

during the battle over la Mairie at Balan, a village which played a very prominent part in the engagement, for it was here that the French right was turned, it was here Napoleon watched the course of the battle, and where De Wimpffen gave him the assurance, a few hours before the capitulation, "All goes well, Sire, we are gaining ground." The flag now lies peacefully and at rest, although within its folds there still seems to linger the sound of the guns and the groans of those who beneath its shadow learnt the intense bitterness of a useless sacrifice.

Side by side with these memorials of an older time are several others which have come straight from the battlefields of Flanders, from the Ploegsteert Wood. They were sent home by Lieutenant H. Gwynne-Jones. Among them are a piece of a "Jack Johnson," a shrapnel shell, several brass and aluminium time fuses, a German water-bottle, English, French and German cartridges—some of the English pierced by a German bullet,—a fléchette, a German officer's horn snuff-box with the snuff still inside it, a German metal bicycle tag, a couple of German shoulder-straps showing the "German grey," and a number of cigarettes received in exchange from the Germans while in the trenches on Christmas Day.

A comparison of the shells and cartridges of the two periods brings home to us with extraordinary vividness both the great progress which has been made in the manufacture of arms, and the thoroughness with which Germany has prepared herself for the conflict.

"PROFESSOR E. P. CATHCART"

A knowledge of a man's parentage generally helps to explain his character. This is certainly the case with Professor Cathcart. To his father he owes his marked business capacity and sound common sense. The artistic element in his temperament he has derived from his mother—an artist of no small ability. His numerous and varied interests, into all of which he throws the same vigour and enthusiasm, are thus explained.

While curiosity—the desire for discovery—has made him a scientific worker, it is very probable that the metaphysical leaning which is inherent in every Scotchman may be the reason for his selection of physiology—the science of life—as his real work.

Art in all its forms has always had a fascination for him, and in his many wanderings he has acquired no mean knowledge of pictorial art, and more than a smattering of a knowledge of music.

It is tempting to try to find some explanation of the origin of his connexion with the O.T.C. of

the University—some military trait in his family history. But the explanation is simpler. A sense of duty alone impelled him to take up this work, and when he had taken it up, to carry it out in a manner so thorough and so successful.

He was born in Ayr in 1877, educated at the Ayr Academy and at Glasgow University, where he graduated M.B., Ch.B., in 1900. He spent a year as Resident Physician and Surgeon in the Western Infirmary of Glasgow in 1901—a most important preliminary training for one who is to teach physiology to medical students. The following year he went to Munich, working there with Carl Voit and Buchner. Part of 1902 he spent in Berlin, where he worked with Salkowski at Physiological Chemistry, and with Senator and Ewald at the clinical side of nutrition. In 1903 he was appointed Research Scholar in Pathological Chemistry at the Lister Institute, and later on he became Assistant Bacteriologist there. On the foundation of the Grieve Lectureship of Physiological Chemistry in the University of Glasgow in 1905 he was elected as first lecturer, and in this capacity he has worked to the present time.

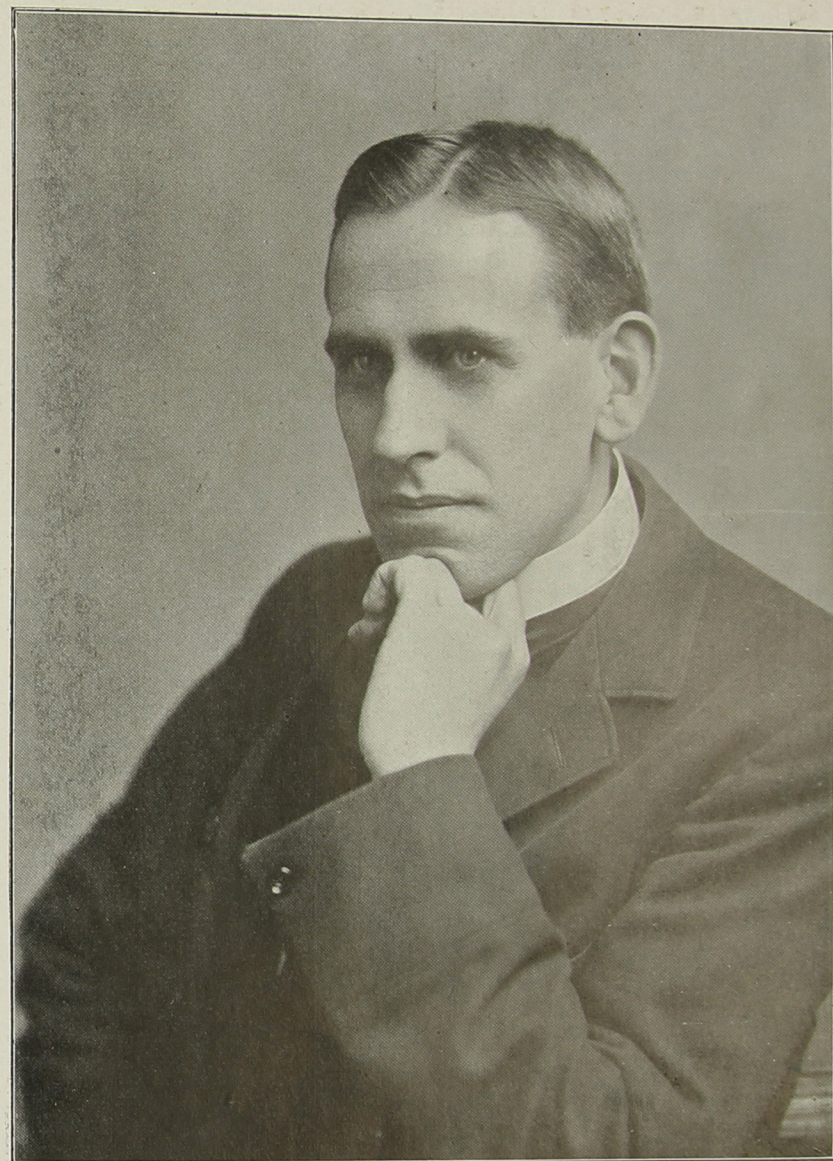
During these years he has not only accomplished a considerable amount of original work, the importance of which has been generally recognised, but he has also inspired others to work with him. During his tenure of the Lectureship, he has twice received leave of absence from the University Court, to enable him to study the methods pursued in other schools. In 1908 he spent four months in Pawlow's Laboratory, in Petrograd, and in 1912, at the invitation of Professor Benedict, in the Nutrition Laboratory at Boston, as a Research Associate of the Carnegie Institute at Washington.

