

REGISTER OF HOSPITAL
APPOINTMENTS

MEDICAL REGISTRARS

FROM

Dr. W. J. O'Donovan ... June 16th, 1913..
Dr. R. A. Rowlands ... June 17th, 1914..
Dr. J. G. Chandler

SURGICAL REGISTRARS

FROM

Mr. W. S. Perrin
Mr. R. H. Campbell ... Sept. 18th, 1914..
OBSTETRIC—Mr. Gordon Ley.

RESIDENT ACCOUCHEUR

Tenure of appointment: three months

FROM

Mr. A. B. Lindsay ... Aug. 14th, 1915..
Mr. S. Morris ... Nov. 29th, 1915.

HOUSE PHYSICIANS

Tenure of appointment: six months

FROM

Mr. J. B. G. Skelton ... Aug. 25th, 1915..
(Dr. Percy Kidd and Dr. Wall).
Mr.
(Dr. Hutchison).
Mr. R. G. Michelmores ... Sept. 1st, 1915..
(Dr. Hadley and Dr. Lewis Smith).
Mr. Silva Jones ... Aug. 30th, 1915..
(Dr. F. J. Smith and Dr. Layton).
Mr. Parry Jones
(Dr. Head and Dr. Thompson).

HOUSE SURGEONS

Tenure of appointment: six months

FROM

Mr. T. A. Jones ... Sept. 12th, 1915
(Mr. J. Hutchinson and Mr. Warren).
Mr. T. T. D. Watson ... Nov. 4th, 1915..
(Mr. T. H. Openshaw and Mr. A. J. Walton).
Mr. W. D. Newcomb ... Sept. 27th, 1915
(Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Kidd).
Mr. H. S. Jeffries ... Sept. 1st, 1915..
(Mr. Rigby and Mr. Milne).
Mr. H. Whyte ... Nov. 10th, 1915
(Mr. J. Sherren and Mr. Russell Howard).
Mr. W. J. Cronin ... Sept. 22nd, 1915
(Mr. Lett and Mr. Souttar).

To Ophthalmic Department

FROM

Mr. T. C. Summers ... Nov. 9th, 1915...

To Aural Department

FROM

Mr. L. D. Cohen ... Dec. 4th, 1915...

RECEIVING ROOM OFFICERS

Tenure of appointment: six months

FROM

Mr. C. G. Ainsworth ... Sept. 23rd, 1915
Mr. L. G. Jacob ... Oct. 31st, 1915..
Mr. M. C. Stark ... Nov. 7th, 1915..
Mr. E. C. Davenport ... Nov. 12th, 1915

EMERGENCY OFFICERS

Tenure of appointment: three months

FROM

Mr. P. C. Gibson ... Nov. 17th, 1915
Mr.

OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS

Tenure of appointment: three months—and renewable

Medical FROM

Mr. L. H. Garchés ... Nov. 5th, 1915..
Mr. F. K. Marriott ... Nov. 2nd, 1915...

OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS (continued)

Surgical

FROM

Mr. G. W. Huggins ... Nov. 15th, 1915..
Mr.
Mr. E. R. T. Clarkson
(Special) ... Nov. 1st, 1915 ..

To Ophthalmic Department

FROM

Mr. Roxburgh ... May 21st, 1912..
Mr. J. Eadie ... (Renewed).

Mr. Lister

Mr. H. R. Jeremy ... July 31st, 1914...

SKIN AND LIGHT DEPARTMENT

FROM

Mr. C. E. Jenkins ... May 3rd, 1915...

SENIOR DRESSERS TO OUT-PATIENTS

Tenure of appointment: three months

FROM

Mr. J. F. M. Payne ... Oct. 26th, 1915..
Mr. G. C. Spicer ... Oct. 26th, 1915...

PATHOLOGICAL ASSISTANTS

FROM

Mr. R. Donald ... Aug. 10th, 1914..
Mr. C. E. Jenkins ... May 11th, 1915...

ASSISTANTS IN INOCULATION DEPARTMENT

Senior

FROM

Dr. G. T. Western ... July 25th, 1905...

Junior

CLINICAL ASSISTANTS FOR COUNTY COUNCIL CASES

To Ophthalmic Department

FROM

Mr. A. D. Davidson
Mr. M. L. Hepburn ... Jan. 24th, 1910..
Mr. E. A. Thomson

To Throat and Ear Department

FROM

Mr. W. S. Perrin
Mr. A. C. Campbell

To Skin and Light Department

FROM

Mr. W. J. Oliver

OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS (UNPAID)

To Ophthalmic Department

FROM

Mr. Roxburgh

Mr. Lister

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

Throat and Ear Department.

FROM

Dr. Lack

Mr. Tod.

ORTHOPÆDIC DEPARTMENT

Senior

FROM

Junior

DENTAL DEPARTMENT

Anæsthetist

FROM

Mr.

House-Surgeon

FROM

Mr. W. S. Herman
Mr.

Printed for the Proprietors by H. HORNER, 5, Rupert Street,
London, E., in the County of Middlesex. Friday, 17th December, 1915.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL GAZETTE

No. 191]

APRIL, 1916

[ONE SHILLING

EDITORIAL

Since the last number of the *Gazette*, time has brought its changes, and has left us mourning for several who, but a little time ago, were still to be met in the cheerful haunts of men.

Not for many years has the Staff lost by so sudden and sharp a stroke so popular a member as Drummond Maxwell. His quick movements, his vivacious speech and his genial comradeship will be long remembered with affection wherever old "London" men gather together.

It was with great anxiety that we heard of the serious accident to Lord Knutsford. Happily, though his recovery is slow, there is no reason to believe it is anything but sure or will be anything but complete. As we go to press we are glad to be able to say that his condition has so far improved as to permit of his being removed home. In the weeks which must necessarily elapse before he can return to the scenes of his beneficent labours, the Hospital is fortunate in having so experienced and devoted a substitute as Mr. Douro Hoare, who has, with such distinction, presided over the affairs of the College for the last eighteen years.

Since our last issue we have lost, killed in action, A. B. Thompson L. K. Tweedie and E. L. Stephenson, while J. R. Spensley has died of wounds, and H. J. Rutherford-Jones, who had served with the Army since the outbreak of War, has died as the result of the rigours of the campaign. While we mourn for these, our congratulations go out, with equal sincerity, to all those who have, so far, passed through the ordeal of battle scatheless.

We offer our deepest sympathy to H. Dunkerley, N. R. Rawson, V. J. F. Lack and J. A. A. Prinski Scott, all of whom have been wounded; the last-named was seen recently in the College, he had been blown up by a mine and wounded by shrapnel.

H. J. M. Cursetjee, who was shot through the chest some months ago, in Gallipoli, has, we believe, made a perfect recovery, and attributes his hair-breadth escape to the fact that the bullet was turned aside by a "London Hospital Pharmacopœia," which he had at the time in his breast

pocket. The book is now in the historical section of the Museum. A cheery letter will be found in our correspondence from C. A. Hutchinson who is still a prisoner in a German Hospital.

Our Honours list has received many and notable acquisitions, and is sufficiently eloquent as to the great part which the Hospital is playing in this momentous struggle.

We would take this opportunity of offering our congratulations to Lieutenant-Colonel N. R. Howse, V.C., on his being promoted to the rank of Surgeon-General, and to Lieutenants P. L. T. Bennet and H. W. Hodgson, on the very high tribute which has been paid to them by the Army Council for their work in saving the wounded from the Hospital Ship "Anglia."

In the Hospital the illness of the Matron casts a deep shadow over all, and the thoughts of many during the day's work travel across the quadrangle to the sick room where she lies. No news would be more welcome to us than to hear she was back at her old post.

One of the most remarkable achievements in the history of our Hospital has been the raising of over £10,000 by the "Daily Mirror" for the Edith Cavell Nurses' Home. At any time such an achievement would have been notable, but at a time like the present, it is almost incredible, and reflects equal credit on the propagandic powers of the "Daily Mirror," and on the ingrained generosity of the British public.

The absence of Major Hugh Lett, who is with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, and of Major H. S. Souttar, who is at Netley, has been met by the reduction of the number of Surgical Firms from six to five.

In the College the chief changes have been the departure of Professor Cathcart and Dr. Fildes on Special War Duty, the former in connection with Asphyxiating Gas, and the latter in connection with Dysentery.

The number of students in the College as apart from the Hospital is further reduced, and is not likely, during the summer months, to exceed fifty.

All students who, for one reason or another, are exempt from military service, have now

compulsorily to be enrolled in the O.T.C., a fact which will probably mean that the London Hospital contingent will become a separate unit.

