

I have been attached as M.O. to this Regiment for a month. Before that I was near G.H.Q., where we started a hospital for Belgian Refugees suffering from enteric; again, before that, I was for a couple of months at No. 13 stationary hospital, Boulogne, the Surgeon-Specialist of which is an old "London" man of my year, Lieut.-Col. S. G. Butler, D.S.O.; this medal he got for conspicuous bravery at Cusey early in the War.

Sincerely yours,

REGINALD CLARK,  
*Lt., R.A.M.C. (Temp.).*

R.M.S. "IONIC."

17th July, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Just a word to tell you that I am down in this south-eastern corner of Europe. To the best of my knowledge, Car, Crouch, Costobadie, Snelling, Matthews and myself are also within touch. Car, Costobadie and Snelling are with the 34th, Crouch the 33rd, and I am with 35th Field Ambulances. Matthews, apparently, is with a Base Clearing Hospital—called Casualty Clearing Station. We are uncertain of its junction just yet.

Of course, I am not permitted to mention names of places, etc., visited. But I may say we have not yet reached the scene of operations, wherever that may be.

Eastern life is very interesting, and our voyage has been in every way enjoyable. But I hate the idea of assisting to patch up the wounded and torn in this climate.

I saw Padwick, just before I left. He seems to have been in the thick of things,—also Fawcett, who is stationed at Jersey, in the Staffords, having left the Navy.

It is good to meet "Londoners" wherever one goes; and I do not doubt that I shall see many more.

I went over to see George Neligan and Charles Lindsay, when they were at Borden, near Aldershot—and saw also Alex Palmer and Granville. I met Habgood and McDonnell in Aldershot; and have also seen the Hospital three times on Saturday afternoons since I left, and have been very sorry to have missed you each time.

I ask for nothing better than this War to finish, and that I may get back to the "London," to get on with some surgery and the like. I have seen very little medical work indeed.

Please give my respects to Mr. Burdon,—I hope you are very well.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

GRANTLY D. READ.

M.O. i/c., 5TH (S.) BAT. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGT.,  
(PIONEERS),

XII. DIVISION,  
BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

23rd July, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

For a long time I had intended writing you a line to let you know of my goings on, but have been so busy until the last week that I have not done so.

The enclosed, as you will see, is an extract from the "Dublin Evening Telegraph." It is an extract from a letter I wrote to my uncle, who lives in Dublin; I had no idea it was going to be published, until I saw the newspaper. I am sending this copy to you, as I think it might be of interest, but I beg you to pay no attention to the journalistic padding in the second line.

The life I have tried to describe was life at Ypres; I left that district a fortnight ago, after two months' stay there. Whilst there I called on the 12th Field Ambulance; Morton, late H.P. to Drs. Hadley and Smith, was attached to this ambulance, but I was not lucky enough to meet him. Whilst in Aldershot, I met Deane, Love and Holroy, and afterwards in Farnborough, Bartlett and Jenner; I also met there, for a few moments, McAfee, but have no news of other "Londoners."

Alec is on his way to Egypt, I had a letter from him, sent from Malta, a few days ago.

Sanitation in this country, it is needless to say, is appallingly bad; the water supply vile; all the water we have to sterilise before drinking.

Please remember me to all my late chiefs, shall be delighted to hear news of old "Londoners."

Yours sincerely,

JAMES McDONNELL.

26th July, 1915.

AN OFFICER WRITES:—

It is just on dark, a fine warm evening. Earth-walls, a timbered roof and sandbag reinforcements compose the place, with an impromptu but strong table and sundry food tins, etc., and a candle as ornaments. The candle is shaded from the small entry to prevent any stray rays from "giving it away." An intermittent "phitt-tick-ping-plump," according as to whether the bullets hit stone, earth or banks, etc., remind one that the Bosches are not asleep, a few hundred yards away. One can smile at anything except a direct hit from a heavy shell. That would make a nasty mess if it came on top. To-night, so far, guns are quiet. Other sounds of music are the piccolo squeak of a

rat, followed by some scurrying sound, the "forest murmurs" of flies struggling to escape from suspended fly-tapers, and of occasional buzzing mosquitoes, and the baser notes of dim foot-treads and men's voices without in communication trenches—men who are up to some repairing work outside there. The snipers are a bit of a nuisance in respect of the fact that they may perhaps impede the workers, as the work is in a partially exposed place. I am going to turn in on the bunk in a moment, so as to be able to rise at 4 o'clock and "observe" through wee loop-holes.

I found the night too interesting to turn in before about 11 p.m., and stayed outside watching the "works," and a certain amount of fireworks also in the form of flare-lights. I was up again at 4 a.m., thanks to my alarm watch, and had a good look out from the observation post, but rain at first obscured the view very largely. Later the sun came out and I could see the sandbags of the German trenches very clearly, and saw my first two real live "Huns" showing their heads momentarily above them.

THE SAME OFFICER WRITES, IN ANOTHER LETTER:—

I visited, with Colonel and Adjutant, this evening a very interesting spot not far from here. I will give the introduction first.

One of our howitzers was moved up suddenly on the sly one night, and next day, with aeroplane control, fired off several rounds at about six miles' range, on to what was believed, by aeroplane observations previously made, to be a couple of Bosche big guns. During the same day a battery of long range guns, as opposed to howitzers, fired off a good many rounds at the enemy somewhere in the same direction. The same night we withdrew our howitzer under cover of darkness (an all-night job dismounting and moving so heavy a piece) to its original position further back. One reason for despatch was that a Taube monoplane had been hovering around for a short time previously. Next day, in early morning, for two hours a heavy bombardment, strictly localised to one field in which was the battery of guns (half-battery of guns to be exact), was carried out. The Germans must have identified the spot by aeroplane previously, for they fired very accurately, and indeed they should have wiped out the battery and guns completely. This field, into which 105 shells fell within a square of less than 100 yards each way, was within quite a short range of our new temporary howitzer position, and of the original position. Great pits, vast pock-marks, as aeronauts see them, sprinkled the field. The guns were spattered with clods of earth and broken boughs of trees torn off by the shells; a few hundred yards off, under cover, was a squad of men

and stretchers from a neighbouring field ambulance, waiting to carry in the wounded after the bombardment should have ceased. Marvellous to relate, these bearers had to return empty, for although several officers and a number of men of the battery were actually under a good part of this deadly fire in their deep trenches and dug-outs by the guns, and they and the guns were right in the centre of this pock-marked field, yet not a human being was damaged, nor were the guns injured. The only result was—close by an enormous hole near a hedge, a hole six feet deep and ten feet across—(1) one calf badly smashed up and killed; (2) one other calf killed, but fit for veal, which the officers of the battery looked forward to for some days to come.

H. N.

4TH SOUTH MIDLAND FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE  
(HOWITZER).

48TH DIVISION,  
B.E.F.

July 28th, 1915.

To the Editor, the "London Hospital Gazette."

DEAR SIR,

The July copy of the *Gazette* reached me yesterday, and made most interesting reading.

The Hospital is so well represented that it seems hardly worth while adding my name to the long list of "Londoners" who are trying to do their bit, but another point of view may come in handy if you are short of copy for the next number.

I joined the "Terriers" over two years ago, and my first year's training camp lasted rather less than 48 hours, and took place at Lydd.

The excitement as to whether War would come or not, the strenuous days of mobilisation, and the first few days at our War Station are so far off, as to be only a dim memory.

Of the months of weary waiting and training through the winter in the muddy country round Chelmsford, the less said the better, as the high sounding title of London Defence Force, by which we were sometimes designated, seemed an empty glory.

