

REGISTER OF HOSPITAL
APPOINTMENTSMEDICAL REGISTRARS
FROM

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

SURGICAL REGISTRARS
FROM

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

RESIDENT ACCOUCHEUR

Tenure of appointment: three months
FROM

Mr. S. A. Forbes ... June 15th, 1915..

HOUSE PHYSICIANS

Tenure of appointment: six months
FROM

Mr. S. L. Baker ... Feb. 8th, 1915..
(Dr. Percy Kidd and Dr. Wall).
Mr.
(Dr. F. J. Smith and Dr. Hutchison).
Mr. A. G. Winter ... Jan. 28th, 1915..
(Dr. Hadley and Dr. Lewis Smith).
Mr.
(Sir Bertrand Dawson and Dr. Grünbaum).
Mr.
(Dr. Head and Dr. Thompson).

HOUSE SURGEONS

Tenure of appointment: six months
FROM

Mr. H. H. Mathias ... Mar. 15th, 1915..
(Mr. J. Hutchinson and Mr. Warren).
Mr. A. R. Elliott ... Apr. 24th, 1915..
(Mr. T. H. Openshaw and Mr. A. J. Walton).
Mr. J. R. C. Stephens ... Apr. 13th, 1915..
(Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Kidd).
Mr. J. B. Thackeray
(Mr. Rigby and Mr. Milne).
Mr. E. Atkinson
(Mr. J. Sherren and Mr. Russell Howard).
Mr. O. A. Beaumont ... July 1st, 1915..
(Mr. Lett and Mr. Souttar).

To Ophthalmic Department
FROM

Mr.

To Aural Department FROM

Mr.

RECEIVING ROOM OFFICERS

Tenure of appointment: six months
FROM

Mr. T. Gwynne Jones ... June 21st, 1915..
Mr. O. Parry Jones ... May 19th, 1915..
Mr. J. A. Liley ... May 20th, 1915..
Mr. A. C. Ainslie ... July 5th, 1915..

EMERGENCY OFFICERS

Tenure of appointment: three months
FROM

Mr.
Mr.

OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS

Tenure of appointment: three months—and renewable
Medical FROM

Mr. F. Silva Jones ... Jan. 12th, 1915..
Mr.

OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS (continued)

Surgical FROM

Mr.
Mr.

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.
Mr.

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. M. L. Hepburn ... Jan. 24th, 1910..
Mr. J. F. Cunningham ... June 19th, 1911..

To Throat and Ear Department FROM

To Skin and Light Department FROM

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.

Dr. Lack ... FROM

Mr. Tod.

ORTHOPÆDIC DEPARTMENT FROM

Senior

Junior

DENTAL DEPARTMENT FROM

Anæsthetist FROM

Mr.

House-Surgeon FROM

Mr. S. A. Withers ... Dec. 22nd, 1914..
Mr.

The following officers of the Canadian Army Medical Corps are temporarily filling vacant posts:—

Captain R. S. Armour	Captain G. G. Imrie
" A. A. Fletcher	" R. Pearce
" R. E. Gaby	" H. J. Shields
" J. G. Gallie	

Printed for the Proprietors, by H. HORNER, 5, Rupert Street, London, E., in the County of Middlesex, Tuesday, 20th July, 1915

THE LONDON HOSPITAL GAZETTE

No. 190]

DECEMBER, 1915

[ONE SHILLING

EDITORIAL

The thoughts uppermost in the minds of all of us at the present time when we think of College matters, are of those whom we grieve to think we shall never see again, lost as they are among the impenetrable mists of Death. Since the issue of the last number of the *Gazette* in July, the toll exacted has been very heavy—Lewis McAfee, R. W. Fawcett, H. H. Martin, W. R. S. Roberts, T. J. Latham, G. L. Grant, L. H. Dardier, S. J. Lauder, Maurice Mackenzie, are the names of men whose example and sacrifice cannot fail, we should think, to influence the lives of all those who hereafter may work within our walls. No one who can appreciate the subtle influence which in time a College comes to wield but must have felt that these losses have not left us where we were; memories and regrets for those who have fallen are already in their quiet way producing their customary mellowing effects.

