, 1913... July 15th, 1915.
Dr. F. G. Chandler	... Oct. 20th, 1913... Oct. 19th, 1914.
Dr. R. A. Rowlands	... June 17th, 1914... June 16th, 1915.

SURGICAL REGISTRARS	
FROM	TO
Mr. W. S. Perrin	... Oct. 20th, 1913... Oct. 19th, 1914.
Mr. M. Culpin	... Oct. 3rd, 1914... Oct. 2nd, 1915.
Mr. R. H. Campbell	... Sept. 18th, 1914... Sept. 17th, 1915.

OBSTETRIC—RESIDENT ACCOUCHEURS	
Tenure of appointment: three months	
FROM	TO
Senior	

Junior	Mr. F. Sanders ... Sept. 19th, 1914... Dec. 18th, 1914.
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HOUSE PHYSICIANS	
Tenure of appointment: six months	
FROM	TO

Mr. H. H. Mathias	... Aug. 8th, 1914... Feb. 7th, 1915.
(Dr. Percy Kidd and Dr. Wall).	
Mr. D. E. Morley	... Sept. 21st, 1914... Mar. 20th, 1915.
(Dr. F. J. Smith and Dr. Hutchison).	
Mr. A. G. P. Hardwick	... Aug. 10th, 1914... Feb. 9th, 1915.
(Dr. Hadley and Dr. Lewis Smith).	
Mr. F. A. Grange	... Aug. 16th, 1914... Feb. 15th, 1915.
(Sir Bertrand Dawson and Dr. Grünbaum).	
Mr. H. A. Ash	... Sept. 23rd, 1914... Mar. 22nd, 1915.
(Dr. Head and Dr. Thompson).	

Cardiac Department	FROM	TO
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HOUSE SURGEONS	
Tenure of appointment: six months	
FROM	TO

Mr. C. C. Beatty	... Aug. 26th, 1914... Feb. 25th, 1915.
(Sir Frederic Eve and Mr. Warren).	
Mr. J. R. K. Thomson	... Sept. 15th, 1914... Mar. 14th, 1915.
(Mr. J. Hutchinson and Mr. Lett).	
Mr. E. C. Bowden	... Sept. 21st, 1914... Mar. 20th, 1915.
(Mr. T. H. Openshaw and Mr. A. J. Walton).	
Mr. R. D. Davy	... Sept. 19th, 1914... Mar. 18th, 1915.
(Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Kidd).	
Mr. F. R. Fletcher	... July 31st, 1914... Jan. 30th, 1915.
(Mr. Rigby and Mr. Milne).	
Mr. W. Morris	... Sept. 19th, 1914... Mar. 18th, 1915.
(Mr. J. Sherren and Mr. Russell Howard).	

To Ophthalmic Department	
FROM	TO
Mr. C. W. Wilson	... July 25th, 1914... Jan. 24th, 1915.

To Aural Department	
FROM	TO
Mr. C. P. Allingham	... Sept. 7th, 1914... Mar. 6th, 1915.

To Isolation Block	
FROM	TO

RECEIVING ROOM OFFICERS	
Tenure of appointment: six months	
FROM	TO

Mr. R. K. Merson	... Aug. 26th, 1914... Feb. 25th, 1915.
Mr. A. G. Winter	... Sept. 25th, 1914... Mar. 24th, 1915.
Mr. T. R. Snelling	... Aug. 26th, 1914... Feb. 25th, 1915.
Mr. H. G. Oliver	... Sept. 8th, 1914... Mar. 7th, 1915.
Mr. J. Deighton	... Sept. 9th, 1914... Mar. 8th, 1915.
Mr. J. Rees	... Sept. 19th, 1914... Mar. 18th, 1915.
Mr. R. J. M. Love	... Sept. 19th, 1914... Mar. 18th, 1915.

EMERGENCY OFFICERS	
Tenure of appointment: three months	
FROM	TO

Mr. S. Batchelor	... Sept. 25th, 1914... Dec. 24th, 1914.
Mr. J. B. Thackeray	... Sept. 25th, 1914... Dec. 24th, 1914.

OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS	
Tenure of appointment: three months—and renewable	
FROM	TO
Medical	
Mr. S. H. Cook	... Sept. 25th, 1914... Dec. 24th, 1914.
Mr. W. D. Newcomb	... Sept. 25th, 1914... Dec. 24th, 1914.

Surgical	
FROM	TO
Mr. E. E. Herga	... Sept. 25th, 1914... Dec. 24th, 1914.
Mr. H. Dunkerley	... Sept. 25th, 1914... Dec. 24th, 1914.

To Ophthalmic Department	
FROM	TO
Mr. Roxburgh	... May 21st, 1912... Nov. 20th, 1914.
Mr. J. Eadie	... (Renewed).

Mr. L. S. Talbot	... Sept. 25th, 1914... Dec. 24th, 1914.
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Mr. Lister	
Mr. L. M. Ladell	... Aug. 15th, 1914... Nov. 14th, 1914.
Mr. H. R. Jeremy	... July 31st, 1914... Oct. 30th, 1914.

SKIN AND LIGHT DEPARTMENT	
FROM	TO
Mr. W. H. Alderton	... Aug. 26th, 1914... Feb. 25th, 1915.

SENIOR DRESSERS TO OUT-PATIENTS	
Tenure of appointment: three months	
FROM	TO

Mr. K. J. Yeo	... Aug. 10th, 1914... Nov. 9th, 1914.
Mr. L. M. Ingle	... Sept. 25th, 1914... Dec. 24th, 1914.

PATHOLOGICAL ASSISTANTS	
FROM	TO
Mr. S. L. Baker	... June 14th, 1914... Dec. 13th, 1914.
Mr. R. Donald	... Aug. 10th, 1914... Feb. 9th, 1915.

ASSISTANTS IN INOCULATION DEPARTMENT	
FROM	TO
Senior	
Dr. G. T. Western	... July 25th, 1905....

Junior	Mr. S. L. Baker	... July 1st, 1914 ...
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CLINICAL ASSISTANTS FOR COUNTY COUNCIL CASES	
To Ophthalmic Department	
FROM	TO

Mr. M. L. Hepburn	... Jan. 24th, 1910...
Mr. J. F. Cunningham	... June 19th, 1911...

To Throat and Ear Department	
FROM	TO
Mr. H. G. Anderson	... June 19th, 1911...
Mr. F. F. Muecke	... Aug. 23rd, 1913...

To Skin and Light Department	
FROM	TO

OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS (UNPAID)	
To Ophthalmic Department	
FROM	TO

Mr. Roxburgh	... Apr. 9th, 1913...
Mr. L. S. Talbot	... Apr. 22nd, 1914... July 21st, 1914.
Mr. L. M. Ladell	... Apr. 22nd, 1914... July 21st, 1914.

Mr. Lister	
Mr. F. H. Moxon (R.)	... Sept. 5th, 1910...

Throat and Ear Department.	
FROM	TO
Dr. Lack	... Oct. 1st, 1913 ...
Mr. L. S. Talbot	... Oct. 1st, 1913 ...

Mr. Tod.	
Mr. A. G. Winter	... Aug. 20th, 1914... Nov. 19th, 1914.

ORTHOPÆDIC DEPARTMENT	
FROM	TO
Senior	
Mr. P. B. Roth	... Sept. 30th, 1910...

Junior	Mr. A. M. Woolf (R.)	... May 26th, 1913... Aug. 25th, 1914.
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DENTAL DEPARTMENT	
FROM	TO
Anæsthetist	
Mr. K. J. Yeo	... Aug. 26th, 1914... Feb. 25th

House-Surgeon	
FROM	TO
Mr. A. D. Ball (Senr.)	... June 1st, 1914 ... Nov. 30
Mr. W. M. Bull (Junr.)	... June 1st, 1914 ... Nov. 30...