However, the end of March did come, and with it the end of many of my troubles.

Antityphoid inoculation seemed to be looked upon by the men as a callous sport of the medical officer, and when vaccinations went septic, under the combined baneful influence of curiosity, sweat and dirty finger nails, then indeed was my popularity at its lowest ebb.

However we did reach Havre, and toiled up long slopes to the rest camp. It was not well



named as, after working hard all day at the docks, we reached the camp in the rain as it was getting dark, and after a bitterly cold night rose again at 3.30 a.m. A long train journey took us close to the Belgian border, which we crossed a few days later to go into action. Our position was behind a well-known wood which the IV. Division took in the autumn, and, as they widely advertised, held throughout the winter until they handed over to us, one of the earlier Territorial divisions to take over a sector of the line.

The Territorials were equipped with weapons of ancient type, but in the case of the howitzer the old gun has proved superior in some respects to the modern gun which has supplanted it, and there was no need for the order which was issued by a certain general, "that the infantry must be prepared to take risks," which being interpreted means get an occasional shell from their own artillery.

Howitzers are the most fortunate of weapons, as owing to the high angle of their fire, if properly handled, and when there are any hills to hide behind, they are safe from every gun except other howitzers.

To this fact, our small casualty list is due, as in four months out here we have only had two men killed.

I came across another "Londoner," Somerville, M.O., in charge of 32nd Brigade, R.F.A., and sometime later was lucky enough to meet R. Burgess in Armentiers, who has recently been mentioned in despatches; I believe he is in the 8th Division.

After being in action for about 12 weeks, the Division was taken out to give the infantry a well-earned rest, and we spent a very pleasant three weeks in a French village, where we were received in most kindly fashion.

It was rather a contrast for us, as we had found the Belgians difficult to deal with, and exceedingly keen on making 100 per cent. profit or even more.

After our rest, we have been brought to our present position, forming part of the VII. Corps, 3rd Army.

We are holding a part of the line previously held by the French, and have French troops on each side of us.

Our reserves are in a charming valley with plenty of water and woods, while the firing line is in open country rather like the veldt in South Africa.

Our brigade headquarters are in one of the few undamaged houses left, and even it has had three shells in it, while many of the houses have been razed to the ground.

The Church has had its tower crumpled up, its east end blown away, and the two side walls are the only parts left with a little roof between them.

I never believed so much damage could be done, except by the heavy siege guns.

The villagers had been evacuated by the French, and took most of their portable stock with them; but it is amusing to see the amount of stuff "Tommy" can rummage out of the remnant of a house, but unfortunately there are no cows to catch and milk, as I believe was possible round Ypres way.

I am afraid I have no news of other "Londoners" either of the medical or nursing variety, except that a son of "P.K." is our adjutant.

If you have plenty of copy consign this to the flames.

Yours,

DUNCAN DAVIDSON,  
Lt. R.A.M.C., T.

NO. 13 GENERAL HOSPITAL,  
BOULOGNE.

August 2nd, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Many thanks for the copy of the *Gazette*, which was forwarded to me here—it is the first I have seen since last August.

I see that information as to the whereabouts of "London" men is asked for, so I am giving you the few I happen to know.

Ford and Mullan are with the 19th Field Ambulance (to which I was attached till two months ago). Chandler is with the 2nd A. & S. Highlanders, in the same Brigade. Coad is at this hospital, and Kennedy at 11th General. My brother, who was captured last year, has now returned and is at Millbank.

Yours sincerely,

R. A. PRESTON,  
Capt. R.A.M.C. (S.R.).

ATTACHED BERKS R.H.A.,  
ADEN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

8th August, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Thank you so much for your most interesting letter containing all the old Hospital news, you indeed had a very lucky escape from the Zeppelin raid. I am glad they did not drop any bombs on the Hospital itself. Since I last wrote to you I have been on detached duty as R.M.O. to "A" Battery, H.A.C. I was with them for about 11

weeks, when I was urgently recalled to join this Battery on the Aden Expedition. While I was with the H.A.C., we were attacked with rifle fire by the Turks and Arabs, but they did not get close enough to do any damage, and when we went after them they cleared off so rapidly that the guns did not get a chance; this sort of thing went on whenever there was a moon, but it was not worth while going out to meet them, owing to the very heavy going over drift sand, and we were quite safe behind our defences; they had the labour of an attack and we sat and looked on; if we did go out after them it was only for about six miles or so, the horses could not do very much more. I had a splendid time with the H.A.C., they are a very nice collection of men. I met Hardwick's brother, he was a driver in the Battery, and turned up one morning to see me with a bad throat; I spotted him at once when he told me his name. On July 10th I received a telegram to be ready to move at short notice, and the next day got orders to join this Battery (this is the Battery of my own Brigade), we trained to Suez and embarked on a palatial transport, a new British India ship; we left Suez on the night of the 13th, and had a very hot but uneventful voyage, arriving off Aden 7 a.m. on 18th, and started unloading on to lighters which is very slow and somewhat dangerous job, all the horses had to be slung overboard, a horse in a sling looks perfectly miserable, some kicked very violently, and one kicked himself out of the sling altogether and broke his back. We finished unloading the important part of the Battery on the night of the 19th, and received orders to be ready to move off at 7.30 p.m. on 20th, to attack the village the Turks had taken a fortnight previously, cutting off the water supply of the native population in Aden, a very serious problem, as all the other water has to be condensed from the sea, and the supply is only limited to a certain population. We marched out about three miles and bivouacked two miles from the village, which was to be taken by assault, if possible, at dawn; the guns were not to be used unless the village was in a state of defence, we were to be in our positions by 4.45 a.m. in case we were needed. The first shot was fired just after 5, the infantry having moved out of bivouac at 3.30 and extended, etc.; they had to pass over absolutely open desert with not a stick of cover anywhere, the enemy were very chicken-hearted, they rattled off a lot of ammunition, but they were shooting so wild that the infantry rushed forward and took the first part of the village; unfortunately the enemy had a sniper in the balcony of a house, and he accounted for our two serious casualties, two British officers shot through the head. At 5.40 we received orders to advance quickly as the village had been cleared, and we were to go into action on the other side of it and loose off at the retreating enemy; this we did, going about two

miles out on the desert and getting into a nice position. During our advance a 10-pounder was blazing wildly at us, but their fuses were bad or they had not got the range properly, as they did no damage, but were decidedly annoying, but as soon as we opened on them the shelling ceased. From all accounts our guns did considerable damage to their column, killing and wounding several men and a number of their transport camels; it is very difficult country to see the effect of one's fire, the desert is flat and covered with small sand dunes and a sort of desert scrub. We are now settled in the village we drove them out of, but it is in a dreadfully dirty state, and the few houses which belonged to Europeans were simply looted, anything they could not take away they smashed up. I hope all goes on well at the old Hospital, please to remember me to anybody I know. I had a letter from home by the last mail to say my younger brother (not one you know) had been killed in action at the Dardanelles, he was wounded the last week in May, but had completely recovered, and had been back working in the trenches for a month before he was killed. I hope you are quite well and that the Hospital entries are up to expectation for the October Session.

I think I told you in my last letter I had met Hooper in Alexandria a day or two before I left for the Canal.

Kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

W. EDWARD H. BULL,  
Lieut., R.A.M.C. (T.F.).

17th August, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

With the cavalry at present all is comparatively very quiet; we are still in permanent billets behind the lines, but most of the men are up near the trenches, digging more trenches in reserve, which of course one hopes never will be wanted.

