



Seaman MAURICE JOSEPH OATLEY.

Navy. It was while serving in H.M.S. Destroyer *Simoon* that he met his death. Much sympathy has been felt for his father, Mr. J. G. Oatley, the Surveyor of the Hospital, at the loss of so devoted a son and of so promising and helpful an assistant.

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FREDERICK WILLIAM COPELAND,

aged 41, joined the clerical staff of the Registrars' Department of the Hospital in 1915, and was transferred later in the same year to the Accountant's Office.

He was called up early in May, 1916, and was sent to France with the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment in August last. He was killed in action on the Somme front, September 28th, 1916.

Although he was only at the "London" for a short while, he was well known to many of us as a quiet and earnest worker.



FREDERICK WILLIAM COPELAND.

CORRESPONDENCE

14TH C.C.S.,
EAST AFRICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

November 7th, 1916.

DEAR FURNIVALL,

It's an appalling time since I wrote you last, which must have been from Gib., so here goes for a little "past History"! I left Gib. March 19th "for the Eastern Front" as I hoped, having got my C.O. to give me a note to D.M.S., Malta. However, I was "done down" over that, as General — had left Malta only 24 hours before I arrived! I then tried to go on with a draft on board the ship (whose M.O., by the way, was "Toby" Ellis!) to Mesopotamia, but the D.M.S. said they "had no authority," though they admitted there was nothing for me to do in Malta! I was pretty sick, being faced with being interned in another fortress for probably another 6 months, and this time with nothing to do, so I straightway put in an application to be sent on active service at earliest possible opportunity! I had just settled down to "dig" with a bacteriologist and an X-ray man (both pretty keen and had plenty of work to do) to rub up my ignorance on these subjects for

want of something to do, when they sent round for "volunteers for service in Egypt"! I put in at once, and in 48 hours had embarked for Alexandria. I saw some interesting cases in the "neurosis" line in Malta, met several old friends (G. P. Wilson among them), but otherwise was bored to tears with the place, and though I was "attached" to Valetta Hospital, had no work to do: went to rather an interesting lecture by Garrod, on "The Ductless Glands in War" (!) and went to the opera (very cheap and quite good) several times, to while away the weary hours—heard Pagliacci (twice), Manon, Rigoletto, Traviata, The Secret of Suzanne (twice), all of which were excellently done by quite a good Italian company—except Rigoletto, which was rotten. I was glad to see the last of Malta, I can tell you.

I arrived at Alexandria on April 8th, and there at last I fell on my feet by meeting MacDowall (now a Major, R.A.M.C.) as the O.C. of the camp I was sent to. It was a kind of "collecting post" for lost dogs and stray R.A.M.C. officers, and from it they were filling up various units for the various forces in the Eastern theatres of war: so I told him I wanted a Field Unit (C.C.S. for choice), and in half an hour I had my orders to join this one at El Kubri, near Suez. When I got there I found they were under orders to embark at short notice for this country, and after 10 days' waiting in camp on the desert near the canal, we finally sailed for Mombassa on April 22nd. Touching at Aden I went ashore, but only found a *thirst* which we quenched at the club (lime juice only!). I was ship's M.O. to troops on the voyage and was fairly busy, and the old tub (the "Abbasieh," Khedivial Mail Line) didn't arrive at M. till May 4th! It took us 2 days to unload, and we got up by train to our rail head, some 260 miles, on May 9th—2 days and 2 nights for 260 miles, some travelling! I had one day in Nairobi, laying in an extra store of quinine and odd things, such as shaving soap and other things not found in this land of *un-civilisation*, and returned to our rail head on May 13th. There, after much *talk* of *hurrying us up to the "front"* in motor lorries, they came down finally to pushing us off with an *ox* *convoy* at 2 miles per hour, and we walked on our flat feet for 220 miles to our first destination! This took 19 days, as oxen have to rest one day in 7! so you can imagine how breathless we were when we rolled up at the only house we had seen for 3 weeks!—all fit as fiddles, and having had plenty of varied shooting on the way. We *saw* a lot of game, big and small, but didn't do much havoc! Well, we arrived on June 1st, and had 3 months excellent work in what was (compared with this desolate spot) a really delightful spot. The place was a (former) German Mission Station, and we "took over" 140 patients which were being looked after by an ambulance unit of the S.A.M.C. In 2 days we were in full swing, and

having a first-rate organiser as C.O., everything was soon shipshape and clean, our marquees pitched and our divisions A., B. and C. fixed up, cookhouses built, old native "bandas" pulled down and burnt, latrines dug, and all the thousand and one things done which made a very decent show (though I says it myself as shouldn't!). I had charge of the Surgical Division, but had at least 50 out of my 70 beds generally "chock a block" with malarials! G.S.Wds. were few and far between, and came 65 miles by any kind of transport over the most awful roads (such as we had travelled by from our rail head) from the scene of operations, which at that time was Kondoa Irangi. This was the nearest we could get. I wished we could have got nearer, if only for the few surgical cases I did see. The only recent G.S.Wds. I got were "accidental"! One was a prisoner—a Somali—whose guard, sitting on the ground near him cleaning his rifle, managed to let it off, making a nasty mess of the middle 1/3rd of the shaft of his prisoner's ulna! Within 30 minutes I had him anæsthetised, and that is the nearest I've been to the "firing line"!

Of course, the whole difficulty out here has been the tremendous distances and transport: in the wet season (February, March, April) it is next to impossible, and in the dry season the "roads" (ye gods!) are axle-deep in fine dust! Our evacuation from Ufome was by M.A. convoy—night fords—150 miles (2 days' journey) to our nearest rail head which, after the roads had dried, was Moshi—thence they went another 100 miles—or 200 if to Nairobi. At the halfway house was a hospital of sorts, where cases were dressed and fed *en passant*. We used to send cooked rations with them, enough for 3 days: at rail head was another "hospital." These two latter were sections of an ambulance—the first S. African, the other Indian. In the end we were expanded to 500 cases (and still equipped, both in personnel and equipment, for 200!) and here we have got nearly 800 with the same p.d.e. We moved down here on the heels of the victorious (!) Army in August, and it took a month to shift us and our equipment 150 miles—here again you note the rapidity of movements out here! On the way we got some shooting, and another man, our servant and myself, had a visit from lions while camped out in the bush, which, to put it mildly, was the only danger we've been in since coming out here, and there wasn't much of that, as they confined their attention to a dead carcase till they had finished it, and though we climbed one tree partly for safety and partly to get a shot at them, we never got one—it was about 8 p.m. and pitch dark. I had the beginnings of a pretty good go of sciatica, but I went up that tree all right! The next day found me out though—my 40th birthday too! and I had to crawl on two sticks about 2 miles to the main camp on the road, where we got a car and

No. 44 GENERAL HOSPITAL,
I.E.F.
December 14th, 1916.