Between his periods of study in different schools, he has generally managed to see more of the world than the usual traveller succeeds in doing, and he can tell tales of travels with gipsies down the Danube, and of wanderings down the Volga to the Black Sea.

Professor Cathcart will be greatly missed, not only from the Department of Physiology, but from all parts of the University, for he has so thoroughly identified himself with University life, and has thrown himself so heartily into all its many activities, that throughout every part of it his personality has been felt. Perhaps most of all he will be missed from the O.T.C., in which he holds the rank of Major, and which he has commanded for three years. The Corps owes much of its success to him.

Every member of the University of Glasgow wishes him good fortune in his new sphere. He leaves behind him many friends, and no enemies among his old associates.

D. N. P.



PROFESSOR E. P. CATHCART.

"PRO ARIS ET FOCIS"

ROYAL NAVY

Surgeon-General

Where serving.

Eames, W. ... Portsmouth.

Fleet-Surgeons

Bankart, A. R. ... "Agincourt" (b.)
 Cameron, M. ... "Cornwall" (c.)
 Dartnell, L. E. ... "Africa" (b.)
 Daw, W. H. ... "Astroea" (c.)
 Dickinson, R. L. ... "Temeraire" (b.)
 Eames, E. T. P. ... "Drake" (c.)
 Mathew, W. E. ... "Cochrane" (c.)
 Nix, P. K. (killed) ... "Bulwark" (b.)
 Pearse, H. H. ... "Blenheim" (c.)
 Penny, H. L. ... "Delta" (h.s.)
 Sequeira, W. S. H. ... "Tyne" (d.s.)
 Sutton, E. ... "Drino" (h.s.)

Staff-Surgeons

Blunt, T. E. ... "Delta" (h.s.)
 Cox, E. ... "Pembroke" (g.)
 Dudding, J. S. ... Haslar (n.h.)
 Hearn, E. M. W. ... "Reliance."
 Jeffery, T. W. ... "Vulcan" (sp. t.v.)
 Langdale, H. M. ... Haslar (n.h.)
 Schofield, A. R. ... "Centurion" (b.)
 Spalding, A. D. ... "Agamemnon" (b.)
 Treves, Sir F. (Hon. V.R.) London Division.
 Wallis, J. G. ... "Thetis" (c.)
 Walsh, G. D. ... "Dominion" (b.)
 Warren, L. ... "Pomone" (c.)

Surgeons

Ash, W. M. (temp.) ... "Columbine" (sl.)
 Avarne, C. H. B. (temp.) ... "Goliath" (b.)
 Aveling, C. J. ... Haulbowline (n.h.)
 Billings, H. C. (temp.) ... "Columbine" (sl.)
 Bostock, J. (temp.) ... "Vernon III." (c.)
 Brothie, R. T. (V.R.) (killed) "Bulwark" (b.)
 Carey, R. S. (temp.) ... "Southampton" (c.)
 Castle, W. F. R. (prob. V.R.)
 Fawcett, R. W. (prob.) "Ferret" (t.b.d.)
 Frossard, P. E. F. (prob. V.R.)
 Gabe, I. S. ... "Devonshire" (c.)
 Glass, R. L. (temp.) ... "Dreadnought" (b.)
 Harty, A. H. (temp.) ... "Marlborough" (b.)
 Herman, A. E. (temp.) "Crown of Arragon" (m.f.a.)
 Hitch, F. G. ... Portland (n.h.)
 Jones, T. R. L. ... Plymouth (n.h.)
 Lloyd, W. E. ... Wei-Hai-Wei.

Where serving.

Loughlin, D. ... "Clio" (sl.)
 MacEwan, E. ... "Invincible" (b.c.)
 McKerrow, W. A. (temp.) Plymouth (n.h.)
 MacMullen, A. R. (temp.) "Pembroke" (g.)
 Martin, G. N. (temp.)... "Empress of India" (b.)
 Martin, J. H. B. ... "Inflexible" (b.c.)
 Matthews, V. L. (killed) R.M.A.
 Maynard, E. (temp.)... Gibraltar (n.h.)
 Milne, W. A. (V.R.)... "Soudan" (h.s.)
 Molesworth, H. W. L. (prob. V.R.) "Archer" (t.b.d.)
 Noel, H. L. C. ...
 Padwick, H. B. (prob. V.R.) "Ariel" (t.b.d.)
 Parker, H. B. ... "Grafton" (c.)
 Preston, J. L. ... "Theseus" (c.)
 Quinton, R. F. ... "Majestic" (b.)
 Ridge, E. M. (V.R.) (killed)
 Ross, D. (temp.) ... "Tiger" (b.c.)
 Scott, H. M. (temp.)... "Revenge" (b.)
 Sharp, G. R. (prob. V.R.)
 Sharrod, A. R. ... "Hibernia" (b.)
 Taylor, C. J. G. (V.R.) "Soudan" (h.s.)
 Tonkinson, A. J. (killed) "Monmouth" (c.)
 Townend, R. O. (prob. V.R.) "Acheron" (t.b.d.)
 Walker, G. A. (temp.) Cromarty.
 Warburton, R. ...
 Watson, J. A. (temp.) Haslar (n.h.)
 Watson, J. H. D. (temp.) (killed) "Hawke"
 Wetherbee, H. (temp.) Plymouth (n.h.)
 Whelan, H. M. ... "Essex" (c.)
 Wollaston, A. F. R. (temp.) "Mantua" (m.f.a.)

(v.r.) = R. N. Volunteer Reserve.
 (temp.) = Temporary Surgeon.
 (prob.) = Surgeon Probationer.
 (n.h.) = Naval Hospital.
 (h.s.) = Hospital Ship.
 (b.) = Battleship.
 (b.c.) = Battle Cruiser.
 (c.) = Cruiser.
 (t.b.d.) = Torpedo Boat Destroyer.
 (g.) = Gun-boat.
 (sl.) = Sloop.
 (d.s.) = Depot Ship.
 (m.f.a.) = Merchant Fleet Auxiliary.

BRITISH ARMY

R.A.M.C.

Lieut.-Colonels

Davies, J. E. H. Morgan, J. C.
 Kenwood, H. R. Mould, W. T.
 (temp. hon.)