Athletics are stagnant, and we have heard some talk of the Clubs' Union Ground being let for the grazing of sheep.

In closing we would send kindly greetings and remembrances to all "London" men, with the hope that by the time the next number appears we shall be well along the road which leads to Victory and Home.

**

Mr. Russell Howard wishes us to say that he will be glad to give hospitality to any "London" man passing through town on leave. He asks, however, that a little notice be given by telephone or card. His number is 211 Paddington, and his address, 40, Devonshire Street, W.

WINTER AND SPRING IN FLANDERS

1914-1915.

Notes from the Diary of a Regimental Doctor.

By F. G. CHANDLER, Medical Registrar.

I am starting out on an endeavour to describe, from a doctor's point of view, certain aspects of trench life—that is, the ordinary conduct of this War on the West when it is not interrupted by such overwhelming events as the battles of Ypres and this still greater struggle, the battle of Verdun. My readers will realise the different emotions experienced when I say that I should like the description written by the pen of a Stevenson, of an Edgar Allan Poe, of a Lawrence Sterne, and of an Emile Zola. There is in trench life the spirit that inspires and permeates the drawings of Bruce Bairnsfather, as well as true heroism and wonderful stoicism and endurance. There is hardship and anxiety unspeakable, and yet little is thought of it. There is fun and good feeding which seems no more strange to those living there than it does to "carry on" through conditions so appalling that in the whole history of war I suppose there has never been anything so awful to equal it.

A little before Christmas, 1914, I left the Field Ambulance and joined the 2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—the famous 93rd. Early in January I came home on six days' leave, and soon after returning to France rejoined the regiment and remained with it until the middle of August, 1915. It is my purpose to attempt to give some description of trench life through the awful opening weeks of the New Year, through the time of the flowering of

snowdrops in shattered Bois Grenier into Spring, when the fruit blossoms flooded the trees and the fields were covered with buttercups, and birds built their nests right up to the firing line, when the ground dried up and communication trenches could be cut, and we could walk about for the first time under cover. But before leaving the atmosphere of the Field Ambulance, I will quote from my diary of November 28th, to give an idea of the detailed existence of one ordinary day at the advanced dressing station.

November 28. Advanced Dressing Station. Back-room in Courtyard of Brewery at H—.

3.30 a.m. Was called to see a man brought in with severe abdominal pain. Diagnosed undoubted renal colic, with a stone in the left ureter. Gave him three-quarters of a grain of morphia. Sent him to the Field Ambulance by wagon, 7 a.m.

8.15. Got up.

8.30. Saw a man shot through arm.

8.45. Breakfast of bacon and eggs.

In the morning took some photographs, and climbed into a ruined building and observed the trenches through field glasses. While doing this one of our batteries began. The Germans have their trenches running just in front of Frélingheim. There is a high church tower, used by the Germans as an observation post, which has been rendered uninhabitable by our artillery. The first shell burst just over a shrine, then one or two to the right. Then two more burst right in the trench, splendid shots. After this we thought we had better come down lest we should attract some German shrapnel to our part of the world. Then we watched firing at aeroplanes—a daily amusement.

1 o'clock. Lunch. Maconochie's Ration and Champagne! (We had free use of the wine-cellar offered us here, and the Germans had left plenty.) Cheese and muscatels. Bread and butter.

2 p.m. Went off to see civilian patients who are daily becoming more numerous.

2.15. Arrived at Pharmacie to look round for medicaments. While I was pouring out some drug into a little bottle, a shell passed just overhead and exploded two doors off. The people scuttled into their cellars, seizing the children. I advised the good lady in charge of the Pharmacie to retire to hers, but she ran into the street and found her child, and then came in and down to the "cave." I made up my medicine and departed, and saw my patients. They were a woman with a tuberculous knee joint, another with a varicose ulcer, a little child of five dying with bronchiectasis, a sweet little girl of seventeen with dropsy, and coming

back was called to see a man with pericarditis, so it was not a dull round.

4.15. Tea. After tea censoring letters and writing some.

6.30. Dinner. Roast beef, potatoes, greens, sardines on toast, beer *ad lib.*

7.0. Arrival of the ambulance waggons—known as the 'Buses (for in those days we had waggons instead of the modern motor ambulance). We "cleared" our sick and wounded. Then walked round to the Regimental Aid Posts.

9.0. Sitting in our room, with a lamp and a fire, writing. It has come on to drizzle wearily, and the wind howls about the house. There are strange noises upstairs as gusts blow through the shell-holes and the broken windows. There are beds there with linen sheets upon them. Some of the beds have been slept in and there they are left unmade, and so they will remain till the demon of war has walked on, unless a "Jack Johnson" gets them. All this may sound creepy and terrible, but it is surprising how "comfy" one can be. It is pouring with rain, and the wind gets through the shutters. It is now that the trenches are awful, but even there it is amazing how much better it can be than seems possible. Every now and then a gun goes off, and shells of both sides shriek overhead."

In December I left the Ambulance, and my diary is henceforth a record of trench life, with its alternation of billets and trenches.

New Year's Eve was spent in billets in Arménitières, and it was passed in true Highland fashion. We did ourselves well at dinner, and afterwards had music, and the pipes and reels. Every subaltern had to sing a song, and we drank Athol Brose and made right merry. "Copper's" effort at a song I shall never forget. His apparent ready acquiescence to sing and the ineffable monotony of his boring song compelled us to persuade him to desist as effectively as the reluctance of another aroused our determination to hear him. There are other things I could write about "Copper," he fought in most of the rearguard actions on the retreat from Mons, he was wounded in a charge at P—, he remained on, always in the firing line, for many months, escaping in a marvellous manner, for I have frequently seen him superintending the putting up of barbed wire with bullets dropping round pretty fast, absolutely calm and unperturbed, and from time to time switching on an electric torch. Finally he was in the great charge at L—, and though wounded severely in three places, including the lung, went on up to the German wire and then had to come back, the affair being a "wash-out." His bravery was only equalled by his amazing equanimity; no circumstances or conditions, however frightful, seemed ever to perturb him.

But I am digressing far from our New Year's Eve. It was rather an anxious time for us, so far as the men were concerned, but they did very well, and we only had one man in the guard-room. Someone in the Ambulance, Capt. B., wondering how the Jocks had weathered this festive occasion, asked me the next day how many men we had in the guard-room. "One," said I; but I had to admit that he died. "Your standard is high," said he.

But all this is preliminary to my real task. But at first another digression is almost necessary on the subject of nomenclature, without a knowledge of which no warrior in Flanders is complete. Everyone must be acquainted with the following words and their pronunciations:—

Cave, pronounced *carve*, meaning cellar; *obus* pronounced exactly as it is spelled, meaning a shell; *narpoo*, the Anglicised version of *il n'y-en a plus*, without a knowledge of which, both on the part of the British and the French, no shopping could be done with comfort; *travail*, pronounced in the French way, signifying work; *bon promenade*, signifying, Will you walk out with me, my dear?; *dewlay*, meaning some milk, if you please; *oofs*, some eggs; *Alleymang*—a German; and *les blessés*, the wounded. And these words would be used as a concession to the natives of the country and one of them placed in an English sentence was deemed to make the whole intelligible. For example, a party of civilian trench diggers, who seemed inclined to disperse under the influence of shell-fire, was rallied by a Sapper N.C.O. in the following words, "Come back, you blighters, there's lots more blinking *travail* to do." Or you would send your servant to buy candles at a neighbouring town; he would ask the French for candles, and you would tell him *bougies*, he would go repeating this word to himself, and ask for his *bougies*, if they had none he would be told "*narpoo*." "*Narpoo*?" he would say, "*Merci, bonjour*," and he would come back feeling that if he gained nothing else in France he was at least learning the language, and would astonish his wife no little when he returned from the Wars.

When the battalion returned to the trenches a thaw had set in, after the frost of Christmas, and the conditions became appalling. The country was very flat, chiefly arable land, and intersected in all directions by ditches and streams, which flowed lazily into the Lys. The trenches had been cut indiscriminately through and across these, cutting field drains and blocking up ditches which were an essential part of the drainage system. As every hollow place got fuller and fuller of water, dams were made to keep the water out, and the wretched men had to pump and bale. Every device was at-

tempted to keep the rising water out of the dug-outs. Higher and higher rose the water, filled sand-bags were piled up in front of dug-outs, and as anyone walked along the trench the water would overflow and come flopping in. Holes were dug in the dug-outs only to be filled almost immediately with water, when the baling process had to commence, and people had to sleep on boards over this if they were lucky enough to have even boards. Finally, a dam burst, and a number of men were nearly drowned. Rifles, ammunition, and kit were lost, and the men had to be called out of the trench. There was no cover whatever, and that particular night the men had to make a thin low parapet of earth, working all night, and through the next day lie on the sodden plough behind it, exposed to the most awful weather, with no effective protection at all against bullets. They were too exhausted and wretched even to wish to fetch their rations. The only thing that prevented the complete annihilation of everybody was that the Germans were, as subsequent events showed, in a similar plight.