We await with deep anxiety further news of F. G. Francis who has been reported missing, and of C. A. Hutchinson who, first reported wounded and missing, is now declared to be wounded and a prisoner. It is with very great relief that we heard the other day from the latter. His postcard written in Cöln appears in our correspondence columns. F. J. Good and V. J. F. Lack have been home slightly wounded, while F. F. Muecke, A. C. Palmer and L. P. Costobadie have been back on sick leave. Captain J. D. Jones, 4th Welsh Regiment, and Lieut. H. J. M. Cursetjee I.M.S., have been wounded in the Dardanelles. All are, we believe, happily recovered.

If our casualties have been heavy, the honours gained have also been considerable. It was with very deep pleasure that we heard Hugh A. Monteith had been awarded one of the few D.S.Os. given to officers of the R.A.M.C., for bravery in the field. Lieutenants T. L. Ingram and H. B. Walker have been awarded the Military Cross, while Major I. Stedman, R.A.M.C.T., has received the decoration of Chevalier of the Order of Leopold (conferred by the King of the Belgians).

any of our men have been home on leave tely, and it was with special pleasure that we saw

recently in the Dining Hall, Captain H. E. Ride-wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Herman Robertson, both from British Columbia.

The Winter Session opened quietly and without formality. The entry of new students was slightly in excess of that for the last two years, and only a little below the average. Just as the new men were settling down to their work, came the bomb-shell from the Director-General of Recruiting, "that it was the duty of all medical students, other than those in their 4th and 5th years, to join His Majesty's Forces." This reply was given to an influential deputation, who sought, at the unanimous wish of the medical authorities, a definite statement on the point. The result of Lord Derby's decision has led to a serious depletion of the ranks of our junior men. As our senior students continue to qualify, and as few, if any, new students are now likely to enter, the time during which the College will remain open may be stated with almost mathematical accuracy. It is not likely, however, we think, that the War will last sufficiently long to destroy our continuity, although it cannot but imperil it.

The death of Mr. O. W. Griffith has deprived the College Staff of one of its most original workers, and one of its most successful teachers. Mr. Griffith was a man whose modesty and reserve made him somewhat difficult to know, but those to whom he had opened his mind and character were always impressed with the singular purity of his aims and interests. His indifferent health alone prevented him from attaining the high position in the Academic World for which he was in other respects so admirably fitted.

We cannot close without expressing our warmest thanks to all those who have aided us in bringing out the present number of the *Gazette*. We hope they will continue to help us, and that their example in the matter of correspondence will be followed by others. The *Gazette* should, we think, form a lasting record for future generations of students of what "the London" did in the great years 1914- . It is, therefore, incumbent on us all to do the best we can. To all "Londoners" the warmest greetings and the best wishes for Xmas and the New Year!

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE

Off to the real thing at last! Entrained in the wee sma' hours of a Sunday morning after a week of taking over mobilisation stores. We're not complete on the gaiter-button ideal, but we're as complete as a luxurious military medical organisation can make us, allowing a discount for human fallibility in issuing and taking over. Anyhow we know what we lack, and that is the next best thing to being complete when only a small amount is lacking. Everything is very business-like, and our departure is no exception; St. Albans sleeps its usual sleep, and only a policeman or two in the darkened streets remain to wish us luck: no cheering crowds and weeping relatives, just the tramp and rumble of our movement break the stillness of the place. At the station, wagons are bumped along the long line of vehicle trucks, horses are bundled into the cattle-trucks, and, everything having been made comfortably secure, the sweating men are stowed eight in a compartment to get what rest they can during the short journey.

Early morning Southampton—prospect of a beautiful day—the unit split up into oddments for various transports. Our oddment (on its way to the Belfast and Ardrossan flier that is to take us to Havre) gets a good view of part of the Neuve Chapelle catch just landed (2,000 of them at a rough estimate). A lazy day spent in loafing at Southampton Dock in sunshine that presages early spring, gives the men a chance to make up for sleep lost the night before. It must be splendid to loaf in dock for a living on decent days, to bask in sunshine and the glitter of the sun-tipped wavelets, with plenty of 'bacca and a 20 foot dock side to spit over, all the world coming and going to entertain you.

