

NO. 2 BASE HOSPITAL
ST. MARK'S COLLEGE, CHELSEA

Smith, F. J., Physician.
Dawson, Sir Bertrand, Physician.
Eve, Sir Frederic, Surgeon.
Rigby, H. M., Surgeon.
Hutchinson, J., Surgeon.

EDMONTON WAR HOSPITAL

Majors

Batchelor Taylor, W. B. Rashbrook, H. M.

CITY OF LONDON WAR HOSPITAL

Major

Dewey Buncombe, W.

BRITISH RED CROSS

Austin, L. J. Jackson, H. S.

RED CROSS HOSPITAL, NETLEY

Temp. Major—C. H. Miller.

Temp. Captains—H. L. Tidy, J. D. Lyle.

1st BRITISH HOSPITAL FOR SERBIA

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

Vaudrey, W. E.
Walker, A. C.
Willett, W. L.

Wilson, L. W.
Woolward, A. T.

Addresses received of L.H. Students engaged on active service:—

Ash, H. A., Surg., R.N.	Queensferry Hospital.
Austin, L. J. ...	2nd Red Cross Hospital, Rouen.
Batchelor, Lt. H. W...	9th Casualty Clearing Hos.
Brown, Lt. L. G. ...	44th Field Ambulance, 41st Brig., 14th Div., B.E.F.
Bulger, M. L....	Royal Field Artillery.
Bull, Lt. W. E. H. ...	2nd S. Midlands Mounted Brigade Field Ambulance, B. Mediter., E.F.
Chandler, Lt. F. G. ...	19th Field Ambulance.
Cronin, Lt. M. J. ...	84th (2nd London) Field Ambulance, 28th Div.
Dardier, L. H. ...	Royal Field Artillery.
Frean, Lt. H. G. ...	15th General Hospital.
Good, Sergt. F. J. ...	1st Cheshires, 15th I. Brigade, 28th Div. B.E.F.
Gwynne-Jones, Lt. H.	11th Field Ambulance.
Habgood, Capt. A. H.	9th Field Ambulance.
Hooper, Lt. H. S. C...	15th General Hospital.
Hunter, Lt. R. N. ...	Hospital Ship "Asturias."
Ingram, Lt. J. L. ...	Shropshire Light Infantry.
Kennedy, Lt. C. M. ...	6th General Hospital, Exped. Force.
Lewis, Lt. D. L. ...	Hospital Ship "St. Patrick."
Lilly, Lt. G. A. ...	3rd Cavalry Field Ambulance, 1st Cavalry Div.
MacMullen, Surg. A. R.	Naval Flying Corps.
Maitland-Jones, Lt. A.	4th Casualty Clearing Hos.
Marrack, Lt. J. R. ...	1st Monmouth (T.F.)
McDonnell, Lt. J. ...	R.A.M.C., M.O. 1/c 5th Batt. Northampton Reg., B.E.F.
Morton, Lt. H. J. S...	12th Field Ambulance.
Owens, Lt. H. B. ...	2nd Cavalry Field Ambulance.
Parkinson, Lt. J. ...	9th Casualty Clearing Hos.
Pearson, C. J. H. ...	English Exped. Force, W. Africa.
Perry, Lt. A. C. ...	Sherwood Foresters.
Phillips, Lt. C. H. ...	King's Royal Rifles, Denham.
Preston, Lt. A. B. ...	19th Field Ambulance.
Preston, Lt. R. A. ...	19th Field Ambulance.
Raffle, Lt. W....	R.A.M.C., Eastbourne.
Robinson, Capt. F. H.	Cape Town.
Seely, Lt. H. N. ...	17th Field Ambulance.
Taylor, H. W. ...	c/o British Consul, Salonica, Greece.
Thomson, Lt. A. B. ...	6th Northumberland Fusiliers (T.F.)
Watson, Surg. A. ...	Naval Flying Corps.

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, Adjutant 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, and Private G. Scates, Essex Regiment.

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

Dining Hall—

Lance-Corporal T. Monk, Essex Regiment.

Private F. Cansdale, Essex Regiment.

D. Taylor, A.S.C., Mechanical Transport.

Private F. Taylor, Essex Regiment.

A. E. Austin, Officers' Steward, H.M.S. "Walleroo."

OBITUARY

Captain H. V. B. BYATT

The following letter has been received from Captain Byatt's mother:—

31, CHEPSTOW PLACE,
BAYSWATER, W.
7th April, 1915.