Both sides now, the Germans and ourselves, began to make breastworks, and these, I believe, were the first breastworks made. Earth was dug forming a shallow ditch known as the borrow pit, and thrown behind to form the parapet. At first a crude structure, later, when R.E. material began to arrive, the parapet was revetted with hurdles and wood, etc., dug-outs were made in the parapet, and much later on, when more material arrived and it was realised that protection was needed from the back-burst of the shells, a parados was made parallel to the parapet, thus making once more a sort of trench on or above the ground level, and finally it was in the parados that all dug-outs were made.

But these new earthworks, when the drier weather came, were much more comfortable than the old trenches. They were more roomy, they were drier, and there was a certain area of ground behind them which was immune from bullets, so that in this area the men could wash and lie out in the sun and have their meals and air their clothes, and kill the lice, and have proper latrines, and dig wells. In one part we made a cricket pitch behind the breastwork, and we made gardens of flowers and shrubs taken from Bois Grenier, and sun arbours were erected. But all this is later history. In January and February and March things were very different. The ground was a sticky bog in places and a turbid lake in others. These breastworks could never have been made at all, except through a tacit agreement between our men and the Germans. No one fired a shot and work went hurriedly on night and day. Our men and the Germans freely exposed themselves; they worked out between the lines, putting up barbed wire,

deepening the borrow pit and strengthening the breastwork. In some places this work was done within fifteen or twenty yards of each other, and in one part souvenirs were freely exchanged. We could walk right up to the German line and say "Good morning" to the German officers sitting on their parapet.

One favourable day I managed to take a few photographs between the lines, then my film pack stuck and I could get no more; I was greatly disappointed, for the fates decreed that no more photographs of that sort should ever be taken. Even then there was a very curious state of things, opposite the left-half of our battalion were Saxons, opposite our right were Prussians; with the Saxons it was peace, with the latter, war; and the very day I took those photographs, not only were we exposed to enfilade fire from the right in walking out, but I had several casualties from our right companies. At last sufficient protection was obtained from the breastworks, and they were fairly stable. Suddenly came a drastic order that there was to be no peace on any account, and war must begin forthwith; and begin it did, and this was the state of affairs we were left with.

The breastwork was breast high only; it was not strong enough to keep out a "whizz-bang," i.e., the small field-gun shell; but it was bullet proof. There was no protection whatever from back splintering. All day long the men had to walk about doubled up. Behind the breastwork was a very slough of despond. As soon as you got off the duck walk, composed of boards or fascines, you went in sometimes up to your thighs or further. The shell holes and pits were filled with water, and one was in danger of falling into them at any moment. Corpses lay concealed beneath the water, and latrine refuse could only be emptied out on its surface. Through this the wounded had to be brought.

The night that Tubby N., one of the company commanders, was wounded, illustrates the difficulty we had in those days. Headquarters at the time were a little back from the trenches in a farmhouse, and in the next farm I had my dressing station; later we got shelled out of these and moved up into the trenches. This particular night I was sleeping at the aid-post with P., the Captain of the company in reserve. Suddenly a man came in saying that Capt. N. had been shot through the belly. P., as he always would do, insisted on coming up with me, and we started off at once to find him. There were, of course, no communication trenches; those there had been were running rivers of water. It was pitch dark, machine-guns were particularly active, and we slopped along with our guide up to a section of the trench. When we got there it was the wrong place; there was no direct lateral communication then, so we had to go back

over a couple of fields, then again over a large ditch on a plank, trying all the time to avoid shell holes. Finally we got there, and found poor N. pretty bad, but fortunately shot through the lung and not the belly. I gave him morphia and we got him on to the stretcher and then started to get him back. I told the stretcher-bearers that if a star shell went up they were to put him down at once in the mud and go flat themselves. The journey started. It was a terrible business, struggling knee-deep in tenacious mud, walking over slippery planks, with machine-gun bullets hitting the ground and trees and other things all round us. Finally we got on to the "dog leg" road and down to the aid-post without a casualty. How we did it is hard to imagine, looking back on it. I never realised until that night what it was to carry a stretcher, but that was nothing more than those gallant fellows do almost every day of their lives. There is no finer body of men in the whole army than the regimental stretcher-bearers. They deserve a whole chapter to themselves and a pen far more eloquent than mine. These stretcher-bearers are the band in peace-time. They live always in the fire-trench, sometimes actually charge unarmed with the other men, their work is done always under fire. They are the first to tend a man when he is hit. They are always cheerful and willing. I have never once heard a stretcher-bearer "grouching." They were the life and soul of their companies. Frequently has the beautiful cornet-playing of gallant little T. cheered us all, and I have heard the Germans cheering his playing from their trenches.

As even now most people have little conception of the medical arrangements of the army, it may not be out of place here to describe these arrangements in some detail. This will apply, however, only to trench warfare. Firstly, there is the Regimental Doctor, one to each battalion of a thousand men, and the more doctor he is and the less soldier the better pleased are the regiment. Under him are the regimental stretcher-bearers, the bandsmen of peace time, sixteen or more in number, and five water-cart orderlies, usually R.A.M.C. men, who are specially detailed to look after the water supply of the regiment. They fill the water-carts, and where necessary see to the proper filtering and sterilisation of the water. These, with the doctor, are the only R.A.M.C. men who live actually up in the firing line. The doctor has also under him the drivers of the water-carts, the driver of the Maltese cart, his trusty medical orderlies, one or two in number, a servant, and a groom. He lives as a rule with battalion headquarters, and this may be in the trenches, in the reserve trench, or in a farmhouse or cellar behind the trenches; but this varies. Some doctors live at their aid-post. I personally preferred to live with headquarters for the sake of company. At times we lived in

farmhouses, at others in dug-outs, sometimes half a mile behind the trenches, sometimes right in the trenches, sufficiently close to the Germans to be able to hear them laughing and singing, and shouting and cursing. The duties of the regimental doctor are to attend to the wounded and the sick of the battalion, to make frequent sanitary inspections of the trenches, to arrange with great care the water supply for the men, to inoculate the men against typhoid, to examine new drafts, to inspect billets and latrines, to send in numerous reports, and when on trek to ride behind with the second in command, to harden his heart and bid the lame to walk and the faint heart not to be weary. In ordinary times it is usually possible to attend the wounded man where he is hit, and to give him morphia or chloroform in the trench, to dress his wound and send him down to the aid-post. During a bombardment or an action it is necessary to take up some central position to which the wounded are brought when possible by the stretcher-bearers. This position forms the regimental aid-post, and here the wounded are collected through the day, and after dusk the R.A.M.C. stretcher-bearers come and remove them to the ambulance waggons or motor ambulances. Then they are taken to the advanced dressing station of the Field Ambulance, and receive any immediate attention which may be necessary. From here they are taken to the Field Ambulance about two miles back, where they may remain a few days, or they may be transferred the next morning to the Clearing Hospital, by the Motor Ambulance Convoy, about eight miles from the firing-line. Here are hospitals equipped for almost any operation, and anything necessary is done. From the Clearing Hospital they go by ambulance train to one of the Base Hospitals.

To make it more clear, I will give an example. Some men are out in front of the fire trench at night on patrol, or putting up wire, or on a prisoner-catching expedition with an officer in charge; bullets are coming across all the time, but no one troubles much about these. Our own men have been warned that a patrol is going out, so they do not shoot. Suddenly the moon breaks through the clouds or a star shell goes up, and the party is seen. A machine gun is turned on in their direction and one or two men are hit. Someone is immediately sent back for regimental stretcher-bearers; they run out, dress the wound, and bring the man into the trench. I remember one particular night when little B. was wounded out in front. He was shot through the head, the bullet going in over his right eye and coming out over his right ear. I was at once rung up at headquarters on the telephone by the company officer, and I was there when he was brought in to the trench. I gave him morphia, redressed the wound, and sent him down to the aid-

post on a stretcher. It was a severe case, so an orderly was sent to the advanced dressing station of the Field Ambulance to get an ambulance at once; he was absolutely unconscious, but his condition was good. He got to the Field Ambulance which was stationed in a village school three miles back, and was seen by the excellent Capt. W., who decided to trephine, and did so. The next day the boy was quite conscious, sending messages to his platoon commander and was anxious to write home. He was kept at the Field Ambulance for a few days, so that he should not be re-concussed by the journey over the pavé, and then sent down to the Clearing Hospital.