DEAR JOHN [HOLLINGS],

Christmas is only a few days ahead, and should be very effectually celebrated here, seeing that we can give the matter our undivided attention. For, of course, there is no such thing as work, no, not the suggestion of work, nor yet the prospect of such suggestion. For we are officially informed that we shall not set up as a General Hospital until April, at least.

I recently spent an afternoon with W. D. Newcomb, who is Surgical Specialist to the Deccan British War Hospital, Poona. I understand that Michelmores and Watson were at Peshawar a short time ago. I met D. G. Evans in Bombay, but that is ancient history—last October. These are the only "Londoners" whom I have come across in India.

You can imagine, though but dimly, how one longs to be back at the "London." Of course, it is because there is nothing to do here—a structure whose function is not exercised for months naturally becomes a little inclined to degenerate.

Still, as there must be reserves, it is inevitable that it must be somebody's job simply to wait till something turns up.

"Au revoir"—

DONALD C. NORRIS,
Lieut., R.A.M.C.

MOSS BANK,
NETHER STREET,
NORTH FINCHLEY, N.
February 3rd, 1917.

DEAR MR. BURDON,

Thank you very much for so kindly sending us the *Gazette* which we shall value very much, and strange to say our boy's great friend, Lieut. Odam's (who was in the same Company as our boy, and was the first to fall on the 15th, and our boy was the last officer to fall, on the same day after he had taken the great objective of the day) photograph is in the *Gazette* also, and we are proud to possess it, for he was a splendid "boy." I don't know if you would be interested to hear our dear boy's last message, written in his diary the night before the battle. I will copy it for you, for our poor boy was so "proud" of the London Hospital (it being his father's Hospital also), that I feel sure he would like you to know that he did his duty to England:—

"September 14th, 1916.

I am going into action to-morrow, and in the event of not returning, I would like all my family

did 84 miles of bumps the next day! so I know what transport is under "adverse" conditions! I was laid up about 10 days, and spent most nights walking and kneeling on this verandah. No, sciatica is a damnable complaint! What experience have you had of nerve stretching during an acute attack? Do tell me—I'm practically all right now, but still a bit lame with some wasting of muscles, but I've been doing a job of work since November 5th. Am having massage from an Indian! Here we have a railway, and are about halfway between the coast and the lake, and (with the same excellent organisation from our C.O.) have a pretty good show in a large building and our tents all round. It is almost a town (about 15 real houses!) We are opposite the station, so we see "life" now. I have the officers' hospital and enterics at present, as I discovered we had a F.R.C.S., who was officially appointed as surgical specialist, and who rejoined in July from England, after having had typhoid on the peninsula, where this unit was from the landing to the evacuation, and did pretty good work too, so I hear. He is a New Zealander and Edinburgh man, and quite good, and I see all the interesting surgical cases with him and give him a hand pretty often, so life is worth living! I should have had the pip if all the surgical cases (and there are a fair number here) had drifted entirely out of my ken. There is a great variety here of all sorts, and we've seen some jolly good cases—had some brutes of appendices to deal with, and various abdominals and G.S.Wds. of interest.

I must close now, as a "tractor" (improvised motor lorry put on railway wheels) is going down with mails. All the engines were hidden or piled up in a heap, and the condensing plants smashed by the Germans before their departure! We are 290 miles from D., e.g., our present base, and it takes about 4 days to get there, detours for broken bridges causing a lot of trouble, but it's something to have a railway, and we feel almost civilised again. We've got a nice little house for a mess, and I've got the "station hotel" (What ho!) for officers' hospital. We don't put on weight these days, but are merry and bright, and hoping this show will peter out in 2 months or so, before the rains. We've seen quite enough of this country, thank you, and the Boches may have it back to-morrow (except ports and railways) for all I am concerned, only they don't even deserve that. You will guess that, as a colony, it hasn't very much to say for itself, or perhaps they haven't made much of it—B.E.A. is much better. Just here is a desolate plain with stony kopjes, but some other parts have more to recommend them. We hope to get to France as soon as they let us away from here, but—well, we mustn't "build castles."

CHAS. R. PORTER (GINGER!).

to know that I go as a soldier, and with no sentiment, except for breaking the Bosche; there-fore, if they want to see me, look at the beauties of England, and weep not for me while she is free. I have no enemies, and forgive, and ask the same from any I do not know of. May Edna and Alistair carry on, and help father and mother. God bless you all.

R. DOUGLAS FRENCH."

We have one other little boy of 12 who, if spared, we hope will one day enter "the London," and finish the work which poor Douglas was so early cut off from; his loss to us is very great, but we are proud to hear of all his good deeds, and that he did not suffer, he was shot through the aortic artery, and was wounded in the neck an hour before, but we do not think it could have been a serious wound or he could not have done what he did.

Thank you for returning the photograph, and for letter just received.

Lieut. Ralf Swindell has just come in to see us, you will be pleased to hear his arm has recovered wonderfully, and he is out of Hospital, and on leave for a month.

Yours very truly,
D. H. FRENCH.

H.M.S. "ROYAL OAK,"
GRAND FLEET,
c/o G.P.O.

February 11th, 1917.

DEAR MR. BURDON,

Thank you very much for your kindness in sending me a copy of the January *Gazette*, which I received yesterday. I have read it through with much interest.

I have now been on the "Royal Oak" for just over four months. The life is very interesting, but I cannot say that I have experienced anything exciting up to the present. However, I still live in hopes of being present in a Fleet action before the end of the War.

I have very little medical work to do on board, and whenever we get an interesting case, it generally has to be sent to the Hospital Ship.

There are a few old "London" men near me, but so far I have only met three. Just after Christmas I went over to a theatrical performance on one of the other ships, and met A. G. Holman and T. C. Summers. Then only last week I had to take a case over to the Hospital Ship, and met Fleet-Surgeon E. Sutton. Circumstances brought me near C. M. Burrell for a few days. We tried to arrange a meeting, but we could not manage it.

With renewed thanks for the *Gazette*, and hoping the Hospital will continue to flourish in spite of all difficulties,

Yours very sincerely,
F. H. S. GREENISH.

CONNAUGHT HOSPITAL,
ALDERSHOT.
February 12th, 1917.

The Editor, "London Hospital Gazette."

DEAR SIR,

Thank you for the very fine January *Gazette*. It makes one both sad and proud to see again the faces of those we knew and played and worked with, who have given themselves as a sacrifice for the cause; and also the names of those whose services have been recognised.