All aboard 8 p.m. "All" was about 1,400, but close stowage didn't interfere with a sound sleep which ended only when the ship stopped to the north of the Seine—Havre. All disembarked by 6 a.m., and proceeded to gather up other oddments about the "quais" of Havre, finishing with the wagons, stores and horses at "Pondicherry."

Spent the day climbing up and down enormous holds, and listening to Scotch stevedores swearing beautifully at French donkey men whilst our wagons were being taken out. The cream of jests was hearing one Scotsman, with the national bent for precision well-developed in him, persuade his comrade to retract, after calling a Frenchman a "foreign" unmentionable, on the ground that not the swearer but the swearer was the foreigner under existing conditions. After thorough discussion the necessary amendment was carefully made and thoroughly outdid previous epithets. A

happy memory of that sweaty day concerns the fat and happy cook of a Canadian Field Ambulance, who, seeing a couple of us sitting on a bale of something engaged on biscuit and a tin of bully, came over and offered us "fresh English meat pies" in a delightful Western accent.

The late afternoon found our now reconstituted unit tooling out through Havre behind the band to No 6 Rest Camp. About the last half of that journey the least said the better! New horses, overloaded transport and an appalling hill kept us working on the drag ropes till ten that night. Rest camps are proverbial deceivers.

Next day saw us once more entrained for a 20 hour journey to Beques near St. Omer, and we began to taste the delights of what the HOMMES 36-40, CHEVAUX en long, 8, means. The newly acquired interpreter, a Gascon padre, provided a certain amount of amusement and a large amount of the good things of life, conjured up whenever occasion demanded or offered, and then always with a simply beatific smile. He was an artist, a philosopher, and no mean politician, and his oft expressed hope for the regeneration of his country was based in most complimentary fashion on the British strain of "souvenirs" in the future of Northern France. A Provençal priest may be trusted to know something of Mendel.

Campagne de Madricques provides us with our first billets on foreign soil. Why do French yeoman farmers pig in so-called chateaux? Great dilapidated dirty places, housing four or five people at the most, whose simple tastes and primitive mode of living would fit better a "butt and a benn." Maybe they are the shoddy remains of the second empire, now eking out a mean though honest existence to atone for their ugly pretentiousness. Had a birthday on sweet champagne (Fowle).

After 36 hours in which to overhaul and redistribute stores and winter clothing, once more we go forward on the road to Arie-sur-la-lys, fighting our way through a merciless March blizzard that sweeps the Northern French flats and wrestles with the *joie de vivre* of our vagrancy—not to much purpose though.

We are not alone on the road, and our first acquaintance with Indian cavalry and British horse gunners provides the men with interest apart from what is derived from other units of our own formation trekking along. Understood, of course, that every road behind our lines in France sees great supply column lorries and numerous Staff cars and despatch riders along it daily without reference to the weather.

The dreary garrett of the Aire cavalry barracks is to be our men's home for the night. The Colonel billets luxuriously at the house of a brewer, and others of us are well enough off in

decent houses, though we find the people have an uncomfortable habit of going to bed about sunset and expecting us to do the same. Recommend the Clef d'Or as a place to feed. Great discussion of the liqueurs handy there; majority report, "fiery but very tasty"; minority report from O.C., "bad"—he pretends to be a bit of a gourmet, but rather prejudices his pretensions by drinking and liking the beer of the country.

Trekking along in sun and keen air next day, through St. Hilaire and Villers to Burbune—cavalry divisional billets all the way. Burbune a dirty mining village, boasting a *Rue des Anglais*, the site of British houses a hundred years ago. Houses along the main roads splashed thick with mud up to a height of four feet and more, as a result of the winter's supply traffic. Modern war certainly is a dirty business in this respect, and heavy lorry tyres on muddy bad *pavé* have done their work thoroughly. The last trek has brought us into our brigade area. The Irish are in Burbune, the Stepneys in Hurienville, and the St. Pancras and Blackheaths in Allmagne a couple of miles away. I occupy my flea bag on a scrupulously clean floor—*chez M. le Secrétaire du Maire*—quite a pleasant lot but for the curious smell of the place (compared later to that of Schiedam). The men set to work to clean up the place they billet in, and that set apart for sick—a few were waiting us on arrival. An unfortunate Stepney rifleman with a dislocated shoulder, recovering from a whiff of "the stuff," salutes me with a drowsy *Mercy, Mosoo! trai bonn*—voted a fine achievement after a week's trek in France. Deluged with letters to censor, of course—result of stopping still anywhere for an hour! Much laughter over the evening's work—"Dear Mary I am sorry to hear as 'ow you 'as hurt your leg, i 'ope as 'ow you warn't drunk," fell to my lot. I didn't make up my mind whether the writer was an optimist or a pessimist. The imaginative youth would certainly have "stayed the night at the Y.M.C.A." under less compelling circumstances—he told his mother that "it is bad enough doing police duty alone in the middle of a dark night, but when the guns are roaring it is terrible"; a dull mutter was all he had really heard up to this, but of course the picture theatre taste was still in his mouth.