DEAR SIR,

Captain H. V. B. Byatt was born on 16th December, 1882; began his education at Summer Fields, Summer Town, Oxford, 1891; obtained an Entrance Scholarship at Charterhouse School, 1896, and left there with the Charterhouse Science Exhibition, 1901, entering Clare College, Cambridge, with a Science Scholarship the same year. He left Cambridge University with a second class in the Natural Science Tripos, and proceeded to the London Hospital. While at Clare College, he was first Secretary and then Captain of the Clare rowing, and, under his leadership, Clare rowing improved so greatly that the well-known footer College was placed in the first division on the river for the first time for many years.

After qualification, Captain Byatt was placed third amongst a large number of candidates for the vacant commissions in the R.A.M.C., when he was appointed to Netley Hospital, and thence proceeded to Poona, 1909. After five years' service in India he joined the British Expeditionary Force in France. (He obtained the rank of Captain, January, 1911).



Captain H. V. B. BYATT, R.A.M.C.

Since joining the R.A.M.C. in 1908, Captain Byatt has not had one month's leave of absence from duty, his "long leave" being due when the war broke out in August.

Captain Byatt had been attached to the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade since October, and has been working in the trenches between Laventie and Estaires. He died on 11th March from wounds received on 10th at Neuve Chapelle, the only details yet received being in the copy letter received from Officer in Command of 2nd Rifle Brigade, which I enclose.

Yours truly,

MARY BYATT.

Copy letter from Officer in Command, 2nd Rifle Brigade in France.

25th March, 1915.

I am sorry for delay in my reply to your letter, but we have been very busy and only got out of trenches at Neuve Chapelle last night, where we have been since the fighting began on 10th instant. Your son, Captain Byatt, was hit while attending to a wounded man and I personally never saw him again. He was taken to 25th Field Ambulance at Estaires and died there. He was shot by a rifle bullet through the chest. I am very sorry indeed for you, and he is a great loss to me and to the Battalion. He was a great favourite with us all, and spared himself no risk or trouble to attend to our wounded. He was with us from the time we came out, and we all got to know him very well. He was buried by 25th Field Ambulance at Estaires. They could tell you

the exact spot, probably in the cemetery there. His kit has been consigned to you through Cox & Co.

I hope you will accept our deepest sympathy in your great loss.

The following is from Rifleman Harding, "B" Co., 2nd Rifle Brigade, who was wounded and is in Queen Mary Naval Hospital, Southend:—

The last I saw of Captain Byatt was when he was dressing the wound of the head of the machine-gun Sergeant (Sergeant Marriage) about three yards from me. After I was hit, during the charge, I was told our medical officer, Captain Byatt, had been mortally wounded.

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Lieutenant G. M. CHAPMAN, R.A.M.C.

The following appeared in the *British Medical Journal* of May 29th, 1915:—

"Lieutenant George Martin Chapman, R.A.M.C., was reported as killed in action in the casualty list of May 22nd. He was killed by a shell while attending to a wounded soldier. He was by birth a New Zealander, and was educated at the Universities of Otago and Cambridge, and at London Hospital, taking the B.A. at Cambridge and the M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. Lond. in 1912. He was a noted boxer and football player. At Cambridge he got his blue for Rugby football in the three years 1907-08-09; he also played for London Hospital and the Harlequins; he also got a half-blue for

boxing at Cambridge, and was hospital champion as a heavy-weight boxer. When the war began he was serving as house-surgeon at the London Hospital, and joined the R.A.M.C. Special Reserve as lieutenant on September 10th, 1914. Early in 1915 he received a decoration from the French Government for saving the lives of several fishermen wrecked in a rough sea off Boulogne. At the time of his death he was attached to the 2nd Dragoon Guards as medical officer. One of his teachers writes: 'Chapman, or "George" as he was known to more than his intimates, was one who received in the most generous measure the respect and affection of all who knew him. Perhaps at his age it was inevitable that his athletic gifts should attract more attention than his high mental abilities and sterling moral sense, which in later years would have surely won him a new renown. He was cast in a heroic mould, and, while it is no doubt true nothing became him more than the manner of his death, it is but cold comfort to the many who mourn the early end of so admirable a life—the sudden quenching of so much vital and kindly force.'"

From "*L'Indépendant du Pas-de-Calais*," 2nd June, 1915.