I noticed in yesterday's *London Gazette* the name of Lieut.-Col. W. V. Field, South African Medical Service, mentioned in despatches of General Smuts. This is good and interesting.

With best wishes for 1917,

I remain,
Yours very sincerely,
G. R. PAINTON,
Major, R.A.M.C.

9, ROSSETT ROAD,
BLUNDELLSANDS,
LANCS.
February 23rd, 1917.

DEAR MR. BURDON,

Many thanks for your letter and also for the *Gazette*, which I was very pleased to see. It is the first I have had since I left, and I hope you will remember me occasionally in the future.

I see by the *Gazette* that both Jackson and Fletcher have been killed. I met both of them just before the commencement of the Push, but had not heard that they were killed.

I came home at the beginning of August, having had over twelve months of it in France.

At the present time I am having a fairly easy time—signalling—until I am passed fit for G.S. again, when I am having a try for the Flying Corps, though I doubt if they will pass me, as my eyes are getting rather weak.

I notice you have O'Brien down as Lieutenant. I met him in Béthune just before the September Push of 1915. He was then a Captain.

Tomkinson is up here with a garrison battalion in Liverpool, and I see him occasionally.

Yours sincerely,
J. H. GILBERT.

D/63RD BRIGADE, R.F.A.,
12TH DIVISION, B.E.F.

February 24th, 1917.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

When I last wrote (to Mr. Burdon) I promised to send him my address, so that he might send me the *Gazette*. I forgot to do so, but fate has kindly provided me with a copy. When at our Infantry Battalion Headquarters yesterday, I picked up a January copy: unfortunately, I could not trace the owner, but shall probably be able to do so. I am extremely sorry to see the large number of casualties.

I left England, after a month at Athlone, Ireland, at the end of January, and soon afterwards joined this battery in action. Things are pretty quiet here at present, though noisy enough as an introduction. Although in action, we are in a very comfortable house, and have a good mess, so that it is not difficult to forget that there is a war on. I expect the next few months will alter that considerably.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

H. W. J. NICHOLS,
2nd Lieut., R.F.A.

February 25th, 1917.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I was very glad to receive a copy of the *L.H. Gazette* yesterday. The resources of the Post Office had to be called into play, and after wandering about England for a time, it finally reached me through Holt & Co., in the 16th Field Ambulance, B.E.F.

I therefore take this opportunity of correcting my address.

I have been unlucky in meeting no L.H. men whom I knew well. I have seen Linzee occasionally.

I crossed on the same boat as Matthews and I. M. Brown, and I was sorry to recognise the latter in the most recent obituary photos.

Yours sincerely,

DONALD E. MORLEY.

S.M.O.,
EGYPTIAN HOSPITALS,
EL ARISH.

March 1st, 1917.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I've just got the *Gazette*, and have been reading all the letters from various parts of our front, and

it has moved me to write and tell you that one or two "Londoners" have crossed the Sinai Desert. Bird is a water reconnaissance officer, and as such practically leads the way, choosing sites for wells and testing the water, which, by the way, is very salt all the way across. Here, at El Arish, it is all right—quite drinkable, and further on I suppose it gets better. Dunbar is also out here, with the 26th C.C.S. Scott Wilson is here, of course, too. The crowd at 31st General Hospital at Port Said are getting rather left behind nowadays. I was at Port Said doing a Staff job, but last June, 1916, I was sent out to Romani, to organize and run hospitals for the Egyptian labour that the Army employs. All the camel men and Egyptian Labour Corps, and men of the Egyptian Army Reserve, who make the railway, come under me, and it has been quite interesting. Our hospital got shelled in the Romani battle, but since then the only excitement has been bombing from aeroplanes, of which we have had quite enough really. I do not believe the people in England know how much the Gypsy has done to make this expedition a success, as the Anzacs are the only people to get mentioned. As a matter of fact, their "stunts" would be quite impossible if it were not for the camel men and the labourers who make the wire roads—pipe lines—reservoirs—unload and load the supplies and dig all the trenches, and even put up the barbed wire. Tommy out here leads the life of a gentleman, still that is all as it should be. We have most interesting work, of course, in these hospitals—plenty of major operations from bomb wounds and camel bites, and, of course, all the tropical diseases. We have an epidemic of Relapsing Fever at present, and I can tell you the louse is a terror to kill. We have two old railway engines, with iron trucks fitted up with shelves. The steam is run through the trucks, and we can disinfect about 150 British kits or 300 Egyptians' every hour a bit better than the thresher. I wonder if they have these in France—I have seen no notice of them. They were introduced by Col. Hunter, who, I believe, started them in Servia for the typhus epidemic. Cholera scares come and go, and we have a very careful organization to try and protect Egypt should we really get it. Dysentery of all kinds is always a danger, and it is a heart-breaking job to try and establish sanitary methods for a nation with a primitive civilization of 4,000 years' standing.

I hope all is well at the "London." We'll hope this War will be over some day, and I'll get home to see you all.

Yours sincerely,

HAROLD STIVEN,
Capt., R.A.M.C.

EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT,
B.E.F.

March 6th, 1917.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Entering to day a deserted dugout in our old line, I was agreeably surprised to see lying on the floor a copy of the *L.H. Gazette* for January of this year. (I have since devoured it!) At once I turned to the list of "Londoners" serving, hoping to glean therefrom the whereabouts of several friends whom I am particularly keen to meet again. I find the list is rather incomplete; against the names of many holding temporary commissions is a blank—possibly it is because many men fail to notify the College of their whereabouts. Often the regiment is alone stated—the number of the battalion being omitted.

However, the compilation of anything like a complete and correct list would be extremely difficult under the circumstances.

I see from the list that Habgood, Hardwick and Pendered are in the 59th F.A., and, as I believe this Ambulance is in the district, I will endeavour to get in touch with them. An R.M.O. has but few opportunities of meeting M.O.s other than those of his own brigade, and as a rule he only sees these when battalions are relieving. There are times when an infantry battalion is right away, perhaps some miles, from the sister units of the brigade. For months I have not met a single contemporary "Londoner," though there must have been any number of them about.

Since the "Great War" began last summer, everything has been so unsettled—units are constantly moving or relieving, or being relieved. The news that a certain unit is in a certain locality takes several days to spread, and frequently does not reach one until it is nearly time for that unit to move elsewhere. One may hear that So-and-So's unit is in the vicinity, but only too often, having arranged to be away for the day, one rides over and finds on arrival that the unit sought left that morning!

Nor will things improve—*au contraire*—for this retirement on the part of the Boche will make matters many times worse.