We see mine "crassiers," those of Auchel to the south, for the first time to-day. The coal mines of this country seem to produce a great deal of waste, but valuable land is saved by piling it up and up by the use of an elevator railway. The whole district is sown with these crassiers, particularly the Bethune-Lens country ahead of us.

A week we spent at Burbune "cleaning up France," as one of the men wrote home, and then we pushed on a couple of miles to Allmagne,

where we occupied the schools and patronage for nearly a month, during which we ran a sick receiving station and a laundry; there also a bathing establishment in a Bethune ladies' college. Batches of us went right forward to see and learn, and so we passed our time busily enough.

We struck C.S.M. for the first time—a single case; we washed the underclothing of the whole division, and bathed 750 men a day in batches of 14, at the same time killing the lice in their khaki with hot irons.

NORMAN C. RUTHERFORD.

NURSE CAVELL

Everybody in England, if not everybody in the civilized world, has heard of Edith Cavell being killed by the Germans. There is no need to give it as a bit of news in our *Gazette*, but, as Chairman of our Hospital, I should like to voice what so many of us are feeling, that the way Nurse Cavell met her death has just added an asset to the History of our Country; one more precious record that an Englishwoman can put Duty before Death.

Many people, by their lives, teach us how to live; others, by the way they meet death, teach us how to die. Edith Cavell did both. So it seems to me. Captain Scott was just such another. She faced death bravely: no appeal for mercy, not a bitter word against her murderers—I doubt even if there were a bitter thought.

I happen to know that she had been successful in rescuing over 200 Englishmen, Frenchmen and Belgians, and I happen to know that she quite realised that she would be found out in time, and what the penalty would be. But, this did not deter her for a moment from doing what she thought right.

Whether her acts were technically such as deserved death as a penalty I do not know—it seems doubtful, as she was not a German subject, nor a spy, but I do feel sure,—and thankful to feel sure—that there is no Englishman who would have allowed the sentence of death, even if passed, to be carried out. If the details first published about the murder are true, they are only in keeping with much that I have heard of the conduct of German Officers. But, I hope it may not be true that even a German Officer could be found, who would kneel down and shoot a fainting woman.

I am not sure of this. I have heard from the lips of an Officer, who was in one of my Hospitals for Officers, suffering from nervous shock, how he was treated. He was in a building being shelled by Germans. A beam fell and pinned him to the ground. The building had to be evacuated, and

when the Germans took it, he begged a German Officer to have the beam lifted, as he was in great pain. The Officer (save the word) spat on him, called up a Sentry and told him to keep guard over him, and he was kept there pinned under the beam with nothing to eat or drink from a Thursday night to the following Sunday morning, when the English regained possession of the house, and released him. Can we ever tolerate these "Kamradts" in our midst again? I trow not.

Nurse Cavell came to the Hospital in the same year that I did, 1896. She did good work in the Wards, and gained great praise when on the Private Staff by her work at Maidstone during a terrible and sudden outbreak of Typhoid Fever there, and when our Nurses had to nurse with very great difficulty and some danger. She left us to hold various posts before she went to Brussels in 1907 as a pioneer of Nurse-training in Belgium, and everyone there speaks of the splendid work she did.

We are very happy to possess a letter from her written after she received Matron's Annual Letter—the last which ever reached her.