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THE LONDON HOSPITAL GAZETTE

No. 187]

DECEMBER, 1914

[ONE SHILLING

EDITORIAL

Although there are certain difficulties at the present time in preserving the continuity of the *Gazette*, many of us think it is precisely at such a time as this that the *Gazette* can be of greatest value, serving as a link of communication and a bond of union amongst London Hospital men, scattered as they are over the four quarters of the globe, many of them in imminent peril of their lives.

We fear we cannot promise that the *Gazette* will appear with the same frequency and regularity as it has done in the past, but we shall spare no effort to make it worthy of its reputation in other respects. We propose to include in each number as full an account as we can obtain of all our men serving afloat or abroad, where they are and how they are engaged. We further intend posting copies of the *Gazette* to all those whose addresses can be obtained, in the hope that a correspondence will ensue, which will not only permit us to complete our record of their doings, but incidentally supply copy for our other columns. Further, unless we are mistaken, we think that even amid the excursions and alarms of camp life, the thoughts of many must frequently travel back to the familiar scenes of yesterday, and many must wonder how we are adapting ourselves to the present strange and new conditions. We hope in our College and Hospital Notes to keep everyone well informed of the various changes which from time to time occur.

Lastly, we hope to be able to publish articles dealing with the armies, peoples and countries of the various nations now at war. The cosmopolitan character of our School encourages us to think that there are many amongst us who, if they would, might easily help us to follow more intelligently and appreciate more accurately the various phases of this world-wide war:—

"Much have we seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments."

will be gathered from the Hospital and College Notes, we are carrying on as best we can, and the whole satisfactorily. It is true our numbers are reduced, but several third and fourth year students have recently returned rich in foreign

experiences, but now determined to prepare themselves as expeditiously as possible for those various posts at home and abroad which only qualified men can fill.

Passage through the "House" is preternaturally rapid, but still, so far all appointments, with one or two exceptions, have been filled as they became vacant. The work of the Hospital from the Houseman's point of view has, we believe, diminished, through the admission of so many wounded soldiers, while separation allowances and the absence of unemployment have had their effect in reducing the number of out-patients.

Reference will be found in another column to the resignation, after thirty years' service, of our Senior Surgeon, Sir Frederic Eve, and to his appointment as Consulting Surgeon. The College and Hospital lose in him a man of outstanding ability and of wide reputation, whose place it will be difficult to fill; we part from him with the deepest regret.

Although it is true that Professor Hill and Dr. Flack have resigned their appointments in the College to take up important duties under the Medical Research Committee in connection with National Health Insurance, it will be some little time yet before their successors are appointed, and meanwhile another generation of students has the advantage of coming under their benign and inspiring influence. There is also, we are given to understand, more than a probability that even after they have relinquished their duties in the College they will continue to work within our walls, an arrangement which, from every point of view, is devoutly to be wished. What the London Hospital would be without Professor Hill and Dr. Flack it is difficult to imagine and not pleasant to contemplate.

Naturally the War is the main topic of conversation and discussion, and its various stages are followed with the keenest and most sympathetic interest. On another page will be found as full a list as we have been able to compile of those of our men who are at the present moment, or who recently have been, in the direct service of their country, and none of us, we think, can view such a list unmoved.

With it, unfortunately, Death has been already busy, but while we mourn the loss of old friends

and comrades, we cannot but feel that the blow has been to some extent softened by the manner of their death, for surely of all the paths leading to the Land of Silence none is more honourable or graced with nobler company than that which they have traversed. Linked with these in equal honour, though fortunately still with us, are the wounded, Captain G. R. Painton and Lieutenant E. J. Wyler. Nor are we unmindful of the Missing, many of whom are already reported prisoners of war, and whose anxiety of mind we can perhaps only faintly realise.

If our casualties have been numerous so also have been our distinctions. Major S. G. Butler has received the D.S.O., and Captain R. V. Dolbey, with Lieutenants R. A. Preston and E. J. Wyler, have been mentioned in Despatches. Were we less punctilious we might also lay claim to Captain H. S. Ranken, who, in addition to receiving the V.C., was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Rankin was a few years ago, a Voluntary Assistant in the Pathological Institute of the Hospital, and was for a time in charge of it during the absence of Dr. Turnbull. It was from the London Hospital that he entered the R.A.M.C.

Then again there is the characteristic exploit of Lieutenant George Chapman, which is graphically described on another page and which stands out like an Homeric idyll against the dark background of the war.

Probably for years past, the Editors of the London Hospital Gazette must have taken the opportunity provided by the December number of wishing all their readers "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Although at such a time as this such a wish would appear almost a mockery, the present Editors feel they cannot allow the occasion to pass without expressing to all "London" men past and present, their warmest and sincerest good wishes.

THE BRITISH LEGION AND HOME DEFENCE

More than we realise we owe a great debt to Germany. She set out to destroy us, but her efforts have compelled us to effect our own salvation. We were fast undoing ourselves; she has made us pull together, and by forcing us to face the eternal verities has once more brought forth that virile spirit of our race, which knowing the manner of conquering will rather perish than bear the yoke of an alien ruler.

Thus, at last, we have stripped from the eyes, both of timid demagogues within the nation and of virile Teutonic warriors without, the mask of delusion, which in opposite ways had deceived

both. The attempt of civilian Englishmen to ascertain what our ultimate resources in men are, and to consider to what extent we are able to form a last line of defence, is a sign that the old martial spirit which made an Empire is still part of an heritage not wholly lost. We cannot, however, rest with "attempts" nor with "considerations," but only with accomplished deeds and results.

Let us then look to the possibilities which the aggregate of English manhood presents to the military inquirer. There are probably something like 8,000,000 men in these islands between twenty and fifty years of age, or if we narrow the limit of our choice to between the ages of twenty and forty years, there are 5,600,000 men available. If these men were *Vir* as well as *Homo*, and were trained to shoot straight and obey orders, and were acquainted with the special and peculiar tactics of defensive forces operating in an enclosed country, rich in copses, woods, spinneys, hedges, banks and ditches, probably no German force that landed in these islands would ever return to recount its adventures, except by the grace of its victors.

But there is that eternal and ubiquitous "*If*"—the unfailing symbol of men who hesitate to act and whose tongue is mightier than their deeds. The nation is entitled to ask the question: What are these 8,000,000 men doing? Their forefathers won an Empire. Are they saving an Empire? Or are they still putting on their slippers and passing their evenings and Sundays in their easy chairs, reading unreliable, mere money-making newspapers and melodramatic novels? Are they still pouring into the Music Halls, Cinematograph Shows, Theatres and other places of amusement, watching an endless procession of unrealities, while in France a loyal and patriotic few are face to face with the sternest realities of life? Or are they at Football, or even worse, watching school-girls play at Hockey? This much is certain, they are not at the Front where a man's part can be played, nor are they at home preparing to defend their country in the event of a grave emergency, as the elder men and children of Venice once did, and thereby saved their city from destruction at the hands of the Genoese fleet.