We are now engaged in semi-open warfare, which is certainly an agreeable change from the old trench warfare, though the latter had many advantages, chief of which being that one did have a definite place to sleep—was more or less sure of 3-4 good meals daily—each supplemented by extra stuff from the E.F. Canteens, and, lastly, one knew one would be settled there for a fixed number of days.

Now all is changed—one is lucky to get any sort of shelter, and luckier still if one can manage to get a few hours' sleep in such. As for anything

but plain ration fare—well, it will be some time before officers' mess carts will be allowed or be able to use the roads that are now under repair. I mean the roads crossing our old line—No Man's Land—and the Boches' old lines.

My battalion was the first to go over on this sector. We were back in billets, when at about 1 a.m. on 25th we were awakened and told the Boche was evacuating his old battered lines, and ordered to turn out at once and follow him up. After a 3.30 "Ack emma" trekker we set out.

At dawn, which was cold, damp and misty, our patrol pushed forward, endeavouring to get in touch with the enemy's rear parties. Soon there could be heard away ahead through the mist pretty active bombing at isolated points along the line—which sounds told that it was not going to be a complete walk over. That night, part of the battalion went forward, and after some spirited resistance—more, in fact, than was anticipated—took its objective.

The following morning the rest of us went across the open in extended order, under pretty stiff M.G. and sniper fire. We had no casualties *en route*, which was more than lucky, seeing that he held most of the vantage points.

I must say few of us wasted much time getting to H.Q., which were sited in an abandoned trench. There was a gap in the wire just in front—an incomplete gap—through which we had to more or less crawl, and he cunningly had a machine gun trained on it, which he loosed off every time anyone showed a head—yet, in spite of bullets splashing up mud all around, no one was hit. As a wise man has said, "There are only two kinds of people 'out here,' viz., the Quick and the Dead," and also added that "the Quick had to be d—d quick!"

Dealing with such casualties as we had during the tenure and improving of our new position was extremely difficult.

The trenches were knee deep in supremely tenacious mud (as bad as they were on November 13th), consequently all carrying had to be "on top," where the S.B.'s. were subjected to constant M.G. and sniper fire.

I think some of the finest work done out here, and which seems to be taken by most people as a matter of course, is performed by the regimental S.B.'s. There seems to be an impression at home that R.A.M.C. bearers fetch casualties out of the trenches. They do not, neither is it their job—it is the regimental S.B. who has that Herculean task. Many a time my S.B.'s. have had to carry a case, after I've dealt with it, away back to the A.D.S., because my aid post was considered too advanced for R.A.M.C. bearers to come to with safety! Such occurrences were not the latter's

fault, but rather because some potentate miles back had so ordained!

As the Boche retreats, so he burns his stores and dugouts, and dugout accommodation will become less and less; in fact, I should not be surprised if, at no very distant date, I have to set up my dressing station in the open, as I was obliged to do last July.

Well, in spite of everything, we all seem very fit, and from now onwards life will be awfully strenuous, but at the same time healthy, and will afford excellent opportunities for the reduction of "trench-warfare-adiposity"!

I seem to have written a fearful lot, and hope you can read it.

Perhaps later, if we ever get settled a little, I will write to the *Gazette* a short account of my experiences—"Twelve Months as a R.M.O."—or something of the sort.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

J. NISSEN DEACON,
Capt., R.A.M.C.

H.M.S. "OBDURATE."

March 9th, 1917.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

On March 1st we had some excitement, picking up a trawler's crew after their ship had been sunk by shell fire from a submarine. One had been killed, and five wounded, one had his left leg so severely shattered that I had to put the finishing touches to remove it just below the knee. As they had been over four hours in an open boat, he hadn't very much blood to spare. His left forearm was pierced in three places and his radius broken; he is getting along pretty well now at our base hospital. The others were quite merry and bright, the oldest, a fisherman of some sixty years, had previously been "submarined" twice, though it was his first experience of shells! He is going to have a bit of shell, which fetched up against one of his ribs, mounted as a brooch for his wife.

We proceeded to the scene of the Hun's activity just in time to see another trawler blow up—her crew were picked up un-injured by our companion destroyer, but we were 20 minutes late for the submarine.

These Yorkshiremen don't seem to mind a bit fishing three days' steaming away from our coast: they are almost entirely the only craft we see: they are very useful in supplying us with really fresh fish, too, occasionally.

Yours sincerely,

SYDNEY WOODHOUSE.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Sunday, March 11th, 1917.

So sorry have not had time to look you up at the Hospital.

I'm just returning to Blackpool from final leave.

I'm going out to France on Monday, 12th—so hope to see some old "London" men there.

I returned from German East Africa in January, after 7 months out there. I was also at Lemnos, and 3 months at Port Said.

Hope all is going on well at the "London."

Kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

FRANK E. JOHNSON,
Capt., R.A.M.C.

115, NEW ROAD,
BLACKPOOL.

March 12th, 1917.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Johnson says he is going to look in on the Hospital while he is on leave, so I have asked him to give you this note.

I've been home some time now, with a training centre at present. I'm in command of "S" Coy., while as a side show I go in for anti-gas measures. How are things going in the Hospital?

This is a very hurried note, as Johnson is just going off.

Yours sincerely,

H. N. SEALY,
Capt., R.A.M.C.

FRANCE.

Easter Day, April 8th, 1917.

(Extract).

We moved up to a captured village on the top of a ridge, and held it for 24 hours. We were shelled continuously the whole time, and by day it was too dangerous to go out. When it was absolutely necessary to go, we used to hurry up about it, and were invariably spotted at once, and a shell sent over to head us off. My platoon being very weak, was kept just inside the village in support while the others were outside. It was my job to go out at night and visit them. We were in a cellar under a small house, about the only one which hadn't been smashed to atoms, but of course the Bosche could see it and range on it, but there was nowhere else to stay. Several shells fell right on the house and smashed it up gradually. It was snowing hard the whole time we were there. . . .

H.M.S. "CANNING,"

c/o G.P.O.

April 16th, 1917.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I have to thank you for sending me the January *Gazette*, which reached me about three weeks ago. It is sad to see the Casualty List growing; several of those reported in this issue were contemporaries of mine.

Probably you will hardly remember my brother, R. T. Martin, but you will be glad to hear that he has at last been allowed to join the R.A.M.C. For a long time he has wished to join up, but Local Insurance Commissioners would not allow him to do so. He expects to be going on foreign service in about a month's time.

Since I saw you in the summer, I have had a trip out to South America, which, of course, you know, because I see Ford adds a P.S. to his letter to that effect. The trip was really nothing but a "joy ride." When we reached Monte Video on Sept. 12th, we heard that Sir Ernest Shackleton had saved his men in a Chilean boat. So, being deprived of an interesting job, I turned the trip into one of pleasure, and made tracks for Buenos Aires as soon as possible, where I have relations. I spent a very pleasant ten days with them, and returned to England by mail steamer. On my return I had several odd jobs of interest before being appointed to this ship; we are based in a familiar spot, for which I have very little affection!