It is not safe, however, digging these trenches, as occasionally shells come over and do some stray damage, sometimes killing a man or two and creating disturbing elements among the order of things.

The Tommies are the quaintest men imaginable. They don't seem afraid of these shells in the least, but are terribly angry and explosive about them, always seeming to think that the enemy has a personal spite against themselves. Such remarks as, "I knew they'd start shelling as soon as I got here" being quite common. Again, with wounded men the Tommy is the gentlest creature possible; once a man is dead, however, they can't be persuaded to take the very slightest interest in his



body, etc., and as far as they are concerned, he'd never get buried.

Then again, a wounded man on his way to an ambulance is not at all selfish in his trouble—he will still share anything, like tobacco or sweets, with any and everyone, all the while eagerly discussing whether one or two or three limbers passed over him; the fact that his leg is smashed, and it really matters not in the least how that unfortunate event took place, does not enter his head.

They class their wounds here in money values, according to what it will do for them.

The highest value is generally about a ten quid wound, and this would be one that will in time leave them not disabled at all, but one which will take a long time healing.

I can quite understand this attitude, as boredom is intense here, and the periods when one is not bored are so full of terror as to be anything but enjoyable.

I suppose you see all this from the men in the wards.

My duties are light in the extreme.

I ride round the squadrons in the morning, examining and inspecting the camps and their surroundings, and have a little office work to do in the way of reports. In the afternoons, I see the sick—pull their teeth, etc., under local anæsthetic. Locosthetic, by Parke Davis, and a special syringe, I consider invaluable out here, as 5 out of 6 men have terrible teeth, and to relieve tooth-ache more or less painlessly is a real boon to them, besides keeping them at duty.

There is very little else for a medical officer to do when not in action; kicks and small accidents, such as one would treat in O.P.'s, are fairly common, but don't give one much work.

The arrangements for dealing with worse or dangerous cases are superb, and I think every credit is due to the men who arranged it.

If a man is taken really ill—such as an acute belly, or tetanus supervening on a small wound, I can telephone for a motor ambulance, which will arrive in half-an-hour, and which will take him to the divisional hospital, where he would be seen by, perhaps, two other qualified men: then, if they think he is urgent, he goes on to one of the big hospitals at a base, like St. Omer or Hazebrouke, and here dealt with by a big man holding a temporary colonelcy: if he is, in the opinion of the divisional hospital staff not urgent, he stays with them, and is nursed in bed and of course watched.

In this way a man within 3 hours may be out of his billet and in the bed of a big operating surgeon at St. Omer.

When a battle is on, the same arrangements hold, only the men are never kept at the divisional

hospital, as it would take up too much room, but go straight to the large hospital. The divisional hospital would merely attend to them to enable them to be moved.

Since I last wrote, I've not seen a "Londoner" or anybody new in the medical world at all.

I've signed on, of course, for another year, as I expect nearly all the young men have, but I'm afraid if this lasts the scheduled 3 years I shall have to start all again—the other day I could not remember the name of the disease known as "erythema nodosum," when such a case among the French population asked me to treat her. My memory always was a bad one, and now it is letting me right down to the bottom.

Hoping all's well at the "London."

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE LILLY.

P.S.—A very interesting list of marriages in the last *Gazette*.

17th August, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

It is just about a month since I was at the dear old "London" on leave; however, it has seemed like three months to me. On my return to the battalion I wept bitterly—not from sorrow—but because the Boches chose that moment to fire a salvo of gas shells. The gas has a sweetish smell, and most unpleasant effects on the eyes.

Since then we have done our tour in the trenches of 16 days, after which we had three days' rest. We were then "for it," as it is naively put out here. This happened last Monday, since when we have been recuperating in a convent. This recuperation is a most monotonous business, especially after the excitement which preceded it.

Last Monday was the longest day I have ever spent, and I have no desire to repeat the performance.

It was with the greatest regret that I read of the death of poor Lewis McAfee. He will be a great loss to all who knew him. I am sure that the Hospital must feel proud of him as one of the most noble men who has worked within its walls.

Have seen Willie Morris several times lately and he is as full of life as ever. He has been rejuvenating the "Fancies"—a concert party which performed during the winter, and which is got up by our division. He is a great acquisition to anything like that. He was lately asked by a Sergeant in his Field Ambulance if he would like to learn "life-saving!!" He tells me he has seen L. G. Brown, Alec Palmer, E. C. Lindsay, G. E. Neligan, Maurice Mackenzie and several others,

including poor Lewis McAfee two days before his sad end.

We had the War Correspondents in yesterday—four of them—carefully kept together by an intelligence officer. Apparently all the news they collect is at least third-hand.

There is no news of real interest with regard to War, and we are all still wondering when it will end. Most of us have got to the "always tired" stage now—the monotony and mental strain are enormous factors in a war like this.

Kindest regards to all at the "London."

Yours sincerely,

ALAN C. PERRY.

23rd August, 1915.

MY DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Ever so many thanks for having sent me the *Gazette*, it was extremely interesting. There is a lot of truth in the Biblical saying that "a prophet is never appreciated in his own country," for I never appreciated the *Gazette* as much as I did the last issue.

Alex. is in charge of a convalescent hospital, or rather camp, at Ghain Tufficha, Malta. Except for the oppressiveness of the heat, I think he is very comfortable.

I met Retallack-Moloney the other day: he is with the 37th Field Ambulance, about 6 miles from here. The same day I saw J. Driberg: he did not see me: he is, I understand, with the "Bufs."

Please remember me to all old "Londoners."

Yours sincerely,

JAMES McDONNELL.

STATION HOSPITAL,  
QUETTA,  
BALUCHISTAN,  
INDIA.

24th August, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

The July *Gazette* has just reached me out in this corner of the Empire, and such pleasure has the reading of letters from "Londoners" therein given me, that I am venturing to write in the hope that a word from here may be of interest to readers of the next number.

I must give you a short account of how I happen to be here. After successfully negotiating the Final Conjoint papers and *vivas* in April last, I, together with Lieutenant J. H. Bayley, was sent

to join the 77th Field Ambulance, then at Winchester. As you know, we both held probationary commissions in the R.A.M.C. Special Reserve since September, 1914. On Monday, 12th July, I received orders to be ready to embark for India at an early date, and on the following Thursday got orders to embark on the following Saturday, 17th. I had no intimation then as to what would be required of me in India, or to what part of that Empire I should be sent. Bayley did not get similar orders. We—there were 36 of us, all Special Reservists—travelled by the P. & O. Mail Boat "Kashmir," arriving in Bombay on August 8th. Next day we were detailed off for various stations. I started for Quetta that same night, arriving here, after a somewhat protracted train journey, on the 12th.

I am attached to the Station Hospital, from which regular officers have been taken for active service units. At present I am engaged in learning how a military hospital is run, under the surgical specialist to the hospital, an old Guy's man. At the same time I get fresh small jobs to do on my own almost daily.

The staff of the hospital consists of a Lieut.-Colonel as commanding officer, three Majors, R.A.M.C. (one territorial, two regulars), two Captains (one regular, one special reserve), and two Lieutenants, a temporary commission man and myself. Then there are ten men of the Indian Subordinate Medical Department, who are in sub-charge of wards and laboratories. Ward orderlies are men of the regiments stationed here, and trained for their duties by us, and lastly there are natives who do the sweeping and cleaning, pouring out of water and holding towels for the "chiefs." The more important wards, of course, are in charge of Nursing Sisters from various nursing institutions.

