

REGISTER OF HOSPITAL  
APPOINTMENTS

## MEDICAL REGISTRARS

FROM	TO
Dr. W. J. O'Donovan ...	June 16th, 1913... July 15th, 1915.
Dr. R. A. Rowlands ...	June 17th, 1914... June 16th, 1915.

## SURGICAL REGISTRARS

FROM	TO
Mr. R. H. Campbell ...	Sept. 18th, 1914... Sept. 17th, 1915.
OBSTETRIC—Mr. Gordon Ley.	

## RESIDENT ACCOUCHEUR

Tenure of appointment: three months

FROM	TO
Mr. F. Sanders ...	Sept. 19th, 1914... Dec. 18th, 1914.

## 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. C. W. Wilson.	
(Sir Bertrand Dawson and Dr. Grünbaum).	
Mr. H. A. Ash ...	Sept. 23rd, 1914... Mar. 22nd, 1915.
(Dr. Head and Dr. Thompson).	

## Cardiac Department

## 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. S. Batchelor ...	Oct. 15th, 1914... Apr. 14th, 1915.
(Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Kidd).	
Mr. R. K. Merson ...	Oct. 15th, 1914... Apr. 14th, 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.

## RECEIVING ROOM OFFICERS

Tenure of appointment: six months

FROM	TO
Mr. H. G. Oliver ...	Sept. 8th, 1914... Mar. 7th, 1915.
Mr. R. J. M. Love ...	Sept. 19th, 1914... Mar. 18th, 1915.
Mr. A. G. Winter ...	Sept. 25th, 1914... Mar. 24th, 1915.
Mr. J. B. Thackeray ...	Oct. 15th, 1914... Apr. 14th, 1915.
Mr. E. E. Herga ...	Oct. 15th, 1914... Apr. 14th, 1915.
Mr. S. A. Forbes ...	Nov. 15th, 1914... May 14th, 1915.

## EMERGENCY OFFICERS

Tenure of appointment: three months

FROM	TO
Mr. W. D. Newcomb ...	Oct. 15th, 1914... Jan. 14th, 1915.
Mr. L. M. Ingle ...	Dec. 2nd, 1914... Mar. 1st, 1915.

## OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS

Tenure of appointment: three months—and renewable

Medical	FROM	TO
Mr. S. H. Cooke ...	Sept. 25th, 1914...	Jan. 14th, 1915.
Mr. J. A. Durante ...	Oct. 15th, 1914...	Jan. 14th, 1915.
Surgical	FROM	TO
Mr. P. H. Burton ...	Oct. 15th, 1914...	Jan. 14th, 1915.
Mr. R. N. Porritt ...	Nov. 26th, 1914...	Feb. 25th, 1915.

## To Ophthalmic Department

FROM	TO
Mr. J. Eadie ...	May 21st, 1912 ... Nov. 20th, 1914.
(Renewed).	
Mr. L. S. Talbot ...	Sept. 25th, 1914... Dec. 24th, 1914.
Mr. Lister	
Mr. H. R. Jeremy ...	July 31st, 1914 ... Oct. 30th, 1914.

## SKIN AND LIGHT DEPARTMENT

## SENIOR DRESSERS TO OUT-PATIENTS

Tenure of appointment: three months

FROM	TO
Mr. J. A. Liley ...	Nov. 23rd, 1914...
Mr. F. H. Bray ...	Dec. 2nd, 1914... Mar. 1st, 1915.

## 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

Senior	FROM	TO
Dr. G. T. Western ...	July 25th, 1905...	
Junior	FROM	TO
Mr. S. L. Baker ...	July 1st, 1914 ...	

## 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

## To Skin and Light Department

FROM	TO

## OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS (UNPAID)

## To Ophthalmic Department

FROM	TO
Mr. L. S. Talbot ...	Apr. 9th, 1913...

Mr. Lister

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

## Throat and Ear Department.

FROM	TO
Dr. Lack ...	
Mr. L. S. Talbot ...	Oct. 1st, 1913 ...

Mr. Tod.

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

## ORTHOPÆDIC DEPARTMENT

Senior	FROM	TO
Junior	FROM	TO

## DENTAL DEPARTMENT

Anæsthetist	FROM	TO
Mr. F. H. Bray ...	Dec. 2nd, 1914...	June 1st, 1915.
House-Surgeon	FROM	TO
Mr. A. D. Ball (Senr.) ...	June 1st, 1914 ...	Nov. 30th, 1914.
Mr. W. M. Bull (Junr.) ...	June 1st, 1914 ...	Nov. 30th, 1914.

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## THE LONDON HOSPITAL GAZETTE

No. 188]

MARCH, 1915

[SIXPENCE

## EDITORIAL

Apart from the admission of wounded soldiers and the occasional appearance of khaki or gold-braided men in the Athenæum and Dining Hall, there is little change in the work of our Hospital or College to attract the attention of the casual observer, or to suggest that we are in the throes of the greatest struggle in our history.

We are all however conscious in our meditative moments of being on the edge of a volcano, and there can be little doubt that by the time the next issue of the *Gazette* sees the light there will have been a considerable addition to the list of our losses and honours.

Since Christmas we have suffered by the loss of Surgeon V. L. Matthews, who was serving on *H.M.S. Viknor*. Matthews's record, both before and since he entered the Navy, left no doubt as to the high honour he was destined to attain had he lived.

Lieutenant W. L. Willett was wounded in the head while serving with the London Rifles, and is at present in King Edward VII. Hospital for Officers. His many friends will be glad to hear that, according to the latest news, he is making steady though slow progress. The striking courage and cheeriness with which he faces his misfortune furnish us with the happiest augury for his recovery. Lieutenant Willett's name was mentioned in the last of Sir John French's dispatches.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we congratulate Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. Soltau and Major A. C. Fox on receiving the D.S.O., and Lieutenant E. J. Wyler on being awarded the Military Medal.

We would again earnestly ask all those who are serving in the Navy or Army, or under the Red Cross, to keep us informed of their movements, so that we may be able to keep as full and accurate a record as possible of all "London" men. We regret that there has not been a better response to our appeal for correspondence, but it is only fair to say that we fear many of the copies of the *Gazette* sent out did not reach their destination. A considerable number sent to men in the Army was returned by the General Post Office with a

statement that it was unable to undertake their transmission.

The work of the Hospital is becoming more and more hampered by the difficulty of obtaining a sufficiency of residents, so much so, that we understand a proposal is being seriously considered for the substitution, in a certain number of cases, of fifth year students for qualified men.

In the College, the arrangements alluded to in our last Editorial, whereby Professor Hill and Dr. Flack would continue their associations with the College, have been completed. Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Thresh, as Public Health Laboratories, have been leased to the Medical Research Committee of the National Insurance Board, and in them the Physiological Department of the Committee has been installed. Professor Benjamin Moore, late of the University of Liverpool, has also joined the Staff of the Department.

Professor E. P. Cathcart, of whom we publish a portrait and a short biography on another page, has been appointed to succeed Professor Hill, and we are glad to take this, the earliest opportunity, of extending to him the warmest welcome. He comes to us with a great reputation, both as a man and as a physiological chemist. Those who know him are not slow in expressing the opinion, that we have been extremely fortunate in being able to associate him with our School.

Mr. R. A. Buddicom, on his departure for Australia, has vacated the Demonstratorship in the Biological Department which he has held for the last ten years, and Mr. J. T. Cunningham, M.A., has been appointed to the post. Although we are all sorry to lose the valuable services of Mr. Buddicom, we are happy in having found in Mr. Cunningham so distinguished a successor, whether from the point of view of research or teaching.

It is with very great pleasure that we welcome Mr. H. S. Souttar to the Honorary Staff. Mr. Souttar has served the Hospital and College in many capacities, and in no instance has he failed to give distinction to the post which he has filled. We are told that the Gods don't give everything to one man at once, but they sometimes get very near to it. At any rate, given originality, humour and a genial sympathetic temperament, there is no need to grieve for any lack.