F

Majors

Aylen, E. V. Master, A. E.
Butler, S. G. (D.S.O.) O'Flaherty, A. R.
Fox, A. C. (D.S.O.) Watts, B.

Captains

Bramhall, C. Rigby, C. M.
Bridges, R. F. Robinson, F. H.
Dudding, T. S. Rudkin, G. F.
Edwards, G. B. Sherren, H. G.
Gibson, H. Treves, W. W.
Monteith, H. G. Varvill, B.
Painton, G. R.

Lieutenants

Heale, A. S. Phillips, E.
Higgins, S. J. Sealy, H. N.
Ingoldby, C. M. Winter, H. G. (prisoner).
Mallam, R. K.

ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE

Temporary Colonels

Dawson, Sir Bertrand Lister, W. T.

R.A.M.C. SPECIAL RESERVE

Captains

Cable, W. G. H. Roth, P. B.
Habgood, A. H. Vellacott, H. F.
Macnab, A. (killed).

Lieutenants

Bannerman, R. G. Linnell, R. M. C.
Biggs, K. Linton, E. C.
Brown, A. J. (prisoner) Pendered, J. H.
Brownson, R. D. D. D. Perry, A. C.
Burton, C. F. Phillips, E.
Chambers, E. R. Preston, A. B.
Chapman, G. M. Preston, R. A. (prisoner).
Cornelius, W. H. Quinlan, W. T.
Deighton, J. Read, G. D.
Evans, D. G. Thompson, R. R.
Gilchrist, A. J. Tothill, W. V.
Gwynne-Jones, H. Young, W. A.
Hartgill, W. C.

Lieutenants on probation

Crouch, H. A. Woods, R. S.
Morton, H. J. S.

R.A.M.C.

Temporary Lieutenants

Andrew, J. V. O. Billington, S. G.
Angus, W. B. G. Bluett, C.
Armstrong, G. W. Booth, C. H. B.
Bahr, P. H. Bourne-Price, T. B.
Baines, M. B. Brown, I. M.
Bakewell, G. V. Brown, L. G.
Batchelor, H. W. Brown, R. G.
Batchelor, T. B. Carr, G. D.

Chamberlain, D. Marsh, O. de B.
Chandler, F. G. Moore, A. E.
Chisnall, G. H. (killed) Moore, E. H. (wounded).
Coad, C. N. Morris, W.
Cohen, L. D. Mortimer, L. W.
Costabadie, L. P. Moxon, F. H.
Cronin, M. J. Muecke, F. F.
Culpin, M. Mullan, H. F.
de Boer, H. S. Neame, H.
Dew, J. W. Neligan, G. E.
Dolbey, R. V. Noyes, H. F. G.
(prisoner). Owens, H. B.

Driberg, J. D. Palmer, A. C.
Dunkerley, H. Parkinson, J.
Dwyer, W. J. I. Pearson, C. H.
Fletcher, F. R. Phillips, C. H.
Ford, A. P. Porter, C. R.
Friedlander, A. J. Porter, R. E. (killed).
Gayton, W. J. G. Potter, J.
Graham, N. F. Purchase, W. B.
Grange, F. A. Raiment, P. C.
Grant, G. L. Rankin, N. M.
Hallam, M. Rawson, N. R.
Hodges, A. N. Rawson, P. H.
Holroyde, G. B. Rees, A. A.
Hooper, H. S. C. Retallack-Moloney, H. T.
Hunter, R. N. Roberts, A. E.
Hutchence, B. L. Sainsbury, J.
Ingram, T. L. Scott, E. P.
Johnson, F. E. Sinclair, N. F.
Jones, D. W. Smith, I. R.
Jones, J. D. Smith, L. C.
Jones, T. A. Sneath, W. A.
Kennedy, C. M. Snelling, T. R.
Lane, H. D. Somervell, L. C.
Latham, T. J. Somerville, T. V.
Lawry, J. L. Steel, O. W. D.
Lewis, D. L. Stenhouse, J. M.
Lilly, G. A. Stewart, W. A.
Lindsay, A. B. Stones, R. Y.
Lindsay, E. C. Tozer, E. A.
Linnell, J. W. Treadgold, C. H.
Little, J. P. Vilvandre, G. E.
Luker, S. G. Woolf, A. E. M.
McLean, H. Wyler, E. J. (wounded).
Maitland-Jones, A. G. Yeo, K. J.

R.A.M.C. (TERRITORIAL FORCE)

FIELD AMBULANCES

Hon. Colonel

Treves, Sir Frederick .. Wessex Division.

Lieutenant-Colonels

Challis, H. T. ... 3rd E. Anglian.
Soltan, A. B. ... 2nd Wessex.

Majors

Montgomery-Smith, E. C. 2nd London.
Rutherford, N. C. ... No. 6 London Field Ambulance.
Stedman, H. ... 1st Lond. Brigade, R.F.A.

Captains

Billings, B. R. ... 2nd Home Counties.
Fiddes, J. D. ... 1st Highlanders.
Fisher, W. H. ... Notts and Derby.
Rice-Oxley, D. G. ... Inns of Court O.T.C.
Wright, O. K. ... Notts and Derby.

Lieutenants

Brown, A. J. ... 3rd Lowlands.
Bull, W. E. H. ... 2nd S. Midland.
Hamilton, J. L. (Hon.) 2nd Home Counties.
Harty, J. P. I. ... 3rd S. Midland.
Hodges, W. C. ... 1st S. Western.
Sandiland, E. L. ... S. Wales.
Standish, F. ... Notts and Derby.
Turtle, W. R. M. ... 3rd E. Anglian.
Watson, G. H. ... 3rd Northumbrian.

GENERAL HOSPITALS

Lieutenant-Colonels

Bruce-Porter, H. E. B. 3rd London
Dawson, Sir Bertrand 2nd "
Eve, Sir Frederic ... 2nd "
Hume, W. E. ... 1st Northern.
Kyffin, J. ... 5th Southern.
Mansell-Moullin, C. W. 2nd London.
Warner, F. ... 2nd "

Major

Lucy, R. H. ... 4th Southern.

Captains

Barclay, A. E. ... 2nd Western.
Dawson, Sir Bertrand 2nd London.
Fenwick, E. H. ... 2nd "
Hadley, W. J. ... 2nd "
Head, H. ... 2nd "
Hutchinson, F. A. S. ... 2nd Eastern.
Hutchinson, J. ... 2nd London.
Kaye, H. W. ... "
Macalpine, J. B. ... 2nd Western.
Probyn-Williams, R. J. 2nd London.
Rainforth, J. J. ... 4th Northern.
Rigby, H. M. ... 2nd London.
Smith, F. J. ... 2nd "
Smith, H. B. W. ... 4th Northern.