It would take too long to go into the various points of difference between a military hospital and such a one as the "London," so I shall simply describe the salient features of this one. The wards, or sections, are all one-floor buildings, and separate from each other, so that a large area of ground is occupied; consequently there are no stairs, and no lifts to be "out of order."

Operations take place in the early morning, when it is cool—generally not more than 95°F. in the theatre! Then of course the lists make no attempt at rivalling "Tommy's" in length—rarely more than two cases at a time. As an anæsthetic, chloroform is the routine, ether being impossible at this temperature. Dust has to be rigorously guarded against, so that the windows of the theatre are sealed. At present the country here is very dry and dusty, with a strong breeze blowing occasionally, so that now and then everything inside one's bungalow gets smothered with dust.



I am living in a bungalow just outside the hospital compound.

In this part of the world conditions are much the same as in peace times. In the afternoon one sleeps, in the evening changes into mufti and plays tennis, cricket, etc. Dances and band nights at the Club continue as usual. Not that we hear nothing of the war—a special bulletin is published twice daily with all the latest telegrams.

I am afraid there is very little chance of getting anywhere near the seat of action from here, and it is daily dawning upon me that I shall have to make up my mind to remain here till all rumours of war have ceased. At any rate it is not a situation of my own choosing: orders must be obeyed, and I am wishing hereby good luck to all "Londoners" who have been, and will yet be, fortunate enough to take part in this great fight.

I am looking forward to the next number of the *Gazette*, hoping to hear news of many more with whom I have been working for the last few years.

I remain, Sir,

Ever yours sincerely,

RALPH R. THOMPSON,

*Lieut., R.A.M.C.*

*September 12th, 1915.*

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I've been somewhat tardy, I'm afraid, in fulfilling my promise to write to you soon again, and for this I apologise, feeling sure, however, that with your usual generosity you will forgive me.

I do not know that I have much of interest to tell you, for I'm sure there must be a monotonous sameness about the news you receive from all your friends "out here." We have all, philosophically, lived through our dull routine of camp life, have undergone periodic rushes of work in connection with the wounded, have experienced an occasional thrill or two, and have gone upon the usual mid-night excursions to the firing line.

Some of us, myself included, have had our turn at various other departments of the medical service, from such occupations as those of a Regimental Medical Officer, down to that of running a motor ambulance convoy, or a bath and laundry establishment.

The latter office I am just concluding after a month of it, and naturally, I have gained some small insight into the vast business of military organisation, and can speak with some glibness, if not confidence, of such one-time mysteries as Army Form No. so and so, Indents, Imprest Accounts and Acquittance Rolls. Sometimes one becomes a little mixed, through inexperience, over

certain matters, but the Army clerks at the base or elsewhere correct one in due course with admirable patience and self-restraint. The divisional baths and laundry (ours has been established at a convent in a town some distance behind the firing line, but unfortunately within range of German "strafting," an attention which for our own peace of mind we are too often wont to receive) is a most excellent institution, for here it is that tired and dirty Tommies, after their weeks' sojourn in the trenches, receive a good hot bath and a change of underclothing, and, incidentally, are relieved for the time being from whatsoever irritating little "varmints" they may have acquired. However, attached we have a place called the ironing-room—in Tommy's parlance technically known as the "Bug House"—where all and sundry harbouring in the recesses of Tommy's trousers are most ignominiously done to death by the deft manipulation of the common heated variety of domestic flat-iron.

The laundry work is done solely by women, the number employed being sometimes as many as 50 to 60. There is little difficulty in finding sufficient of them to do the work, and the only effect the shilling has upon them is a temporary cessation of their work, and a hasty resort to the comfort and protection afforded by their rosaries, and the supplication of their guardian saints.

I am leaving here to-morrow to return to my ambulance, which for the past month has been really idling, though nominally recuperating in a rest camp. We go now to take over the divisional rest station, whither all the sick of the division are sent for assortment, rest, and perhaps further distribution, according to the nature and severity of their malady. The hospital is situated at a farmstead in the country, and is entirely under canvas. The life for us is a very comfortable one, though somewhat tedious, so long as the weather remains fine, but with the slightest amount of rain the ground underfoot becomes converted into a quagmire, and one spends one's day slipping about the place, or else bogged up to the ankles, with all dignity or evenness of temper upset or cast away. As soon as winter really comes, I'm afraid that such a place will prove untenable, and then let's hope we shall be given the chance of finding better comfort in the houses of some convenient town.

Last month proved a very busy time for our ambulance, since our task was that of collecting the wounded from the trenches. During the month there were several "big affairs," and this consequently meant some heavy rushes of work for us. On one occasion the Germans had used liquid fire in their attack, but really we met with little evidence of the injurious effect of this upon whatsoever wounded came through our hands, so that we concluded that, if any, the effect was chiefly a moral

one. The brigades of our division had been placed in the worst position of the salient, and hence, in proportion, our task of collecting was made the less comfortable. We were fairly fortunate, however, and succeeded in finishing our month's duty with no greater a casualty list than two officers slightly wounded, and five men killed and twenty others wounded. On one occasion, the casualties among the troops being very great, I was ordered to evacuate walking-cases during the day, and, as you can imagine, this proved quite exciting. To add to this, our side began a counter attack just as my men and I had got well up into the salient and amongst our batteries. However, we found convenient dug-outs, and so were able to view, with greater interest and appreciation, the bursting of the German shells that came over in reply to our own guns, and in an attempt to locate them. We got back that day some 200 walking-cases in all, and this considerably relieved the pressure for the following night's evacuation of the severe cases. At night it was customary to take our motor ambulances as near up to the trenches as was deemed advisable, and the state of the roads permitted, and then to carry back the wounded thither from the R.M.O. dug-outs by means of wheeled stretchers. This part of the journey, which was about a mile or so either way, we were glad to get over as quickly as possible, for there was no knowing when a shell might come, or a bullet fired at random or otherwise from the trenches might find a billet in some part of one's anatomy, a happening not in the least unexpected, and very often experienced by the unfortunate, so that there was a hastening impulse to our walk, and an unconscious ducking of the head (I heard one wit remark that he always did this with admirable boldness and great presence of mind) as a bullet zipped by unpleasantly close to one's head.

This town seems to be quite a meeting-place for London Hospital men, and I have seen within the last couple of weeks, Maitland-Jones, Gwynne-Jones, Perry and W. Morris. They are all looking very fit, as well as fat, and the last-mentioned, among his other more sober duties, is filling the rôle of pierrot, and starring every evening with the celebrated "Fancies," who play before packed houses of officers and men in this very town. Perry is a Regimental M.O., and he called in to see me during his regiment's last period out of the trenches. Gwynne-Jones came for a bath, and I honoured him by giving of my best—to wit, the use of the bath reserved for Generals, Colonels and the like. What struck me most about him was the chubbiness of his appearance, especially when he smiled. Still we're all putting on weight at this truly "sedentary" occupation.

Well! I'm afraid I've been very talkative this time, so I'd better now take my leave of you. By

the way, talking of leave, I believe I shall be getting some very shortly; in which case, I'll certainly come along and see you.

With best wishes to yourself, and all my friends at the Hospital.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

L. G. BROWN.

UNION CLUB,  
ALEXANDRIA,  
EGYPT.

*September 2nd, 1915.*

DEAR SIR,

Just a few lines to let you see you are not forgotten, and to let you know where I am and what I have done since July 3rd, when I left Devonport on board the "Kalyan," a trooper, as conjoint M.O. with R. K. Thomson, the late J.R.A.