During the last few weeks the disappearance of Oliver Hiscutt, the Assistant to the Curator of the Museum, has been a source of much anxiety and speculation. The discovery of his body in the Thames, near Mortlake, sufficiently explained the manner of his death, but there is still a deep mystery as to how he came there. The war and the separation from so many of his friends who had entered the Army seem to have had a depressing effect on his spirits. Hiscutt was a man who, to industry and considerable artistic powers, combined a striking originality which was well displayed in his manner of mounting and displaying specimens, and which made him invaluable as a museum worker. He was held in the highest respect by all those who were ever brought in contact with him, and his loss is one which, for many years to come, will be acutely felt.

### SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE WAR

One of the most common and depressing experiences in the life of the novice is the disappointment which generally results from an attempt to play the stroke which proved so successful and looked so easy when played by an expert. We are all novices at first, and this experience is therefore not confined to humble folk. One suspects, indeed, that it is even now shared by Wilhelm II. and his present advisers as they realise that the brilliant strokes played by Bismarck and Moltke in the service of Wilhelm I. are attended, when played by their successors to-day, with such different and such disappointing results. No one familiar with the history of the Prussian wars of 1866 and 1870 can fail to recognise the same general design in the development of the present war as conceived by Germany. In all three instances we find the same timely and careful preparation of the requisite military machine, the same preliminary diplomatic manœuvres to secure the assistance of some ally or the neutrality of some possible opponent, and finally, at the chosen moment the same sudden dramatic denouement. Previous, for instance, to the seven weeks' war of 1866 between Prussia and Austria, the famous unofficial meeting of Bismarck and Napoleon at Biarritz (October, 1865) secured the neutrality of France, and the alliance made with Italy (March, 1866) secured her active assistance, in return for Venetia, *provided war was declared within three months from date*; this condition Bismarck punctually realised with nearly a fortnight to spare. In less than three weeks the decisive battle of Sadowa crowned his policy with success, and a

few weeks later the Treaty of Prague made the first big step towards his ideal of a united Germany, which should be led by Prussia and from which Austria should be excluded. The concluding step was reserved for 1870, and preparation for it was equally careful and complete. At this period France had few friends in Europe. Napoleon III. had alienated Russia by remonstrances on her treatment of the Poles, and Italy by supporting the Pope against the people. Bismarck had made neither of these mistakes. In England both political parties looked askance at Continental adventures, but popular sympathy was at first on the side of France. Bismarck, however, at the critical moment, published in the *Times* the terms of a draft treaty discussed between himself and the French Ambassador, Benedetti, soon after the conclusion of the war of 1866. Napoleon was then trying, without success, to secure some territorial consideration in return for his recent neutrality, and by this draft France was to support Prussia in adding the South German States to the new confederation, and Germany was to support France in the *annexation of Luxemburg and Belgium*. English opinion, as we have recently been reminded, is very sensitive to any threatened infringement of the neutrality of Belgium, and the draft carefully preserved by Bismarck was produced in 1870 with decisive effect. The chosen pretext—the Hohenzollern succession to the Spanish throne—looked at one time as if it might prove inadequate, but by publishing his own false edition of the Ems telegram, Bismarck produced just the atmosphere he desired, so that the declaration of war was made by France and accepted by a solid Germany. The campaign was almost as rapidly conclusive as that of 1866. War was declared on July 19th, and on September 2nd Napoleon and the large army of Macmahon surrendered at Sedan. Bazaine, with another army, was invested in Metz, and surrendered on October 14th. The Siege of Paris was a longer business then than perhaps it would be now, and the armistice which preceded the formal peace was not signed till January 28th, 1871. Roughly speaking, therefore, the war of 1870 lasted seven months, and the war of 1866 seven weeks; superstitious adherents of the number 7 have therefore hinted that the present war will last seven years, but other mystics state that when it really begins it will only last seven days.

That the Present is child of the Past is as true of events as it is of human generations, so certain is it that:—

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,  
"And what we have been makes us what we are."

The present war is the legitimate descendant of the two earlier ones which it so closely resembles in general design. The Prussian victories of 1870, which completed the unification of

Germany and made Wilhelm I. its Emperor, set German feet upon the perilous path which led inevitably to the present conflict. For this the military preparation has been even more complete than on the previous occasions, and it has this time been supplemented by long continued naval preparation on a similar scale, and later, as the appointed day approached, by great financial preparation. We have also witnessed the same diplomatic manœuvres to secure an ally here or neutrality there; the manœuvres have not been so successful because they have not been conducted by such dexterous hands; the pledge of neutrality for which England was asked in 1912 was such as no free country, determined to keep its pledges, could consent to give. The attempts to weaken or divide possible opponents by a policy of general mischief-making could hardly have been so futile, as the event has shown them to be, if they had been made by really skilful agents. Neither time nor money seems to have been spared, but, fortunately, brains were not so plentiful. Lastly we have the usual sudden denouement to reap if possible the fruit of the earlier preparations. Even in minor details a curious resemblance is seen; just as in 1870 there was a moment when compromise seemed possible and the Ems telegram was published to prevent it; so in 1914 there was a similar moment when the conversations between Austria and Russia looked sufficiently promising to make Germany abruptly interrupt them by a precipitate declaration of war. The stroke is the stroke of Bismarck, but it has been played by another hand and is attended with very different consequences. It has in fact been sadly bungled. This may be partly due to want of aim as well as want of skill. Bismarck fought for a definite object, to make Prussia the undisputed head of a united German Empire; this he accomplished. The present war is not the work of statesmen imbued with a clearly defined aim; it seems rather an attempt to realise some vague and dazzling dream of world dominion; the eruption of a body politic impregnated with the disease of militarism in a peculiarly violent form. Germany was already united, strong and prosperous; she had secured a large place in the sun; there was no ordinary or modest objective left for which to fight; but to own the Sun itself! and be able to let or refuse fractions of it to other humbler nations! to stand astride the world like a Colossus, and with mailed fist distribute *kultur* to petty peoples trembling at his knees. That were a Kaiser's rôle indeed!

The triumph of 1870 gave the army a place in the hearts of the German people which its leaders have taken good care to retain. Wilhelm II. voiced their gospel when he said—"The soldier and the army, not parliamentary majorities, have welded together the German Empire. My

confidence is placed on the army." But he was not content with an army, and very soon began to push the claims of a navy. "I will not rest," he declared later, "till I have brought my navy to the same pitch of excellence as my army." Of course all these preparations were pacific; assurances to this effect were frequent and emphatic; but swords grow weary of the scabbard, and manœuvres are too tame for warlike folk who have been brought up on the gospel sedulously preached to the German people by Bernhardt and other native prophets for more than a generation. That gospel is no new one, though it has hitherto only been accepted as orthodox by primitive races or individual barbarians. Its simplicity commends it to the most limited intellect. Its one cardinal dogma, "might is right," dispenses at once with all troublesome ethical standards. It met with the whole-hearted approval of Bill Sikes. The extraordinary feature in the present instance is that by associating this primitive dogma with a little specious clap-trap about "biological necessity," and so forth, the preachers have apparently imposed on a great many people. One even hears grown-up persons on this side of the Channel repeating this Bernhardt rubbish with child-like faith in its inspiration. Even this plea of biological necessity is not new. Most of us have heard of a member of the Bill Sikes fraternity who, when asked by the judge whether he had any excuse to offer for his misdeeds, shrugged his shoulders and murmured "a man must live." "The Court does not see the necessity" replied the judge, as he donned the black cap. The criminal unconsciously anticipated Bernhardt's plea, and the judge expresses the reply of civilization to that plea. If a German cannot live in peace and comfort in a land, unless all the towns have German names, and all the clocks keep German time, the reason is not to be found in any sacred biological necessity, but in what is commonly called "swank." The whole nation, from the highest to the lowest, seems to have been so successfully inoculated with this curious form of megalomania that probably nothing short of the surgical operation now in progress would terminate the disease. But sane people of other nationalities must not be misled by this distorted philosophy and mistake the sound and fury for something great and true. The violent outbursts of the undisciplined savage are indications of weakness rather than of superior strength. Hymns of hate and chants of curses belong to this category. The barking dog is generally less formidable than the silent one. All this glorification of war *per se*, this reverence for the "virile" qualities with which Sikes was so richly endowed, this contempt for the honour that keeps faith without counting the cost, this measurement of morality by the "fear of reprisals," these features are more



characteristic of the super savage than of the super man. They bear indeed painful witness to the ease with which man reverts to predatory instincts, and show us what a thin veneer of civilization divides the exponent of twentieth century *kultur* from his early savage ancestor. But civilized communities must, in their own interests, oppose and punish any such reversion. The ruthless ferocity of the brigand and the pirate may remain a picturesque feature in the story or the melodrama, but it is an anachronism in the real life of a civilized community to-day, and the virile heroes of Sydney Street receive short shrift.