There is no palliation for these 8,000,000 *Homo* whose warrior-fellows are *Vir*! No obligation, irrespective of future contingencies—domestic or business—is imposed upon them! They are merely expected to do the least and proudest duty that can fall to the lot of an Englishman; they are asked to drill and train in military exercises, to learn to shoot straight, to acquire confidence in the use of a rifle, to become acquainted with the art of field manoeuvres, and to know how to pass from one part of the country to another without losing themselves; to learn to detect the presence of the enemy before the enemy has

detected them; to learn to flash messages through the night and to transmit them in the day; to learn the right method of patrolling woods, roads, defiles, mountains and rivers; to learn to map out a country, that they may know better than the enemy how to dispose their forces; and last, but not least, to learn those habits of discipline and comradeship without which an army becomes a mob, and a nation becomes a disorganised rabble of egoistic and divergent units. That is all!

Is it from this that 8,000,000 Englishmen shrink? Or is it, that a long period of peace has caused Englishmen to forget the great biological and historical truth, that the destiny of the *race* is paramount under all circumstances to the ease and safety of the *individual*. Our forefathers, reared in war, knew and appreciated this truth. It was embellished on their standards in the phrase: "**For God, and King, and Country!**" They may not have used biological language, but they none the less, expressed immutable biological truths. Men's knowledge may have been defective, but their instincts were sound and infallible. We must go back again to nobler and more virile, if sterner, days! It is the only way by which we can go forward. "**Over all is the Race.**" That is the rallying cry of our great foe! It is the march song of her soldiers: "**Deutschland Ueber Alles.**" It is the unchangeable Truth and the one inviolable Necessity of Life. Men do not realise it in that language. But towards its realisation all their religions, customs and social conventions have been framed. Once more we must raise the standard they understand, "**For God, and King, and Country.**" These are the symbols of our national existence; they are the symbols of the culture which Englishmen can understand and reverence. The ignominy of the last twenty years we must blot from our sight as, by the adoption of a sterner national life, we erase it from the pages of contemporary history. It is not desirable to continue any longer that pernicious trend of modern political life by which men are being taught in increasing emphasis that their country owes *them* a duty, instead of teaching them that *they owe* a duty to their country. We cannot preach to men the doctrine of "hen-roosts" and of inflated fourpences without sapping that higher conception of duty to one's country upon which national existence is dependent, and by the proper acceptance of which national subjugation is averted. We must cease to tolerate all seditious and treasonable calls to cupidity, to personal avarice, and the promotion of petty vanities. The People must be taught a higher gospel, for only so can England save herself, from foes within as well as from foes without. The canker of egoism and of plutocratic arrogance must die, for their presence is inconsistent with that higher spirit of chivalry which inculcates service for one's

country. For twenty years or more we have been worshipping false idols and doing obeisance to seditious symbols. And very nearly we have paid the full penalty for our blindness and stupidity. No Englishman can think of Belgium without mingled feelings of admiration and humiliation: of admiration for a brave little nation who braved all for liberty and the plighted faith, and of humiliation for our own country whose plighted faith left Belgium a victim to the anger of the Huns. Had we thrown 4,000,000 men into Belgium, as we could quite easily have done if we of this generation had been more virile, the history of the opening phases of this War would have been written differently, if indeed there had been a War to write a history about!

England's veteran soldier appealed, appealed and appealed, but our people, sunk in the lethargy that is born of commerce as an idol, of amusement as an end, and of a sensational item-mongering section of the Press, used as an organ by which veracity is sacrificed and unpleasant truths discarded, were deaf and indifferent. Fortunate for us indeed it is that we have escaped so far the necessity to paraphrase the cry of agony and despair of a Cardinal Wolsey: "Had we but listened to our great Warrior, as we have listened to our notorious buffoons, we should not, in the hour of our necessity, have been deserted by the rewards that would have been born of nobler and more virile efforts." Had England maintained the military traditions of her race and made herself invincible, her sword to-day would have remained in the scabbard. All the agony, silently and nobly endured, that has cast a lasting shadow on almost every home throughout the land, would have been averted. We have put off paying our bills of duty, but to-day we must pay them and with added interest. The experience of our country to-day is but that of every nation that has been great and passed away. The history of every nation that has reached renown is written in two words—**Efficiency and Discipline**. The history of every nation that has fallen from renown is written in three words—**Decline of Efficiency and Discipline**. And when one speaks of efficiency, one means the efficiency of martial instruments and agents. Do not let us place undue stress upon our wealth. It has been useful, and could have been more useful had it been earlier utilised in times of peace for legitimate ends. But without the *men* supplied by our Allies, our wealth would not have availed to save us. It would only have been the greater inducement to a foe, who has never committed the folly of mistaking the nature of War, to vanquish us. That is a truth which English citizens, but not English soldiers, must remember to their humiliation. In the last resort it is not money but men that count the most.

In that belief the **British Legion** and other similar organisations have been formed. Like the Spartans of old we believe that men up to sixty years of age can fight, and will fight, if given the chance. The British Legion has two closely-related objects. First: To organise and consolidate the many spasmodic but quite serious efforts of scattered sections of the population which have recognised their responsibilities and are prepared to do their duty to their country by enrolling and training men over the military age.

The British Legion was founded in August, soon after the outbreak of War, under the auspices of the late Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Malmesbury, the Earl of Lindsay, Lord Byron, Lord Sempill, Lord Tenterden, Lord Stafford, Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, Major Percy McMahon, Prof. Sir Wm. M. Ramsay and Mr. Rowland Hunt, M.P. The last five gentlemen are members of the General Council. The Legion has now 10,000 incorporated men in some thirty separate organisations, affiliated to it. It is the purpose of the Legion to render such service as it can in advising the promoters of these separate corps as to the best manner of proceeding, as to what sort of arms are necessary, what is the authoritative form of drill, what are the conditions to be fulfilled in erecting rifle-ranges, what are the standards of efficiency to be aimed at in drill, musketry and field work. This branch of the Legion's activity involves a great deal of work that shows no immediate superstructure as a reward. But we know that throughout the country there are 10,000 Englishmen with whom we are in touch, drilling and learning in an elementary way the art of musketry, and laying the foundations of an efficient soldiery. They are acquiring discipline, and learning that all valuable lesson which a democracy never properly acquires, the habit of obedience to the demands that are made on *behalf of national welfare and security*. Men are beginning to learn that we owe obedience not to other men, but to the institutions they represent. All this is to the good. It means an increased chance of success in repelling invasion, and it means a new and nobler spirit in national life when the War is over. The reports that come in to us from our affiliated bodies, though occasionally disappointing, since they tend to show that those to whom so much has been given by their country are apt to be the last to respond to their country's call, are, on the whole, encouraging, and are indicative of the splendid spirit of our people. There are men who are willing to *voluntarily* serve their country, to sacrifice their personal leisure and comfort, to stand in the trenches if the occasion demands, and to submit themselves to the iron discipline which the effort requires. They are giving up almost their whole spare time to drill and