Trench life means an alternation of living in the trenches and in billets, and for us the billets were quite near the firing line, sometimes so close as to be within rifle-shot of the Germans, but it got too warm later for this to be possible. With us the alternation went on for a great many months without a break, doing sometimes five days in trenches and five days out, sometimes nine in and four out, or six in and six out, but usually five in and five out.

I will now adhere more closely to my diary:—

January 30th. Truce still continuing.

February 1st. Truce stopped by order, and no more of such truces to be allowed. It was a pity it did not go on for a few days longer, as we were unable properly to finish our breastwork. All ruined farmhouses behind the line are being strongly fortified; visited these at 9 p.m. It was a weird sight. A bright moon shining through gossamer clouds, a thin sprinkling of snow on the ground, the fantastic remnants of walls, and men in groups silently working, some on the brickwork, others outside under the fruit-trees, digging earth to pile up against the walls. It was again very quiet. The stillness is uncanny, and seems to presage something. There was heavy firing on our left this afternoon, both rifle and artillery, but that has ceased now.

February 2nd. In billets.

February 3rd. Lectured to the battalion on Typhoid Inoculation. Got about two hundred volunteers for inoculation. This is the Colonel's idea, the notion being to go on lecturing to the remainder till, from very surfeit, they yield. This and other methods succeeded, and we finally got 99.5 per cent. of the battalion inoculated.

February 4th. Dinner with B Company. We had just sat down to the following menu, when an artillery duel commenced which looked like business. We had to turn out and "stand to" at once, but it all blew over and we returned later to a somewhat spoiled dinner. Most of the courses came from tins; the goose was bought of a civilian.

MENU. 4.2.15.

Broth.

Salmon.

Sauce Crème de Moutard

Rissoles aux petits pois

Roast Goose.

Asparagus.

Tipsy Widow

Angels on Horse back.

Dessert.

Café



Life in the Trenches.

Dinner B Coy.

L'Armée. 4.2.15.

Chef. W. White

February 20th. On walking down from the trenches with C. narrowly escaped being shot by a fixed rifle of some German shooting by the map. We were passing some willows when several shots came past us, several hitting a willow two or three feet from us. We waited, and about twenty shots came over in exactly the same place. Two or three men were killed at this spot.

March 1st. Corner of my dressing station knocked off by a shell. One or two "sick" slightly wounded. Picked some snowdrops.

March 2nd. In the evening heard the Germans shouting and cheering from their trenches, why I do not know; also heard a cornet being played.

March 3rd. Much shelling to-day. Aid-post hit two or three times. The health of the battalion is certainly much better than it was at Christmas. We have much shorter spells in trenches. We have had no cases of "trench feet"—i.e., a form of frost-bite—for some time. The chief complaints now are coughs, pharyngitis, chafed heels which become septic, rheumatic pains, and what appears to be lumbago and sciatica, dirarhoea and what seems to be influenza—that is to say, an acute febrile attack ushered in by shivering, the temperature rapidly becoming 103°, the throat red

and inflamed, and there is a great tendency for an obstinate bronchitis to come on; in fact, this may occur early, and with it or without there may be a laryngitis which is very tenacious. Frequently there are haemorrhages of various kinds. Most of the casualties are bullet wounds through the head.

March 12th. Last night there was a terrific bombardment, over us and to our left, the shells making a continuous swish as they passed over. We were on the flank of a pretty big show. We "demonstrated," the chief result being to make the Germans cheer. This afternoon I found some daffodils almost out. There are no buds yet on the trees, but the birds are singing.

March 15th. Billets. Went a-fishing with S. on the Lys and caught nothing. From 11 p.m. to 3 a.m. was attending a confinement at L'Estaminet L'Armée. A fine boy was born. At first the people seemed very suspicious of me as an army doctor, the labour was not an easy one, and as the time wore on they became more and more uneasy. I did my best to reassure them, telling them I knew more about babies than about soldiers, and when everything was finally very successful nothing could exceed their gratitude.

March 19th. Trenches, F—Farm. Everywhere the ground was drying up beautifully, but last night it snowed hard. To-day sun, sleet, hail, and wind, everywhere muddy again. The change was effected without a casualty, it was pitch dark, several people, including the Sergeant-Major and one of the stretcher-bearers, fell into streams and ditches. Had a bully beef and Bologna sausage dinner in headquarters' dug-out. We have a good dug-out, though a little small for four people—the Colonel, the second in command, the Adjutant, and myself. We have four bunks with straw mattresses, a table, a nice little stove, and linoleum on the floor, the inevitable pictures of various types of young women, a small library of books, a cupboard for delicacies, and beams against which we all bumped our heads severely several times a day. We just managed all to squeeze in, and when perhaps a Territorial Colonel out for instruction and an F.O.O. were both at the same time feeding with us, it was more than a squeeze. But we had some very good times in those trenches. We always fed well, we hung our ration meat till it was just right, and our cook was very good. If stews rather than joints began to appear too frequently it meant that the Quartermaster needed "gingering up."

For breakfast we usually had bacon and eggs, sometimes kippers, which were a luxury, tea or coffee, toast and marmalade. For lunch, meat, a sweet, and coffee. For tea, we had toast and cakes sent from home. For dinner, we almost invariably had soup, a joint with two vegetables, a sweet, and

a savoury—sardines on toast or œufs farcies being the most common—and generally wine, whisky, and port; also we had cheeses sent from home. We had no shortage of delicacies, which we got from our people, from the Stores, and Fortnum and Mason's, and also from a Potin's shop which still flourished in Armentières. We had many kinds of drink. Eating was, of course, a great event in trenches, and there is no doubt we ate too much. Dinner parties were given by the companies. I played chess practically every afternoon, either with the Colonel, or with one of the companies in the fire trench. The Colonel and I must have played hundreds of games, under all sorts of conditions. Chess with D Company was apt to be of a somewhat rollicking character, due of course to P., who always made everything rollicking, and though quite good at the game affected rapid and cheerful strategies.

It was at this time that we were greeted with the following cheerful item of news in the daily summary:—

"Flammenwerferabteilung.—With reference to the recent report of burning fluid being thrown into French trenches in the Argonne, definite information has been received of the existence in the VI. Reserve Corps of a detachment for throwing flames."

This caused us to think, but even that fell into abatement and low price before the ghastly surprise of less than a month later. Under this same date there is mention of the beautiful effects of the German searchlights. The Adjutant and I were walking round in the night, inspecting a shattered farm from which the men drew water at a well; suddenly the searchlight threw into relief the leafless trees, the tottering walls, and charred rafters of the farm. It was amazingly beautiful.

March 21st. Lunch with A Company, after which we lay on our backs and basked in the sun behind the parapet. It was perfectly glorious; the only annoying thing was an infernal noise. For an iron piping, used as the dug-out chimney, just protruded above the parapet, and a Bosch kept sniping this, hitting it every time, till it was riddled with bullets. Just as I was going back to our dug-out a man was reported hit in the reserve trench. I got across and gave him morphia, left him comfortable, and got him down later; several men were sniped this day. In the evening the Bosches fell to cheering, probably at the news of the sinking of the *Irresistible*, *Ocean*, and *Bouvet*. Heard many owls hooting.

March 22nd. Another perfectly beautiful day. Everything pretty quiet in the morning. A few men sniped. Walked down into Bois Grenier, where I have my aid-post. As happened every day

they started shelling in the afternoon. Shells fell all round the aid-post, which was untouched except by splinters; pieces fell all round us in the garden; one man was hit in the leg, but no one hurt.

March 24th. In billets. Visited the Estaminet L'Armée; mother and child were both very well. In the afternoon rode into E—to the Field Ambulance; played Bach on quite a good piano there for an hour or so, and had dinner at the Ambulance.

March 26th. Hot bath at 6 Rue Strassburg. Bach at E—again. Dinner party at headquarters and had a very jolly evening.

March 27th. Saw the sick at 7 a.m. Rode with the Colonel in the morning. Lunch with B Company. Revolver practice afterwards. Went to "The Follies" in Armentières, 4 to 5.30, and back to billets to dinner.