"LA MORT D'UN BRAVE SAUVETEUR

Nos lecteurs se souviennent du courageux sauvetage, accompli en Novembre dernier, au Moulin-Vibert, par un vaillant officier de l'armée anglaise, à Boulogne, le lieutenant Chapman, qui se jeta à l'eau par une tempête terrible pour arracher aux flots l'équipage d'un petit voilier pêcheur belge, en perdition.

Nous avons le profond regret d'apprendre que le lieutenant Chapman a été tué, vendredi, au champ d'honneur.

Nous saluons respectueusement la mémoire de cet officier deux fois brave."

**

Private R. E. B. DENNY

All his old friends will be very sorry to hear of the death, from wounds received in action, of R. E. B. Denny. He had left the College in 1913, and had gone to Canada, but at the outbreak of war he came over with the first contingent of the Canadian Scottish. The accompanying letter gives a brief account of the way in which he was wounded.

The following letter was received by Mrs. Denny from one who was with her son when he was wounded:—

FRANCE.

13th June, 1915.

DEAR MRS. DENNY,

I have been asked by my officer to write you in answer to your letter asking for particulars regarding your son Ted's death.

After resting in billets for some little time, our battalion moved up into new trenches at Festubert, at which point the Germans had been driven back some considerable distance. As we were not quite sure of the position held by the enemy, and as we were being heavily shelled and expecting an attack, Ted and another of the boys were sent forward as a patrol to observe and give warning of any movements of the enemy.

They took cover some two or three hundred yards in front of our trenches, and here he was hit in the back by a shrapnel bullet, the shell exploding directly overhead. His companion bandaged him as best he could and signalled back for help. Some of us ran out, and together we managed to help him back to our trench, where we had him under cover. He was suffering quite a bit, and, thinking it better to get him under a doctor's care as soon as possible, I and another of his chums offered to carry him out to the dressing station. This we managed to do without mishap and saw him off in



Private R. E. B. DENNY,
Canadian Scottish (50th Gordon Highlanders), 1st Canadian Contingent. Died May 22nd, 1915, of wounds received in action, at Festubert, May 20th.

the ambulance to hospital. The doctor at the dressing station did not seem to think it very serious, and really I did not for a moment imagine he would not recover.

All the time he was perfectly conscious and cheerful in spite of the fact that he was suffering pretty badly. I think the bullet must have got him in the kidneys, as the doctor told me that it was too low for the lungs.

Bethune is the nearest field hospital to Festubert, and as he was taken there from the dressing station by ambulance, I expect it is in the former town where he lies buried.

Ted and I have all along been in the same section, and were through all the best of pals, and believe me, Mrs. Denny, I feel his loss very keenly. He was one of the best boys ever it was my fortune to meet. There is not one who knew him but speaks well of him . . .

Yours truly,

J. B. DARNOCK.

SOME INCIDENTS FROM THE DAILY ROUTINE OF A FULL- DUTY DRESSER

At 8 a.m. he hastens down

His breakfast to consume,
And forthwith to the R.R. hies,
At least so we'll presume.

His long white coat is his delight,
Upon the clouds he rides,
But dare not show the stethoscope
That 'neath his coat he hides.

How he envies the R.R.O.,
A most superior being,
Who deals so quickly with the row
Of patients he is seeing.

He hears the terrible complaints
Of Rachel, Ruth and Leah,
Who faint to hear the fateful words—
"A skin card, Seborrhœa!"

He sees anon the ancient dame
Wheeled in upon a chair,
"Very weak, with terrible pains
Vich schtick her everywhere."

The fearful father with a child
Dragging tearfully behind,
Who smiles and smiles and says at last,
"I vawnt you should be kind."

Quickly he learns all the complaints
Common to Mile-End "vitches,"
Admires the navvy who does not mind
Having a dozen stitches.

The morning passes rapidly,
And our hero soon is willing
To hie him to the restaurant
For a free lunch—price one shilling.

To-day he feels important,
His head's among the stars,
He even offers a cigarette
To one of the Registrars.

The chance to use a lengthy word
Is a thing he'll never miss,
For instance, a case of Gall-stones is
A cholelithiasis.

Meanwhile his colleague spends an hour
In earnest search for Sister,
To say "Good Morning," but alas!
In every ward he missed her.

Then, mindful of the approaching "ops.,"
He is forced to change his quest,
To worry out the P.F.O's.
And specimens he must test.