I occasionally see Gabe, and I believe there are other "Londoners" based here, though I have not run across them yet. Up here you are "so near and yet so far" from your friends, because the weather is so treacherous. For the past month we seem to have had nothing but snow blizzards and high winds.

My present Captain is the only surviving commissioned officer of the "Hawke," and I have had many yarns with him about J. H. D. Watson. He never saw the latter again after he took to the water. When the situation seemed hopeless, Watson came to Rosoman (Lt.-Commander) for instructions, which the latter gave to the best of his ability, but nevertheless he never saw him again. "A good fellow and a cheery messmate" is our skipper's description of him, and knowing how small his chances were from the start, his demeanour was, outwardly, of the calmest, looking "death in the face" cheerfully! Our captain spent 23 hours in the water, the first one and a half of which he spent swimming about before reaching a semi-submerged raft, which he had made himself after the "Cressy" catastrophe.

I have mentioned this topic because perhaps there may be contemporaries of his to whom it

On my tour round the posts, i.e., to the others outside the village, only one shell fell, and that a long way from me. The whole evening had been a continuous cannonade, and at the particular time when I had to go out the shelling ceased altogether, and commenced just after I got back. It may have been coincidence—some people would say of course it is. I think it is more than that. When we were relieved, I was sent to take over an out-post from another regiment before a village which the battalion was to attack at dawn. I had to march for 4 hours to find the place, as no guides were sent for me, and was attacked by Bosche machine guns twice and forced to retire a bit once. I found that I had to hold 1½ miles of country perfectly open with only 14 men. Sixty men was the minimum I ought to have had. If the Bosche had known it, and attacked me, we shouldn't have escaped, and our own attack would have been spoiled. We had to stand in a sunken road, about 4 inches deep in mud and water (just over our ankles), and watch and send patrols out now and then. The ground was covered with snow still, though it had melted from 3 to 1 inch deep, causing of course the mud. About 100 yards behind me was a railway embankment, running away from me to my right rear. Through it was a little tunnel, about 3 ft. 6 ins. high and 1 yard wide. It was supposed to be my out-post headquarters, but I evacuated it, as it was some 6 inches deep in water. We watched and froze till just before dawn, when the attacking companies passed through my out-post and the battle began. As soon as the attack was spotted, the Bosche sent down a terrible barrage on two points, the sunken road chiefly and the railway embankment, in order to keep our supports from coming up. I had to stay there through the barrage, and it was hell. I had a little tiny shelter scooped out from the top of the bank nearest the enemy, in which the men could stand and watch their front. We crouched in there, and I prayed earnestly for help then. I felt the answer at once, saying "It shall not come nigh thee, only with thine eyes shalt thou see." Presently a machine gun spotted up from the right side, and I could hear the bullets go swish, swish, just behind me. It is not an everyday occurrence, and I probably shall never be in quite such an awkward place again. The barrage became so bad that I ordered the men near me to shift up the road about 150 yards. So we rushed up and found it rather worse, we went back to our old position, and shortly after it lifted a bit. I then went along to see how many casualties there were. Not one of my men had been hit, and comparatively few in the whole attack. As soon as the barrage lifted the supports went over, and I followed after them with my platoon. Of course, the village was cleared. . . .

2nd LIEUT. DENCE.

may be of interest to know that he was "just as much at home at the vital moment of his life as he was in the 'footer' field."

I am living in hopes of finding myself back in a real fighting unit before the final scrap comes. Any old man, wishing to serve his country, could do my job here just as well as I can, if not better! Perhaps, if this letter reaches the *Gazette*, and the *Gazette* reaches the Deputy Director General (an old "Londoner") he may take pity on me?

With the kindest remembrances to yourself and all whom I may know,

I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

GERALD N. MARTIN.

P.S.—I apologise for scrawl and mistakes, but I have not time at the moment to rewrite, and this letter is long overdue now!

FRANCE.

April 18th, 1917.

DEAR MR. BURDON,

You will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that I have again had the luck to be in the Push. It is of course superfluous to tell you anything much about it, as you have your papers and know far more about it than we who are in it. As you all know, it has been a great success and deservedly so. The whole show was run like clockwork. Every movement was timed. Our barrages went on in front of our infantry just as though they were worked by strings. They lifted, went forward—and when necessary came back at the moment required. It would halt at the Hun trenches, spray them with shrapnel and H.E., and then move forward again.

I had a good opportunity of seeing the show and was waiting the appointed hour, shivering in the cold just as dawn broke.

I suppose such a gathering of guns has never been seen before. And I say this with my previous knowledge of the Somme.

Shortly before dawn there came a lull in the war of the guns, which had been going for days and nights too.

Then to the very second of the time laid down for it, the very earth seemed to belch forth flame and thunder. It was appalling and yet enchanting. Though I thought I had seen the last word in such things in the Somme, this was beyond everything.

We certainly caught the foe napping. He knew we were coming some time, but didn't expect it for several more days.

Instantly he sent up signals of distress, his star shell, rockets and flares throwing up cascades of golden fire. Blue and red fire balls sailed gracefully into the grey light and added to the beauty of the scene.

One forgot the roar of our heavy batteries' shells and the whirr of the Hun shells passing over one, the whole thing being so lovely and yet so terrible. One was quite lost in the marvellous beauty of the whole thing.

We advanced that night in a dreadful snowstorm and bivouacked in the snow. When I say we, I mean the unit to which I belong.

We slept in the open. The batteries did the same. They hadn't even a gun pit or trench in which to crawl out of the snow and cold.

It is really marvellous how the men stand it. The weather has been terrible. Horses have died like flies from the cold and exposure.

But the men, lying in snow and mud, go cheerily on, day after day, taking up the shell for the guns, and a salvo of Crumps dropping near them doesn't arouse half the excitement that the shout in camp of "Fall in for pay" does. They give a cheery laugh, and "Nearly copped a Blighty one that time" is their usual remark.

They are really wonderful little chaps. At all hours of the day and night they are hauled out of their bivouacs to take shell up to the batteries. But there's never a grumble.

One of my wagons, on account of the heavy shelling, got cut off from the remainder last night. Instead of coming back as some might have done, the lead driver took charge, went across country, found the battery and delivered his shell. He had to trek through innumerable shell holes and barbed wire, but he got there. A year ago he was a boy in a racing stable.

He is just a boy now. Those are the fellows we have here. Now and again we get a "dud" of course.