March 28th. Trenches again. Behind D Company there are at least thirty dead cows in one field, killed months ago by shrapnel. Now the warmer weather has come they smell mightily and are nigh unto bursting. How to dispose of them is not quite clear at present. Several helpful suggestions have been offered, such as getting a large sort of Roman catapult and hurling them on to the Bosches, blowing them up, making bully-beef of them, prodding them with a pick-axe, etc. Finally, however, they were covered with lime and earth.

March 30th. Well shelled by battery fire at 9 p.m. Before this Bois Grenier, as usual, was tower was blown away. There was one of the most beautiful sunsets this evening that ever I saw: there were endless ripples of intensely red clouds over a background of green sky, and all was reflected intimately in the surface water on the ground. It is a strange life. Little T. was playing his cornet yesterday in the fire trench and the Bosches cheered and cried "Bravo"; a few yards to his right, where the next battalion touches ours, six men were killed by a Jack Johnson. It is a mixture of merriness and grimness, where the contemplation of a sunset is interrupted by the flight of bullets, where a merry party may be blown into the heavens or the hells at any moment, where brooding horror spreads his raven wings and the night-owl sings, to misquote Milton, and indeed the night-owl does sing and cheers me vastly.

March 31st. Several corpses found behind S.'s dug-out. We had noticed a horrid smell for days, which exceeded even that of chlorinated lime; so an investigation was made, and voila! One man killed to-day and five wounded. I was kept quite busy on my evening round to-night. Corporal Y. was wounded in the pelvis on a digging party, a few moments later another man was shot through

the shoulder and lung, and I had scarcely finished dressing him, when another man was shot through the thigh while out patrolling close to the enemy's lines. The bullet hit the handle of his entrenching tool, large splinters of which I had to drag out from somewhere round his femur. Full moon to-night, which rose as a mighty red thing.

April 1st. S. is putting up a large model fish on a pole—poisson d'Avril—to exasperate the Bosches; they ignored it, however.

April 12th. Back again in Burnt Farm trenches. We had great fun last time in billets. There was a two days' horse show at Armentières, with a band playing and everything very gay. We went to the Follies again, and had more strumming of some Bach transcriptions.

We have good communication trenches now, and flowers are coming up in great numbers. We are making flower-beds in the trenches, taking up wall-flowers, and lilies, and rose-trees, and shrubs, gooseberry bushes, all sorts of bulbs, and other things. We have made many flower-boxes of violets, etc.; the servants quite enjoy helping with these, and the pioneers make the boxes quite solemnly, and at night they are trundled up to the fire trench on hand-carts. The next battalion are making an avenue of shrubs at the end of their communication trench. The men are perfectly marvellous; in spite of the endless digging the poor things have to do, they will cheerfully dig a garden. No Briton will ever forget the mud of Flanders. Not infrequently you would hear from your dug-out muttered imprecations from some strange form complaining that he had been "digging up this blinking country for the past six months." The Highlander does not talk excessively, and a statement like that would be left unqualified and isolated; but it expressed volumes of feeling.

April 29th. Still in the same old place. The weather for over three weeks has been perfect. We have had jumps put up at our transport farm, where we get good exercise on our horses when we are in billets. My own gee, Bob, comport himself very creditably. One day, while riding, I watched a Territorial Battalion marching into Fleurbaix with a band playing while the place was being shelled. A band is a rare thing here. The Germans have become more active lately, and are shelling all about us frequently every day. Headquarters farm took several direct hits, so we have moved to the reserve trench. I was sleeping at the aid-post farm last night on an old bed with a mattress of straw, just at the entrance of a large barn; I was shielded from bullets by some stabling. In the small hours of the morning a shell burst just behind the stabling, and the next went over the barn and burst in the field beyond. I was thinking

about getting up, when a little fox-terrier bitch jumped up from under the bed and licked my face; thereupon started an acquaintance. So we two went and took cover together, and the friendship started that morning lasted until the little beast was killed by a shell one day. She was the most affectionate, faithful little beast that ever I saw; she refused to be parted from me. I have no idea where she came from. She was most intelligent and full of life. She would go up to the fire trench with me, jumping in and out of the communication trench and rushing over the fields, but she would never try and get over the parapet of the fire trench. She shared my dug-out and my life generally, and accompanied me on my rounds. One day she nearly died of arsenic poisoning, from eating some stuff I had put about in different places to kill flies. I doped her and she went and lay out by herself in the field behind, and we thought she was going to die. Suddenly she got better, came trotting back, and ate some more of the stuff. However, she survived this, too, and we were more careful in future of the poison. But even with care another sad accident happened. B. brought back from home, when he was on leave, two beautiful bull-dog pups. One of these poisoned himself by eating the dead flies that dropped on to the floor of the company cook-house, and he ate enough to cause him arsenic poisoning. My little bitch, however, was none the worse for it; but one ill-fated morning she was killed in action. A large shell came over our billets and laid out several men. She ran along with a stretcher-bearer and the next shell killed them both. Those two shells, in fact, accounted for three of our Captains and about eleven men.

April 30th. Heavy firing heard near Ypres nearly all day.

May 3rd. Yesterday afternoon was heard the most terrific bombardment on our left to the North. It was a perfect furore of artillery fire, great guns going like machine guns. It is absolutely indescribable. Our farms have been well shelled, but this is a mere nothing to the awful happenings on our left. This was the second battle of Ypres. I shudder almost to write about that awful wild furore.

May 4th.—In billets. I saw the sick at 10 a.m., then rode over to the Field Ambulance and was then given an opportunity of seeing the results of the second battle of Ypres. I gladly accepted this, but I little imagined what I was about to see. Awful stories of some frightful gas were current everywhere now, and never shall I forget the mental tension and excitement of that day. Something new had happened, some new ghastliness, some inconceivable atrocity had been enacted, and we were going to see it. We went by motor ambulance to B—, to the Clearing Hospital. We

drove into the courtyard of a college and got out. There filling most of the court were fine, stalwart men, lying, gasping and heaving and fighting for breath, some red with bloodshot eyes, others black in the face with their chests struggling to get more air; others with their faces disfigured by yellow chemical; many with terrible wounds to add to their torture; many dying, some already dead, others fully conscious struggling for the air which their lungs could not absorb. One went white and sick. Inside was the same thing, room after room filled with the same gasping breathless asphyxiated men. Wounds were nothing to this, not the ghastliest. One longed to relieve this awful suffering. From that moment I hated the Germans. I still hate them, and years hence when this war is partly forgotten—for 1870 is partly forgotten already—and enmities have become softened, and Germans perhaps once more are allowed to enter into the life of the country, I shall remember what I saw on May 4th, 1915; and every man and woman and child should know fully the extent of the horror of that ghastly atrocity. It must never be forgotten. There are few who have not lost someone whom they loved in this War, but if he died in fair fight we can look upon it as a glorious death; but this was the calculated cold-blooded scheme of a vicious, cruel, treacherous, unscrupulous and dishonourable enemy. I have seen men literally blown to pieces by shell-fire, so that we have had to collect their remains in a sack for burial. This I could view with comparative equanimity; but the memory of that terrible air-hunger, that agonising struggle for oxygen is burned deeply into my mind, never to be obliterated.

After this period, which was one of comparative quiet with us, things became rather more lively, but to speak of these would bring us into the summer, and my readers' patience must already be exhausted by the many trivialities I have already recorded.

FURTHER REFLECTIONS ON THE WAR

"Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!"

How often in the course of the present War must these words have occurred to the looker-on as he followed the tragic story of Loos, or Neuve Chapelle, or Gallipoli. Some such reflection doubtless occurred to many a German in the Army which, when almost at the gates of Paris, was beaten back beyond the Marne and suffered a costly defeat from which it has never really recovered and seems never likely to recover in the

present conflict. The German "miss" was in fact the most serious of all; it was the conclusion not of an incident, however important, but of a campaign; for the campaign, as originally designed against France, was undoubtedly to be a swift sudden rush in overwhelming numbers ending in the triumphant capture of Paris, regardless of cost. Since the failure before Paris it has become abundantly clear that the German Staff never anticipated the necessity of taking a longer view. As a nation the German is sometimes credited with physical myopia, and certainly the course of their campaign since the defeat in September, 1914, suggests that their military, or political, leaders—or both—suffer from mental myopia. Their whole policy has been of the "near-sighted" type; they induced Turkey to join in the War for the sake of an immediate advantage, and never apparently looked forward to the moment, already possibly in sight, when the defeat and exhaustion of Turkey would react very unfavourably on the fortunes of Germany. The wide Asiatic dominions of Turkey seemed at the moment to present attractive opportunities of depriving us of the Suez Canal, and damaging us in Persia, and even in India; but it should not have been overlooked that the vulnerable area of the Central Powers was increased by this Alliance to the same extent, and that they were thenceforward associated with Turkey for better or worse in this area. If the dominion and prestige of Turkey are broken in Asia, the prestige of Germany dies with them, and her dream of a Mussulman Empire must remain a dream. The ultimate effect of Turkey's entrance into the War on her own position in Europe, and on our position in Egypt, will probably be far more favourable to the Allies than to Germany.