The pity of it is that a nation to whose patient industry science and scholarship are so much indebted should present this pitiful example. One looks in vain for a national leader possessed of the foresight and courage to tell the people the truth. That the false philosophy and the spurious science with which they have for years been beguiled has taken practical effect, and has brought their country in sight of a colossal and deserved disaster which further sacrifice of the nation's vital and material resources can only postpone, but cannot prevent. No leader of this exalted type is likely soon to emerge from a people which has learned to worship only the pomps and vanities of mere military magnificence, has permitted the drill sergeant to invade every sphere of national activity, whose ideals do not extend beyond the material aggrandizement of the nation and whose inspiration is derived from the atrocious bombast with which we are now so familiar. Germany must therefore "dree her weird," and many thousands more of young and gallant lives be sacrificed on the altar of imperial vanity. But when the account is finished we may hope that there will be some gain to set against the loss. The removal of the Turk from Europe, and a general readjustment of frontiers on national lines, should make possible a stable and enduring settlement, and inaugurate a century of peaceful progress. War is at best a ghastly experiment, but every experiment may teach us something, and this one must at least have heaped confusion on the Jeremiahs in our midst who of late years have so tormented us with their lamentations on the decadence of English manhood. Believing apparently in the omnipotence of environment they would have us think that this or that political or social measure of which they did not approve had destroyed the martial qualities of our island races and already changed the stalwarts of Waterloo and Rorke's Drift to cravens. The faithful ones, who never doubted the enduring influence of heredity, could only deny their tearful libels; these could not be disproved for want of experimental evidence. Now, however, we may surely hope that the naval and military despatches from

the British headquarters will keep them silent and ashamed for a generation. The war has also proved the essential solidarity of our heterogeneous Empire, and may thus help to close a long standing controversy. The secret of successful government of such an Empire seems to consist in the sympathetic recognition of local individuality and the skilful adaptation of diverse native institutions to the same imperial principles. The links that unite the constituents of such an Empire seem to stand the stress of a crisis like the present more easily if they are flexible than if they are rigid. Events in S. Africa, for instance, have apparently justified the courage of those who advocated the grant of an early and generous measure of local self-government, though, when the grant was made, many cautious opponents predicted that the failure of such a policy would be immediately manifested at such a moment as occurred last August, and all agreed that only such a moment could really decide the question. We are a teachable people and the loss of our early American colonies was not thrown away on the Mother of Parliaments. We shall also be in a better position after this war to estimate the relative values of the conscript and the voluntary army both for attack and defence, but this question perhaps belongs to that controversial area which we have all agreed not to enter at present.

H. C.

February 10th, 1915.

## FOUR WEEKS' CAMPAIGN

### A FEW NOTES

The unit with which I mobilized was the 5th Cavalry Field Ambulance, attached to the 5th Cavalry Brigade.

At first we had a number of ambulance waggons for transport of the sick and wounded, and also waggons containing hospital tents and elaborate and up-to-date appliances of all kinds. But a Field Ambulance attached to Cavalry is an innovation, and experience soon shewed that only the lighter vehicles could keep pace with the rapid movements of the Brigade (and how rapid these were the enemy well knows), so the heavy waggons were very soon relegated to the transport column. Our unit, thus depleted, consisted of six light rubber-tyred waggons for patients, a two-wheeled cart with medical and surgical appliances, a two-wheeled cart for the six officers' kit, and a water-cart for the supply of filtered drinking water. Each of these vehicles was drawn by two horses, besides which we had some spare animals.

During the advance into Belgium from the south-west, before the retreat from Mons, the troops were greeted everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm. As we passed through towns and villages, people ran out of their houses and pressed upon us cigars, cigarettes, matches, milk, wine, beer—anything and everything for the comforting of man. To refuse anything was regarded almost as a slight, and often only by pointing to bulging pockets and haversack could one escape yet another gift of cigarettes or bundle of cigars! One portly burgher I particularly remember; he emerged from a confectioner's shop laden with immense slabs of Suchard's chocolate. He trotted alongside my horse, on that broiling August afternoon, thrusting at me a packet of his chocolate, until at last, out of sheer pity for his perspiring condition, I had to accept the kindly gift, and try to find space for it in one of my overflowing saddle-bags.

On the open road people came from their farms with fruit, and cheese, and milk, and bread, and there were always willing hands to hold a bucket of water for the horses.

During the retreat things were very different. The one thought and desire of the people was to move away from *les Allemands*. Prosperous farmsteads and houses were deserted. Half-gathered crops were left in the fields. On the roads one encountered straggling processions of refugees, some carrying or dragging their children, others perhaps perched on a heap of bedding hastily thrown into one of the huge hay-wains of the country, dragged by teams of slow-moving Flemish draught-horses. There were perambulators, hand-carts, even wheel barrows—anything on wheels—and all laden with essential and cherished possessions. Bicycles there were, not a few, and, now and again, a motor-car hooted its insistent way to the west. Fear was written large on many faces; others were merely sullen; others apparently indifferent. One old, old woman was the picture of incarnate despair. There was not much talking. The situation had been discussed and the time for talk was over. So they trudged on, for the most part in silence, towards Paris and the setting sun—anywhere away from the Germans. At one spot there was a cart—one of the hooded two-wheeled vehicles so characteristic of Flanders—overturned with a broken axle. It had cast forth in its fall a mattress, two or three tin trunks and cardboard boxes. One of the boxes had burst and disgorged some clothes. The motley collection lay scattered about on the road. The owners had resumed their flight, and the things lay unheeded where they fell. The scene, somehow, typified the abomination of desolation.

I never had the good luck to witness the bringing down of an enemy aeroplane. Air reconnaissance,

as I saw it, was always carried out at a considerable height, apparently about 3,000 feet. It was very annoying to see a Taube loom up in the distance, heralded by the "thrum" of its engine, calmly sail over us, circle round, and return to the enemy lines. Hundreds of rifles would be fired as it swam into range, but, alas, never in my experience, with any effect. I never saw an aeroplane attacked by shell fire.

Finding accommodation for the wounded, previous to their removal towards the base, was sometimes a matter of difficulty, a suitable building being not always at hand. In some of the larger villages, school-buildings, and in the open country, farm-houses, formed efficient temporary hospitals. On one occasion a huge tramway shed was used, and the cushions, taken out of the trams, formed very useful and quite comfortable beds. The building was delightfully cool even in the intense August heat. I remember, however, that we were no sooner settled here, than orders came for us to proceed at once, as the enemy was close at hand and a shelling was imminent.

At a little place called Chezy-en-Orxois a large number of wounded Germans were collected together, and the only available building being the church, this had to be requisitioned for their accommodation, part of it being also used for unwounded prisoners. The floor was strewn with straw, and upon this the injured men were made as comfortable as possible while arrangements were being made for their removal. I remember there was some difficulty here with the ventilation, as none of the windows were made to open, and it seemed that there was nothing to be done but smash them. However, the pastor came to the rescue of his beautiful leaded panes by demonstrating how, on chiselling away the cement at one side and also above and below, the trelliswork enclosing the diamond panes could be opened like a door and folded back in one piece.

The unwounded prisoners were, on the whole, fairly cheerful. There must have been a couple of hundred of them including some half-dozen officers.

It may be well imagined that our billets (when we had any) varied enormously in character, from a tiny peasant cottage at St. Pierre Aigle to the frowning majesty of the Château of Passy-en-Valois.

As often as not, however, we camped in the open—no great hardship in August and early September, though even at that season the nights were sometimes very cold. Often we had to make shift with straw in a barn, and I discovered for the first time how, given plenty of that commodity, one can be very warm and comfortable indeed. Of course, to undress under such circumstances is



out of the question, but on many occasions we were thankful to be allowed to rest under any conditions, for it was no uncommon thing to retire "dog-tired" with the knowledge that *reveille* was to be in three or four hours, and several times the likelihood of a sudden alarm rendered it even advisable to turn in booted and spurred.