musketry; they incur considerable expense; their family sees little of them, for they leave early in the morning to attend to their business, and their evenings, until a late hour, they give to military exercises. Such a splendid devotion to a cause deserves all the recognition that the authorities can give it. Such voluntary bodies are serving a purpose that may extend beyond the War, for not only may they be directly useful in case of an invasion, but they also are destined, if left alone and allowed to develop on lines that appeal to them, to renew a nobler spirit and a more virile tone in English life and thought when the War is over. If they accomplished only this latter part of their great purpose, they would have fully justified their existence. The renewal of this more virile tone is one of the great needs of modern England with her overshadowing and soul-destroying Industrialism, and the loss of individual self-reliance that is the outcome of the aggregation of the population in great cities. Let us hope that this aspect of the question will be borne in mind by the authorities. We require for the national good, a more martial and more reliant spirit among our people. There are signs that it is coming; the spirit manifested by the affiliated members of the British Legion and those of its own London units is clear evidence of a change of outlook, and of an awakened conscience in the nation. Statesmen will be careful not to kill but to foster this rejuvenescence of an older and more virile national life. Neither will they let men of the political taint, who are mere self-seekers, do anything to destroy or to endanger the revival of the hardier instincts of our Anglo-Saxon race. The voluntary bodies of men who are now manifesting a keen interest in military duties, whose members are to be seen in the trains and unexpected places reading the *Infantry Training Manual of 1914*, will be not only spoiled, but discouraged and repelled by the presence in their organisation of the machinating and intriguing politician. Englishmen are tired of political shibboleths; they recognise at last that it is deeds not words which make the greatness of a nation. It is necessary to state these facts, that by being forewarned we may be forearmed. The bane of England in recent times has been this type of politician. It is to be hoped that we shall not by our supineness permit him to spoil a splendid, if tardy, revival of a nobler code of conduct, based upon more honourable and higher aspirations than those which have in the last decade guided England to the verge of her own undoing. I venture to plead for the right guidance of these patriotic bodies, and of the men whose one aim is to serve in any humble capacity, and at their own cost, the country to which they belong, and the Empire which their ancestors raised by deeds that they themselves are now desirous to emulate.

The evidence of the present moment seems pretty clear that if these voluntary bodies are allowed full opportunities of growth, in due course they will reach the goal of highest duty, and will themselves insist upon the institution of universal military service throughout the Empire. For as they grow and their members gain a clearer insight into military affairs, and as they become conversant with the deeper significance of military duties, they will gradually recognise the enormous responsibilities an Empire bears, and the magnitude of the task before it in fulfilling them.

Now we may say a word as to the second object of the British Legion. It is to raise a Division of men in London and its suburbs who are over the military age, or for other good and sufficient reasons are unable to enlist in the Regular Army. This Division is being raised for the purpose of home defence in case of invasion. We ask for no financial assistance of any sort from Government. Every member will provide his own rifle, ammunition, uniform, accoutrements, and pay a subscription towards the cost of Headquarters and the erection of rifle ranges. There are no salaried appointments. We believe, on the basis of biological truisms, that the citizens who have been the most successful in life, will also in war and in war-like states, be on the whole the best soldiers. Hence we do not seek to recruit our members from sources which would necessarily involve an appeal to the State for financial subsidies. We have seen too much of late of the inability of State subventions to produce men where there are no men. So far as a soldier can equip his person, our men will therefore provide for themselves under qualified guidance.

There was much necessary spade work that had to be done without any immediate visible result commensurate with the effort. But the superstructure is now beginning to stand upon its foundations. There is something to be shown, and when men see they understand, and when they understand they fall in. The response from the London Hospital has been splendid. Our surgeons and physicians have formed the nucleus of an University Company, and men from other Hospitals and Medical Colleges are already joining us.

At first we drilled in a basement room at Headquarters, 18, Bedford Square, W.C., but very soon that got too small, both for our numbers and our evolutions. So we had to look round for a larger hall, and eventually, as the result of the efforts of a few of our members, and through the kindness of Captain Wilson, of the Rangers, we were fortunate in getting the use of the Rangers' large drill hall in Chenies Street, just off Tottenham Court Road, where we drill on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 8 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. We are indebted to Mr. Traylen—one of our first

year students, and a member of the Officers' Training Corps of New Bedford Grammar School, and to Mr. Thorp, a past Captain in the old Volunteer Force, for most loyal and generous services in drilling us from the beginning of our work in October. Quite recently, Captain Cleminson, of the Regular Forces, has joined us and is raising a 2nd Battalion. He too has very kindly taken our men in hand and is rapidly getting the new recruits into smart form. Mr. Thorp, in addition, is drilling the nucleus of the 1st and 2nd Companies of the South-Western Division at a local drill hall at Wimbledon.

We are now hoping to start a North-Western, a North-Eastern, and a South-Eastern Division, as soon as we can find men of influence in these districts round London who would be willing to organise the local units.

We have two rifle ranges at Epsom for the use of our members. One is for miniature rifle practice, with a range of one hundred yards. If we require it, we can by means of a movable fire-platform increase the range to two hundred yards. This rifle range we are erecting ourselves on ground kindly lent to us by Mr. Barrack, of Epsom. The other range is for service rifles with service ammunition. Here we can fire at a range of 200 yards. It is probably one of the safest rifle ranges in the Kingdom, and is established on the floor of a deep chalk-pit. We are indebted to the Epsom Rifle Club and to the courtesy of the Brigade Major of the Public Schools and University Corps, 12th Fusiliers, stationed at Epsom, for the use of this range on Sundays.

Needless to say we have lost no time in making use of it. There is plenty of desire to do some shooting. There is, indeed, some danger that the eagerness may be too impetuous, and the more manifest part of soldiery may preclude many of our members from seeing that several additional qualifications beside excellent musketry are requisite to make a good soldier, and especially a leader of soldiers. The belief that soldiery is a matter only of musketry and drill is doubtless an outlook incidental and inevitable to a layman's conception of a soldier and of War, and in time, no doubt, a truer perspective will be obtained. It is quite true that it is not possible to have an efficient soldier without good drill and musketry, but it is also true that if a man is a Bisley shot and is smart at drill evolutions, and is nothing more, neither is he a reliable nor finished soldier. It must not be forgotten that what is known as "superiority of fire," and which, in the long run, plays a most important part in determining the issue of a battle, is not solely a matter of straight shooting. But I cannot now more fully deal with it, for it would involve writing several chapters of a text-book on Tactics.

War is a game of surprises, where men need resource, quickness of decision, acuteness of vision and hearing, sense of direction, eye for country, and the ability to grasp and describe its salient features, capacity to judge distances, the possession of patience, endurance, cunning, intuition, contempt of danger, and love of adventure. These qualities, doubtless, are born in us all, but they get frightfully rusty in town and city dwellers. They cannot be trained and developed as a collective and co-ordinated whole in the drill hall or at the rifle range.

There is one place only where that can be achieved: the open country. Men must learn to traverse country up hill and down dale by night as well as day. They must be able to find their way across a tract of country and back again by a different route in darkness or in sunlight, with the same ease and certainty that they can find their way to their billiard room, or they are not reliable soldiers. Night attacks sound very glorious and straightforward things to the self-complacent type of mind, which believes that his morning newspaper is a very Fount of Olympus. But any person who is fortunate enough to ever try the game for himself, will find that most unexpected incidents occur, and that the qualities which I have just mentioned are very useful possessions indeed. In a night attack soldiers may lose themselves, and in the morning either be found on the wrong side of the enemy, or out of sight and hearing of both friend and foe. It is then that an eye for country, a sense of direction, a dose of mother-wit, and a touch of intuition, will help men to avoid the enemy and regain the ranks. A man who has repeatedly mapped a country by traverse lines, or has tramped a country with some intention of measuring it in one way or another, or of reaching a definite objective, or of circumventing some other man, instinctively develops a new habit, and will unconsciously, under special circumstances, record in memory his general trend in direction and the approximate number of his paces. Such a man will find his way back to his company or his trench with the least possible delay, while the merely good shot will walk into the enemy's camp, and his services be lost to his side. War is full of such incidents and of many others, which the newspapers never obtain, and the man in town never dreams of. Or, to take another case common enough in war, where good shooting and drill manœuvres by themselves will not avail to save men from danger or disaster. A small body of soldiers set out on patrol or advanced guard duty, or a line of skirmishers are sent out in the opening phases of an infantry attack. Over the country there suddenly descends a white mist obscuring all landmarks. Men who know what they are doing can turn an obstacle such as this into an advantage. Men who have no knowledge of country will not