Again, at a moment when the supply of human munition was running short, Germany induced the vain ruler of Bulgaria to join the Central Group, and this was recently hailed by our pessimistic critics as a phenomenal diplomatic success scored by Germany. Judged by the immediate result it was, for it certainly enabled her to defeat and punish Serbia, and no doubt both Bulgaria and Germany derived much satisfaction from that. If, however, we live a little longer we may possibly come to regard this as another evidence of military myopia. It has already enabled the Allies to establish themselves firmly in Salonica, and to convert that port into a strong hostile centre, from which the joints of the German harness may ultimately be pierced. The presence of the Allies there constitutes a challenge which Germany can hardly afford to ignore, but is apparently somewhat reluctant to accept. We do not know what liabilities she has incurred to Bulgaria or to Turkey in return for their assistance; but no doubt they are considerable. Whether

these creditors will wait till the end of the War before they present their bills, or whether they will soon ask for something on account, remains to be seen.

When settlement day does come it is not improbable that both debtor and creditors may be less satisfied with the transaction than they are assumed to be at present. The pet theory of "frightfulness" also betrays this curious blindness to more remote effects. This limited vision seems to be partly the penalty of their minute attention to detail, and partly the result of circumstance. We cannot expect the same eye to be both short-sighted and long-sighted; the German has devoted his attention so thoroughly to the minute details of organisation, and has achieved such amazing results in this direction, that it would be strange indeed if his vision had not become microscopic, rather than telescopic, in nature. The short-sight, to which reference has been made, would be a defect naturally inherent in his very virtues. To a certain extent, however, the hand-to-mouth policy which he has pursued during the last twelve months has been imposed on him by circumstance, and the pressure of this circumstance becomes stronger every day. The supply of human munition is limited, and the inevitable day approaches when the reserve of this munition will no longer make good the expenditure even in quantity; it has apparently already ceased to do so in quality. The Allies have a much larger reserve, and this constitutes a winning advantage, sooner or later, if the fight goes to a finish. Moreover, the very consciousness that the lapse of time will place her at this serious disadvantage, compels Germany to seek a favourable decision before the evil hour strikes, and thus she is condemned to force the pace, expend even more of this diminishing munition, and hasten the advent of the very day which she is most anxious to postpone. Economic causes no doubt contribute to urge her to the same decision. Of course the Jeremiahs here assure us that all is well in Germany, and that owing to the marvellous organisation there is practically no financial or economic stress. Why then has the Exchange value of the German mark fallen 25 per cent. in value in neutral countries? Why do German banks fail? Why do German papers teem with advertisements of "food substitutes"? Why do German wives write to their soldier husbands letters like the one referred to in the following extract from the *Sunday Times*, of February 27th, 1916?—

"A pathetic letter, and one revealing the privations from which the poorer Germans in some districts are suffering, has been brought to Bristol by a Sergeant who came home on furlough from the Western front.

"It was written in September last by a woman living in Silesia to her husband, a German soldier, and

discovered upon his body after the battle of Loos. The whole epistle is marked by a simple sincerity and affection for her husband and children that makes it extremely touching:

"I was so glad to get your letter and Franz's card," says the wife. "He was so pleased that you did not forget his birthday. He has shown his card to the teacher and children at school."

"Later, turning to the difficulties of life in War time, she says: 'I have not enough, for 20 pf. per child does not go far. Other wives get something from the works, but I get nothing. But where can I go for help? Everything is so dear that it is impossible to live. You have to spend all your money and get nothing for it.

"If only the accursed War would stop. Not a word of peace. Now we ought to be buying in for Winter, and I have nothing. A cwt. of potatoes cost 4.50, butter is 2.20, and pork is absolutely unprocurable. I know that you are very weary (fed up). I have buried little Wilhelm; that cost me 23 marks.

"It is a blow. You have two little angels to pray for you. God knows best. We can do nothing except what He wills. God will protect you as He has done in the past. With the present scarcity life is impossible."

A shortage, actual or imminent, of men, money or food would explain the present violent attack on the West and the heavy expenditure of men which would otherwise be difficult to account for. The gambler who is already deeply involved cannot hope to recoup his losses by small stakes at low odds. If he stakes his last sovereign on a 100 to 1 chance, he at least has one chance of winning £100, and getting on his feet again. If he divides his sovereign and stakes it in shillings, at shorter odds, he will only prolong the agony, and will gradually fritter away his small reserve of cash without the chance of any substantial coup. It is true that if the gambler stakes his all and loses, the game is up and nothing remains but the usual finis. The German gambler knows this but is taking his chance all the same; the game, therefore, is not at all likely to end in a stalemate, but in a definite decision which the Allies have good reason to await with confidence.

H. C.

February 28th, 1916.

WITH A BRITISH FIELD HOSPITAL IN SERBIA

We sailed from Avonmouth Docks at the beginning of June, 1915, prepared to go through it properly, in typhus-ridden Serbia. On our arrival we were at once attached to the 2nd Serbian Army, and were in camp for two months about 30 miles from Belgrade. We were very disappointed at finding no fighting was going on. All we saw for the time being, were about a hundred cases of typhus, and a few of small-pox.

We did all we could in the villages around, but for our first two months, we were to all intents and purposes idle. At the beginning of September, much to our joy, some of our unit were ordered down to Skoplje to take charge of a military hospital there. Our party consisted of another medical man and myself, eight nurses, two of them from "the good old London," and two dressers. We found about 120 cases waiting for us in hospital, all of them the most painful objects of neglect one could ever wish to see. It was really pathetic, to see what gross neglect, and it could have been nothing else, had done for some of these poor wounded men. Some of them had been lying in bed for eleven months, without being touched it seems, with discharging wounds the whole time. This so-called hospital would have almost taken the breath away from many. The dirt was appalling; one had only to lift up the patient's mattresses to see literally bugs of every shape, size and description crawling everywhere. Lice, here abounded in their thousands, and all sanitary arrangements were chiefly conspicuous by their absence! Well, the first thing to be done was clean, clean, everywhere and everything. After three days' incessant scrubbing and washing we tried our best to really get the hospital going. The dressings were particularly heavy and used to take us about five solid hours' work every morning. It's a very different matter doing a dressing "at the London" to doing one in Serbia. We were always more or less up against it the whole time. The thing we wanted was never to be had and we had to economise terribly with all our dressings, etc. We were not allowed to use any of our own stores from England, as there were strict orders that all our own hospital equipment was to be kept for field work later on. Our patients consisted of Serbs and Austrians, and I cannot but mention here the excellent conduct and undying gratitude of them all. It was truly a very great pleasure to be thanked as those poor fellows used to thank us for everything we tried to do for them, and they could stick pain without a murmur. We soon had an addition to our first lot of sick, and for a month we all worked jolly hard.

On the 9th of October, we were ordered, at a few hours' notice, to proceed at once to Pirot, on the Bulgarian frontier, and then we knew at last that we were really in for some field work. Pirot itself was about ten miles from the firing line. We were given a very fine building to use as a hospital. The Staff slept in tents just behind the building, all the indoor space being utilized for wards and the operating theatre.

At 4.30 a.m. on the morning of October 14th, we were awakened by the sound of very heavy firing all round us, the echo of the guns along the mountain ridges surrounding us on all sides being really terrific. We had twelve field ambulances

with us, and at 8 a.m. we were ordered to take all these out towards the Bulgarian lines. All along the road we met peasants flying before the Bulgarian guns, and a very sad sight it was to see old men, women and children trudging sadly along, carrying all that was left to them of the homes they had just left. On this occasion, we got to within *one kilometre* of the Bulgars, and well we knew it. Apparently, our ambulances were spotted by an enemy's captive balloon, and were at once opened fire upon. It is without any exaggeration when I state that nine big shells fell within, at the most, 20 yards of our cars. For most of us, this was our first experience of being under fire, and on top of no breakfast, it was a mighty unpleasant experience. We were hastily ordered to retire at once, and shells followed us up hard all along the road. Luckily not a car was hit. From now, onwards, until October 25th, we had a continuous stream of wounded coming in day and night, and we were consequently working at top pressure all this time. The wounded were generally in a bad state of collapse when they reached us, and amongst them there was a high percentage of head cases. All but the very worst cases only remained with us for 48 hours, before being sent on to the base hospital at Nish.