After a roundabout course we reached Gib., where we stayed 12 hours. We then called at Malta and at Alexandria. At Alexandria we stayed 24 hours, and here Thomson got orders to return to Malta, leaving me to go on with the troops to Lemnos, where I remained five days before getting a boat to take me back to Malta (the station the War Office had posted me to).

On reporting at Malta, I was put in charge of a camp containing two battalions. There I remained three weeks until one of them was ordered to Alexandria. After applying to the A.D.M.S. I was attached to it, so am now here as M.O. i/c 2/4th Battalion, City of London Regiment, Sporting Club Camp, Alexandria.

Our tents are pitched on the sands, and my tent is only 15 paces from the sea.

As no doubt you know, Lemnos is an island belonging to Greece. It contains a beautiful natural harbour, in which there were quite 200 ships, all of which were either English or French battleships, hospital ships or troopers. Turkish air-craft frequently paid visits to the harbour but seldom did much harm, for all the ships open fire, and as often as not the pilot does not get home.

None of the troops are allowed to land, but are disembarked into small flat-bottomed boats, each pair of which are drawn by a tug to "somewhere" on the Gallipoli coast. This is generally done by night, and next morning the tug returns and reports if the landing was carried out without accident, for the Turks, who have the range of the coast to inches, keep up a continuous fire all night in the hope of dropping their cards on one or more of these little packets of goods, and, sad to relate, from time to time they hit their mark.



I asked Jim to write you if he had any news, and I believe he sent you a short account of how things were going out his way.

Our battalion expects to get to the front before a couple of months pass, so I hope soon to have something more interesting to report.

With kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,

ALEX. McDONNELL.

H.M.S. "MONS,"

c/o G.P.O.,

LONDON.

September 12th, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I had a *L.H. Gazette* sent up to me the other day, thinking that, perhaps, you might like to add one more to your list of those serving, and not finding my name there, I am writing to tell you that I am still in the R.N.V.R., although I have turned over from the old "Fury" to this new ship, whose members are now called "The Angels." Frossard is still up here, but is leaving on the 20th of this month to return to the "London" to continue his course.

Until about a week ago we have had a very busy time, doing about four or five days at sea in every week. Unfortunately, since I have been out here, since November, I have not seen a single hostile ship, the most exciting incident I have witnessed being battleships firing at an overturned boat through the bottom of which an oar was protruding. The Dreadnought mistook it for a submarine.

This last fortnight we have had a very easy and enjoyable time. First we had our flotilla sports, then our flotilla regatta, and during the last of our days I have played three games of cricket and a soccer match. The other day, playing Frossard's ship at cricket, I got the top score of my life by making 103 not out. Last Friday the "Mons" played against another ship in the cup final for the flotilla soccer cup. After playing half-an-hour extra time, we pulled off the game by 2-1. As the majority of the men playing were the ship's company, you can imagine that it was a pretty strenuous game. I don't think that anybody finished without some marks of the battle on them.

I have seen very few "London" men since I have been here. Frossard, of course, I have seen a lot of, and we constantly visit each other, as we are in the same flotilla. About two months ago I saw Sharp, and I also saw Holman at the beginning of the summer.

I must say I have a tremendous admiration for sailors, especially their generosity. The other day they were selling the effects of a man who had accidentally shot himself whilst cleaning a revolver, and a half tin of "Blanco" was sold for £1, whilst a dirty towel and a bed cover went for 45 shillings, and was then returned to be sold again.

I'm afraid I am getting rather long winded. I have got a collection of about a hundred and sixty photographs which I hope to show you when the War is over. We in Destroyers get a far better chance of getting good photographs than people in big ships, as we are at sea much more often, and frequently when at sea with the fleet steam right through it from one end to the other.

With kindest regards to yourself and everybody I remember at the "London."

Yours sincerely,

ALFRED F. WYATT.

Please excuse the writing, but we are under way, and although it is quite calm, these ships always vibrate tremendously.

BELGIUM.

16th September, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

On going home, on short leave, the other day, I found a thing from the Hospital asking for particulars, etc., and so I'm taking this opportunity of writing and telling you how I'm progressing. I got a copy of the *Gazette* a few days ago, and was naturally very interested to read the various letters in it. L. G. Brown's interested me particularly, because there are only three hills in Belgium, not counting Hill 60, and they are all pretty close. I wonder where he was, but anyhow, they must have moved away, because the 13th Division isn't anywhere near now. This part of the country is very pretty and undulating and just like Kent: the hops are magnificent, and they grow them much higher than in England. Excuse the writing, but I'm lying on my bed made of hop poles and a bit of lattice and screen. I'm not enamoured of the ground, and have never seen the point of mortifying the flesh except when absolutely necessary. Have been very unfortunate about seeing "London" men, as I've hardly seen any. E. P. Scott is in the 86th Ambulance which belongs to this Division, and so I often run across him. Cronin in the 84th is the only other I've seen. This life is all right, but I'll never be able to do a bit of "work" again. I didn't come to this battalion till after the second battle of Ypres, and since then there's been nothing doing, except for Hooge, where poor old Lewis McAfee got done in. He was such a good fellow and I'm sure his men

would have followed him anywhere. We have, as a rule, six days in the trenches and six out in support about three miles back. We are in support now, and my work consists of seeing the sick which doesn't take long, smelling round the latrines and sanitary arrangements, and reading the paper till lunch. After that play cricket and sleep, and riding every evening after tea, and then bridge or an occasional concert. Sometimes the Brigade band comes along and serenades us with selections from "The Passing Show," and such like, just to make one feel homesick. I hope you enjoyed your trip to France. I wish you had been allowed up here, I would have given you a top hole dinner. It's odd, but my experience is that the nearer you get to the firing line the better you live, and I've been in a General Hospital, Clearing Station, and Field Ambulance, before coming here. Watching aeroplanes being shelled by anti-aircraft guns always provides some interest every evening. I have never seen one brought down yet by them, but live in hope, as there's a Bosche who comes over every day, he always gets chivied back, but he's not been downed yet. I saw, however, two Germans brought down in a duel with three of ours—most thrilling.

Do you know of anybody, just qualifying, who wants to go into the Navy, because a friend of mine wants to transfer to the Army, and they told him at the Admiralty that he could if he found a substitute; also do you know if the Medical Sick-ness and Accident Society is a good concern, because they insure with War risks thrown in for no extra premium, and its worth doing. I've got as far as getting the prospectus. I went to Hospital about a month ago with "Flu," and in the next bed was O. W. D. Steele, I believe he's home on leave now. And a few days later, whilst enjoying the luxury of a hot bath at a town not far off, came across Neame also feeling dirty. I've forgotten what he was attached to, some siege battery, I think. Anyhow, he tours the Continent on a motor byke at some danger to the public. This is a bit of a change from the Mile End Road. Occasionally I pine for a little more to do, but when all's said and done, there's no job for a doctor (who doesn't mind doing no doctoring for a change) like that of an M.O. to a battalion. Like a benighted idiot I joined the Special Reserve instead of taking princely pay as a temporary Lieut., the result is I'm a Captain now.

For the benefit of the *Gazette* my address is:—

5th King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment,  
83rd Brigade,  
28th Division,  
B.E.F.

On looking at the map again, there is another hill just in Belgium, and a few miles back from the town of which L. G. Brown spoke. It's not so far

from me, so I'll ride over and see if I can't find him. So you see another value of the *Gazette*. I hope I'll get the next number, but I don't think Burridge will forget me.