SANITARY SERVICE

(a) SANITARY COMPANIES

Captain

Sprawson, E. C. ... 1st London.

(b) SANITARY OFFICERS

Majors

Kenwood, H. R. Thresh, J. C.

INDIAN MEDICAL SERVICE

Bhalla, R. S. (temp.) Perera, J. A. (temp.)
Candy, R. H. (Lieut.) Puri, J. N. (temp.)
Gouda, S. (temp.) Sen Gupta, N. (temp.)
Mehta, N. M. (temp.) Shaffi, M. (temp.)
Muttiah, S. (temp.) Tennekoon, J. P. R.
Nalliah, N. R. (temp.)
Peiris, W. S. J. Treston, M. L. (Lieut.)

Sequeira, J. H., Hon. Consultant Dermatologist to the Military Hospitals in London.

Scott, S. G., Medical Radiologist to the Princess Henry of Battenberg's Hospital for Officers, and to the Yarrow Home, Broadstairs.

BRITISH RED CROSS

Jackson, H. S.

RED CROSS HOSPITAL, NETLEY

Temp. Major—C. H. Miller.

Temp. Captain—H. L. Tidy.

Temp. Lieutenants—C. Gibson, J. D. Lyle.

BELGIAN RED CROSS

Taylor, H. W.

FRENCH RED CROSS

Good, C. F. Lett, H.
Howard, R. Robinson, H. S.

ALLIED FORCES BASE HOSPITAL

Temp. Lieutenant—O. T. Dinnick.

DR. GUEST'S HOSPITAL, PARIS

Bryan, H. S. Norris, D.
Nichols, H. W. L. Woodhouse, S. C.

COMBATANTS

Andrews, J. C. Lack, V. J. F.
Atkinson, M. P. Lauder, S. J.
Barrett, R. MacAfee, L. A.
Bartlett, G. B. Morgan, G. S.
Booth, C. H. B. Newman, R. J.
Bratton, A. B. O'Brien, K.
Bulger, M. L. Oliver, G. Y.
Casalis, A. Pantou, D. F.
Cloake, C. S. Pomeroy, S. E.
Conoley, O. F. Richardson, J. C. R.
Dardier, L. H. Robertson, R. D. F.
Evans, A. L. Ross, K. M.
Francis, F. G. Rostant, L.
Good, F. J. Russell, J. C.
Grantham Hill, C. Smallbone, N. L.
Gray-Hill, N. Stammers, A. D.
Grylls, D. H. Vaudrey, W. E.
Horton, J. Walker, A. C.
Hutchinson, C. A. Willett, W. L.
Jenner-Clark, R. Wilson, L. W.
Jones, L. W. Woolward, A. T.
Kyffin, J. T.

Forty-five members of the Hospital Lay Staff are serving in the Navy and Army, and two Chefs from the Nurses' Home are serving in the French Army. The following members of the College Lay Staff are also serving as stated:—

Bedell, Sergt.-Major H. F. Bursey, R.F.A.

Clerks:—(Office), Trooper W. E. Soper, Westminster Dragoons.

Gunner A. C. Palmer, R.G.A.

(Library), Private A. J. Gridley, Royal Fusiliers.

Laboratory Attendants—

Anatomical, Private E. Rogers, R.A.M.C. and Private J. J. Edwards, Sanitary Corps.

Physiological, Private S. Edwards, Sanitary Corps.

Physiological, Private G. Scates, Essex Regiment.

Photographic, Gunner A. Watkinson, R.G.A.

We are pleased to be able to publish the following account of past and present "London" students; we regret its incompleteness, but unless we have the assistance of our readers we fear we cannot be expected to do better:—

Surgeon MACMULLEN and Surgeon WATSON are attached to the Naval Flying Corps.

* *

Surgeon ROSS and Surgeon-Probationer PADWICK were present in the North Sea Battle, the latter was also in the Cuxhaven raid.

* *

Captain F. H. ROBINSON is stationed at Cape Town.

* *

Lieutenant GEORGE CHAPMAN, who was recently awarded a medal by the French Government for saving life, is now, we understand, attached to a Cavalry Regiment.

* *

Lieutenant H. GWYNNE-JONES is with the 11th Field Ambulance. He and Sergeant F. J. GOOD who is with the London Rifles met a short time ago, quite unexpectedly, outside Ploegsteert Wood.

* *

Lieutenant H. S. C. HOOPER is attached to No. 15 General Hospital, and has sailed, we understand, for Egypt.

* *

Lieutenant HUNTER is on the Hospital Ship "Asturias," which was recently attacked by a submarine. Lieutenant D. L. LEWIS is on the Hospital Ship "St. Patrick."

Lieutenants JOHN PARKINSON and H. W. BATCHELOR are at the 9th Casualty Clearing Hospital, and A. MITLAND-JONES at the 4th Clearing Hospital. Both Hospitals are near Headquarters

* *

Lieutenant C. M. KENNEDY is with No. 6 General Hospital, Expeditionary Force.

* *

Lieutenant C. H. PHILLIPS is attached to the King's Royal Rifles, Denham.

OBITUARY

Fleet-Surgeon PERCIVAL NIX

Surgeon-General Wm. Eames, R.N., writes:—

"Fleet-Surgeon NIX served as a Staff-Surgeon with me, at the R.N. Hospital, Plymouth, from 1903 to 1905; bright and vivacious in temperament, he displayed much kindness, zeal and ability in the discharge of his professional duties. A victim to the fate of War, his loss will, I am sure, be much regretted by all who knew him as a former mess-mate, and by the Medical Department of which he was so proficient an officer."

* *

VERNON L. MATTHEWS

Matthews joined the London Hospital in 1902, and after steady progress, as a student, held most of the House appointments. In 1907, he was House-Surgeon to Mr. Hutchinson and the late Mr. Barnard.

After leaving the Hospital he tried private practice for a short time, but finding this not very suitable to his taste, he entered the Royal Navy, where he started on a distinguished career.

Matthews was noticeable while in the House for his natural ability as a Surgeon and his general soundness of diagnosis, as well as for great rapidity and decision of judgment on the essential features of a case.