We got almost as many Bulgarians as Serbs, owing, I suppose, to the close nature of the fighting. Here the Serbians were fighting against superior artillery, and odds of five and six to one on every front. However, they held the huge forces opposed to them for 14 long days and nights. Pirot, itself, was evacuated two or three days before we left, and then, while we were actually operating on the afternoon of Saturday, October 25th, we had orders that the whole hospital was to leave that same evening for Nish. Every patient was in the hospital train by 6 p.m. that evening, and we ourselves, with all our equipment and ambulances, left Pirot that night. Little we knew then, that this was the beginning of the last great Serbian retreat. It was about 70 miles to Nish, and it took the ambulances 16 hours' drive to reach it. The mud was awful, the roads, if one can term them roads at all, appallingly bad, and of course the way was quite unknown to us. It pelted with rain the whole time, and at every steep incline, the cars just had to be pushed up one by one. On our arrival at Nish, we were ordered to push on at once to Mitrovitza, *via* Kragenvitz and Kralievo. Some of us travelled by train, others with the ambulances. These trains were indescribably filthy, and certainly, not the least of our sufferings, was the torturing we got by lice, we were just eaten to bits almost, and the scarcity of water really gave us no chance of getting rid of these accursed animals. I have seen quite a respectable English doctor pick 15 to 20 of these little beasts off his vest, and

they can bite too. The sights all along the railway line were the saddest I have ever seen, just open trucks, full of refugees, most of them ill clad, and with no food whatever. What those poor women and children must have suffered no one knows. For they were days in these open trucks with rain pelting down on them all the while, and having lost their homes and everything dear to them, yet, in spite of it all, and backed up by that wonderful optimism which is such a marked characteristic of their race, they were even now not without hope. At Kralievo the railway ended, and from now onwards we had only our ambulances, and later our own legs to get us out of Serbia. At Kralievo itself, chaos reigned, shortage of food, thousands of refugees pouring into the town daily, and not a room to be had anywhere. Wounded were arriving too, having walked over 100 miles. Some of them with dressings that had not been changed for perhaps, ten days, and terribly starved. Such was the pressure of work here, that some French surgeons were chopping off limbs *without* an anæsthetic, and that in 1915 remember. It was just too ghastly to describe.

Thousands of people were just starving now, and food was getting scarcer and scarcer as we proceeded on our journey. Twenty-one hours' drive brought us to Mitrovitza, and here we got the pleasant tidings that practically the whole of Serbia was in the hands of the enemy, and our only chance of escape lay in getting to Monastir, *via* an eighty mile march through a mountain pass in Albania. However, there was nothing else for it, so we had to proceed on our dismal journey. The ambulances got as far as the Albanian frontier, and here almost everything had to be abandoned. We had seventeen nurses with us, but such was the state of chaos and want reigning, that the Serbs could give us no form of conveyance whatever, not even horses or mules for the women to ride. All we could get were a few half starved donkeys to carry our food, and a little luggage. All the cars and a great deal of our personal belongings simply had to be scrapped there and then. The mountains were absolutely impassable for any car. Our first day we only marched 10 miles, the going was terrible; and we had a biting wind and hail in our faces the whole while. In places we sank to over our knees in mud, and those 10 weary miles took us six long hours. Everyone was wet through to the skin and pretty cold. On the second day, seven of our donkeys died by the wayside, and that meant more scrapping of belongings for everyone.

By this time everybody was somewhat depressed, and wondering if we were not going to be destined to spend most of our lives on the top of some snow clad peak in Albania. We marched 23 miles on the second day, every inch of it a stiff climb, and in terrible going. However our nurses stuck

it I don't know, for we were going for sixteen hours at a stretch. We eventually reached our station at 12 o'clock that night, some of the party just about dead beat. We were short of food, and time was against us, but for two whole days after this we had to rest where we were, as some were really too collapsed to walk another foot. The sights all through this journey through Albania were terrible. Horses and donkeys were just tumbling over all along the way, just dead from exhaustion and starvation. There was no food for the people, let alone the poor wretched animals, and whenever an animal fell, it was cut up and skinned there and then, the hide being taken for warmth, and most of the animals' insides greedily snatched to appease the pangs of terrible starvation. Human corpses too were strewn all along our way, all stripped of every inch of clothing they ever possessed, and every corpse told its own tale, dead of starvation and exposure. It was depressing to see such suffering day after day.

After two days' rest, two other marches of 18 and 16 miles brought us almost to Dibra, the end of our trudge through Albanian territory. Our nurses were the first women to have ever walked through the Dibra Pass. But our troubles were not quite over yet, for immediately on our arrival at Dibra, we were ordered to proceed at once to Monastir, as the Bulgars were seriously threatening that town, and our last line of escape. Fortunately, we were able to get cars to take the nurses and one medical man on to Monastir, while the rest of us started on another foot slog of 80 miles. After doing just over 30 of these, however, we were fortunate enough to meet some English Army Service Corps lorries which took us on to Monastir just in time, for in a couple of days the town was in Bulgarian hands! From here we took train to Salonica, and enjoyed our first real night's rest for five weeks. And I don't think any of us will ever forget that five weeks' flight. By Christmas we were most of us back in dear Old England once again.

C. G. T. MOSSE.

A DEFENCE OF ARISTOCRACY

"A Defence of Aristocracy" is the title of a book, by Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici, published during the year 1915, by Constable & Co. The title page tells us that it is "A Text-Book for Tories." The Preface, in addition, informs us that it is a reply to the claims of Socialism and Democracy as offering the true and practical solutions of the deep discontent prevailing in the modern world. The book is not only an argument in defence of true Aristocracy, but it is also an

attempt at showing wherein hitherto the principles of a true Aristocracy have been misunderstood by the aristocrats themselves. It further attempts to show that more than half the criticism directed against the aristocratic principle no more applies to a true Aristocracy than it does to the man in the moon.

Mr. Ludovici claims to approach his subject in an entirely non-political and non-party spirit. He desires to raise the discussion of the question to a plane higher than mere "matters of opinion." He calls attention to a political and historical fact too often overlooked: the fact that all the fluctuations of fortune which have attended the histories of aristocracies, have not consisted actually of a struggle between the principle of aristocracy and a better, nobler and more desirable principle, but of a struggle between the principle of aristocracy and its representatives, or, in other words, of Aristocracy *versus* the Aristocrats.

The book covers a very wide survey of historical knowledge, not only of Occidental origin but also Oriental. The question of Aristocracy is discussed—not as some of the column-writers of zanic attributes who write in a certain section of the daily Press at so much per column to fill up space—discuss it, but as it deserves to be discussed, with deep earnestness, with knowledge, with that conviction that has come of a long study of the factors upon which the principle rests, and with a desire to influence the leaders of England to render the intellectual and moral outlook of the people more virile, and to raise the accepted taste to a higher level than a "vulgar culture of automobiles and general 'smartness.'" He reminds us, what indeed is recognised by every aristocratic thinker, that the strength of a nation does not lie solely in "trade, commercialism, factories and general shop-keeping." And here, I think, Mr. Ludovici might have added, and doubtless would have added, but for his determination to remain non-political, that neither does a nation's strength lie in the possession and investment of enormous Party funds by political parties. There is no strength, to the nation in the possession of these Party funds, even if they be of native origin; but there is infinite weakness and tragic danger if they are of alien origin, and if they be invested in the stocks and shares of an enemy alien country.

The strength of a nation lies mainly and *permanently* in the manifestation of good taste, honour, and integrity, among the rulers; and in the health and well being of the people, and the attempt by them, under the influence of aristocratic leaders, to practise good taste in manners, thought, dress, habits, food and recreation, and to appreciate fully the value of honour, probity, truth and veracity among their rulers.

Two great theses stand out in Mr. Ludovici's inquiry into Aristocracy in England. First: was

it good during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to transform England from a land of agriculture and of homecrafts, into a capitalistic, commercial and factory ridden country? Were the Tudors and Stuarts who saw the first signs of the change and fought against it, right in opposing the change? Were they expressing the aristocratic spirit and intent when they sought to suppress the unscrupulous spirit of gain and of greed which sought to promote the change? Was it the beginning of the ending of Aristocracy in England, when "the old guardian Angel" of English ideals and traditions, "forsook her for a while, in order to leave her to the tender mercies of the new religionists, the new fashioners of her fate, the Puritanical Traders?"