All the water we drink is medicated with bleaching powder, which spoils tea and doesn't improve whisky, but anyhow there haven't been any epidemics as yet this summer (I am touching wood!), and the health of the troops is excellent.

I do hope most people will send you their address, because there are so many of us so near, and I'm going over to No. 4 C.C.S. this evening, to see if Maitland-Jones is still there. I had no idea, till the *Gazette* came, and I've passed the place heaps of times.

Well, I will end with the only Latin quotation I know,

"Floreat the London Hospital!"

I hope you are very well.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN DEIGHTON.

October 10th, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Just a word to let you know I am quite well. I am now posted to the 67th Battery, R.F.A., B.E.F. We have had quite exciting times. The most exciting is going to the observing stations, our particular one being quite close to the Huns, and we can see them walking about and playing music, etc. I got shelled the day before yesterday going up to it, but, besides a few splinters of wood, nothing hit me.

Dardier is in the 1st Division, 43rd Brigade, Ammunition Column. I have not seen him since Havre, three months ago. Widow Russel and Tweedy are also out here somewhere. Dardier met them. I think they are near Bethune.

Rifle bullets come whizzing past us, and land in trees just behind us. I often think of the dear old Hospital and all the old boys. Is it true that Lewis McAfee has been killed? I hope sincerely not.

There will, unfortunately, be fewer of us when we all come back. The "London" has been well represented in the Roll of Honour.

I spend my time at nights making noises like a cat, as there are crowds of mice and earwigs in my dug-out—most unpleasant.

I should love to hear news from the old place, as I have a very soft spot in my heart for it.



I must end now, Sir. Hoping you are keeping as fit as ever,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

M. L. QUINLIVAN BULGER,  
2nd Lieut., R.F.A.

22nd October, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

We are now settled in rest billets, and I hope they will allow us to occupy them until the cold weather is past.

From them we are to make excursions to the trenches to hold our bit for 10 days at a time and 20 days out. Such is the arrangement I think, but at present nothing is definitely known either by us or by those who have the disposal of us.

We have been moving about quite a lot during this month, and have rarely slept in one billet more than two nights at a time.

I heard that E. C. Lindsay was in No. 18 Casualty Clearing Station as consulting surgeon, so I journeyed in to find him but could not do so, but found Tozer there in some capacity. He seemed very cheerful, and, when dealing with his work, more "army" than most soldiers. During that week I met Maitland-Jones in charge of a convoy of ambulances (motor). He was enjoying it, and seemed well wrapped up for his job.

Since I last wrote, these are the only two fresh "Londoners" I've met. I see that Grant, who was in the London Scottish with me, has been killed, and that W. A. Stewart has been wounded and resigned his commission. The Scottish do seem unlucky with their M.O.s.

What is going to happen to us all when peace is declared? Then there will be thousands of us all on the market at once. I think it will be difficult for us all to settle in again as of yore, as the public has learnt to do with less, and will have to be educated up to want us again. Will the "London" find funds enough to carry on after, as before this war, on the same scale with 30 odd housemen?

I can quite realize how pleased you must be to have the Hostel off your hands at this critical time in its history. I wonder if you will ever have any difficulty in filling it again with its rightful proprietors.

I've got two Squadrons' Headquarters and the machine gun in the village with me, but the third Squadron is away on the hill south of us, so I have to ride out in all weathers to see them if they get

ill—otherwise I have what is known as a cushy arrangement—the men come to see me at a certain time during the day, in a potatoe house I have turned into a temporary surgery.

Now the winter is on, the chronic bronchitis and heart cases have to be sent away—through the warm summer months I manage to keep them going, but the cold crinkles them up at once.

The drugs I mostly use, besides the usual "stoppers" and "starters," are—Doon's powder, Tinct. Chlor. et. Morph. Co., and Lodsall mixed with Aspirin. So much for medicine. As for surgery—putting in stitches, pulling teeth (under local anæsthetic), and fomenting septic heels and sores, sees me through.

Not much to have spent from the age of 16 to 25 trying to qualify for, do you think?

Most of the cavalry officers I'm among seem to have most interest in farming in the Colonies—especially South Africa. I can't see what the fascination can be in it for the soldier, yet some have cattle, and others land, and are always hearing from their managers about their stock, etc. They say there is no money in it, but that hardly worries them. I don't think it would suit me.

I have written an inconceivable lot this evening. Hoping it won't bore you, and all's well at the "London."

Yours sincerely,

G. A. LILLY.

FESTUNGS-LAZARETT VI.,  
ABT. KAISERIN AUGUSTA-SCHULE,  
COLN, DEUTSCHLAND.

DEAR SIR,

After all that you have done for me, I thought that you would perhaps be interested to hear that one "London" Student, at all events, hopes to return to his medical studies. I got rather badly knocked about—a bullet through (fortunately) the gluteal region; but then was blown up by a shell, and was picked up a prisoner paralysed from the waist down, with fracture of 3rd and 4th lumbar vertebræ, and severe "shell shock." I am, however, getting on famously, and after three months on my back in a plaster cast, the Doctor says I will get all right. Hope this finds all well at the "London."

C. A. HUTCHINSON,  
Capt., 8th R.W. Kent Regt.

30th November, 1915.

DEAR SIR,

May I be allowed to convey to you a few details of Mackenzie's death. I think it may be of interest to you, and the many friends, I am certain he made at the Hospital, to know exactly how the gallant fellow passed away.

A private in the R.E. was wounded some 500 yards from the billets; Mackenzie being the nearest doctor was called for, and promptly proceeded to the spot. Unfortunately the "Hun" had registered the area, and they immediately shelled the small party of stretcher-bearers, etc. A 77 m.m. shell burst among the party, and Mackenzie with his orderly were killed instantly.

I was riding to Divisional Headquarters some 15 minutes previous, and certainly would have replaced him on the casualty list, if I had not been on a special errand to the A.D.M.S. I had the satisfaction of meeting the Colonel of the Royal Irish Rifles, to which Regiment Mackenzie had been attached, and learnt the above particulars from him. The Colonel told me that the doctor was a great favourite in the Regiment, and was very distressed over his death.

I was no intimate friend of him, as he was senior to me at the "London," but being a "London" man myself, I think it is up to me to give you the above details. I met Mackenzie the day previous to his death, and had a long conversation with him on recent events, and I was really astounded to hear of his sudden end.

Yours truly,

HUGH M. COLLINS,  
Lt., R.A.M.C.,  
M.O. i/c, 9th Loyal North Lancs.,  
B.E.F.

## REVIEWS

*Notes on Dental Surgery and Pathology*, by T. W. Widdowson. John Bale, Sons & Danielsson, Ltd. Price 10/6 net.

This volume of 300 pages of text, interleaved with blank pages, is intended as a companion to the author's *Notes on Dental Anatomy and Dental Histology*. There are also 159 illustrations. All the standard text-books have been made use of in its compilation. Its function is to serve students as a note-book in simplifying their work, and busy practitioners as a ready work of reference.

The book may be regarded as a hybrid between notes and a digest of the various works mentioned in the preface, so that, as a compendium, it fills a place entirely its own. The matter throughout is tabulated; had the writer appended a complete bibliography, its value would have been very considerably increased—to students, because bare statements must be supplemented in order that they may know the reasoning which has led up to such statements and so assist their memories, and to practitioners, who could then go to the original work for more detailed information. Perhaps the author will see his way to make this addition in a future edition.