By his death in the ill-fated cruiser "Viknor," the London Hospital and the Royal Navy has lost a good comrade, an exceptional Surgeon and a trusty friend.

A.

The following appeared in a local paper:—

VERNON LICKFOLD MATTHEWS, R.N.

On Monday afternoon last, Mr. Thomas Matthews, J.P., of Galen Lodge, Merrivale, Ross, received a telegram from the Admiralty conveying the sad news of the loss of his son, Surgeon Vernon Lickfold Matthews, who, it is reported, had lost his life in H.M.S. armed merchant liner "Viknor," which had been missing for some days, but must now be accepted as lost with all officers and



Russell & Sons, Royal Photographers, Southsea.

Surgeon VERNON L. MATTHEWS.

men. The first wire from the Admiralty read as follows:—

Deeply regret to inform you Surgeon V. L. Matthews lost his life on H.M.S. "Viknor." Please state your relationship to him.—Admiralty.

In reply to Mr. Matthews' wire, in which he asked for further information, the Admiralty stated:—

"Viknor" missing and presumed to be lost. No hope of any survivors. No further information.—Admiralty.

This sad news came as a great shock to both Mr. and Mrs. Matthews and their family, and since it has been published in the Press they have received numerous letters of condolence and sympathy. On behalf of the inhabitants of this town and neighbourhood we venture to express both their and our sincere sympathy, and we fully trust that their grief and sorrow will be somewhat softened by the fact that their son, who had had such a brilliant career, gave and lost his life in the cause of his King and Country.

Surgeon Vernon Lickfold Matthews was the elder son. He was educated at Monmouth Grammar School, where he passed the matriculation of the London University, and eventually he entered the London Hospital, and remaining there until he became a fully qualified Surgeon. For over six months he served that institution as House-

Surgeon, while for a further six months he acted as Aural House-Surgeon. He entered the Navy in May, 1911, and in September won the highest award at Haslar—the gold medal; also the first prize for Tropical Medicines. He served on H.M.S. "Drake" for about eighteen months, which was then a flagship. The ill-fated "Viknor" was only commissioned on December 12th for service in the Navy. During his career Surgeon Matthews took a keen and active interest in sport, and in February, 1912, played for the Navy against the Army in a cricket match at Hobart. The many testimonials from the most eminent Physicians in London all go to prove what a capable and very efficient Surgeon he had become, while as a man he was always most popular and beloved by the staffs and patients with whom he became associated.

The following telegram and letter were received by Mr. Matthews on Wednesday:—

Buckingham Palace,

27/1/15.

The King and Queen deeply regret the loss you and the Navy have sustained by the reported death of your son in the service of his country. Their Majesties truly sympathise with you in your sorrow.—Private Secretary.

Admiralty, S.W.

26th January, 1915.

Sir,—In confirmation of Admiralty telegram, I am instructed to inform you that H.M.S. "Viknor" is missing, and that there can be no doubt that your son, Surgeon Vernon L. Matthews, R.N., has lost his life.

My Lords desire me to express to you their profound sympathy in the loss which you have sustained.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES WALKER,

For Secretary.

T. Matthews, Esq.,

Galen Lodge,

Ross, Herefordshire.

* *

Captain ANGUS MACNAB, M.B., F.R.C.S.

There is in this war no class to whom the nation owes a deeper debt of gratitude than to the young professional men who have given up their incomes and prospects to go and serve their country. Angus Macnab was one of them, and he has given his life as well. He was born in New Zealand 39 years ago. He spent his schooldays there, and took the degrees of B.A. and B.Sc., at the Otago University. In 1896 he came to Edinburgh. During his undergraduate days there, he not only worked hard at his professional studies, but interested himself in athletics. He was elected President of the University Athletic Club, and was



Captain ANGUS MACNAB.

a prominent forward of the Rugby team. He played in several representative matches, and was chosen as first reserve for Scotland. When the South African War broke out, he went out and worked in the Edinburgh Hospital. He then returned to Edinburgh and worked as house-surgeon in the Eye Department of the Royal Infirmary, under Professor Berry.

He then went abroad and studied Ophthalmology in Vienna, and subsequently in Freiburg, under Professor Axenfeldt. Whilst there he did a considerable amount of original work, and only three months after he had started to learn the language, he had already commenced to write articles on his investigations to the German medical papers.

In 1905 he began Ophthalmic practice in London. Macnab's work was characterised by accuracy and thoroughness, and he never allowed policy to interfere with a fearless and forcible denunciation of work which he considered wrong. For this reason his advance has been slow, but it has, nevertheless, been steady; and his abilities were recognised, not only by his colleagues, but by a rapidly increasing number of general practitioners

and patients. When he left for the front, he held the positions of Chief Clinical Assistant, London Ophthalmic Hospital; Clinical Assistant, Charing Cross Hospital; and Ophthalmic Surgeon, King Edward VII. Hospital, Windsor.

He showed characteristic thoroughness in everything he took up—as an example of this, it may be mentioned that although he began rifle shooting only two years ago, at the last Bisley meeting he got into the last 200 for the King's Prize.

All the time he had been steadily carrying on his original work, and published, amongst other things, a highly reviewed book on "Ulceration of the Cornea." He also translated Axenfeldt's "Bacteriology of the Eye," and Lohmann's "Disturbances of the Visual Functions."

He had been attached for over three years to the London Scottish, and, on the outbreak of war, left at a few hours' notice, without even having time to arrange with anyone to take his practice, going into camp where all his time was absorbed in regimental duties.

Whilst in France, before the regiment was ordered to the front, he did a great deal of surgical work, treating as many as six compound fractures of the thigh in one afternoon. At the same place (Villeneuve) he also had a great deal of operating work, when, with 100 of the London Scottish acting as stretcher bearers, he handled trainloads of wounded from the dreadful battle fronts of the Marne and Oise: this in a railway goods-shed with few appliances, and forced to kneel on the floor all the time he worked. In a characteristic letter written about that experience he remarks—"There is a great satisfaction in saving a man's life; pottering about with eyes may be a neater and cleaner job, but it is a poor business compared with what we are doing here."

An officer at the front wrote that he had under most adverse circumstances saved many lives. Another officer writes—"Every man (officers and privates alike) tells me spontaneously the same story of his wonderful bravery, devotion and unselfishness—he was absolutely fearless."