When billets were not available, we each slept in our Wolseley valise (which is a hold-all by day, and a water-proof sleeping-bag by night, the contents being heaped at one end to form a head-rest).

In the course of the campaign I acquired a small air-pillow. This proved a great boon, not only at night but also during the day, for in the course of the retreat on Paris we sometimes had very little rest indeed, and I was often able to snatch a few minutes' sleep by the roadside during a halt. These snatches, even if only of quite short duration, were wonderfully refreshing. I carried the pillow in my haversack for ready access. I strongly recommend the inclusion of one in the outfit of any officer going to the Front. They are very light, fold up to a very small size, and are far superior as a head-rest to underclothing, saddlery or boots! Another exceedingly useful article of equipment is an eiderdown. It is very warm and light, and folds up into a small space. It is far warmer, and at the same time lighter, than a service blanket, and where weight is strictly limited, as it was in our Cavalry Ambulance, one of the three blankets allowed might be sacrificed and additional changes of underclothing carried instead.

I had my first view of artillery fire from some elevated ground near Givry, just after sunset. One heard the distant banging of the guns, followed by a louder and nearer concussion, a brilliant flash against the darkening sky, and a little cloud of smoke, apparently a few yards above the ground, that slowly drifted away on the evening breeze. This, I was told, was shrapnel fire, in which the bursting of the shells is timed by a fuse. Shells which do not burst in the air, but only on concussion, are less spectacular from an artistic point of view. Seen in the distance, artillery fire impresses one as a unique pyrotechnic display, which, in a sense, it is. On closer acquaintance, however, one's impressions are very different.

It was near Givry at a cross-roads, that I saw the battery attached to our Brigade in action for the first time. The ground on either side of the road was sunken, and on this the guns were ranged, with their muzzles pointing over the road towards the enemy's lines. They were more or less protected from the observation of aeroplanes by an avenue of trees. They fired, one after the other, with an interval of a few seconds between each. At the cross-roads was a little *estaminet* (wine-shop). The

inhabitants had deserted it, and those of us who could do so, escaped into it from the intense heat of the August sun. But presently the enemy located the battery, shells began dropping thick and fast, and that little *estaminet* became a very undesirable residence.

Particularly unpleasant it is to be in an area which is being "searched" by the enemy's guns. This occurs when the presence of a body of troops is suspected, and the process consists in the more or less indiscriminate dropping of shells "on the off chance." Our ambulance had some "narrow shaves" from this cause. In conclusion, let me give an example. On one occasion it was stationary on the road for some time in order to allow troops to pass, while huge shells dug holes in the ground on either side and heavy casualties appeared to be inevitable. With the exception, however, of one officer who had his knuckles scraped by a splinter of shell, no one of our unit was touched, though a signalling limber a few yards ahead of our leading waggon was blown to pieces.

E. J. W.

## LIFE AS A TEMPORARY SURGEON, R.N.

### I. FIRST IMPRESSIONS

There are people who will tell you that once a man has descended rungs of the social ladder, it will require a great effort on his part to push himself up again. In as much as one day in September, 1914, I was digging drains near a Naval Hospital, and a few days later I was donning the uniform of an officer in His Majesty's Navy, I am inclined to disagree with such pessimists. From this you can take it that I did not join the Navy in the ordinary every-day manner, but in an unorthodox way; so unorthodox, in fact, that it would make too long and too personal a story with which to inflict you now.

The first duty was the purchase of uniform. I had been instructed to provide myself with—

- (1) Frock coat, waistcoat and trousers.
- (2) Undress coat.
- (3) Uniform cap.
- (4) Mess jacket.
- (5) Sword jacket.

As soon as I had procured these, I learnt that the only uniform worn in war-time was the undress coat, commonly known as the "monkey-jacket." But, by forcing my company on some people for dinner, and having my photograph taken in the frock coat and sword, I have satisfied my conscience that the purchase of these three articles had not been wholly wasted.

I soon found out, chiefly by the cutting looks of the Fleet-Surgeon, under whose charge I was put, that the gaudy shirts, the erstwhile pride of Whitechapel, and the brogue shoes, the envy of the Athenæum, were not quite correct things to wear. Sheets, pillow-cases and other articles of bedding were, I found, just as necessary to have with one as a tooth brush or pair of socks.

As I have stated before, one day I was a drain digger and a naval officer the next. It was somewhat difficult at first to take seriously the salutes of men who had previously been watching me heaving clods of earth about. But this was not my only trouble with saluting. There seemed to be quite a lot to learn as to when, where and whom to salute. This I chiefly picked up by making mistakes. For instance, I had been told always to salute an officer with one more stripe than myself. The first morning I wore uniform I dashed into the ward where was the Fleet-Surgeon, without my cap on, and saluted him. It seems that I broke two rules here—saluting without a cap and saluting under cover. But, as I explained to him, I only wanted to show him there was no ill-feeling. Again, too, I remember meeting a very official-looking person with yards and yards of gold lace round his sleeves. This man I saluted in my best style—the style which, by exhausting experiments before the looking glass, I had found best suited me—for I took him to be at least a Rear-Admiral. He seemed surprised at my action, but returned my salute. I found out afterwards that he was the chief steward from a private yacht.

One of the first things I was instructed in at the Naval Hospital was "Service Routine." To explain what exactly this means would be difficult, but, from my six months' experience, it seems that if there are two ways of doing a certain thing, a pleasant way and an unpleasant, by Service Routine you are compelled to do it in the unpleasant way. Another thing I learnt was to make a person, with a higher rank than my own, responsible for all my deeds and actions, and the blame would never come to rest on my shoulders.

The attitude that a medical man in the Navy takes with his patients is slightly different to that of an ordinary civilian doctor. The Fleet-Surgeon came into one of my wards one morning while I was doing my round. He noticed a man reading a newspaper. This was, it seems, a great breach of discipline, but of course I did not know it. The Fleet-Surgeon drew me to one side and said "My dear chap, you must keep your men in order. If, on one day, you let them read a paper while doing your rounds, the next day they will tell you to black their boots, and, the next, throw their boots at you." Taking into consideration the accurate aim of our handy men and the inconvenience rendered to my anatomy should such an event occur, I was very careful in the future that

none of my patients committed this sin again in my presence.

The hospital consisted of 160 beds, and was staffed with a Fleet-Surgeon and three temporary surgeons. The temporary surgeons did the ward-work, which was practically the same as that of an H. S. and sister combined, while the Fleet-Surgeon contented himself with organising and operating. We would go into our wards at 9 a.m., see our patients and write up the histories. Then we searched everywhere for dirt, and were told that even if the ward was spotlessly clean never to appear contented with its appearance. Operating would begin at 10 a.m., the same two of us always assisting the Fleet-Surgeon while the same third always anaesthetised. We were each told off for a certain job, to which we adhered. Again, one of us was responsible for the Bacteriological and Pathological Room, another for the X-ray Room and the third for the Syphilitic cases.

On every third day one of us would be on full-duty. This meant being actually in the hospital from 9 a.m. to 9 a.m. We would have to take in all cases that arrived and treat them. During our 24 hours we were responsible for all the cases in hospital, be they in our own wards or not. The duty-surgeon also had to do the rounds, which consisted of going into every ward at noon, 5 p.m. and 8.30 p.m., in order to hear the sick-berth steward say "All correct, Sir," and again between 10 o'clock and midnight to see that the night-duty men were not asleep.

The nursing was done entirely by men, designated sick-berth attendants and sick-berth stewards.

These correspond to nurses and sisters respectively. Most of the sick-berth attendants were St. John's Ambulance men, seemingly chiefly from Lancashire. They were very keen men, but their experience in nursing was limited to one month's training at Haslar, and it was very difficult at first to understand what they were talking about. I remember one man, he happened to be a shop-walker in a London drapery, trying to take an officer's pulse-rate. He pressed on the unfortunate Lieutenant's ulnar side of wrist for all he was worth. "You 'ave a very 'ard pulse, Sir," he said, "What we term," he continued as he more firmly squeezed, "a high-pressure pulse; I can't exactly count the beats, but such pulses as these is always about 70."