With blunted razor he essays
To remove the bristling hair,
Then, swearing bitterly, consigns
The blade to—you know where.

The sheets all splashed with iodine
From Nurse he now must hide,
So a sterile towel and bandage
Are hastily applied.

The screen is carefully replaced,
He leaves the ward, desiring
To join his friend who's almost due,
From work to be retiring.

Our heroes snatch a hasty lunch,
Then adjourn to the Athenæum,
Or in the garden take a stroll
Where everyone can see 'em.

They watch the Nurses flit along,
Then towards the hall they wander,
Where, waiting the advent of the Chief,
They're forced an hour to squander.

The Chief arrived, his red light flashed,
Together up they go
To regions whose inhabitants
Wear coats as white as snow.

Each male must don a sterile coat,
Oh! reasoning most complex!
For nurses do not; but perhaps
They're a more aseptic sex.

Upon the dresser now devolve
Many duties dull and dreary,
Whilst the hot air and chloroform
Combine to make him weary.

But many pleasant things occur,
Tho' we have no intentions
Of trying to describe them all
In a rhyme of these dimensions.

He "packs" and "paints," and he "gets clean,"
And we challenge his detractors
To find a more fatiguing task
Than "hanging on" retractors.

Perchance for one case he prepares
The novocaine syringes,
An hour later helps explore
The cerebral meninges.

He loves to hear the Surgeon swear,
And enjoys the little breeze
That rises when he fails to check
The fell desire to sneeze.

But now the Chief in pleasant mood
Sends for the Registrar,
Asks him to carry on the ops.
That remain, such as they are.

To aid them in their contest
With the nauseating pus,
Our heroes feel they really need
Some kind of stimulus,

So ere their appetite quite fails,
And their dejections utter,
They hasten to regale themselves
On tea and bread and butter.

Again the list completed,
The inner man appeals,
So they hasten to the dining hall
Where housemen take their meals.

Here thirty blissful minutes
Pass all too rapidly,
For when "on full" no moment
Is truly duty free.

And once again the R.R.
Provides a change of scene,
Where they stitch and fof and bandage
People very far from clean.

Meanwhile an anxious eye they keep
On the emergencies,
Since each one means a fresh demand
Upon their energies.

At night within the wards take place
Operations of a sort,
And the dresser may get one to do
If the H.S. is a sport.

Or he seizes his opportunity
When things begin to lag,
To crawl off to the midder-room
To enjoy a quiet "fag."

Certain qualms he suffers here
At the midder boys' jubilation,
Who talk so glibly of a breach
Or V. 3 presentation.

And when at last he may retire
To get some well earned rest,
The shadow of a terror
Pervades his toil-worn breast—

That when delightful slumbers
Upon his eyelids fall,
They may be dissipated
By iron duty's call.

"ICARUS."



The most striking thing to record in these notes is, that in spite of the upheaval that is going on all around us, the Hospital work is going on very much as it was before the war. True everyone, Doctor, Secretary and Matron are all overworked, but all the old familiar landmarks are present. H. H. and L. A. still teach in the wards in their own inimitable way, the Staff still arrive more or less "en masse" at 2 p.m., final classes are going on, and nothing at all essential has been dropped.

Months ago prominent hospitals gave up hope of housemen, and, sad to say, are said to be doing pretty well without them. Recently we were threatened with a sudden shortage here, but, most opportunely, the War Office sent five highly trained Canadian doctors from Shorncliffe, who are glad to be in medical harness again. So what the War Office took with one hand it gave with the other.

Congratulations to Dr. Fearnside on his F.R.C.P. Although the College of Physicians consists of very old men indeed, still flashes of their vision now and then gleam through.

Many familiar faces among the porters are gone, and day by day one sees newer but older men carrying out the routine work. No one left behind feels really comfortable.

Prof. Bulloch has been recently lecturing to the nurses on injection, which must have a great effect on broadening the views of the new nurses as to the reasonableness of asepsis and precautions of all kinds.

Dr. Fison's recent course of four lectures on the Physics of the X-Rays and Radium attracted

a large audience. Many fifth year and even tenth year men were attracted.

The Hospital lawn was never so busy as now. Convalescents playing deck games and a large contingent of the O.T.C. drilling makes a pretty sight in the sunlight.

To keep pace with the times Mr. Hocking has issued an appendix to the Hospital Pharmacopœia, which will bring us into line with the newly revised B.P.