On the night he was killed, at 2 a.m. he was already wounded and bleeding freely, but continued his work and calmly went on bandaging a wounded man in the face of the German advance. He died as he had always lived, fearlessly doing his duty. In his death the medical profession has sustained a great loss, and he is mourned alike by his patients and his friends. He leaves a widow and two small children.

* * *

The following is a photograph of the late Surgeon J. H. D. WATSON, R.N., to whom we referred in our last number.



Surgeon J. H. D. WATSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

12th January, 1915.

DEAR NORTHCROFT,

Just a line to let you know how things are moving with me. I was sent off on Christmas Eve, of all days, and landed Christmas Day in the small hours of the morn, then spent eight days in a so-called "rest camp" on the top of a very high hill overlooking the sea. The camp was in a sea of mud 6 to 18 inches deep, and one had to wear "gum boots" all the time. Christmas fare (to "put the lid" on all) was cold bully beef, biscuits and chlorinated water, and nothing else, but we have managed to do ourselves rather better since. While in the rest camp it rained most of the time and blew tremendously—more than half our tents blew down one night, there was no hold for the tent pegs in the mud. Then, after a day or so in billets, I joined my Division, the 3rd, and at a place about four miles from here met Neighbour and several other "Artists." I am now Sanitary Officer to the 3rd Division, and on the Headquarters Staff, and have care of a district of, I suppose, some 30-40 square miles, occupied by 20,000 troops, and have my section divided up and posted in some half-dozen village centres, and have to go round (in the car or on the horse placed at my disposal) visiting and saying what is

to be done. The roads here are the limit,—if you step off the cobbled centre you are in at least a foot of mud, and when out in the car one frequently finds the road blocked up by a ditched lorry, and have to make a detour of several miles to get where you want to, as a ditched lorry holds up miles of motor transport, etc. Each little group—say three or four—of my men has another group of 15 to 50 other men working under them, these latter being drawn from the brigade to which they are attached. One of my village centres is about 1,000 yards from both our and the German trenches, and is frequently being shelled—had some shrapnel bursting within 300-400 yards of me when I was in there a day or so ago. Sanitation under difficulties, but the condition of the billets is too awful for words, as the men there are frequently not allowed out of doors, and do not take the trouble to make latrines. Where I am billeted—and am likely to be for some time—is about 3½ miles from this village. Men who are returning from the trenches are absolutely caked in mud from head to foot—how they ever get clean again God only knows, but they manage it somehow. One would imagine tetanus would be very common under these circumstances, but I believe it is not so (meaning that any wound through clothing must carry in earth).

Yours sincerely,

EVELYN SPRAWSON.

Capt. E. C. SPRAWSON, R.A.M.C.T.,
Sanitary Officer, 3rd Division,
With 7th Field Ambulance,
British Expeditionary Force,
c/o G.P.O., London.

November 21st, 1914.

MY DEAR BILLY [BILLINGS],

Just received yours of 14th inst. and very glad to, so I'll drop you a line while the spirit moves me and I have time. You do look nutty in your photograph—I wouldn't dare have mine taken in my present state!

Since I last wrote you we have shifted from the place I wrote at. We were 24 days in trenches, and getting shelled with heavy stuff every day until the last two, when we were relieved and went into billets for a couple of days. It is somewhat nerve racking getting shelled with heavy 8-inch stuff every day, although one gets more or less used to it. They do remarkably little damage (touch wood) for the amount they send over. I don't know whether I told you in my last, but on one occasion they shelled the five trenches, and about 35 casualties came to my dressing station, which was about 250 yards behind the five trenches.

My "hospital" consisted of a lot of dug-outs, down in a drain in the side of the road, and on the

other side of the road was a brick wall about 10 feet high and 18 inches thick. They (the Allemands) started then on us, and gave us between 300 and 400 "Jack Johnsons" in 3 hours, broke the wall, and were putting their shells just between 15 and 100 yards in front of us and behind us, and would you believe it, only one man got a scalp wound, and there were 35 wounded lying in this drain. It did scare me some I can tell you, and it was only because of some act of Providence they didn't drop one in the drain. I'd have been ?? if they did.

There's lots I could tell you, but it would run into volumes. Ask me to tell you how I *might* have captured some Germans all on my very own. I've just realized it while talking to one of the officers about a night attack we had some weeks ago. The Allemands were lying in a ditch, and I actually asked them if they were wounded, and they said "No," so I passed on. It's just the other day, while talking about the scrap to one of the officers, that I realized these people in this place were Germans. I may mention they were all scapped.

I had a nice lot of trophies, but most of them were blown up by a shell which knocked the cart they were on to pieces.

Well, I'm now situated in a place, of more or less interest, that I may not name. Came here about four nights ago, and I looked for billets for myself and a place for wounded. Although we're in billets we have our burrows ready, as we're only a few hundred yards from the Allemands, and they have a way of sending loads over at times. I found quite a decent house, and when I told them I was the Doc. they made me up a nice bed, so I do them the justice of taking off my boots, but that's all, and I have my gumboots handy to jump into and the banisters well greased to slide down.

It's very cold just now, but fine. The ground and everything has been covered with snow for three days, but as one doesn't get one's clothes off, one doesn't catch cold. When I left the last place I hadn't had anything off for three weeks. T.G. I'm clean now, and hope I'll be able to keep more or less so now, although one has to take a bath from a bucket and do it piece-meal.

I'm awfully sorry to hear about Chisnall and Tonkinson, and Watson. I met Chisnall at the base. I dare say a good many of us will get scrapped or wounded if the show goes on much longer.

I went to see our corresponding Field Ambulance to-day. They're about four miles in the rear, and occupy a most palatial mansion. Preston and Chandler are amongst them.

Well, old son, I've written a lot. Let me hear from you soon, and tell me how the wounds are

going on that you get home. I hear they're not doing well.

The difficulties of a regimental M.D. are rather great, as one has to work in the dark, or by an electric torch which you mustn't show much, and, so far, I've had to work in the open with a rough shelter of stone and mud overhead. Of course, the conditions are very dirty too, as often it is difficult to get water (at least I found it so) and impossible to heat it.

Ta-ta, old son. Best love, and to Willie also.

Yours,

L. D. COHEN.

COMPTON LEIGH,
FROGNAL GARDENS,
HAMPSTEAD, N.W.