Periodically, a hospital train would turn up and take away all our patients. At such times it would be very tedious to be on full-duty, but I discovered that one of our sick-berth stewards, a reserve man called up for the war, was a West-end policeman born in Whitechapel. Vivid stories related by this worthy soul about cup-tie nights, night clubs, Petticoat Lane and the 'Ospital, would conjure away a melancholy which assuredly would have



overtaken us. Our thoughts would be led back to our beloved city and *Alma Mater*. Horrors of war and deadliness of the place in which we were situated would be forgotten, and again a smite would steal over our countenance.

## II. ON TRANSPORTATION OF PATIENTS

Amongst one of the duties, outside the ordinary routine, which fell to my lot, was to act as the representative of the Navy in the transportation of patients from one side of the United Kingdom to the other. Like most other unnecessary things, this was occasioned by the will of a woman. A great lady, one of the richest, I believe, in the land, had converted one of her houses or palaces or whatever it was into a hospital, and had given it to the Navy for its wounded.

Now the actual number of men in the Royal Navy, who, up to the present, have received wounds in action, has been small. But the great lady had her place ready. It had been ready for three months. She was growing impatient. She wrote letters to all her influential friends. All her influential friends wrote letters to the powers that be. The powers that be wrote letters to a small Naval Hospital, buried away miles from anywhere. They commanded that the patients, the ordinary sick of this hospital, should be sent to the great lady's residence.

On cool and impassionate paper, this appears a simple command. But imagine a hospital situated in a corn field, two miles from the nearest railway station and eleven miles from the nearest big town. Then imagine a castle on an island three miles from the port of that island, the island being fifteen miles from the nearest port on the mainland, and that port one hundred miles away from the nearest railway station to our hospital, and picture with what glee we received this news.

It fell upon my shoulders to make the arrangements for the transportation. Firstly, I had to obtain permission from the Surgeon-General, R.A.M.C., to use the army hospital train. A very pleasant half-hour would have been spent with the soldier men had they not told me that they had been offered the self-same house of the great lady, but had refused it owing to its inaccessibility. I then had to interview the railway people and arrange at what times the train should reach certain places. I had never been in the head office of a railway company before, and it wanted all my tact and more to pretend I understood all the technical phrases which they poured into my ears. However, pretending to have lost my pencil, I asked them to write full details on a piece of paper. My next business was to charter a steamship to take us across to the island. The steamship had to contain the flat level area to take 50 cot cases, this area to be under cover. As the cots measured 6 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 6 in., this meant

having a fairly large open space. It had been arranged that cot cases should leave the hospital in their cots and remain in them until they reached their destination. In fact, when I come to think of it, my presence at the transportation seemed only necessary in case some unscrupulous person tried to run away with some of our cots. My final business was to ask the Red Cross people for some of their stretcher bearers.

Eventually everything was fixed up, my piece of paper was filled with notes, and these I committed to memory as I journeyed back to the hospital. I reported to my Fleet-Surgeon, and he, either not understanding my phraseology or desiring an excuse for an afternoon off, said he had better go up to town himself, just in case there might be something amiss. However, none of the plans were altered.

Preparations for departing started at 6.30 a.m. The patients were breakfasted, washed and clothed. The cot cases were tied into their cots, and each man was labelled with his name, rank and disease or injury. At 7.30 the motor ambulances arrived and took the men and their baggage to the railway station, where they were embarked on to the hospital train. Here I met two Army officers whose duty I took it was to see that no one ran off with their train, and two officers in charge of the Red Cross men.

We started from the railway station at 8.30 a.m. A somewhat tedious journey was relieved by good-meaning lady cooks aboard the train bringing into our compartments, at odd moments, soup, sandwiches, cake and sundry results of experiments in their newly acquired art. At 11.15 we arrived at the quay, where, on the platform, I was much surprised to see lined up some 40 or more girls, dressed in pure white with a large Red Cross upon their breasts, and holding in their hands plates full of dessert. Further along the platform were an equal number of men, in no particular uniform, save that some of the more affluent-looking wore leather belts about their loins.

Having to hurry along to the ship in order to find out in what places the cots could be laid, I asked the Red Cross officers to carry on with the removal of the patients from the train to the ship. I found out all the likely places for lying cots and waited for the cases to appear. Ten minutes passed and I grew impatient. I rushed back to the train, where I found the 40 or more girls dressed as nurses pouring bananas, oranges, tangerines, nuts, into the ever-open mouths of the poor sailors. The Red Cross men were shy or chivalrous: they were powerless to act. I—well, three months in the senior service, or reading the "Life of Kitchener," may have blunted my manners towards the fair sex—told them to leave the train. I then hoped that we should be able to get

on with the business, but no. Up came a very officious bespectacled man in khaki, who saluted and to said me—"I understand, Sir, that you are representing the Navy. Would you be kind enough to inspect my St. John's Ambulance men?" I am sorry to say that I was indiscreet enough to groan out aloud "Oh! Lord," but, seeing on the official's face a look of surprise occasioned by such an undiplomatic utterance from the representative of the Royal Navy, I hastily acquiesced.

It was then that I was thankful that I had spent so many spare moments at picture palaces, watching different celebrities inspecting boy scouts on Wandsworth Common and such places. I walked along the two lines of men, all standing so stiff, some trying to touch the ground with the back of their heads, others trying to make their shoulders meet behind them. At intervals of about six men I would pause to look at a man's face, and then at his boots, till finally the inspection was over. The official then drew me to one side and began shouting out innumerable and incomprehensible commands. He would have no doubt entertained me all day with drilling his men, but I had my duties to perform. So I told him I was very pleased with the appearance of his men. I was fully convinced that they could form fours. But I should be much more pleased if he would show me that they could carry cots from the train to the ship.

I have since thought how exceedingly rude and unkind I must have appeared to these people. I daresay that this will be the one and only chance they will have of showing their patriotism. But war makes one very stone-hearted.

Our trip on the steamer was most enjoyable. A well-known consulting surgeon to the Navy, who accompanied us in this stage of the journey, in inviting me to a glass of beer, instructed me in the art of withdrawing a cork from a bottle without making a noise, informing me, at the same time, the occasions when such a gift should be utilised.

In time we arrived at the island. Here there was a great welcome for the "wounded" sailors. As each case went ashore, a cheer would be sent up. One man suffering from gout, having his foot well bandaged up and using crutches, received rather more cheering than the others. I suppose he appeared more "wounded."

Having seen all the men and their baggage despatched, I proceeded to the house, castle, mansion, or whatever it was. I met the great lady in the hall. She was dressed as a nurse. She looked very happy. . . . .

After lunch, I went through the wards, one of which I learnt was the heretofore drawing-room. All were beautifully spacious. Coloured glass windows threw in wondrous light all round. Massive marble pillars and magnificent oak carving

were everywhere to be seen. Each little whisper or smallest noise would echo clearly through the building.

I asked one man how he liked his new surroundings; "Well, Sir," he said, "It reminds me of Westminster Abbey, and just at present I feel like one of them stone statues there, all cold and stiff. And I would rather be under Naval discipline, and then I know where I am, Sir. But 'ere, we don't like to do nothing, in case it's wrong and don't please the lady, for she can't punish us, Sir, so it is so one sided."

My one remaining duty was to hand over the history sheets, baggages and valuables of the men, and obtain a written acknowledgement of these. My cots were collected and taken down to the ship. At the port the crowd had not yet dispersed. There were more cheers as we embarked. The Red Cross men sang "It's a long way to Tipperary." I don't know why. The boat moved off. Handkerchiefs were waved. The island disappeared in the mist; on it were the "wounded" sailors. Would they ever be rescued and taken off, or would they be forgotten and left there? But it was no good worrying myself on their behalf; all I had to do was to count the cots and bedding, and see that these were correct. They were.

H. C. BILLINGS.

## "BRITON AND GERMAN"

In a memorable passage Sir Thomas Browne refers to the difficulty of telling who men were from a contemplation of their bones—"What song the syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones or what bodies these ashes made up were a question above antiquarianism: not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observers."

A less dramatic, but almost equally difficult problem, might have presented itself to him, as he walked along the old Norwich streets remarking the various types of men he met, and meditating when and whence they came to these distant shores. The problem not much easier now than then will still, to quote his words "admit a wide solution," and it may possibly be of some interest at the present time to consider the question, and incidentally to make reply to the charge of race



treachery which, in some quarters, was raised against us in the fateful days of August, 1914.