*My Experiences as a German Prisoner*. Although the publishers have omitted to send us for review a copy of L. J. Austin's book, "My Experiences as a German Prisoner," it is so emphatically a book which all "London" men should read, that there is no possible justification for omitting a mention of it in our columns.

The book deals with the early period of the War when the Great German War Machine was working so smoothly, and could be so well observed. The glimpses of life in German towns are of extraordinary interest and value, and furnish us with useful data for picturing the Germany of to-day. The accuracy of Mr. Austin's observations has not been impugned by anything which has happened during the last twelve months. Mr. Austin was imprisoned in four separate prisons in Cologne, Torgau, Burg and Magdeburg. The account of the solitary confinement in Cologne is perhaps the most thrilling, recalling as it does memories of Monte-Cristo and the Chateau d'If. The account of the Commandant of the Torgau Prison—a wounded Colonel of the Torgau Regiment No. 72—discussing the strategy of the War with the imprisoned British Officers, furnishes us with one of the very few pleasing episodes of the War. Against it we have to put the behaviour of the German Pastor at Cologne. The spirit which pervades the book is that of "Cheero," while in one sentence the author no doubt unconsciously comes near to plagiarising Chaucer, "It is extraordinary how busy it is possible to be day after day when you have absolutely nothing to do."

The book should be read by all, for it is "British" right through.

*Notes on Dental Anatomy and Dental Histology*, by T. W. Widdowson, and published by John Bale, Sons & Danielsson, Ltd., has now passed into its third edition and may therefore be said to be



firmly established as a popular Student's Text Book. As its sub-title, "A Pocket Tome," suggests, the book is a synopsis of the larger works on the subject, the matter being arranged and tabulated in such a way as to make it very convenient for reference. The illustrations which accompany the text are numerous, clear and well-chosen, and supply the student with all the help he requires in his study of the subject.

The work is planned and written almost solely from the point of view of structure. If in any future edition the author would follow the Hunterian tradition of associating structure and function, we believe he could add considerably to the value of the book. Students invariably find great difficulty in remembering and assimilating the large number of facts which make up the subjects of Dental Anatomy and Dental Histology, unless they are aided by some attempt at explanation of the variations which occur.

*A Surgeon in Belgium*, by H. S. Souttar. 8/6.

Surgeon, skilled mechanic, and now literature, what next will the author of this book turn his prolific hand to? This charming book has brought pleasure to us all. In it the author combines the commonplace, the picturesque, and the vivid things of life, with the skilful touch of an accomplished writer. Throughout the book there runs a strain of simplicity and clearness which make every line and every word of it stand out before the reader, and impress themselves on his brain. In addition to the charm of this, one is conscious the whole time, of an old-world atmosphere, and can transfer oneself back to the middle ages and see the beautiful Belgian towns, so finely described by Mr. Souttar, and the sole remnants of which to-day are smouldering ruins.

The illustrations guide the reader, and give him a clear idea of the working conditions in Belgium.

Truly a clever book, and we look for more from the same pen.

"*Aids to Physiology*" is a recent addition to the ever lengthening "Students' Aid Series," and follows closely the lines laid down in earlier volumes of the series. There are no doubt many ways of learning a subject and the proved popularity of this series shews that many students find these small volumes of distinct help in enabling them to revise the essentials of a subject prior to an examination. The subject matter in the volume under review is in every way up to the normal standard. The facts are carefully chosen and

clearly expressed, the authors being teachers of considerable standing and experience.

Fscap. Octavo. Number of pages viii. and 242. Figures 52. Price 3/-. Baillière, Tindall & Cox. 1915.

"*The New Psychiatry*," by W. H. B. Stoddart, M.D., F.R.C.P., is based on "The Morison Lectures," delivered at the Royal College of Physicians, of Edinburgh, in 1915, and is an admirable disquisition on a very difficult but very fascinating subject. Unlike most medical books, which appeal to one or other class of the professional community, the present volume is of interest and value to anyone who comes in contact with his fellows, for it will enable him to understand them better and to appreciate how very evasive and rare a person is the so-called "normal individual." In a work of this kind naturally the great part which Sex plays consciously or unconsciously in all our lives comes in for particular analysis and here the views of Professor Freud, of Vienna, come in for full consideration and criticism. It is pleasing to us all at the London Hospital to find that Dr. Stoddart regards Hughlings-Jackson as the pioneer in this as in so many other branches of neurology. The book closes with this remark of Jackson's—"I suppose, Stoddart, that the end of the human race will arrive by over-development of the brain at the expense of the testicles."

Demy Octavo. pp. iv. and 66. 3/6 net. Baillière, Tindall & Cox.

*Aids to Tropical Medicine*, by Gilbert E. Brooke, is a more than usually useful book in the Students' Aid Series, for it deals with a branch of medicine which is only of relatively remote interest to the practitioner at home, and yet the medical student may be expected to profess some knowledge of it in the examination room.

For all ordinary purposes the book contains ample information. It is clearly written and well illustrated. While it can be of the greatest value to a student reading for the D.T.M., or to a medical man practising in the tropics, it can also serve as a very useful reference book to the practitioner or student at home.

*Practical Bandaging*. Baillière, Tindall & Cox. Demy 4to. pp. vii + 92. Figures in text, 140. 1 plate. 3/6 nett.

This little book should be of considerable use at the present time. The author has evidently taken much trouble in making his descriptions as clear as possible. The illustrations, which are original, have been drawn expressly for this work by a Hungarian Prisoner of War, and the volume contains a certain amount of information not generally found in the average text-book.

S. H. P.

We have received a small booklet entitled *Infectious Diseases in Serbia*.

Its author, John Furse McMillan, late of the R.A.M.C., speaks from first-hand experience, having been in charge of a hospital in Serbia since September, 1914. Although it makes no pretensions to literary style, it is a pleasant half-hour's reading for anyone interested in the subject.

W. D. N.

## EXAMINATION RESULTS

### FIRST EXAMINATION (July)

#### Biology

de Silva, J. P. Newman, G. G.  
French, R. D.

#### Chemistry

Withers, G. B.

#### Practical Pharmacy

Andrea, E. B. Marriott, F. K.  
Barnard, W. G. Shaffi, M. M.

#### Chemistry and Physics

Beaumont, W. Petersen, F. F.  
Cruchley, I. J. Roach-Smith, C. E.  
de Silva, J. P. Stribling, B. H.

#### Physics

Dinerstein, L. Withers, G. B.

#### Practical Pharmacy

Bailey, H. H. May, W. J.  
Coombes, G. W. Powell, W. I. F.  
deSmidt, F. P. G. Puri, J. N.  
Evans, M. D. Saunders, R. J.  
Hobson, H. M. Zeneiny, A. A. H.  
Jarrett, R. F.

L.D.S. (Pre. Sci.)

Empey, C. W.

### SECOND EXAMINATION (July)

#### Anatomy and Physiology

Coombes, G. W. Rainer, C. F.  
de Abrew, L. P. Rowland, C. C.  
Palmer, H. Saunders, R. J.  
Panton, D. F. Zortman, I. H.  
Pauw, J. C.

### FINAL EXAMINATION (July)

#### Medicine

\*Ainsworth, C. G. Payne, J. F. M.  
\*Brewis, C. C. \*Sharp, E. W. L.  
Feldman, V. \*Skelton, J. B. G.  
\*Ford, R. K. Spicer, G. E.  
Forrester-Paton, E. Summers, T. C.  
\*Jacob, L. G. \*Sy Quia, R. R.  
Marr-ott, F. K. Whyte, H.  
\*Moftah, S. G. \*Willatt, A.  
\*Morley, A. H.