January 17th, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I was sorry to miss you yesterday. I'm just over here on a week's leave. It's up to-morrow I'm afraid. When I went out I was attached to the 17th Field Ambulance, but since then I became M.O. to 12th Brigade, R.F.A. We went out on September 9th, and sailed to St. Lazaire, where we disembarked and trained up to Coulo-miers. Then we had some very hard marching to a place called Paars, which is near Bazouches. We stayed there for about a fortnight and then started to march westwards and entrained to St. Omer. We marched from there and were present at the action of Meteren, where I had quite an exciting time collecting wounded. It was after that that I was attached to the 12th Brigade, R.F.A. We've had a lot of fighting since then—we've practically been in action ever since. It was quite close to us that poor Porter was killed. He was standing in a village street when they started shelling the place, talking to a military policeman. A shell passed close to the policeman, taking away the buckle of his belt, and hit Porter full in the body: of course it blew him to bits. L. C. Somervell took his place. This sort of life seems to agree with him, as he is looking much better than when he was at the L.H. I also saw Perry, who seemed very fit. I've come across several other "London" men. I see Major S. G. Butler has got a D.S.O. We've had a really quiet time for the last 2½ months (since November), though we have been in action all the time. Flanders is a very depressing country, and there is nothing on earth like its mud. The only outlook is ploughed fields. However, we're having a very good time, and I'm enjoying myself out there thoroughly.

Yours very sincerely,

HUMFREY SEALY.

26th December, 1914.

DEAR TATTON,

We came out of the trenches yesterday to find your present waiting for us. I immediately smoked.

Christmas Eve was most humorous, for we had a kind of truce.

No one fired, and some of the regiment went across and had a chat with the enemy—big fires were lit on top of the trenches and the star-lights that usually foretold a hail of bullets were only greeted by cheers—it was quite a good firework display.

The band then appeared in the trenches and played carols, etc., going on to our National Anthem, then theirs—we also had singing competitions—singing verses to each other—everybody was walking about on top of the parapets.

Christmas morning was still stranger though—for I made wild signals with a flask of rum, which were answered by the clinking of glasses, so I went out and had a drink with an officer and man half way—exchanged cigarettes and the compliments of the season, and then, to the accompaniment of terrific cheers from both sides, we shook hands, so I have another magnificent souvenir now—a German officer's flask!

In the afternoon they allowed us to bring in our dead—"in favour of the Holy Christmas," they said.

As our Brigade had made an attack on the Saturday before we were pleased to have the opportunity.

Willett who used to censor our letters is up at Hospital—he is wounded now in the head—the bullet injured the writing and speech centres in the brain, with practically no other damage—as meningitis has not yet set in, he may recover in time.

It is damned cold now, but when it doesn't freeze the mud is appalling—knee deep in places even.

Private DAVID F. PANTON,
[London Rifle Brigade].

GLENSIDE HOTEL,
GRAND PARADE,
BRIGHTON.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I have always been thinking of giving you a full account of the work that we "Londoners" are doing in this hospital, but my indolence and carelessness in correspondence has always stood in my way. The fact that I have taken such a long time in writing to you, in spite of your asking me to do so, is good enough to prove my statement, therefore I hope you won't mind the delay.

I wish it were somebody else more able than myself to describe all the courage and bravery, mixed with pain and misery, but as it has fallen to my lot, I take it up with pleasure to do my best.

As you know, we left London on the 27th of November, 1914, reaching here the same evening, and as there were no wounded then in this place, we had quite an easy time up till the 14th of December, when the first batch of our heroes arrived, although I had to go to Netley, Brokenhurst and New Milton, to fetch some convalescent Indians to do cooking, etc.

The first batch came on the 14th of December, and since then we have had two more batches, making about one thousand altogether in the Pavilion and York Place. It would not be out of place to mention here that the Pavilion is an old building which used to be the palace of King George IV., and has been well preserved and looked after by the Brighton Borough, and York Place is quite a modern building, well ventilated and well fitted for a base hospital.

The soldiers are well looked after here, they have got all the comforts necessary for them. We have different kitchens for different castes, and each one has its water-pipes reserved for the members of the same caste only. They get food cooked by the sacred hands of one of their own community, and as for the clothing they are supplied quite adequately.

They are all, without exception, perfectly satisfied with the treatment we are giving them here, and they are pleased, above everything else, at being dressed by us, because they do not feel strained as they would if they were dressed by any other whose language they cannot understand and to whom they cannot explain themselves.

From a surgical point of view this hospital is full of interest, as we have got a great variety of cases, the commonest being bullet wounds (mostly in left hand). There are many cases of fractures and frost-bites, a good percentage of the latter having developed dry or wet gangrene.

The most pitiful cases that I know of are two Gurkhas, lying side by side at their own request because they have been fighting shoulder to shoulder in the trenches. The elder, Bal Bahadur, is between 17 and 19 years, and has got his right leg amputated at the middle of the thigh, and the younger, Pem Bahadur, whose photo I enclose herewith, is only 16 years, and has his left arm amputated at the lower third of the arm and a transverse sinus of the right thigh with a fracture of the femur. Both of these heroic boys were wounded by the same shell which in a way has strengthened their friendship so much that they would not be separated at any cost. Both have been photographed in several papers, and even in the "Illustrated War News" (No. 23) they have

formed one full page. I am glad to say that both of them are improving rapidly and are quite bright and cheerful. The younger one was presented with a Carnation by Her Majesty Queen Mary, when Her Majesty visited this hospital about a week ago.

The other case that deserves equal sympathy is that of a Mohammedan with a fracture of the lower jaw, which can be palpated in several small segments. This was caused by a bullet passing transversely across the buccal cavity, knocking away many of the teeth and a part of the tongue. There are several others with ghastly gunshot wounds so bad that chloroform had to be used in certain cases in the beginning to dress them. There are many frost-bites in which amputation has either been done or is badly needed. We had to enucleate one eye, and there are many more with some defect of vision.

Amongst the medical cases we have typhoid, tetanus, rheumatism, asthma, bronchitis, dysentery, diarrhoea, etc., etc.

It would be unjust not to say anything about our well-known friend, Gauga Singh, V.C., of the 58th Dogras. However, as I have to tell about his actions, so let me tell you this man killed ten Germans with a sword which he had seized from a German officer, and then passed his night in a trench (being unfit to move) by the side of the same German officer whom he had wounded, and who gave him water to drink when he felt very thirsty. The moral of these soldiers can be judged from the fact that every one of them, even men who have lost a limb, are absolutely keen on going back to the fighting lines again.