R.A.M.C. men are now drafted here, in small batches, for hospital experience. They are most welcome, and are very helpful. They enjoy the insight into "London" life immensely. Strangely enough, one of Guy's Surgical Registrars was recently stopping with us in charge of a contingent.

The strange sight of Drs. Hill and Flack and Mr. Morris crawling flat on their stomachs on the residents' lawn, behind some gauze netting, was not madness, but merely experiments with anti-gas measures.

Since the bombs dropped all the Hospital fire precautions have been overhauled, and the hose pipes can be depended upon to deliver a stream only at their appointed end.

CORRESPONDENCE

Major N. C. RUTHERFORD, 5th London Field Ambulance, 2nd London Division (T.F.), B.E.F., writes that he saw Lieutenant O'Brien recently. "He was busy bathing his myrmidons in a bath-house of his own invention—he had been able to find a place with a roof and had in it four beer vats and a couple of boilers 'saved' from neighbouring houses. He was very happy."

April 7th, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I was very pleased to get the *Gazette* and inclose my subscription for 1915. It was surprising to see an extract of one of my letters. Nothing has been happening since, but if there are any experiences worth relating, I will bear in mind the *Gazette* and send some sort of account. May I suggest that on one page of each number of the *Gazette* a list of addresses is repeated each number. It could be alphabetical and the last known address given until some alteration was notified. That address

proved valuable for me, as it produced 2 or 3 extra letters, and this would probably be other men's experience!

We have not been very busy here, except after that last battle, when we got 220 British and 110 German wounded. Now and then interesting medical cases appear. I have actually seen and made notes on 2 cases of angina pectoris. Yesterday we operated on a cerebral tumour, and to-day I did the P.M.! There are also occasional nephritis, pneumonia, rheumatic fever, etc. An old case of cerebro-spinal syphilis a year ago under Dr. Head came up with some slight ailment, but in other respects was quite cured.

A fortnight ago, 3 bombs were thrown here without much damage.

Last week I was fortunate enough to get a day in a car which visited most of the towns just behind the British lines. Along one road, we came under occasional shell fire.

On Sunday last we attended a service held by the Bishop of London. General French and his Chief-of-Staff were there, and looked exceedingly fit.

You will be having a difficult time with the School under war conditions. I suppose entries will be greatly interfered with.

Kind remembrances to any enquirers.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN PARKINSON.

NO. 2 RED CROSS HOSPITAL,
ROUEN.

15th April, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I expect that by this time you have heard from Milne all about this place. It is not so exciting as my last experience.

Will you please ask one of the boys to send me out the *Gazette* as it is published?

We had a "London" Dinner the other day here in Rouen, and I enclose the names of those present on the menu card:—L. J. Austin, W. J. Dwyer, J. L. Lawry, Robert Milne, E. S. Worthington, N. Courtenay Wallis, C. M. Kennedy, D. A. Chamberlain, W. B. Purchase, J. Sainsbury.

No news. Very dull.

Yours truly,

L. J. AUSTIN.

[We have heard of another foregathering of "London" men which took place recently at the Front, when there were present—L. G. Brown, J. D. Driberg, H. Gwynne-Jones and A. Maitland-Jones.—*Editor*.]

Lieutenant GEORGE LILLY writes:—

Things are very quiet here. Zeppelins drop bombs occasionally but do little damage, and never, so far, hit what they aim at, in several cases, however, just missing their object by the breadth of a street.

So quiet are matters that we have continued on with this small hospital for the Division and have about 30 patients on the register—sore throats, bronchitis and rheumatism. Then in the afternoons we lecture to the soldiers on first aid and how to apply the first field dressing. It is called a state of peace in war time, or manœuvres in a foreign country.

George Chapman now wears the ribbon of the decoration given him by the Frenchmen's Government, and his unit think a lot of him; he is in the pink of health and as left-handed as ever. Owens is also bursting with good health, and copes with his unit in a way peculiarly his own—but very effectually.

Cock-fighting, regimental horse shows, football and rounders are our chief amusements. Cock-fighting is very tame and I've no time for it. The regimental horse shows collect big crowds, as there is always some jump competitions, and they please the crowd well. Also the Colonels always give a prize for the best pair of Flanders' mares that a local farmer can turn out, so the Frenchmen feel as though they are in it to some extent. Also the "interpreters" (Frenchmen in khaki) enter for the jumps and often beat our men. These interpreters are known as "terpy."