I brought back some of the captured German guns yesterday. Four 4.5" and some 17's. The Huns were very angry over their departure, for they shelled us the whole time, and we lost a subaltern and a gunner wounded.

I trust all is well at the College. As well as possible, I mean, under the existing circumstances.

With all best wishes,

Yours very truly,

HARRY F. BURSEY,

Capt., R.F.A.

To the Editor of the "London Hospital Gazette."

DEAR SIR,

In the desultory reading which one does for pleasure rather than profit, I chanced the other day on two small discoveries which interested me, and in the hope that they may interest other idle readers I pass them on. It was news to me that the fashionable use of the phrase "I don't think" in exactly the opposite sense is by no means such an up-to-date colloquialism as is generally supposed. The phrase was similarly used in Suffolk a hundred years ago. On page 109 of "Suffolk Words and Phrases," collected by Edward Moor and published in 1823, the following entry occurs:—

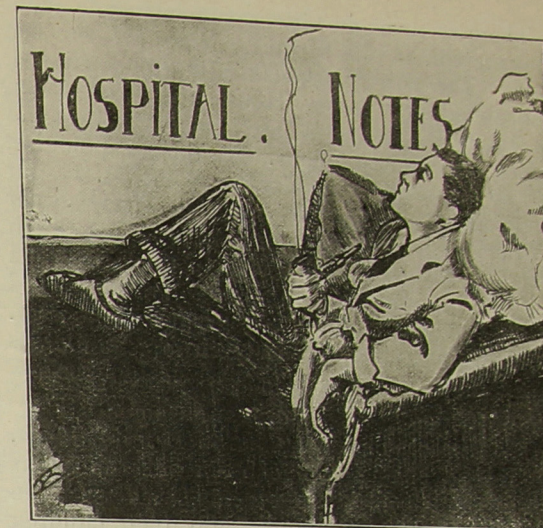
"DON'T THINK. A very common substitution for a positive affirmation—for *do think*. 'He eent tew year owd I don't think.' 'Yow eent a dewin a' no good there I don't think.' This application of two negatives is not unusual even with people of good education. 'She is not at home I *don't think*,' or a like phrase, as well as 'Don't ought' are sometimes heard with surprise—such is the force of example."

The second illustration points the same moral. There seems a fairly general impression that the name "Dreadnought" is of recent origin in naval history, but this is not really the case. A ship of that name is mentioned on page 54 of "The Commentaries of Sir Francis Vere," a scarce and interesting volume published at Cambridge in 1657. The author describes one of those buccaneering voyages so popular with our fleet in the spacious days of Elizabeth. This particular voyage occurred in 1597. The expedition was quite on a large scale, under the command of the Lord General Essex, and Sir Walter Raleigh held a subordinate command. The writer says "A pin-nace coming to me in the Lord General's name told me it was his pleasure my Ship and Dreadnought (in which Sir Nicholas Parker was) should beat off and on betwixt the Islands of Saint George and Graciosa, for that the Indian fleet was expected." They were out to loot the Spanish fleet on its return from the Indies, but were unsuccessful that time—much to the displeasure of Her Majesty, as we are afterwards told in these Commentaries.

I am, dear Sir,

Your idle

READER.



We regret to report that our Chairman has been in the wars again. Not content with two serious operations and a very bad accident in the course of the last three years, he has lately been mixed up in a "regrettable incident."

On Saturday, 31st March, a tame badger arrived at his home, Kneesworth Hall, as a birthday present (19th March is the happy date). Lord Knutsford and his daughter let the badger out, after having fed it, we are told by our special commissioner whom we sent down to investigate, upon butter, Horlick's milk tablets and 1/4th worth of gingerbread cake. The badger seemed very tame, and both Lord Knutsford and his daughter stroked it. After nosing about for worms for a few minutes, it suddenly charged our Chairman, seized his leg across the shin and bit it badly. He could not pull it off, its teeth were firmly fixed in the flesh. Miss Holland shewed great presence of mind, naturally, because was she not trained for sometime at the London Hospital, and she rushed up, caught hold of the brute by the tail and pulled it off. She could not hold it, and had to let go, when it at once charged again and got hold of Lord Knutsford's other leg. She "tailed" it again. This happened three times, and then the badger getting hold of his overcoat, Lord Knutsford slipped it off and they both got into the house, the badger running after them to attack again. Lord Knutsford got a rifle and shot it in the front hall.

We are printing the record of a day he says he will never forget "because the unexpected happened." We feel that he will also not forget the day on which he was badgered by something other than Hospital matters.

We are glad to say the bites are doing well, and we venture to congratulate the Hon. Lucy Holland on her pluck and presence of mind.

There were many bitter comments made about a paragraph in the Hospital Notes of our last issue. The paragraph dealt with the position of unqualified men in the House, and as far as can be known it appears to have hurt the feelings and ruffled the dignity of many. For this we apologise, but at the same time may we point out to our readers, that if they sit down in some shady corner of the lawn and read the aforesaid paragraph carefully, that they will come to the conclusion that there is nothing derogatory to unqualified men in it at all. Nothing was meant by it, anyway. The unqualified men gave of their best, and it was a good best.

**

Our hearty congratulations to Dr. Hutchison, Mr. Hunter Tod and Mr. Kidd on the additions to their families, and the same to Dr. Turnbull on the advent of his firstborn. May their children live to carry on the good work at the "London."

**

The results of the last Conjoint Finals were excellent, nearly 20 men obtaining the double diploma. The Medicine results were good too, but "Midder" was rather a thorn in the flesh of many. There is a very good book which has just come out though, and doubtless will prove of use to many students of the latter science.

**

The new calling-up order from the W.O. seems likely to give the "London" a hard knock. Nothing definite is known yet, but many seem likely to go.

**

We hear on good authority that there have been several good cases of "invisible blue" seen in O.P.'s lately.

FOOTBALL

RUGBY CLUB

For the first time since the outbreak of War, a serious attempt was made this session to run a Rugger team once again. The result was excellent, for out of five games played all were won except the last, and on that day we had to supply the United Hospital XV. with some of our best men, and we found the R.N.D. at the top of their form.

A surprising amount of keenness was shown by the few Rugger men left in the old place, and the training on the lawn on Thursdays was most popular. Nearly all the members of the team have been out with one of the Services, and are now back to finish off their Hospital studies, and it was a regular treat to have a touch of the old game once again.

Fate was not too kind to us, for, firstly, our first three games after Christmas had to be scratched for frost; and, secondly, we lost several of our men early in the season; thus we lost F. O. Fehrsen, who qualified and went into the Navy; H. G. Watters, who had to return to Ireland; K. M. Ross, who had to have a cartilage removed after the first game; E. V. Beale and M. De Kock (an old Scottish International), who both went sick; J. Pauw, who injured his ribs rather badly, and to finish up with, our "star," W. A. Stewart, who returned to his home in Tasmania.