The second thesis turns around the phenomenon, manifested in various epochs of the history of most nations, of the infliction upon the people of gigantic impostures, so that death has been substituted for life, tyranny for liberty, vulgarity for taste, and disease for health. In some cases these vast impostures inflicted upon the credulity and belief of a people, have been conscious, and in other cases unconscious. Among other examples the ancient Egyptian priesthood is cited by Mr. Ludovici. There are other instances, however, not dealt with by Mr. Ludovici—nearer home, of very modern date, not the outcome of Aristocracy, nor Theocracy, nor Oligarchy, but of Democracy and Bureaucracy. There is for instance the doctrine of "Rare and Refreshing Fruit," of "Ninepence for Fourpence," and of "Land Taxes that were to build Dreadnoughts," but instead cost the nation £2,000,000 every year. An imposture which promising to supply one Dreadnought per year has instead deducted it! The £2,000,000 thus wasted every year upon fattening new officials and creating new bureaucratic departments, could have been more wisely spent upon the Army and the Navy, in the long years of peace when preparation could have been systematic, unhasting and scientific. But we chose a Demagogue for an Aristocrat, and this is only a small part of the price we pay for an ignoble choice.

There is another great imposture that is to be inflicted upon Englishmen very soon: it is an unconscious imposture, and is prompted we all sincerely believe by the noblest motives. But from the standpoint of Englishmen it is none the less an imposture and a delusion: it is none the less both of these because it is so plausible, so feasible, so prompted by impersonal and disinterested motives. We all have a great admiration for Mr. Rider Haggard and all of us recognise his intense love of England. But still, I would suggest to him that his scheme for settling English soldiers in the Colonies, after the War is over—and for the elaboration of which he is going to great personal expense and trouble—is from the Englishman's standpoint, a delusion. None of us desire

that the Colonies should be peopled by other than men of British blood; there can be no question they should be so peopled. But England is the mother country; the heart and home of English ideals and traditions; the cradle in which English culture and liberty and virility have been reared. If England falls, can the Empire stand? If England forgets and ignores her traditions can they survive in the lands beyond the seas? And is it possible for England to maintain her traditions if there are no Englishmen in the home-land? War has revived and strengthened our English ideas of chivalry, of *noblesse oblige*, of honour, of conscious patriotism. War, through these attributes, must react healthily upon all phases of our national life. Is it wise, is it statesmanlike to send English soldiers when they return imbued with these higher ideals of English outlook, away from the mother-country? If we deplete England, who are to take the place of Englishmen? Are they to be replaced by the alien immigrants from every part of Europe, Africa and Asia?

It might be advisable if Mr. Rider Haggard were to inquire how far this proposal to ship English soldiers to the Colonies, is of alien, or of political, or of alien-political origin. We are bound to remember that the spirit of demagoguery has received much impetus from wealthy men of commercial instincts and from wealthy aliens of alien sympathies. We are also, as Englishmen, bound to remember that alien labour is cheap, because the spiritless life of the emaciated alien is incapable of vigour or virility or opposition to horrid, brutal and depressing conditions of life. We are also mindful of the fact that the English soldier will come back with a new outlook, with a love of healthy life, with heightened vigour and more virile ideals. He will be less tractable to exploitation by alien masters and financial magnates, mostly of alien extraction. We cannot suppose that these alien influences are dead to the existence of the danger which threatens them in this revival of the old English ideals of life which this war has provoked. We know these alien men; we know them to be unscrupulous and cunning; capable of any degree of dissimulation and simulation; we know that they are everywhere, in our Departments of State, in our Government, in our Privy Council, in the City, in numerous hamlets throughout the land, and spread through Society like a vast net. Let any Englishman who chooses, and who loves England, visit the villages and areas along the North Downs and he will find some of the best houses and the fairest prospects in the possession of aliens.* Why are they not in the possession of Englishmen? Has Mr. Rider Haggard inquired in what measure these hidden

*I am informed that there is a village in Hertfordshire which has been so largely depopulated of its natives by alien immigrants, that few of the skilled natives remain. I have, not, however, as yet, made any personal inquiries.

and subtle influences have been behind this proposal to transplant English soldiers from the land they have laid down their lives to defend? Britishers have laid down their lives to defend Britain, let Britain be for Britishers. It is the bounden duty of all of us who have lost the privilege of fighting for our country, to see that this elementary justice is done to the British soldier, while he is away fighting our battles. If, seeing the danger and the injustice, we refuse to do our duty, we are not Aristocrats, we are either craven cowards or the submissive instruments of a deep and alien design. While the British soldier is fighting for us at the Front, it is our duty—cost what it may to ourselves—to see that Britain remains for British soldiers when they return and not for aliens.

That then is one of the great impositions we of the present moment have to face. It is a conscious imposture being affected largely but not entirely through the hands of unconscious agents. But let us come back to the great impostures of which Mr. Ludovici writes: He asserts that the destruction of the life which the people lived under the Tudors or Stuarts, and the imposition of another type of life by the Puritans, led by Pym and Cromwell, was a great imposture and that the people were led to accept it by a great delusion of which they were made the victims. He asserts that the generally written accounts of the nature of the struggle between King Charles I. and the Royalists on the one side and the Puritan Commonwealth on the other, is the outcome of a fraudulent imposture. He says that during the sixteenth or even more during the seventeenth century, the great problem presented itself to the soul of the British nation, of whether it was right to transform England from a land of agriculture and of homecrafts, into a capitalistic, commercial and factory ridden country. The conscious legislation of the times, he tells us, battled and strove in vain against the change. In that battle "our greatest monarch, Charles I., forfeited his head." It was because he fought for the maintenance of the old English traditions and ideals, for the old English pastoral and agricultural life, and because he fought against that commercialism which sought enlarged profits by adulterating and changing for the worse, the food of the people, that the Trading Puritans organised a great cabal, misrepresented Charles I. before the people, and when the deception was complete, executed the King.

Englishmen who are interested in the evidence for this should read Mr. Ludovici's work. It cannot be adequately stated in a review. I venture to suggest that every cultured person should read it and having read it, spread the facts and conclusions among the less cultured. For a knowledge of one great imposture may prevent the nation from falling victim to another, and may enable it

to detect the signs by which a plausible imposture reveals itself.

Charles I. fought for healthy, vigorous and "flourishing" life: the life that was reared on ale and beef and home-made bread, and on the open fields, and rolling hills and downs of the country of England, and expressed itself in the festivities around the May-pole and kiss-in-the-ring. The Puritans fought for a depressed life, without nervous vigour or animal vitality that was reared on beer,* coffee, tea and other depressing beverages, and on adulterated foods. As Buckle in his "History of Civilisation in England" pointed out, the Puritans endeavoured by cookery, by the choice of meats, and the number of dishes, to depress the animal vigour of their bodies, or as they styled it: "to check the lusts of the flesh." They endeavoured, too, to force their emascule conception of life and their false taste of living upon healthier and more virile men. Mrs. Cromwell, the wife of Oliver Cromwell, who was in a position to set an example to all the housewives of England, was a confirmed advocate of repellant plainness in food. She fed herself and her husband on marrow puddings, sausages of hog's liver, Scotch collops of veal, and liver puddings. The usual drink of their household was *Pumado*, a glorified phrase for toast and water.

With regard to his attitude towards life, the Puritan was and is a plebeian. An aristocrat of life is he to whom graceful motion of limb and symmetry of outline, and spontaneousness of spirit, and love of adventure, and delight in the liberation of energy, and joy in the company of his peers, and contemplation of beauty in all its manifestations, and a capacity to enjoy all foods and drinks that lend "hospitality, good fellowship, courtesie, entertainment, joviality, mirth, generosity, liberality and open-house keeping," to the attributes of daily existence, come as part and parcel of his nature. But the plebeian of life! He presents a very different conception of it! The Puritan—the type of this sort of plebeian—is either a sick man or a disjointed, discordant man. As a sick man he is, as Mr. Ludovici points out—and from the biological standpoint we may accept Mr. Ludovici's interpretation of the Puritan—a person "who, after having discovered by self-examination that the taking of any share in the full life of the passions, invariably leads to painful debility and self-reproach, transfers this self-reproach to the

*There is a difference between beer and ale, now almost forgotten. Ale is made from malt alone, while beer is adulterated with hops. The physiological effects of the two beverages seem to be very different, if the popular tradition concerning them is well founded. It is an interesting fact of the times we are considering that ale was taken at breakfast and was given to children. But see Mr. Ludovici's book, the chapter on the "The Metamorphosis of the Englishman," p. 209.