only lose an advantage, but themselves as well! And it is not pleasant to be lost with an implacable enemy in the vicinity in one direction, and a stony hearted, unfriendly populace in another! For these and much greater reasons, which the *experience of generations of war has proved of fundamental importance*, every body of men trained for military purposes, should become proficient in knowledge of country and in the manner of dealing with country. This is particularly true of such a special sort of country as our own. It is all very convincing, no doubt, for mere journalists in cheap newspapers to talk glibly to credulous English readers of English sharpshooters lining English hedgerows. If the sharpshooters are nothing more than good shots, the hedgerows will prove not obstacles to an enemy, but a source of danger to the men who line them. Hedgerows, ditches, copses, forests, spinneys, gates, fences, and so on, are doubtless an advantage to a defensive force, but only when men also know the dangers and weaknesses incidental to such structures, and they have acquired a sense of security in dealing with them. It would be folly to put sharpshooters straight from town along a hedge and think that without previous training in "country" they would thereby become expert soldiers. In less than an hour they would either be running into an ambush, or the enemy would be pouring in on to their rear from behind other hedges, or enfilading them with a disastrous fire! The manner of dealing with country cannot be postponed until war before it is learnt, except at great sacrifice of life, and probably at the cost of victory. In peace it can be learned with a cost involving little more than the sacrifice of enervating comfort, and the gain of inestimable health and the good temper that come of it.

And probably alone of all such civilian-military-voluntary bodies, the British Legion has put its men from the first to learn field work, to acquire the habit and the art of dealing with country. For it is in country that wars are fought, and not in subterranean miniature rifle ranges, nor in drill halls removed five minutes from one's dining tables! There is no desire of course to under-estimate the value of these arrangements. They are extremely valuable in their way and for a beginning. But beyond that, and especially if they give rise to the belief that they are the end as well as the beginning of a soldier's training, they become a source of danger because they are the origin of illusions.

It may not be without interest to give a few examples of the work done by the members of the British Legion in the rifle range and the field. Fortunately our members are keen and are willing to give up not only three nights to drill, but all day on Sundays as well. And still more fortunately they are of that great, wise class of

men who can believe that there is still something more in Heaven and Earth than is as yet incorporated in their present Philosophy. So they come along, and presently their scepticism glows into credulity, and their credulity at last flashes into the fire of conviction and belief. It was thus that Clive made soldiers of raw recruits, and won India for the Empire. Thus perhaps the British Legion may turn out men worthy of its resounding and resplendent name!

Our first field day was on Wimbledon Common on November 15th. The instruction on this occasion was in the method of finding the way across country, in the absence of a compass, by means of a watch and the sun. In War, one has to be prepared for all contingencies. Compasses go wrong from the effects of iron-ore hidden in the ground. In Zululand this local attraction of the magnetic needle rendered the prismatic compass useless for purposes of military mapping. Compasses too may get lost or broken, and it is very necessary that in the absence of more precise methods, soldiers should know how to find their way by the best approximate method available. Such a method is that of directing the hour hand of a watch to the sun and bisecting the angle between it and 12 o'clock. The plane of bisection between the hand and 12 p.m. points due S, and the opposite end, due N. The method is most accurate of course, between 11 a.m. and 12 p.m., and between 12 p.m. and 1 p.m., and becomes less accurate as the hour of day precedes or advances from 12 o'clock. It is more accurate too at some seasons of the year than at others. It must be remembered that this method is a substitute to be used only when more precise methods are not available. But with a little caution, men will not go far astray by the use of this method, even over long marches, if once a day they check their bearings by a meridian determination of the sun at exact noon, and at night by a similar determination of the pole star, both observations being of a simple nature, though the latter requires a little knowledge of the constellations.

Once the method had been demonstrated, the members were set to put it to the test of practice. A point was marked off on the six-inch map, and to this point the members, who were not allowed to know anything of its position, had to march by orders, so many hundred paces in a given geographical direction, thence turn and go so many more hundred paces in another direction, north, east, south or west, or in some intermediate direction as the case may be, determining their direction by the watch and sun. At the first attempt they came within a few yards of their objective, after having had to traverse two copses and pass round a large windmill and outbuildings that cut into their direct line of advance.

On the same day exercises were set in determining the distances of men. Members were placed out at distances of 50, 100, 200 and 300 yards, and the characteristics of person and clothes that could be noticed at these respective distances were described. The capacity to accurately judge distance is of the greatest importance in War, as it enables men to find the right range, and therefore to correctly set their sights for rifle firing. So important is it that, unless a man can rightly judge distance, the better a shot he is, the greater is the waste of ammunition, since a good shot aiming at an error, infallibly hits the error, but misses the enemy; whereas, a bad shot might miss the error and hit the enemy! This is one of those paradoxes that men of the rifle-range-drill-hall conception of a soldier's training do not at first properly appreciate. In other words, an "eye for country" is more important than *very* accurate shooting.

Sunday, November 22nd, was the next field-day, also held on Wimbledon Common, and very similar work, but with variation and extensions, was practised.

On Sunday, November 29th, we fell in at Epsom Station at 10.26 a.m., and marched in column of route to Epsom Downs. Here, in the morning, we practised outpost and patrol work, extending up to Walton Downs, and in the afternoon, musketry at the range.

On Sunday, December 6th, we assembled again at Epsom, and sent out two parties to map two convergent roads by the method of traverse lines; these roads met near Walton-on-the-Hill. Each surveying party was further supposed, as practice in a supplementary and simultaneous exercise in scouting, to represent two hostile bodies, and they were, therefore, each protected by a flank patrol. The duty of the two patrols was to protect from surprise, the named flank of the body to which it belonged. Had more men been available, advanced and rear patrols would have been sent out also. But as it was, there was opportunity for exciting work, and the display of skill and vigilance upon the part of the patrols of the opposing bodies. It was a matter of congratulation to notice how much improvement, in every way, the second week's patrol work was over that of the first week. The members seemed to have grasped more clearly the nature of the work expected of them, and they acquitted themselves accordingly.

On Sunday, the 13th inst, we again fell in at Epsom Station at 10.26 a.m., and marched in "column of fours" to the chalk-pit range. The work of this day was notable and valuable for two events: there was very good musketry practice with service ammunition at 200 yards, many "bulls" being scored, on both the "bull's eye" and "figure" targets. The other event, though sad to chronicle, is valuable in the lesson it teaches.

Two out of the three patrols of the suppositious "Left Arm" Army came to grief. One was captured bodily, and the other, by some mistake, got its members dispersed and out of touch for the whole time of operations. The fact that such things happen is evidence that patrolling is not easy work, and must be learnt by proper acquaintance with its aims and principles, and by long experience of the unexpected exigencies which are ever arising in all its operations.

It remains to say only a word or so by way of an appeal. It is possible that the majority of Englishmen have not yet realised the fulness and greatness of their aggregate strength. When men know themselves to be strong, and have faith in the ascendancy of their star, they can be stronger yet than their greatest strength. When Englishmen realise that there are in these small islands, 8,000,000 men who should be capable of marching and fighting, perhaps they will rally to the performance of a common duty, with the spontaneity worthy of a free people. An army of 8,000,000 men properly trained and armed should be invincible. The only doubt that arises is: Are these men *Vir* or *Homo*?