#### Surgery

El Hakim, A. F. \*Sharp, E. W. L.  
\*Ford, R. K. \*Skelton, J. B. G.  
Gibson, P. C. Spicer, G. E.  
Huggins, G. W. Summers, T. C.  
\*Liang, P. K. \*Sy Quia, R. R.  
\*Michelmores, R. G. \*Watson, T. T. B.  
Nalliah, N. R. \*Willatt, A.

#### Midwifery

\*Ainsworth, C. G. Goodall, C. C.  
\*Brewis, C. C. Jones, L. W.  
de Smidt, F. P. G. Madgwick, G. A. S.  
Evans, M. D. May, W. J.  
Feldman, V. Pank, P. E. D.  
Gameson, L. \*Watson, T. T. B.

### FINAL EXAMINATION (October)

#### Medicine

\*El Hakim, A. F. Greenish, F. H. S.  
Evans, M. D. \*Huggins, G. W.  
Gameson, L. Puri, J. N.  
\*Gibson, P. C.

#### Surgery

\*Bayumi, M. \*Leslie, J. S.  
\*Feldman, V. \*Marriott, F. K.  
\*Forrester-Paton, E. \*Payne, J. F. M.  
\*Garces, L. H. \*Whyte, H.  
\*Ivens, E. L.



## Midwifery

Broadbridge, H. G.	Morgan, T. D.
Fehrsen, G.	Mosely, F. M.
Harsant, A. G.	Muttiah, S.
Hitchcock, C. G.	Sarra, W. H.
Hopkins, E. L.	Sen Gupta, N. M.
Huddy, G. P. B.	Spicer, G. E.
*Huggins, G. W.	

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

## M.D.

Morley, D. E.
Patel, P. T.
Sheldon, J. H. ( <i>Gold Medal in Medicine</i> ).

## M.B., B.S.

Deacon, J. N.
Fanstone, J. ( <i>Distinction in Medicine and Pathology</i> ).

M.B., B.S. (*Group 2*).

## Morley, A. H.

SECOND M.B. (*Part II.*)

Carpenter, J. E.	Sacks, S.
Carter, O. C.	Theron, R.
Girgis, A.	Woolf, E. B.
Pritchard, S. H. de G.	

SECOND M.B. (*Part I.*)

Aronsohn, M.	Sebba, A.
Franks, J.	Traylen, J. P.
Phillips, B. W.	Winnett, J. M.

## FIRST M.B.

Bulman, M. W. B.	Petersen, N. A. M.
Cohen, H. S.	Sandler, S.
Fanning, J.	Sebba, A.
Hartley, M. C.	Sergeant, E. L.
Lawson, H. D.	Williams, D. H.
Odam, C. W.	Winnett, J. M.
Oliver, T. C.	

## UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

## SECOND M.B.

Beaumont, D. C.	Mowll, E.
Goldberg, S. V.	Rhodes, H. E.
Lipshytz, G. J.	

\* Signifies Qualification.



## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

[Note.—In the attempt to make this column as complete as possible, the Editor would be much obliged if readers of the "Gazette" would kindly forward to him any newspaper cuttings, or other announcements of this nature, that they may chance to come across].

## BIRTHS

BROWNSON.—On the 26th inst., at 7, Princes Avenue (nursing home), Liverpool, to Captain and the Honble. Mrs. R. D. Brownson, a daughter.

MACNALT.—On the 28th November, at 5, FitzGeorge Avenue, W., the wife of A. Salusbury MacNalty, M.D. Oxon., of a daughter.

RAINEY.—On the 28th November, at 49, Blackwater Road, Eastbourne, the wife of E. Holmes Rainey, F.R.C.S., R.A.M.C., of a son.

SCOTT.—On the 27th November, 1915, at 6, Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, London, W., the wife of Dr. S. Gilbert Scott, a daughter.

STEEL.—On the 19th November, at The White Cottage, Malvern Common, Malvern, the wife of Captain O. W. D. Steel, R.A.M.C. (T.F.), 3rd Monmouthshire Regiment, British Expeditionary Force, of a daughter.

WOOD.—On October 13th, at Brigadier House, Enfield, the wife of Lieutenant W. Wallace Wood, R.A.M.C., of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES

BURDON-VEALE.—On September 7th, at St. George's Church, Priory Road, Hornsey, Ernest John Burdon, Secretary of the Medical College, second son of the late Henry Burdon, of Highbury New Park, N., and Mrs. Burdon, of Crouch End, to Jessie Louise Veale, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Veale, of Lennox House, Farrer Road, Hornsey.

FISHER-STENHOUSE.—At St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, on June 1st, by the Very Rev. A. Wallace Williamson, D.D., Dean of the Thistle and of the Chapel-Royal, assisted by the Rev. D. Heggie, M.A., of Monzievar, Perthshire, Edward F. Fisher, M.B., F.R.C.S., Surgeon, Royal Navy, Haulbowline, Queens-town, Ireland, to Nancy, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stenhouse, of 13, Belgrave Crescent, Edinburgh, and Fod, Fifeshire.

GLOVER-FOX.—On the 17th August, at St. Peter's Church, Bayswater, by the Venerable W. J. Wickins, Hon. Chaplain to H.M. the King, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. —. Henley, Frederick Simpson Glover, of Wellington, New Zealand, to Alice Audrey May, younger daughter of the late Dr. Fox, of Penzance.

GROGONO-STEELE.—On July 29th, at St. Paul's Church, Hammersmith, Dr. Jonathan Grogono, third son of late Dr. Grogono, of Witham Lodge, Stratford, and Mrs. Grogono, Herne Bay, to Florence Muriel (Sissie), elder daughter of late Dr. Russell Steele, of Hemel House, Hemel Hemstead, and Mrs. Steele, 32, Aynhoe Road, West Kensington.

KENNEDY-HORE.—On October 6th, at Waltham Abbey, Lieutenant Charles Matheson Kennedy, F.R.C.S. Eng., R.A.M.C., to Mabel Maud, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hore, of Balcony House, Stewardstone, Essex.

## NOTICES

All contributions, correspondence, books for review, &c., should be addressed The EDITOR of the London Hospital Gazette, London Hospital, London, E.

All communications should be accompanied by the name of the Contributor (not necessarily for publication), and should be written on one side of the paper only.

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WALLICE-RUNDLE WOOLCOCK.—On the 27th June, on the high seas, off Salonica, by the Chaplain to bridegroom's unit (the Rev. A. J. Waldron, Vicar of Brixton), Percy Wallace, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., of King's College, Cambridge (First British Field Hospital to Serbia), elder son of Mr. and Mrs. James G. W. Wallace, of Plymouth, to Dora Eunice (of the Wounded Allies' First Hospital Unit to Montenegro), eldest daughter of the late T. Cleave Woolcock, of Surbiton, Reigate, and Redhill, and of Mrs. E. C. Rundle Woolcock, of Rhodesia, and Southwick, Sussex. S. African and Rhodesian papers, please copy.

## DEATHS

DALY.—On November 10th, at Amhurst Road, Hackney Downs, N.E., Frederick Henry Daly, M.D. Irel., J.P., aged 73 years.

POLLARD.—Died, at City Hospital, Capetown, on November 22nd, 1914, Arthur Haig Pollard, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., of Carnaivon, aged 32 years, youngest son of the late Dr. Frederic Pollard, of Bournemouth, England, and Mrs. Pollard of Florence, Italy.