"Thank you very much for the Annual Letter, which is always interesting. It is pleasant to hear about the dear old Hospital, and to know oneself not quite forgotten. Your letter braces me to fresh efforts in the good Cause, and one needs that bracing here,"

and then, at the end after telling us of the progress of her work and of its difficulties:—

"With many thanks, and most grateful remembrances of happy days under your care."

Some incidents are too sad, and perhaps too sacred, to be made the basis of an appeal, and I felt that Nurse Cavell's death was just one of these. I should never have started an appeal, though not generally backward in making excuses for doing so. But, when it was started by others, by the *Daily Mirror*, I suggested to them that it would be more fitting to call our Nurses' Home No. 2 (to which additions are being made) the "Cavell Home," and to use the money raised to pay for these additions, rather than to endow beds. To this they agreed. Then came the gracious message from Queen Alexandra that she would be pleased if the New Home, which is being built, and to which she had consented to give her name, should be called the "Edith Cavell" Home instead of the "Alexandra" Home—a suggestion which needs no words of mine to appreciate.

This will be done, and now her name will be on the lips of our Nurses from generation to generation, instead of only being noticed by those working in the Wards where the endowed beds might have been. And may her noble example help us all to live up to her standard of duty.

If anybody cares to add to the Cavell Memorial Fund, Miss Scott, one of Matron's Assistants, has kindly volunteered to receive subscriptions at Matron's Office.

KNUTSFORD.

WINTER IN FLANDERS,

1914-1915

Extract from a Doctor's Diary

By F. G. CHANDLER, Medical Registrar

As the month of October, 1914, drew to an end, open fighting ceased, and trench warfare was established. Before long the fear that our thin line might be broken, or that we might be surrounded, began to subside, and we entered on that period of hardship and monotony—the winter campaign.

After being shelled out of more than one place, the ambulance settled finally in the peaceful village of B—, where we were comfortably, though far from luxuriously, ensconced on the floors of a linen bleaching mill. Long will that mill remain in my memory. It, only, had survived amongst its neighbours. On its floors we slept, in its capacious spaces we made our wards and operating theatre, there we attended the wounded from many attacks, and women and children wounded in the neighbouring village of F—. From its roof we could see an awful panorama of continuous artillery fire. From three sides we heard the unceasing furore of a murderous cannonade. Around its walls there slowly grew up an ever-increasing graveyard. We seemed to be living in a great thunderstorm continuing without intermission for weeks.

For some time we remained here, at peace in the day time and having the varied experiences of the night work when we went to fetch the wounded and sick from the regimental aid-posts. On 17th November we moved and trekked to A—. The first night's round to the Regimental aid-posts of that part was a memorable one. We marched with the bearer party and the waggons, moving slowly through the pitch dark streets of a great town, knowing the way only imperfectly, branching into wrong streets, stumbling into shell holes and tripping over telegraph wires, moving past great churches and houses battered into strange and grotesque shapes by the enemy's and our own artillery, until we arrived at the great doorway of the Brewery, in the suburb of H—, our "advanced dressing station." Here we left the waggon that was to remain through the night, unyoked the horses and took them into the brewery. All had to

be done in darkness. Not a light could be shown, for any illumination could easily be seen by the enemy. The remaining waggons were left drawn up in a side street protected as much as possible from shrapnel. We had been in country districts before, and this march through the deserted



Fire Trench. Christmas Morning, 1914.

cobbled streets of a great town was very weird.

After taking over the brewery there came, of course, the visits to the regimental aid-posts, with the snipers' bullets pinging and hissing past, and hitting walls and splashing with a dull sound in the mud.

At one aid-post lived three girls and their parents. Here they had been throughout the German advance, and through their retreat before the British troops. Here they had watched the retirement of the German armies laden with loot and booty, with dozens of French carts filled with all manner of furniture, the men cheerful, with flowers in their hats and playing musical instruments. They watched the final rout and saw the final stand of the Germans: how they held the Chateau at every cost; how another party held a neighbouring farm building until it was burned about them, refusing surrender to the last, and dying in their own funeral pyre. And here these brave and cheerful souls remained into the winter until three shells at last burst right in their house and they who had escaped miraculously were compelled to join the stricken host of refugees. After the aid-posts had been visited and the wounded and sick brought back we returned to sleep.