At the dawn of history the two great races inhabiting North-Western Europe were the Celts and the Germans. The Celts were found in Britain, France and Belgium: they reached beyond the Pyrenees, forming the Celtiberians of Central Spain. It is believed by some that the Cimbri, of Denmark, were a Celtic tribe, while an interesting piece of archaeological evidence based on the manner in which the habitations in village communities were arranged, supports the view that the whole of the coast-line from the Rhine to the Elbe, and for a variable distance into the interior, was once occupied by Celtic tribes.

We shall, therefore, not be far wrong if we consider that the whole of Western Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, westward to include Britain, and eastward to the lines of the Rhine and the Elbe, was originally inhabited by the Celtic race. To the east of the Celts lived the Germanic tribes, who had their home in the great plain south of the Baltic, stretching from the Vistula to the Elbe and the Rhine.

The description given to us of the Celts by classical authors leaves no doubt as to their being already divisible into several types, in this respect contrasting with the German, who, by his tall stature, long head, fair hair and blue eyes, was of practically a uniform type. The Celts are sometimes described in terms of the Germans as being not so tall or so fair. Further, the Celts of Gallia Belgica are stated to present a closer resemblance to the Germans than the Celts of Gallia Celtica, a fact which is explained by the larger German intrusion into the more northern part of the province.

If, in the light of classical references and of present day anthropological data, we try to analyse the mixed Celtic type of Gaul into its component units, no other conclusion is possible than that such a type was due to the mixture of a short broad-headed dark type with a Germanic type, as described above.

If such assumptions are correct, we conclude that the original Celt was dark, but that the German pressure from the East was already exerted to such an extent that it had produced an intermingling of the two races. The German pressure was to increase in force until it finally burst through the Celtic wall in its northern sector, and reached the shores of the North Sea.

The explanation as to why the Celts are usually described as fair rather than dark by classical authors, is that the information which such writers were able to glean was obtained from military sources, and soldiers would be more likely to

judge the physique of a nation from its military, rather than from its civilian, representatives.

If we now turn to the population of Britain, there was no doubt a certain element present which had persisted from the Ice Age, an element which was probably forced further and further westward with each successive wave of immigration. There was another element represented by the men found in the long barrows of Wilts and the adjoining districts, and which in all probability was closely allied to the dark Mediterranean people. There was a third element which consisted of a large-boned, powerfully built people, who seem to have entered Britain along the Eastern Coast from Aberdeen to Hull, and to have come from Scandinavia about 1,000 B.C. It was, on the whole, a round-headed type, and in this respect was in striking contrast with the Germanic type. A fourth element was furnished by immigrants from Gaul, and particularly from Gallia Belgica, beginning about 200 B.C. With this, for the first time, we have the introduction, though in a form modified by mixture, of a German element. The Roman occupation of Britain brought into England, through the cosmopolitan army which was then introduced, men from all parts of the known world—Europe, Asia and Africa.

At the close of the Roman Period in Britain, the Germans, who had by now broken through the Celtic line in the north of Europe, and who, as Jutes, Saxons and Angles, were respectively in possession of Denmark, Schleswig-Holstein and Oldenburg, began to raid Britain, the Jutes landing in Thanet and settling in Kent, the Saxons settling in Wessex, Essex, Sussex and Middlesex, and the Angles in Northumberland, East Anglia and Mercia. There is no reason to think that this sixth element was anything but of the purest Germanic type. The description of the Angle youths exposed for sale in Rome, as given in the well-known story of Saint Gregory, is strongly confirmatory of this view. Gregory enquiring who they were, and being told Angles, "Right," said he, "for they have an angelic face, and it becomes such to be co-heirs with the Angels in Heaven."

At a later date in the 9th Century, there was a Danish invasion, introducing a seventh element. The invaders came from Denmark and Norway, and from the fact that the Danes are usually described as having red hair, in all probability they were not of the pure Germanic type.

Lastly, we have the Normans, who, sailing from Scandinavia, occupied Normandy, from where, after a certain amount of intermixture with the people then inhabiting that country, they crossed into England in 1066.

If these views as to the populating of Britain are correct, we have some eight definite and separate ethnological contributions. Of these we might, speaking chronologically, regard the sixth as pure German, and agree that there would be a definite German strain in the fourth, seventh and eighth.

In endeavouring to estimate the amount of German blood in Britain, it should be noted that the various bands of invaders formed in each instance a military class, and that as such they tended to exterminate each other, whereas the original settlers would no doubt live on in quiet unobtrusive security. Whatever the reason may be, there can be no doubt that at the present time the population of Britain, as judged from the colour of hair and eyes, is overwhelmingly dark, and in this respect non-Germanic. Stature and cranial form unfortunately are of little assistance in helping us to a decision, for our stature is medium, and our cranial form, which is on the whole long, might be with equal reason attributed to a Mediterranean or to a Scandinavian or Germanic source.

Another question however which now presents itself is this:—Are the Germans of to-day of the same race as the Germans of classical times? In answering this question we are helped by following three lines of enquiry.

Firstly, an examination of the present anthropological data, so far as they are forthcoming, leads to the conclusion that only the North Germans in any way resemble the Germans as described by Cæsar and Tacitus. There are cranio-logical reasons, too, for thinking that only in the Western provinces of the North does the description hold at all true for to-day.

Secondly we are told, in respect of the Angles, that they migrated to Britain in a body, leaving their country deserted; the same is probably true to a greater or less extent of the other Germanic tribes—the Franks who went into France, the Visi-Goths into Spain, the Ostro-Goths into Italy, the Vandals into Africa, and the Burgundians who entered the borderland between Italy and the Rhone. In support of this theory might be mentioned the fact that the fourth Century, the period of Germanic migration, coincides with the beginning of the Slavic migration into Germany, which continued until the ninth Century, when it was finally stayed by Charlemagne,—the Slavic migration was rendered possible by the earlier Germanic migrations West and South.

Thirdly and lastly, a study of the place names throughout Germany shews with great exactitude how far the Slavs penetrated into Germany. Slavic dialects we know were spoken at Kiel, Magdeburg, Halle, Berlin, Dresden and Vienna. Leipzig, Jena and Potsdam, were all named by Slavs.

It would, therefore, appear that just as Eastern Britain was over-run by the Jutes, Angles and Saxons, Germany has been over-run by the Slavs, and there is probably just as much and just as little Germanic blood in Britain in proportion to our population as there is Slavic blood in Germany. It is thus quite impossible for anyone to answer categorically any question as to the exact relationship between the Britons and Germans of to-day.

As to the name German it is probably of Latin or Celtic origin—the Latin word *germanus* meaning a brother. It was originally applied by either the Romans or the Celts to the tribes beyond the Rhine, and suggests a close racial connection between the tribes on either side of the Rhine. It is a name never used by the Germans themselves, who always refer to themselves as *Deutsch* just as the Welsh prefer to speak of themselves as *Cymru*—the word Welsh meaning foreigner and having been applied to them in the first instance by the Saxons.

The Hohenzollerns are an Alsatian family closely related to another Alsatian family, the Hapsburgs. It was Frederic of Hohenzollern, burgrave of Nuremberg, who brought word to his uncle, Rhodolph of Hapsburg, when the latter was encamped under the walls of Basle in 1273, that he had been chosen by the electors of Germany, King of the Romans. It was on this occasion that the old Bishop of Basle is said to have exclaimed "Sit fast, great God, or Rhodolph will occupy Thy throne," an adjuration which *mutandis mutatis* is strangely appropriate to-day.

The Hohenzollerns acquired the Mark of Brandenburg from Sigmund, King of Bohemia, by purchase in 1415, and there, during the years 1685–8, large numbers of Walloons, French and Lorrainers settled, for religious reasons, in what is now the very heart of Prussia. The irony of the situation is further accentuated when we think that Königsberg where the Prussian Kings are now crowned, was founded by Ottocar, King of Bohemia, to mark his conquest of Prussia, in 1245.

WILLIAM WRIGHT.