We were fortunate in finding some excellent newcomers. G. R. Woodhead, a New Zealand three-quarter, was very good and almost as fast as Stewart; J. Pauw, at stand-off half, plays the typical hard S. African game, and was a great asset to the side; S. V. Goldhurst was a great success at scrum half; R. W. Evans, of Bristol and Bath, made an excellent substitute when Pauw was laid up. De Kock only played one game, which was most unfortunate for us; as also did our old scrum half, C. C. Rowland.

Just a word in praise of the captain, F. M. Mosely. His leading of the pack was really great, and from the first game onwards the scrum worked as one man, and his play in the loose was quite up to his old cup-tie form, which needs no more comment.

In conclusion, it seems almost sad to think that this will probably be the last of the old Rugger crowd, for almost the whole of this session's team will have left for the more serious game being played just at present, and the prospect of running a team out of the freshmen of to-day is very dull.

The games played were as follows:—Played 5, won 4, lost 1. Points for 87, points against 47.

December 9th. R.F.A. Barracks. Played at Shoburness. Won—26-3.

January 17th. St. Bart's Hospital. Played at Hale End. Won—20-11.

January 24th. R.F.C. (Uxbridge). Played at Hale End. Won—29-3.

February 3rd. A.S.C. (Blackheath). Played at Hale End. Won—29-3.

February 17th. R.N.D. Played at Crystal Palace. Lost—0-27.

The following turned out during the season:—H. B. Troup (back); W. A. Stewart, I. F. Powell, G. R. Woodhead, H. G. Watters, M. De Kock and G. R. Sharp (three-quarters); J. Pauw, S. V. Goldhurst, R. W. Evans, C. C. Rowland (halves); F. M. Mosely, F. O. Fehrsen, E. V. Beale, K. M. Ross, A. W. Wells, R. Theron, J. C. Collins, R. D. Aylward, D. J. Valentine, M. D. Vint, M. H. Jupe, J. Hollings, D. W. Ryder Richardson, F. W. A. Watt.

Royal Artillery, Shoburness

On December 9th the Hospital revived football once again and took a team down to Shoburness to play the garrison. The weather was bad, but cleared just before the kick-off and an excellent game resulted. From the start the Hospital settled down, and were soon in the gunners' "25." The game was fast, and the Hospital forwards, although untrained, played a strenuous game. Mosely was in excellent form, and led the pack to perfection, and scored a brilliant try from a cross-kick by Stewart; the latter played a very sound game in quite his old style, and was too fast for the gunners. In the second half the Hospital continued to hold the upper hand and lasted exceedingly well, the game ending in a win for the Hospital by 26 points to 3. Tries were scored by Mosely, Stewart, Woodhead, Wells, Watters, Powell, and Stewart dropped a goal from a free-kick.

The following represented the Hospital:—G. R. Sharp (back); W. A. Stewart, I. F. Powell, H. G. Watters, G. R. Woodhead (three-quarters); C. C. Rowland, J. Pauw (halves); F. M. Mosely, A. W. Wells, E. V. Beale, R. Theron, D. Collins, R. G. Simpson, D. M. Vint, K. M. Ross.

G. R. S.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL CLUB

The Medical Agency for Appointments

The Medical Agency was started in 1907 by the London Hospital Medical Club, for the benefit of "Londoners" past and present, and since then a large number of men have availed themselves of its services. The Agency is superintended by the Registrars, with the advice of a Sub-Committee of the Club.

At a Meeting of the Council of the Club on March 15th, 1910, it was decided that certain fees should be charged. A list of these can be obtained from the Registrars. For appointments as *locum tenens* they are as follows:—

(a) If for a longer period than a week—

Members of the Club, 2½ per cent. on amount earned, with a minimum fee of 5/-.
Non-members, 5 per cent., minimum fee 7/6.

(b) If for one week or less—

A fee of 5/- to be paid by the Principal.

For appointments of less than one week no fee is charged to the *locum tenens*.

For appointments of more than one week no fee is charged to the Principal.

The proceeds of the Agency, after the deduction of expenses, will be paid to the London Hospital Medical Club to be used for benevolent purposes.

The new regulations came into force on July 1st, 1910.

(a) Any Practitioner requiring a *locum tenens*, etc., is requested to send full particulars to:—

THE MEDICAL AGENCY REGISTRAR,

LONDON HOSPITAL, E.

The use of the telephone saves much delay. Messages will be received at any time between 9.30 a.m. and 5 p.m., at the Registrars' Office, No. 5020 Avenue (5 lines). Telegrams should be addressed "Registrar, London Hospital, White-chapel."

(b) Anyone seeking an appointment as *locum tenens* or otherwise, should add his name to the list kept in the Registrars' Office. Information will be sent by post or telegraph, as soon as a suitable position is heard of.

Men who are entering their names for the first time must do so personally to the Registrar in charge of the Agency.

(c) Particulars of practices, partnerships, Hospital appointments, etc., can be obtained from the Registrar in charge of the Agency, who can be seen daily at 12 o'clock in the Registrars' Office.

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

GREEN.—On the 13th April, at Kingswood, Shepherd's Hill, Highgate, N., the wife of Surgeon E. A. Green, M.A., R.N., of a son.

GROGONO.—On March 20th, at 129, Camberwell Road, S.E., the wife (*née* Florence Muriel Steele) of Jonathan Grogono, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., of a daughter.

HUTCHISON.—On the 19th March, to Dr. and Mrs. Robert Hutchison, of 22, Queen Anne Street, W., of a daughter.

INGOLDBY.—On December 16th, at Lahore, India, the wife of Captain C. M. Ingoldby, R.A.M.C., of a son.

KIDD.—On the 4th April, at 55, Harley Street, London, the wife of Frank Kidd, F.R.C.S., of a son.

MAXWELL.—On January 3rd, at Prince's Gate, W., the wife of Lieutenant H. B. Maxwell, R.A.M.C., of a son.

MCALLUM.—On March 28th, at Scotswood, Milford-on-Sea, the wife of J. H. McAllum, R.A.M.C., of a son.

RAINEY.—At Wakefield House, Eastbourne, the wife of Captain E. H. Rainey, R.A.M.C., of a daughter.

TOD.—On the 21st April, at 11, Upper Wimpole Street, the wife of Hunter Tod, of a son.

TURNBULL.—On the 3rd February, at 22, Stanford Road, Kensington, the wife of Dr. Hubert M. Turnbull, of a daughter.