At this time it was the custom for two Medical Officers to live at the Brewery with a section of bearers. There were strong cellars with mighty vaulted roofs, an admirable place for wounded. Into these cellars at night poured numbers of civi-

lians—men, women, and children, all huddled together.

Captain B—and I walked up to the Brewery one afternoon to visit our brother officers, for there was excellent ale to be had, for the Brewery, strange as it may seem, was still working. Many of the civilians were admirable. All honour to those who, under the most frightful conditions, carried on their usual occupations; all honour to the brave farmers who with their wives and children ploughed and sowed the fields under the very eyes of the enemy, guarding their cattle, pursuing their good work from morning till night, interrupting it only when shells were bursting in the very field in which they were employed. As we drew near "they" began to shell. The enemy was always known as "They." In the siege of Sebastopol, Tolstoi tells us it was always "He," but now it is "They." They began to shell, great Jack Johnsons shrieked and tore into the place; it was impossible to go up the street, so we crossed the Lys and came as it were along the coast of Belgium and lay under cover of the river's bank and watched the shelling. It was great fun in some ways; we were fairly safe, but the fun of a shelling was to wear off until little but terror and a bored anger remained; but in those days it was rather amusing. We saw a corner of the Mairie go flying, then several houses in the square destroyed. During a momentary lull we got across the footbridge of the weir and got to the brewery cellars, where we knew we should find everybody. There they were. One of the medical officers was in the state that men may get into when their nervous system has had as much as it will stand; he had been with a regiment from the beginning of the War and had recently come to the Feild Ambulance. He had been through frightful times, and now he was seized with a death-like whiteness and an uncontrollable vomiting. It was sheer nervous exhaustion. He had to go and I was told off to take his place. I always preferred being on detached duty, so I was happy, and many interesting days did I spend there, at first with Lt. G—, a civil surgeon, and afterwards with Lt. H—, both of whom were excellent companions, and by their invariable calmness and good nature, proving most invaluable colleagues under trying circumstances.

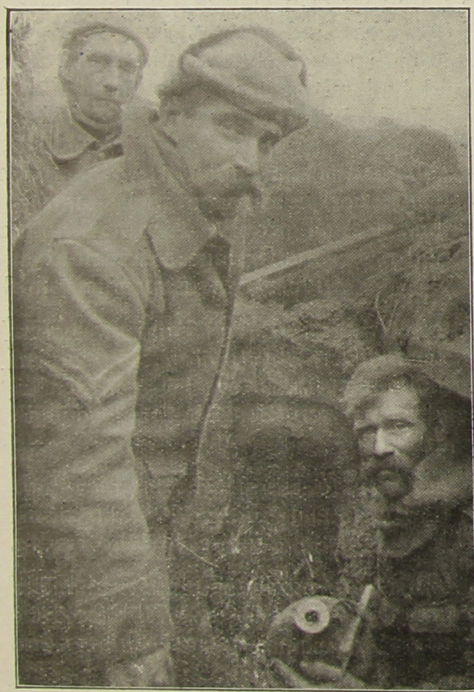
Many days were uneventful, for the furore of artillery fire had ceased. It was comparative calm. We attended numbers of civilian sick and wounded, and watched the trenches from the windows of the ruined Mairie. It was great fun watching our shells bursting on the "Allemang" trenches, and great was our satisfaction at a direct hit by lyddite, with Fritz going up.

There were many civilians, but no doctors for them. The nearest was a stout-hearted doctor

who had stayed on at Plug Street, but that was three miles away, and he very seldom came, but he did occasionally, and he gave me valuable advice on French prescriptions. For our medicines we used to go and help ourselves at a deserted chemist's shop. There was a good deal of sickness amongst the population that remained, all poor, of course. In fact, one came to believe from one's experience in the villages around, that those who had not got tuberculosis in their lungs had it on their faces as lupus; it was terribly common.

Shells were never absent for long, but no great damage was done, except to buildings, until one ghastly Sunday. All the worst things seemed to happen on Sundays.