## "IN THE HANDS OF THE GERMANS"

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Telegraph")

I left England on August 16th of last year as a member of Sir Frederick Treves's first Belgian unit of the British Red Cross Society. Finding nothing to do in Brussels, to which we first went, Mr. Elliott (also of the London Hospital) and myself were lent to the Belgian Red Cross, and on the evening of the following day, the 17th, we



went off by motor-car to Namur, on the understanding that we were required for hospital work in that district. On the morning of August 18th we set out for Havalange, where we encountered the pickets of the German army, but were allowed to proceed towards one of the châteaux, Saint Fontaine by name, in which a Belgian hospital was to be installed. The Belgian who accompanied us was a Count, and the owner of the château I have just mentioned.

But as we moved from this château to another near by we ran right into the head of the German army advancing on Namur. Our car was stopped and searched for arms, and we ourselves were put into a little hut of a post-office, where our papers were examined. Thence we were taken in German staff cars to the commander-in-chief of this German army. There were four of us—Mr. Elliott and myself, the count, and the chauffeur. Singling me out from the group, he said in English, "You are obviously a spy," and straightway he looked about him for a tree. At this point, however, an officer who spoke excellent English intervened, and we were taken back and solemnly tried by court-martial.

Before my examination I was addressed in these words: "I wish you clearly to understand that you are on your trial for espionage, the penalty for which you doubtless know." I was then stripped naked, my clothes were searched for secret pockets, and I was cross-examined for about an hour and a half. For half of that time I was questioned as to how I had managed to get where my captors found me; and for the next three-quarters of an hour I was interrogated as to the strength and position of the British Army and Fleet—matters on which, of course, I was absolutely ignorant.

At the close of this examination the English-speaking officer said to us, "Gentlemen, you have been incredibly foolish to come anywhere near the German army. I do not know what will become of you. Clearly, having seen our army, you cannot return; but you will be treated as gentlemen." That night we spent in the post-office, and were allowed to purchase what food we desired.

Next day I was examined by Prince Heinrich XXXIII. of Reuss, but unfortunately the officers who had interrogated us on the preceding day had gone on with our papers, and consequently we had no documents to support our story. Prince Heinrich told us frankly he was under the impression that we were British officers in disguise, acting under cover of the Red Cross; and when we protested, he replied that it would be necessary for us to prove that we were medical men.

That night also we spent in the little post-office, but at five o'clock on the following morning

we were taken out at the point of the bayonet and thrust into a motor-lorry. In that vehicle we travelled against the advancing stream of the German army, first to Malmedy and subsequently Bouvigny. Through the booking-office window at the latter place little girls, with red crosses on their arms, made grimaces at us, indicating that hanging would inevitably be our fate. Here, too, we were joined by four or five Belgians who had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

At Bouvigny all of us were transferred to horse-boxes which had recently been vacated, and we were taken to Ulflingen, from which place we were marched across country some four miles through German troops. Then we entrained once more, and after passing the night at Gerolstein, we set out on the following morning under a heavy guard for Cologne. At Cologne we were marched through the streets amid crowds which became extremely violent, and obviously wished to lynch us. At times, indeed, we had to turn into side streets, while mounted police held off the menacing crowd. After covering some two or three miles in this fashion we reached a prison, which is generally used for deserters from the navy.

There I was thrown into an ordinary cell, and underwent fifteen days' solitary confinement. The only book I was permitted to have was a German-English grammar, and the only work given me to do was the menial work of the cell. The food was indifferent. For breakfast, at 5.30 a.m., we had a sort of coffee substitute; for dinner we had vegetable soups, in which, occasionally, a square inch of meat floated; and for supper we were given a sort of "skilly." In addition we had a loaf of bread each day. The nights, I ought to say, were rendered hideous by the swarms of bugs that infested us.

During my stay in this prison I underwent no fewer than three trials. First of all I was examined by a major on the staff of the Commandant of Cologne. Next day I was subjected to a professional examination—really for my life, inasmuch as I was called upon to prove whether I was a doctor or not. Through an interpreter who translated the questions put by medical officers on the Cologne military staff, I was first invited to tell all I knew about pneumonia; and in the second place a spot on my body was touched, and I was asked to name the organs that would be injured "if a bayonet were thrust straight in there." Mr. Elliott, on his part was interrogated about typhoid, and about the details of a particular operation. In the third place I was still further examined by three or four other officers, who, I was told, constituted the court of inquiry, and until their judgment was delivered I should have to remain in prison.

On about the sixth day of my solitary confinement I was allowed to purchase tobacco, but I was never allowed to supplement my dietary. Repeated requests for English books were unavailing. On this sixth day, also, I was first allowed to converse with Mr. Elliott, and we were told that although we were still under a certain amount of suspicion, we were about to be transferred to Torgau, where, with other officers, we should be treated as prisoners of war.

At Magdeburg, on the way to Torgau, I met seven officers of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and we made the rest of the journey together. Arriving at Torgau at four in the morning we had to carry our baggage up to the fort, and as the medical officers had got some of their field paniers with them, the bringing up of the baggage was an extremely exhausting business. At Torgau there were interned about 200 British officers and 800 French. Practically all our own officers had been captured at Mons and Le Cateau, and in the course of the retreat that followed; while the French officers had belonged almost entirely to the garrison of Maubeuge.

Although at Torgau some very insulting letters were written to them by the local military authorities, the British officers were comparatively happy. The exercise ground was adequate; there was a football field; the French officers set up one or two tennis courts; and it was possible to obtain a bath every day. The German attendant who looked after the bath remarked that if the British officers went on taking a bath every day, as they were doing, none of them would survive the winter!

The British officers were here under the command of Colonel Gordon, of the Gordon Highlanders, and subsequently of Colonel Jackson, of the Hampshires. The officers usually paraded at eleven o'clock each day, when the orders from the German authorities were read out. These orders related to such matters as the prohibition of alcohol, the impossibility of obtaining chocolate, the necessity of saluting German officers, whatever their rank, the regulations as to correspondence, and so forth.

For the first three or four weeks of our stay at Torgau we were not permitted to communicate with home in any way. One day, however, it was suggested by the commandant of the fort that it would be a tasteful thing for the officers to contribute to the German Red Cross Society, whereupon the brilliant idea occurred to one of our number that the contributions might be made by means of cheques which would require to be cleared in London. Accordingly, the cheques were drawn on an Amsterdam bank, and covering messages were written on the backs of them, asking the clearance of the cheques to be notified

to the relatives of the officers concerned. It was such a message, written on a cheque, that conveyed to my relatives the first intimation that I was alive. The name of the place from which we dated our cheques was carefully cut off. Shortly afterwards the British officers were allowed to communicate with their relatives at home, but the amount of correspondence was limited to one letter or two postcards per week.

Whilst at Torgau the wounded British officers were placed under the care of their British medical comrades, and the German medical authorities carried out only spasmodic inspections. At Torgau, there were no fewer than thirty-five British medical officers interned. Most of them had been captured by the enemy whilst they remained behind to tend the wounded on the retreat. Continual protests were made by these medical officers at Torgau against the position in which they were placed, but no satisfaction was obtained.

Whilst we stayed at Torgau we played an unlimited amount of bridge. There was no difficulty in getting English books—indeed, an officers' library was formed—and for a short time, by means which I need not mention, we even managed to get a few English newspapers through.

On November 26th we were told we were to be transferred to Burg, and for Burg accordingly we set out in two parties. A story has been circulated to the effect that we were taken thither in open cattle-trucks in the snow. That is not true. Our four hours' journey was made in third-class carriages. On our arrival at Burg we were rather mocked by the inhabitants as we marched to our new prison, because the people had been told we were a fresh lot of officers captured at Dixmude.

Our new quarters consisted of mobilisation and artillery wagon sheds. When we got there the order was given to the Irish Roman Catholics of the party to fall out. They did so, and they were taken to a special room, where they did not mix with the officers of other nationalities—the remaining officers shared rooms with the Russian officers whom they found already in the place. The Irishmen were taken before German officers, and were asked whether they would serve against His Majesty George V. These advances were, of course, indignantly rejected. In what we used to call the "rebel" room were some fifteen officers, and in so far, for instance, as they were not required to mix with other nationalities they enjoyed some minor privileges.