The weather is grand and the flying men are up all day, but no Hun machines have I seen, they do their stunts at night, so its lights out after dark. We can hear the guns going steadily, but they are some way off from us—it sounds like thunder in the distance.

There is little more to tell.

With best wishes,

Yours very sincerely,

G. A. LILLY.

H.M.S. EMPEROR OF INDIA.

10th April, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I have often intended to write to you and have not actually come up to the scratch; now I must, to thank you for sending me the *Gazette*. It makes delightful reading, and it is very refreshing reading about the doings of all and sundry connected with the old place. The "London" has done well, as was to be expected; it is a tradition of the place.

I, for one, envy all these men at the front, for they are having a far better time than we temporary surgeons in the Navy. I want more work, but I

suppose if our turn does come we shall have more than enough to do, though it will only be for a few hours. Until just lately we have been away from civilization for four months, and some ships had been longer than that. I wonder if you can realise what it means. After five months I saw a real town street and the joy of it was great; that was at Inverness. Goodness knows when I shall see London again!

I have met several "London" men; yesterday I was with G. A. Walker. I frequently see Glass, who is a first-rate fellow. He is, as you know, in the Dreadnought, amongst another very delightful set of fellows. I also saw Ross several times after the last skirmish in the North Sea. I envied him. But even that could not be termed a "proper fight." By the bye, perhaps you will have realised it, my 2½ hours' swim in the North Sea has been avenged. The commander of U29 was in the U9 when she sank us.

I wish all "Londoners" the very best of luck and success.

With all kind remembrances to yourself,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

GERALD N. MARTIN.

SECOND SOUTH MIDLAND MOUNTED BRIGADE
FIELD AMBULANCE,

SECOND MOUNTED DIVISION,
BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

18th May, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I have been trying to make time to write a short note to let you know what little I can of my movements. We left England somewhat precipitately on April 8th, bound for an unknown destination in the Mediterranean. We had a delightful voyage out; the first two days were rather rough and the wind was pretty stiff, but fortunately I escaped the indignity of sea-sickness. Our boat was a large one, and beautifully steady. Four days after leaving England we sighted our first patch of land, Cape S. Vincent, at 7.30 a.m. At 9.30 a.m. we arrived off Gibraltar, and a Government tug came out to have a look at us and take our number; we did not stop, but pushed on through the Straits; it was a lovely day, and we had a magnificent view of the Rock. All that day we passed up the coast of Spain and saw the Sierra Nevada mountains; they looked simply beautiful, some of the highest peaks were covered with snow.

Next day we crossed over to the African Coast and passed Algiers, about 4 p.m.; it looked a lovely town, partly Moorish partly French, little white houses in the native quarter, and large grey houses in the French—several pretty white villas were dotted about amongst the trees on the

surrounding hills. Next we arrived at Malta and put into Valetta for 18 hours to coal. All officers were allowed ashore for five hours, so we left in small parties to dine on shore. Valetta is built on one vast rock all round the two harbours; the houses are large and lofty, made of white sandstone. There are several open squares in the town, one overlooking the harbour. The sun was just setting, and the ships lighting up; it was a splendid view, right over the two harbours, which were full of ships and small rowing boats, all lit up. We went into the town, which is built on the Italian principle, the streets sloping down from the top of the rock almost to the sea; the main streets run across the top of the rock. The Cathedral of the Knights of S. John is extremely fine, and contains many fine paintings, one of the Beheading of S. John is reputed to be a Michel Angelo; it was rather badly hung, so we could not get a good view of it; the frescoes, too, are beautifully painted by some once famous artist. All the altars and candles, censers, etc., are of filigree silver work; some of the work was exquisitely done. Opening out of the nave were six chapels—one German, one Spanish, one Portuguese, one French, one called the Chapel of Rhodes, and one to St. John the Baptist. Each had its paintings and frescoes to suit the style of its country, the floors and walls were all of mosaic marble, beautifully blended to the colours of the paintings and hangings.

We next witnessed changing of the guard opposite the Governor's house in Government Square, quite an impressive sight, of course nothing as grand as changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. I had to return to the ship to relieve the orderly M.O., the others dined and went to the opera.