The work entrusted to us is quite enough to keep us busy for the whole day. We do dressings twice a day, and have to supervise the distribution of food to the soldiers three times a day.

Considering the age of this hospital, I daresay that we have been honoured more than any other hospital by Royal visitors. We have had their Majesties the King and Queen, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Louise, the Duchess of Argyll.

"Londoners" will be delighted to know that our hospital has contributed to this hospital the largest number of qualified medical men and students as compared with any other hospital in Great Britain.

Amongst the number of the London Hospital fraternity are:—

1. Nur Khan.
2. " Kushembaker.
3. " Peries.
4. " Nalliah.
5. " Tennakoon.
6. " Shaffi.

7. Nur Bajiwala.
8. " Godah.
9. " Sheori.
10. " The writer (Bhalla).

I am afraid this has become too lengthy, so I close here, sending you and other "Londoners" best wishes from all of us.

Yours sincerely,

R. S. BHALLA.

Dr. John Parkinson, writing on February 28th, 1915, says:—

After I left the "London" I was stationed at Woolwich from October to December, then this unit mobilised at Aldershot, and we reached the continent. We spent our happy Christmas in little wooden huts on the quay of the port. A few days later we made up a train, with our 7 officers, 70 men, medical stores, stretchers, etc., and after 2 hours arrived at our destination. This proved to be the small town in which general Headquarters is situated. General French and the Prince of Wales are here, and I saw General Joffre . . . a week or two ago. The place is full of motor buses, wagons, ambulances, and motor dispatch riders. Our "hospital" opened out in part of a large school with 200 beds. We have been kept as a reserve clearing hospital, and only at times have we been busy. I have had medical beds all the time, and have been anæsthetist for a month. Things are well arranged, and we can get any drugs or appliances we need quite quickly.

In the afternoons we take walks to one of the neighbouring villages, of which there are numbers. Passes are necessary to get past the very wide-awake sentries.

We can hear the heavy guns in the distance. . . We expect to move forward before very long. G. M. Chapman was attached here for a fortnight, but has now gone as M.O. to a Cavalry Regiment. Strangely enough, H. W. Batchelor came on here to take his place yesterday. Everyone is very fit, and, personally, I am enjoying the new life immensely.

Greetings to friends at L.H.

Address—No. 9 Casualty Clearing Station,
British Expeditionary Force.

H.M.S. "TIGER,"
c/o G.P.O.

January 29th, 1915.

DEAR SIR,

I am sending you some of my experiences on H.M.S. "Tiger," during the last battle in the North Sea, in case you should be short of "copy."

We sighted the enemy about 8 a.m. on Sunday morning, steaming in a S.W. direction, and there is no doubt they were making for some part of the English coast. On observing us they turned about and made for Heligoland at full speed. We immediately gave chase and, on working our speed up to 29 knots, began to gain on them. It was a thrilling experience watching these giant ships tearing through the water at half the speed of an express train, and seeing the distance between us and our quarry gradually lessening. We got within range after a little over an hour's chase, and it was about 9.15 when the "Lion" opened fire.

By this time everyone was at their station behind armour, the decks had been cleared of everything that could be got rid of, and were kept flooded with water to minimise the risk of fire. The surgeons were in the distributing stations of which we had two, one fore and one aft, so that in case one should be wrecked there would still be a surgeon and dressings available in the other.

We opened fire soon after the "Lion," and our salvoes rapidly became incessant. The noise was deafening, and the ship shook and vibrated from end to end. We had all the luck that morning, and it is nothing short of marvellous how we came out of it as we did, considering that the "Tiger," for over an hour, received the concentrated fire of three of the enemy's ships. At one time the sea round us was white with columns of water, which was thrown up by shells which just did not hit us, while a torpedo missed us by five yards.

We got our first wounded about half-time; they were lying on a narrow ledge outside a place which was then blazing furiously, and the only means of getting them out was through a manhole and down a 12-foot vertical iron ladder which required an active man to climb. The place where they were was so cramped that all we could do was to drop them down the ladder to a party below, who caught them in their arms.

The injuries received by the dead were of such a frightful nature that death must have been practically instantaneous. Men were literally pulped and hardly to be recognised as such, while all were terribly burnt, some being black from head to foot, with scarcely a vestige of clothing remaining. Several men, who were messengers waiting for calls, were playing cards when a shell entered. All were blown to pieces, except one man who, by some extraordinary fluke, was merely knocked down and dazed, and managed to crawl out through the hole by which the shell entered.

The effects of these huge shells bursting in the confined spaces of a ship are appalling, and the widespread destruction caused by one alone must be seen to be believed.

I got a splendid view of the German ships at the end. The unfortunate "Blucher" was right in front of us, and now quite near, while the others were making off, two of them badly on fire.

The condition of the "Blucher" was pitiable in the extreme. Deserted by the other ships, unable to steam and with practically all her guns out of action, she was nothing more or less than a target. Her mess decks were red hot, her upper works had been blown away, and she was ablaze from end to end, but in spite of her terrible plight she fought to the very end, though she had not a dog's chance. How a single man ever got out alive I cannot imagine. The German officers who were taken prisoners told us the heat was so unbearable that they opened all the sea cocks to try and sink the ship. Just after I got up on deck, a tremendous explosion occurred amidships, and the whole of the middle third of the ship appeared to be one vast flame.

You will have some idea of the enormous power of our Naval guns when I tell you that a turret on the "Blucher" was blown into the air and hurled overboard, with its guns and crew. This turret, in which two big guns are mounted, and which is very heavily armoured, would weigh at least 60 tons—probably 100 tons would be a more correct estimate.

My impressions from a medical standpoint may be summed up very shortly. It is "all or nothing" on a battleship; a man is killed instantaneously, or is slightly or moderately wounded. With but one or two exceptions, the burns alone received by the dead were sufficient to kill, even supposing they had received no other wounds.

With regard to the wounded, the hopelessness of trying to get an unconscious or very severely wounded man away from his station during action, was strongly brought out. The very fact of hoisting them down vertical ladders would have killed them, even supposing it could have been done. The less severely wounded, *i.e.*, those who were conscious and able to help themselves, were got down to the distributing station, and practically all our wounded had been got down there before the action was over. Not once did I see a spurting artery, though limbs had been severed freely, which of course was what we expected from shell wounds.

Hoping this will be of some interest to you,

I am,

Yours truly,

DOUGLAS ROSS.