Precisely the same game did the Germans endeavour to play with Russian officers from the Caucasus who happened to be Mohammedans. These were asked if they would take part in a holy war against Russia. In this case also the



sinister suggestion of the Germans was rejected contemptuously.

The Russian officers, by the way, had been informed before our arrival that the Englishmen were savagè, that they would break the windows to obtain fresh air, that they would beat the Russians with sticks, and that they were personally dirty. The very same sort of thing was said to us about the Russian officers. Most of the rooms at Burg contained ten British and ten Russian officers.

For a short time at Burg we were allowed white bread, but subsequently we had to live on "kriegsbrod." The exercise-yard was bad, the sanitary arrangements were indifferent, and we were allowed only one bath a week; but on the other hand the canteen arrangements were good, and for the first time since we had entered Germany we were able to obtain a cup of genuine coffee.

All officers above the rank of captain have been receiving 100 marks per month from the German Government, while junior ranks received 60 marks monthly. About one-half of this money was immediately taken back to pay for food, and the rest served for pocket-money. All the medical officers received 100 marks per month.

On December 6th the British officers learned with regret that they were about to be split up into small parties. One-fifth, including Colonel Gordon and Colonel Jackson, remained at Burg, one-fifth went to Halle, and the remaining members of the original party were transferred to three prisons in the Magdeburg district—the citadel, "Waggon-house No. 9," and the Kavalier Schornhurst. I was at Waggon-house No. 9, with some sixty other British officers, sixty French officers, eighty Russians, and about 200 Belgians.

As you know, the Germans claimed to have captured 8,850 officers and 577,000 men. Speaking roughly, the prisoners were officially said to be thus comprised: 280,000 Russian, 200,000 French, 20,000 British, and 70,000 Belgian. About two months ago the number of British officers who were prisoners was put at 416.

To continue. When we settled at Waggon-house No. 9 we experienced a change for the worse. The exercise-yard was small, the sanitary arrangements were poor, and the rooms were badly ventilated. There was always a struggle between the "fresh-air" party and the "fugg" party; and the British officers, I need not say, were always on the side of fresh-air.

The canteen here was worse supplied than anything we had hitherto encountered. Soon after our arrival we were told we must yield up all the money we had, and thenceforward the officers' pocket-money was paid in little metal discs of copper or brass, each representing 1d. in value.

Senior officers still continued to receive their 100 marks per month, but the medical officers were suddenly reduced to the lower figure of sixty marks, so that after paying for our messing we were left with 5d. a day for extras. I understand that the idea of paying us in metal discs instead of in coin was to prevent any bribing of sentries.

One day we were informed that we were to be moved to yet another camp. So we packed up everything, and paraded in the courtyard at five o'clock next morning. Then the British officers were marched into a shed, and were informed that it was necessary for us to give up all our personal effects and valuables. This action was keenly resented; but the officers were put upon their word of honour that they had no gold, no rings, no watches, no cigarette cases, above the value of fifteen marks apiece.

These valuables were given up and sealed in packets, and the word of honour of a German officer was given that the packets would remain sealed until the end of the war, when the property would be returned to the owners. We know for a fact, however, that these packets were opened shortly afterwards, the money removed, and German paper substituted. In the face of protests from the officers, wedding rings were returned, but other rings have not been given back. The officers have been given a list showing the articles that are in charge of the German authorities.

The medical officers protested vigorously against the whole business, pointing out that they were not prisoners of war, and absolutely refusing to give their word of honour on any question at all. They were then searched. I do not pretend that the search was rigorous, but our packets and our baggage were examined by a non-commissioned officer. Among the officers of all nationalities this affair gave rise to the very keenest dissatisfaction, because under The Hague Convention it is recognised that officers who are prisoners of war are allowed to retain their personal valuables.

A few days after this search somebody was indiscreet enough to change some money, and on the following morning, at eight o'clock, the rooms were suddenly locked, sentries were posted over them, every officer in the building was searched by police experts, and valuables discovered were taken away. Apart from this continual searching, the chief irritation of this prison life is the utter lack (owing to the prevailing congestion) of any place of rest or quiet.

I think all the prisoners agreed that wherever the English came there the restrictions and petty annoyances were at their worst.

Looking back upon the whole thing, from beginning to end, one cannot exactly say that one has been actually bullied, but certain indignities and certain small punishments meted out to

officers for various things have caused irritation. Several officers at Magdeburg, for instance, were placed in cells by the German authorities—one because he did not salute a German officer, and another because he was what they regarded as insubordinate while being searched. This last-mentioned officer was awarded five days in the cells.

Just before I left, too, terrible trouble was brewing on account of some officers having played Rugby with a loaf of bread. I have learned since that they each got eight days in the cells.

In none of the camps I knew did any British officer die, and only a few deaths occurred in the larger number of French officers.

While we were at Magdeburg the soldiers of various nationalities were allotted to us as servants—about three to every thirty officers. Finding that the British officers were rather short of servants, the authorities brought in a few extra men from one of the concentration camps somewhere near Berlin.

A British soldier whom I have in my mind at the moment, and whose name I have, told me he had been in a camp with thousands of French and Russian soldiers, but with only 100 British comrades. He had never had any clothes issued to him since his capture in the retreat; he had never had a proper bath, and the facilities for washing clothes were very bad.

He was covered with vermin from head to foot when he came to us, and he said that this was the condition of all his fellow-prisoners. At first, he said, the food was deficient in quantity, but latterly that lack had been remedied. Finally he said that the British "Tommies" were put to do all the filthiest work of the camp. Observe, I have not seen any of the men's camps; that is the only piece of information I have on this point.

On Friday, January 8th, the ten British medical officers who were in Waggon-house No. 9 were summoned to the commandant's office. A large document was produced and Mr. Elliott's name and my own were read from it. So we stood aside. The commandant then asked, "Are any of you gentlemen married?" One man held up his hand, and he was at once told, "You can go home." Next the commandant said, "There are two more to go home, and the matter must be decided by lot." Seven matches of varying lengths were then placed between his fingers, and the two officers who drew the two shortest matches went home.

The five of us left at midday on Sunday, January 10th, in taxi-cabs of our own providing, each under a guard. In this way we travelled through Germany to Rheine, where we spent the night huddled together in a guardhouse. Early next morning we proceeded to Bentheim, on the

Dutch frontier, and awaited the arrival of the officer on duty, who was immensely surprised to see us, and informed us he had no instructions regarding us. Thereupon the sergeant, who had brought us, produced his orders which, it turned out, were in the form of a telephone message written on a slip of paper. At this, the officer decided we must wait until he had communicated with Magdeburg.

So we sat down and awaited the departure of the next train for Holland, due to leave some three and a half hours later. Meantime, the soldiers who had escorted us had returned to the interior, and their places had been taken by men of the Landsturm. As the Dutch train eventually drew up and there was still no sign of the officer returning, one of the party observed to our guard, "The officer said we were to leave by the 2.30 train." "He certainly did," replied the soldier.

Accordingly, with some anxiety as to whether, after all, our departure would be delayed, we took our places in the train and journeyed to the nearest station within Dutch territory, Ozendaal.

In the refreshment-room there we celebrated our release in the first drink we had had for many days without having a bayonet within two inches of our necks. Remember, all the time we were in captivity we could not move without guards, and, besides, there were great watchdogs around the barbed-wire entanglements that enclosed us.

When we reached Flushing there was fresh difficulty in store for us. The Dutch authorities arrested us because we had no papers, and the officer in charge obviously suspected that we might be British officers who had escaped from internment at Groningen. Eventually, however, word came through from Ozendaal that five British "sanitat" officers had crossed the frontier by a particular train, and so the way was clear for our return to Folkestone.

### "1870-1914"

Some years ago an old student of the London Hospital, Dr. Byron Blewitt, who was attached as a Surgeon to the Anglo-American Ambulance serving with the French Army during the Franco-German War, and who was present at the battle of Sedan, presented the College with a few memorials of that fateful occasion. The relics were carefully put aside, but since the outbreak of war they have acquired a new interest, and have been, in consequence, exhibited in one of the cases in the Museum. They comprise pieces of shell, shrapnel bullets, pieces of the muzzle of guns, cartridges, two small portions of bread from Metz, and, most interesting of all, the Red Cross flag which flew