Coaling is a particularly filthy and noisy proceeding as carried on by the Malta coalers, they do nothing but squabble and shout the whole time. We left at lunch time next day and ran into a stiff breeze and choppy sea, it was quite cold for two days after leaving. Eventually we reached Egypt and left the ship for camp on the desert; the sand was dreadful at first till we got used to it, you simply couldn't keep it out of anything; the sun was very hot from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m., and after sunset it became quite cold, a blessing in one way, as it enabled us to get a good night's rest. We did not stop there very long, but entrained one night for a spot about 150 miles E.S.E. of our original camp, a great surprise to us as we thought we were going elsewhere. However, we managed to find a camping ground in a small spinney and pitched our tents and hospital. Since we arrived at that spot I have been detached as M.O. to a very nice regiment out in the sun on the Pukkah desert, where I am now; it is most frightfully hot, and the flies and fleas are terrible, but the fleas don't really worry me much; I think

that after a month on the Charity one gets immune to flea bites for life.

Excuse the queer way I dodge about the paper, but my block of writing material has come to an end and I cannot raise enough energy to fetch my other one. I hope the old Hospital is doing its splendid work as of old. Please remember me very kindly to all my friends who are still at the Hospital. Do write when you have time and tell me the Hospital news.

Kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

W. E. H. BULL.

P.S.—I have met Hooper and Hennessy since I landed and had a long yarn with them. Hooper is at a hospital and Hennessy is in the I.M.S.

To the Editors of the "London Hospital Gazette"

SIRS,

Having recently returned from the Dardanelles, where I had the good fortune to be sent as dresser on a hospital ship, I beg to send you a short account of the medical arrangements there. We arrived at the Island of Lemnos on May 24th, and found the large harbour there crowded with ships. Men-of-war of every description, and of British, French and Russian nationality, transports carrying the whole of our Expeditionary Force and three other hospital ships. Shortly after we got there, the "Queen Elizabeth" led them all out of the harbour—a magnificent sight. We, on the hospital ships, followed a few hours later, and arrived in the mouth of the Dardanelles shortly after the first landing had been effected.

Anchoring three quarters of a mile from the Gallipoli shore, between Helles Burru and Seddul Bahr, we had a splendid view of the whole of the operations on this side, and also had the peculiar sensation of watching the Turkish shells make nasty splashes in the water round about. Four of our best battleships were hammering away within a quarter of a mile from our ship, and the concussion from their guns was the most trying part of the whole experience. That evening we had 320 wounded on board, and 10% of those died.

For the next six days we were used as a clearing hospital, transferring the slight cases to transports, and ultimately finished up with 550 cot cases, 50 of whom were lying about on deck, and returned to Alexandria. The medical arrangements at the Dardanelles were hopelessly inadequate. The four hospital ships there could only accommodate 1,500, and the transports were therefore called upon to bring back wounded. These were generally staffed by two or three surgeons alone, and had hardly any dressings on board. One ship had

1,600 cases on board, and a great percentage of these had had no attention for 10 days. The wounded had to be brought by hand from the trenches to the field dressing-stations, sometimes a distance of three miles over very rough ground. They were then sent to the beach and were brought out to the hospital ships in lighters, where they were hoisted over the side in cradles. These cradles hold one stretcher-case at a time, and, as the ships have only two of these, the process of embarkation is extremely slow. By far the greater number of wounds were gunshot wounds, as our men had had to land under a perfect hail of bullets from maxims placed only 100 yards from the shore! More hospital ships for the Dardanelles do not seem to be forthcoming, but I believe they have now a clearing hospital on shore.

Yours truly,

"DRESSER."

44th FIELD AMBULANCE,

41st BRIGADE,

14th DIVISION,

BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

5th June, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I should have written to you sooner but I purposely refrained, owing to the fact that I wished to be actually out at the front here before doing so.

At last I have got here and it has indeed been dreary waiting in England all these months past. We put in our training with the Field Ambulance at a place near Aldershot, and there we remained, very impatiently indeed, until about three weeks ago, when we arrived with our division in France. We proceeded up into Belgium in easy stages, the journey taking up some four days in all. Our Brigade got to business straight-away, receiving first of all a week's instruction at the hands of a Territorial Brigade. We likewise were initiated into our part of the business, which consisted of collecting the wounded from the Regimental Dressing Stations, which are situated just behind the trenches some few hundred yards, and bringing them back to our Advanced Dressing Station. In this latter place, which in one case was procured from a large Convent, the wounded are dressed, classified and removed as soon as it is expedient.

Our period of instruction now being completed, our Ambulance is moving to-morrow to take up work on its own accord in some other part.