The chances of War are of an incalculable nature. No victory is definitely won until the field-army of the enemy is finally crushed and exhausted, and its Commander has sued for and accepted the terms of peace. There is now no love for England in Germany, nor with Germany's military rulers. If England can be crushed and humiliated by the might of Germany, it is a certainty as great as the rising of to-morrow's sun, that she will be. If the power of Germany can lay waste our villages, towns, and cities, on pretexts right or wrong, that power will crush our habitations into dust. No considerations of sentiment, of ethics, of pity, or of chivalry will save England, if the chances of war give Germany even a fleeting opportunity of striking us. One thing only, in that contingency, can save us: it is the power of the right arm and the steadfastness of purpose of the 8,000,000 adult men of England, standing to arms in the trenches of her soil. If those men refuse to do their duty and at least to prepare themselves for the contingency, they are "shirkers," and will deserve the fate that may await them and the stigma that will certainly be theirs, alike in the records of to-day and the annals of posterity.

GEO. P. MUDGE.

KING EDWARD'S HORSE

"King Edward's Horse" was formed in 1901, with the object of maintaining a regiment in the United Kingdom wherein men of the Overseas Dominions might be trained whilst living in this country.

It is a Special Reserve regiment; His Majesty the King is Colonel-in-Chief; and it is composed entirely of Colonials. On joining, each recruit must state his willingness to serve in any part of the world—so, when war broke out, there were no complications such as calling for men to volunteer for "Service Abroad."

As it stands to-day, on a war footing, "K.E.H." is made up of three squadrons, "A," "B" and "C"—"A" being the Liverpool, "B" the London, and "C" the Oxford and Cambridge Squadron; there is also a Reserve Squadron which has just started training at Watford.

On Sunday, July 26th, "K.E.H." left by special train from Victoria for Canterbury, where it was to have its Annual Camp, little imagining what was in store for it in the way of surprises!

On the following day the horses were paraded before the "Vet.," who rejected the unfit and allotted the remainder to the different squadrons. Each man having received his horse, the usual Mounted Infantry Training began—but with the additional difficulty of accustoming the horses to work outside their usual routine, which presumably had been the pulling of vegetable carts and similar impedimenta. It was remarkable, however, to see how quickly the horses accustomed themselves to altered conditions.

Everything went on smoothly and the ordinary camp-life was indulged in till August 1st, when the newspapers began to grow remarkably interesting, and it seemed evident that nothing could avert the fearful catastrophe that has since befallen the civilised world.

On the evening of the 4th there was wild excitement in camp; everyone seemed delighted that England had declared war.

In the recreation tent the usual comic song gave place to the patriotic one, and the younger men who thought they would be going out immediately had themselves "cropped," which gave rise to much cheering as they solemnly marched in, in single file!

The regiment was now of course under Mobilisation Orders, and no one was allowed to leave camp without special permission, which put a stop to escapades in town.

Rumours as to where the regiment would be sent were naturally very numerous, some were certain it would be sent to Cairo to relieve the

A VISIT TO SWITZERLAND DURING THE WAR

It was on Tuesday, the 28th of July, that I left Bournemouth with the object of spending a month's holiday in Zürich. The cross channel boat left Southampton Docks at midnight, and earlier in the evening, on the way up to Southampton by road, I was startled to see large posters announcing the fact that Austria had declared war on Servia. Little did I realise at that moment what a dreadful and far reaching devastation Austria was preparing for the rest of Europe by her action. When I got on board, however, I soon realized that the diplomatic relationships among the European Powers were far more strained and serious than one was given to believe, as on the boat we met many French reservists, who had received urgent summonses from their Government to return immediately. During the crossing the strains of the Marseillaise, followed by shouts of "Vive la France," "Vive L'Angleterre," alone broke the stillness of a beautiful summer night, while now and again British men-of-war, very busy with their searchlights, turned their attention upon us and satisfied themselves that we were no hostile craft. This pleasant crossing ended only too quickly, and soon we found ourselves on dry land again. What a different aspect of the European situation France presented to the would-be holiday maker. Everywhere there was excitement, everywhere little groups of people stood together, no doubt discussing the prospects of France winning back the still cherished provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which, although under German rule for forty years, were still just as much French in their patriotism and customs as ever they were.

The whole of the railway from Le Havre to Paris was guarded at very short intervals by soldiers, armed with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets; and how terribly long and thin these bayonets were compared with the English variety of the same weapon!

I arrived in Paris on the Wednesday about noon, and had the whole day before me, as the train for Zürich did not leave the Gare de L'Est till nearly midnight. Paris was still the gay city. It was also the excited city. Paris seemed almost more light-hearted than ever, as all the cafés along the chief boulevards were thronged with soldiers in their fascinating red and blue uniforms; these men were laughing and joking as if they had no trouble on earth. New editions of the newspapers appeared almost hourly, and these were immediately snatched up by men and women who had only just finished reading the articles and news published in the previous edition of the journal. In

Cavalry Brigade there; others were willing to lay 5 to 1 in favour of India as against Egypt; whilst others again, who had spent some time in the "wet canteen" drinking to the health of England and to the destruction of the Kaiser and to all who had been or ever would be connected with him, were positive it would be sent to some places that it would be difficult to find on any map.

On Friday the 7th, instead of starting the ride to Hythe, an event to which everyone had looked forward, they were ordered to take the horses to Canterbury station and entrain them—often an unpleasant job, as some take none too kindly to entering a cattle truck; and it requires no little tact to induce them to venture in.

On returning, camp was struck, and headed by the band the regiment marched to the station, being given a good send-off en route by the people of Canterbury.

While waiting at the station for the train, the camera must have been at work, because subsequently was to be seen in a "Cinema" a film of our departure, entitled "Our gallant soldiers leaving a French village for the firing line!"

The regiment arrived in London at "Bricklayers Arms," and marched to Alexandra Palace, where it was to be mobilised. It remained here for about a week, being given on this occasion excellent horses, mostly hunters, various articles of clothing, toilet requisites and a bounty of a "fiver." "Ally Pally" was an excellent place to be stationed at, being provided as it is with billiard tables, skating rink, etc., to say nothing of spacious grounds; but, unfortunately, the public was allowed but twice into the latter.

The medical inspection proved that, with very few exceptions, everyone was fit; so after little inconveniences like inoculation and a stampede, the regiment moved to Watford, where it has undergone a strenuous training, and without doubt it will give a good account of itself when called upon.

There are a few vacancies for recruits in the Reserve Squadron, and the best advice which can be given to any Colonial who wants to get to the front soon, is to buck up and join this fine corps, where he will have bags of fun, and where he cannot fail to find men from his own part of the world!

"A LATE MEMBER OF K.E.H."

spite of the fact that Paris appeared on the surface to be seething with war news and war rumours, I still managed to pass a very enjoyable day there.

The journey from Paris to Zürich was quite uneventful; in passing, however, I might mention that several German officers travelled by the same train for the greater part of the journey in order to rejoin their regiments.

Switzerland seemed to be very anxious as to her fate, especially when the neutrality of Belgium was so treacherously violated by the Kaiser's armies. I had a splendid opportunity of watching the mobilisation of the Swiss army, as Zürich was the headquarters for German Switzerland. It is needless to say that Zürich was entirely German in its sympathy, when it is known that in this town alone there are 80% more Germans than Swiss. The Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss army was supposed to be a personal friend of the Kaiser, and I was told that he married into the German Imperial Family; whether that is true or not I cannot say, but I do know that the army raised from German Switzerland was guarding the French-Swiss frontier, while that raised from French Switzerland guarded the German-Swiss frontier.