WILDMAN.—On November 22nd, at College Road, Rotherham, the wife of W. Stanley Wildman, F.R.C.S., Temporary Lieutenant, R.A.M.C., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES

BURRELL-ROBERTS.—On the 22nd inst., at Salem Chapel, Aberystwyth, by Rev. R. Hughes, M.A., Charles Milwyn Burrell, R.N., eldest son of John Burrell, Brondesbury, to Gwen, youngest daughter of Mrs. Lewis Roberts, Aberystwyth.

BYE-BRITTON.—On the 21st October, 1916, at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, by Dr. F. W. M. Woodward, D.D., Rector of Buckhurst Hill, Essex, Norman Huthnance Bye, F.R.C.S.E., eldest son of Thomas Eagle Bye, of Buckhurst Hill, to Edith Mary, only daughter of the late George Britton, of Putney and Hastings.

DYOTT-PAGET.—On the 19th January, at St. Mary's Church, Chatham, by the Rev. Dr. Burr, D.D., Vicar, Surgeon Kenelm M. Dyott, R.N., youngest son of the late G. R. Dyott, of Whittington Court, Lichfield, and of Mrs. G. R. Dyott, of Duffield Road, Derby, and grandson of the late Lieut.-General Dyott, of Freeford, Lichfield, to Fanny Désirée Howard, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paget, of Elford Hall, Tamworth.

ELTON-MAULE.—On January 30th, at St. Mary's Church, Huntingdon, Henry B. Elton, M.B., to Mary Constance (Molly), younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Percy Maule, The Views, Huntingdon.

RAFFLE-MONRO.—On January 24th, at St. Michael's Church, South Shields, Captain Wilfrid Raffle, R.A.M.C., attached Coldstream Guards, to Nora, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Monro, Hampstead, N.W.

RAWSON-FURNIVAL.—On February 1st, at Metheringham, Captain P. H. Rawson, R.A.M.C., M.C., S. Staffs., to Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. R. B. Furnival, The Mead, Handforth, Cheshire.

DIAMOND WEDDING

GREENWOOD-SNEWIN.—On April 3rd, 1857, at St. John-at-Hackney, N.E., James Greenwood, Esq., M.D., younger son of George Greenwood, Esq., of Bethnal Green, E., to Emily Sarah, elder daughter of Richard Snewin, Esq., Upper Clapton, N.E.

DEATHS

LANGDON-DOWN.—On the 19th April, 1917, at Normansfield, Hampton Wick, Jane Jarvie (*née* Cleveland), wife of Reginald L. Langdon-Down, M.R.C.P.

RAWES.—On March 6th, at a Nursing Home in London, William Rawes, F.R.C.S., Eng., M.D., Durh., of St. Luke's Hospital, City Road, aged 55 years.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

SECOND M.B.—Part II.

(Anatomy, Physiology and Pharmacology)

March, 1917

Bulman, M. W. B. Sergeant, E. L.
Cohen, H. S. Watkins, A. B. K.
Fanning, J.

SECOND M.B.—Part I.

(Organic Chemistry)

December, 1916

Heber, F. Williams, D. H.
Hunter, D.

March, 1917

Coghlan, J. J. Petersen, N. A. M.
Duncan, A. G. Tozer, F. H. W.
Hartley, M. C. Tree, M.
Madgwick, R. A. Zeitlin, J. E.
Nissé, B. S.

FIRST M.B.

(Biology, Chemistry and Physics)

December, 1916

Bach, F. Gould, B.
Cantin, A. Y. Senn, A.
Garden, M. Zeitlin, J. E.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

SECOND M.B.—Part II.

(Pharmacology and Pathology)

October, 1916

Hewitt, N. S. Putnam, P. W.
Miller, E.

THIRD M.B.—Part I.

(Surgery and Midwifery)

December, 1916

Beaumont, D. C. Richardson, D. W. R.

FIRST M.B.

(Chemistry, Physics and Biology)

December, 1916

Liang, K. T.

EXAMINING BOARD IN ENGLAND FOR M.R.C.S. (ENG.)

L.R.C.P. (LOND.)

Diploma

(January, 1917)

Armstrong, C. W. McIlroy, H. D.
Bailey, H. H. Ross, K. M.
Burke, J. Sen Gupta, N. M.
Carroll, C. H. Shimberg, M.
Fenning, J. R. K. Woolward, A. T.
Girgis, A. Williams, E.
Hewitt, N. S.

FINAL EXAMINATIONS

Medicine

Adler, G. Ross, K. M.
Burke, J. Shimberg, M.
Collins, J. C. Sinha, R.
Fairbrother, J. Twort, J. F.
Fenning, J. R. K. Watters, H. G.
Gidlow-Jackson, G. H. Wyatt, A. F.
Mowll, C. K. Wiseman, J. H.
Powell, W. I. F. Yahilevitz, S.
Rhodes, H. E.

PRIMARY EXAMINATION

(Anatomy and Physiology)

Almeyda, G. W. Newman, G. G.
Bulman, W. B. Sergeant, E. L.
Empey, C. W. Watkins, A. B. K.
Korn, M.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF ENGLAND

L.D.S.

Diploma

Davies, T. J.

FINAL EXAMINATION

Part I.

Horton, J. E. Pearson, C. N.

Part II.

Davies, T. J.

Surgery

Armstrong, C. W. Hewitt, N. S.
Bailey, H. H. Richardson, D. W. R.
Beaumont, D. C. Ross, K. M.
Carroll, C. H. Sen Gupta, N. M.
Girgis, A. Williams, E.
Gourevitch, M. Woolward, A. T.

Midwifery

Collins, J. C. Mowll, C. K.
Coombes, G. W. McIlroy, H. D.
Calthorp, G. T. Sacks, S.
Douglas, H. L. Sharp, G. R.
Eidinow, W. Theron, R.
Hollings, J. Woolward, A. T.
Jones, D. M. Wyatt, A. F.
Lewis, D. J. A. Zortman, I. H.

SECOND EXAMINATION

(Anatomy and Physiology)

Almeyda, G. W. Menon, A. K.
Cohen, H. S. Richardson, J. C. R.
Empey, C. W. de Silva, J. P.
Fanning, J.

FIRST EXAMINATION

Biology

Evans, J. C. Israelstam, G.
Gann, J. H. Thomas, J. S.

Chemistry

Evans, J. C. Thomas, J. S.
Guiver, F.

Physics

Buirski, M. H. Pedroso, O. de F.
Evans, J. C. Thomas, J. S.
Guiver, F. Thompson, D. R.

SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES

L.M.S.S.A.—Diploma

Shaffi, M. M. Szpigner, S. L.

FINAL EXAMINATION

Medicine—Section I.

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