I am writing this on the top of a hill which overlooks the scene of the British front for miles in either direction. I can see the German trenches and our own, not far distant from one another,

and the shrapnel bursting over them. Just a little while ago five shells came over in this direction and ploughed into a field a couple of hundred yards below. I fancy they, the Germans, are after a hidden gun of ours which I know to be thereabouts. The shells did not burst, so that even some things belonging to the Germans are not of the best.

I had a pleasant surprise yesterday, for, whilst in a town some miles back from here (its name is very like that of my College), I ran into Maitland-Jones. We had a long talk and a drink together, and exchanged whatever news we could.

Well! I shall finish now, and shall write again when I have some real news of interest.

Yours sincerely,

L. G. BROWN.

FIRST BRITISH HOSPITAL FOR SERBIA.

IN TEMPORARY OCCUPATION,

HÔP. MIL. III.,

SKOPLJE.

26th May, 1915.

Letters c/o BRITISH CONSUL, SALONICA, GREECE.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I am extremely sorry not to have written you before now to let you know of my movements, but the opportunity for letter-writing is very difficult to obtain out here, and this is the first chance I have had of sending you word. Against my original decision to remain in England until qualification, I was persuaded by Mr. Warren, Mr. Souttar (who is Treasurer of this Hospital) and others to come out here to Serbia for a few months; and, keeping in view my future work in Central Africa, I decided that it would be the best thing to do. Unless the Austrians or some other unforeseen circumstance prevent, I intend to get back in time for the winter term in October.

Up to the present we are in the position of those patiently waiting for the advance, but, fortunately, are not in the position of so many others—that of forced idleness. The Serbian Government gave us, on arrival, the charge of this hospital in Skoplje (Uskub), and we are busy clearing up the remains of a slack unit—old sinuses, malunited fractures, etc., etc.—and on the whole have had some very good surgery. A physician who holds medical demonstrations (tubercle of all kinds abounds, and heart cases are legion), and a surgeon who gives surgical "rags," pass away the time quite profitably. When the advance *does* begin, we have a complete tent equipment and will move forward with the army.

Please remember me to Mr. Warren and Mr. Lett, and tell them how much we wish they were

with us. I will let you know later how the hospital progresses.

Yours very sincerely,

HUGH WATTS TAYLOR.

H.M.S. "ACHERON,"

c/o G.P.O., LONDON.

April 14th, 1915.

DEAR HOLLINGS,

Soon after the War broke out I was drafted to the hospital ship "China," where I spent 10 monotonous, though really enjoyable, days. We had nothing to do but eat and sleep, as we were too far away from the shore to give leave, and we got thoroughly sick of the same faces. One of the Sisters—Sister Jane Bowman—was an "old Londoner," and I was somewhat surprised to see she was not mentioned in one of your recent numbers. When we were informed we were to shift we were overjoyed at the prospect of "destroying." We arrived at X—about 11.45 one Saturday night, and were told by the coastguard officer to report ourselves at 6 a.m. the following morning to the S.N.O. After knocking up various hostleries we got to bed about 1.30. To our horror, myself and another man found we had been billeted in the same room as the baby. We crawled between the sheets in fear and trembling of waking him (it was a "he"). We turned out about 5.30 and crept out, being met by the landlady, attired in a dressing-gown and curl papers, who charged us a shilling a head for our night's rest. About half an hour afterwards I came to the conclusion that a shilling was dear, as I was coming out in bumps and beginning to scratch. That bed must have been a proper nest. I was never bitten so badly before—not even in the R.R.

After duly reporting ourselves we were detailed off to various destroyers. As the "Acheron" was in dock I had a few days to wait, but the Captain of the "Archer" (Molesworth's late ship) obtained permission for me to take a trip with him. We left harbour about 2.30 a.m., and for about 12 hours the trip (from my point of view) was extremely quiet and very interesting. We searched various vessels, which proved to be above suspicion. Naturally, it being my first trip, I expected to run up against the Hoch See Fleet all the time. Towards the end of the first day out it began to blow and my interest in life began to wane. For the next 48 hours I kept very quiet. It may give you some idea of the seas if I tell you that when our whaler was washed away, the davits (steel) were bent flat. At one time the Captain was unable to leave the bridge for 12 hours, as it was unsafe on deck. The gunner, coming off watch, had a near squeak: he was washed off his feet and his legs went over the side, he only saved