During the mobilisation of the French and Swiss armies all the train services were suspended, and consequently letters and papers from either France or England could not arrive in Switzerland. The only newspapers we did get were really German, as they were inspired by Wolff's Agency, although they were supposed to be neutral Zürich journals. It was on this account that we heard, only a few days after England, France and Germany were at war, that Liège had fallen, that the greater part of the English Fleet had been sunk, and that Paris was again the scene of a terrible revolution.

There was quite a money and food panic for the first fortnight of the war. At a restaurant we had to pay for the food before it was served, and of course I had to pay the hotel bill each week in advance. The incident, however, which struck me as being most extraordinary, happened one day when I went to the Post Office to send off a telegram; the charge for the telegram was 7 f. 50 c., so I handed over the counter a 10 f. piece. To my astonishment I was told that gold was not accepted and that the exact amount must be paid in silver!

After a while money began to get scarce, as very many tourists had only taken sufficient with them to cover their needs during the time they intended to stay in Switzerland. Already the time to return home for many people had expired several days ago. Cheques were of no use, and no money could be obtained from England. It was then that the British Consul was in great demand, but unfortunately he had no money to spare. He said,

however, that he was trying to arrange with the French Government for a special train to take stranded English people back to the French Channel port at the earliest possible moment, and he told us that he expected this to be accomplished in a few days. When a week of waiting had elapsed and there were no signs of the appearance of the special Government train, we paid a visit to the French Consulate. It would be absolutely impossible to speak too highly of the great kindness shewn to us by the French Consul. He said he believed we could get through to Paris then, if we took a certain route, and strongly advised us to leave the next day and not wait for any special train, which he said was no nearer realization than it was a week ago. We then went to Cook's Tourist Office and enquired of them if they knew of a train running through to Paris. They told us that one was supposed to be running; they doubted, however, if we should get through even if one started. The British Consulate strongly advised us not to go down to Geneva in the hopes of getting a train, and said it might be possible for a man by himself to get through, but accompanied by two ladies as I was, it would be quite out of the question. In spite of this warning, however, we decided to leave the next day, and so it happened that on Wednesday, August 12th, we left Switzerland for England. It was at 8 a.m. when we left Zürich, and it was not until 10 a.m. on Sunday morning that we arrived at Southampton, in spite of the fact that in normal times the journey takes very little more than twenty-four hours. The journey was most interesting, even in the face of the intense heat and crowded wagons; I say wagons, for such they were, they did not merit the name of coach or carriage. The temperature inside these wagons was 91 degrees F. in the shade, while in the sun the temperature was almost unbearable.

After travelling all day and stopping at every village station, we arrived at Vallorbe at 9 p.m. on Wednesday.

It appeared that we were the only passengers to alight here at the frontier, and as we were foreigners, it was evidently deemed necessary to follow us down the steep little High Street until we arrived at the hotel. As soon as we had entered we were given large sheets of paper containing manifold questions, which had to be answered. This was only the first of many such documents.

The next morning we had "coffee" with several Swiss soldiers, who spoke very simply of their readiness to die in protecting their little country if it were necessary. Leaving Vallorbe that morning we arrived at Portalier at 10.30. Here we were searched very thoroughly and our packages were examined. As we had not been allowed to take proper luggage, we had bought large cardboard boxes, as we little knew when our luggage

would be sent on. I might add that it has only just arrived. The portly old customs' officer forgot to look severe and dignified, and he shook hands with us all very heartily, for we were English, and England had just declared war against Germany and was fighting side by side with France.

Our train to Dijon did not leave till 1.30, but we had much to do, for passports had to be signed and "sauf conduits" to be obtained. On our journey to Dijon we had two fellow passengers. One was a lady who told us that her husband—a famous engineer—conducted the trains to the front each day which carried the ammunition and the new mysterious Turpin powder.

Quite near the line we saw huge bakehouses, where bread for the entire army is baked, and where 1,800 bakers are employed day and night. As our train drew near Dôle we caught sight of another train coming from Alsace. This train was bringing home many hundreds of wounded from the front.

The other passenger was a poor, tired and very ill-looking youth, who had already spent three days in the train. He had given up his work in St. Moritz and was on his way to Paris to offer himself to the army. Twice he had been rejected on account of his ill-health, but this time he said he would not be refused.

We arrived at Dijon at 7 p.m. and had dinner in a restaurant in the town. At the same table were an officer and his wife, who were having perhaps their last dinner together, for the next morning he was leaving for Belgium.

The train for Paris left at 9 p.m. We had the utmost difficulty in finding seats, for we had a great deal to carry, and there were more passengers than seats. Not until the next morning at 10 o'clock did we arrive in Paris at the Gare de Lyon. We at once took a taxi to St. Lazare and enquired about the trains for Le Havre, but were told that all tickets must be taken a day in advance, so we booked our tickets for the following day, and spent the day in Paris. Paris was no longer a gay and animated city. Many of the shops were shut, and no trains or motor buses were running.

On some of the shops amusing notices were written. On one there was, "Good-bye, if you want me, you will meet me at the front." Another tradesman had written over his door, "Am off to Berlin, hope to see you all soon." In most of the trains on the Underground Railway the wives of the ticket collectors had undertaken and were executing their husbands' duties. Wherever possible the wives of the soldiers had been given their husbands' work to do.

On Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, we left Paris for Le Havre in a gigantic train of 31 coaches.

We got into a carriage where there were two ladies and a boy. One of the two ladies, whose husband was a Colonel, and whose four sons were Lieutenants, told us how much they admired our English soldiers. The boy was eager to serve France also, and was anxious for the time to come when boys of his age would be allowed to be soldiers.

When we reached Rouen we saw several trains full of English soldiers. Fortunately, we were able to speak to many of them and to shake hands with them. How enthusiastically they were greeted everywhere!

By the time we reached Le Havre it was 8 o'clock, and we drove straight to the docks. Here, after the Consul had signed our passports, we were allowed to embark.

When we awoke the next morning it was to find ourselves very near Southampton, glad to be home again, but wondering what would become of all the people whom we had met on our journey, and of those of whom we had heard and in whom we had become so interested.

[This message has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication, but takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statement].

WITH THE BRITISH RED CROSS IN BELGIUM

By HAMILTON BAILEY

After a very hasty mobilisation the first Belgian Unit of the British Red Cross left Charing Cross early on the morning of August 15th. The crossing was somewhat rough. From Dunkirk we hugged the coast to Ostend, being stopped once by a French patrol boat. We were received gladly at Ostend and proceeded to Brussels, where a tremendous crowd had gathered around the Gare du Nord to greet us. We were stationed at the Hotel Astoria while the representative of the British Red Cross (Sir Alfred Keogh) was selecting a suitable site for a base hospital in the neighbourhood of Malines.

About three days after our arrival, a Belgian Count, in a car, which was flying a Red Cross, turned up at the hotel and asked if two surgeons would volunteer to go to an outlying village where help was urgently needed. Austin and Elliot, after collecting a few surgical instruments, set off at once. This was the last we saw of them. Days afterwards the footsore chauffeur returned and informed us that they had been captured and their car commandeered. He had been allowed to return on foot. Our chief (Dr. Wyatt, of St. Thomas's) communicated with the American Embassy on the subject of their release. Unfortunately

it was out of their power to do anything in the matter, but eventually we had the satisfaction of learning that they were at any rate alive, having been interned in Königsberg fortress near Hamburg.

About a week after our arrival there were rumours that Liège had fallen, and consequently the central column of the German army was drawing near. Great excitement prevailed in Brussels, "When was relief coming?" was on the lips of everyone. Finally one morning we awoke to find no Belgian soldiers or civic guard in the town; they had, we were told, withdrawn to Antwerp. About mid-day the German hosts began to march into the town. For three days or more a continuous stream of men and transport poured through. One day soon after their departure there was a tremendous hubbub in the town and crowds ran amok. The windows of our hotel were blockaded with mattresses, and cries of "The French are near" were in the air. Unfortunately it was only one of many rumours which were circulating. The German garrison enforced order in a few hours. Orders were received one day that we had to go to Scharbeck station to dress wounded captives on their way to Germany. Rooms at the station were turned into an ambulance. Some of us did day, others night duty. Here we had to feed and dress the prisoners, while still in the train. Only the very critical cases were allowed to be brought out. Some of the poor fellows from Mons were in a dreadful state. They had not been dressed since the hasty field bandage which had been applied a week previously. One day there were all the civilian prisoners from Louvain to be fed. They were herded in cattle trucks, and two were insane with all the hardships which they had experienced. We tied their hands and feet and eventually obtained permission to send these men to an asylum in Brussels. Our duties here lasted about seven weeks. Limited space prevents me from dwelling on any individual case. The English prisoners accepted their fate sulkily, while the Frenchmen gave themselves over entirely to grief. We had no news except the German proclamations which could always be summed up as unmitigated success all along their line.

One morning an Henri Farman biplane circled over Brussels. The officer in charge of the station hastily lined up some troops who were on their way to the front, and as the English aeroplane passed overhead he gave the order to fire. They expended many rounds of ammunition, but the machine flew on unhurt. All that their firing had done was to break a number of newly-constructed telephone wires which their engineers had just erected.

Our party was by this time split up. The nurses were ordered to various hospitals, while some of

the party went to Charleroi. The inhabitants told us that many of the houses in this place were burnt to the ground.

By this time our supply of money was very low, for of course we could receive none from England. A Belgian solicitor had kindly lent us a house, and we lived on short commons, purchasing the necessities of life with money which was lent us by a Belgian Red Cross Institution in Brussels. When not on duty at the station, the dressers did orderly work in the house, sweeping the floors and getting the meals ready, or doing their washing. All this time we were not, to say the least of it, popular with the Germans with whom we came into contact. On the whole, however, they were fairly civil.

One day I happened to be returning from Brussels when a private detective came up and asked me in English for my papers. I shewed him a card with the endorsement of the Belgian Red Cross, but this did not satisfy him, and he whistled up a sergeant and a squad. These surrounded me and marched me off with bayonets to one of their dépôts. From here I was taken to the court martial as a spy, after the necessary order had been obtained. The place where the court martial was held had once been an hotel, now it comprised the offices of the various departments of German militarism. I was kept waiting in the courtyard of this place for some time, surrounded by soldiers.

When at length the time came for me to appear, it was my misfortune to have to go along a passage lined with soldiers. It was here that I became unpleasantly familiar with the butt end of the German rifle. Then came the questioning "How was it that I was in possession of Sir Edward Grey's passport?" "Why did I not own up to the fact that I had come over in a troopship?" and so forth, until one was exhausted with trying to explain, for it must be borne in mind that on these occasions one is guilty till innocence can be proved. Eventually I was marched off to the Ministry of War. On the way fortune was kind to me, and two of our men (Croft and Robinson), who happened to be in that street, recognised me and came over to speak. They, too, were promptly arrested, and we were all marched under escort to the Ministry of War. Here we had an interview with a German officer. He spoke English perfectly and was polite in questioning, but nevertheless, all three of us were put into a prison close by. The General Staff in Brussels was constantly changing at this time, one lot being drafted to the front and a new lot taking their place. On this account I felt certain that when the new Staff came in, that unless our innocence was quickly confirmed, we should at the very least share the fate of Austin, for nothing would be known about us save that we were in prison accused of espionage. In the meantime

we witnessed a most pathetic spectacle: a Belgian and a Frenchman convicted of spying were led out to a motor car with six soldiers and an officer. One of the doomed men looked up and waved to us as he passed. By way of cheering us, one of our guards was good enough to explain to us what their fate would be. They were to be shot on the outskirts of the town. Later the car returned with the soldiers, but without the victims.

Our food consisted of black bread and water, and we had one mattress to sleep on amongst three of us. Eventually release came, the American Ambassador had heard of our arrest and established our innocence. We were thus able to return to our duties. Not long after, at Scharbeck, the whole party was accused of giving information to England, concerning the number of troop trains that were passing through the station. We were interned in the ambulance there for 36 hours while an enquiry was held. Every member was searched with the greatest thoroughness. After this the whole party was ordered to Liège as prisoners of war. Again the American Minister intervened. He brought under the notice of the Germans the Geneva Convention and said they should allow us to go home. At length they said they would allow only the nurses to return. He again made an endeavour and this time with success. The whole party were released and sent home. We travelled through Louvain, which was a mass of ruins, to Liège. Guards were in each carriage of our train. There were frequent stops to allow troop trains to pass through; we were in a siding for three hours the first night and rest was impossible, for we were packed like sardines in a box. From Liège we journeyed to Aix la Chapelle, from there to Cologne. At Cologne we were allowed to get some food, but it was only due to the courtesy of the American Consul that we were treated with even strained politeness on the station. Cartoons of the English were handed round by the waiters, and the waiting room blinds were drawn to allow a crowd with a band playing patriotic airs to jeer.

For four days we were in a 4th class carriage travelling through Germany. On one occasion, in Schleswig Holstein, we were allowed to wash at a pump in the heart of the country. That wash I appreciated more than any I have ever had, in spite of the fact that rifles were pointed at one from every direction. It was a most trying journey. Trains frequently stopping for telephone messages—the signals were not working—the average speed of the train could not have been more than five to ten miles an hour. Sleep was impossible owing to the number in the carriage and food was scarce, on one occasion I did not have a bite for 24 hours. Most of the way the carriage blinds had to be drawn, and going over

Kiel two extra guards came into the carriage. There were also men on the footboards to prevent our seeing anything of the fortifications.

At last we crossed the frontier. The guards left the train, and we were free agents in neutral Denmark. There came over everyone an indescribable feeling of liberty. We boarded the Copenhagen express and were met by the British Embassy. They had obtained hotel accommodation for us there. In Copenhagen we had a memorable time. During our stay there of a week we were fêted by various people, both Danes and Englishmen. We motored over the country, and some of us ventured to bathe in the Baltic. Soon after our arrival we had an invitation from the staff of the National Hospital (Rigshospitalet). After we had been shewn over the various departments of the hospital, which is most elaborate and modern in every respect, we had dinner in the residents' quarters. There were present of the staff two who had studied at the London Hospital—Dr. O. V. C. Petersen and Mr. Paul Henius—the latter who, though still a student, was acting H.S. at the hospital, was good enough next day to shew me the various places of interest in the Capital, and afterwards to take me to his home, where we spent a very pleasant evening.

We left, and travelled *via* Sweden to Bergen. Here we embarked, our ship picked up the crew of an English merchantman which had been torpedoed by a German submarine. This took us out of our course a good deal.

Our ship made straight for the North Coast of Scotland, and when near it, pursued a course close to the shore. It was a rough passage, and as our boat had little cargo aboard she rolled and pitched tremendously.

On the morning of the 23rd October, she steamed into Newcastle—we were in the mother country once more.

[This message has been submitted to the Press Bureau which does not object to the publication, but takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statement].

"CAPTURED AT SEA"

LONDON HOSPITAL, E.

28th November, 1914.

To the Editor of the "London Hospital Gazette"

DEAR SIR,

I have obtained some notes from a friend who was on board the steamship *Maple Branch* when she was captured by the German cruiser *Karlsruhe* in the Atlantic.

F