In the early morning everything was quiet, though there had been a good deal of firing in the night. I walked into A—to get some things from the ambulance, leaving G—in charge, and returned on horseback, telling my batman to walk up later and fetch the horse. It was a nervous little beast, the horse I had then, and coming the way I did, along the towpath, he was very naughty and refractory, pretending to hate the water. In the midst of some antics, "swish" came a shell right over our heads and burst in the field beyond. He pulled himself together at this, seemingly, and we got along pretty fast. H— was being shelled. We got over the bridge all right and cantered up the cobbled streets of the town and down into the brewery. There I found E—with his hands full,



Wood and charcoal fire in Fire Trench. Highlander with Rum-jar as Water-bottle.

the place was crowded with terrified civilians, and soon our cellar was full of wounded and dying and their weeping relatives. It proved to be a ghastly morning.

Our stretcher bearers acted very well, responding at once to the request of the civilians that we should go out and get the wounded. With the place still under fairly heavy shell fire, the men fetched in all the wounded they could find, and came back reporting a very terrible state of affairs in one particular house. As soon as G—and I had done what we could in the cellar, we went off to see if anything could be done in the stricken house. It was an Estaminet. A high-explosive shell had come through the roof of the house opposite, through the top floor of the estaminet, and exploded in the lower back room, knocking out most of the back wall of the house. In the room we saw a sight more horrible than anything I had seen then. In one corner a man sat on a chair fallen forwards with his head between his knees; next him was a man thrown across a broken wall. In the next corner was a woman with her head hanging loosely on her shoulders; on the floor resting against her knees was a girl of about 17 with her head blown right off. In the middle of the floor lay a woman, next her a retriever dog. There had been a small child, too, but she was nowhere to be seen; her remains were found later. The fire had been blown right out of the grate, the dinner they were preparing was still steaming briskly over the stove. The pallor of death was on all who were recognizable, a fine dust covered everything and everybody, so that no blood was visible. The dog alone retained a position that was natural and dignified. He lay as if asleep.

While we were here the Curé of the place came in, and with us looked upon it all, and his great voice was raised in denunciation and indignant protest. Never shall I forget that magnificent man. How in his robes, he came majestically down the street while the shelling was still continuing, a fine figure of a man. How he came into our cellar and administered the last rites to the dying, raising his voice, lest the ears dimmed by the approach of death should fail to hear him. Shouting to them to have courage and to trust in God, and congratulating them on their entry into Heaven. How the women clustered about him, crying and saying, "Mon père, mon père," and how he commanded them almost sternly to have peace and go about their prayers. Never can I forget his great voice in that cellar, and his inspiring "Courage, mon ami." He was killed not long after by a shell just as he was coming out of his church.

I think no apology is needed for this picture. If modern civilization can permit these things and view with complacency their cause, it should permit

their description, and contemplate with equal complacency the result. There is too much of the hypocrisy which blinds the eyes, refusing to recognize in war what war really is, and preferring to glut itself with countless pictures of our "happy soldier" in the firing line.

For the most part we spent our days in divers peaceful ways. Visiting the civilian sick, especially our own particular pals—Fernand with nephritis and little Marie at the Estaminet next door with rheumatic fever, wandering along the banks of the Lys, looking at the enemy's country through field glasses, playing chess, eating and drinking good ale, and trying to keep out some hardy Scotsmen who were billeted near, and who were anxious to drink that same good ale. For an officer knows that

"A man may drink and not be drunk,
A man may fight and not be slain,
A man may kiss a pretty girl
And yet be welcome back again."

But a Scotsman can with difficulty be brought to see why a man should drink and not be drunk.

In the day one could dodge bullets fairly successfully, but in the evening work began, and bullets had to be ignored. A waggon was taken as near as was safe to the Regimental Aid-Posts. Then it was left, under cover, if possible, and we began the quiet march with the bearer party across ploughed fields. One reached the Regimental doctor amongst his wounded, sometimes many and sometimes few, and "cleared" his cases, much to his relief. It is no light thing to be cooped up in dug-outs with groaning men, who have already had as big a dose of opiate as it is safe to give. There was usually a chat and a smoke and a drink with the doctor, and then off to superintend the clearing of the next Aid-post.

Sometimes things got more lively, and the casual crack of the sniper became a rattle, and the rattle became like all noises—like the blowing of a gale through tree-tops, like the roar of the sea. The question always was, "Is it 'wind up,' or is it an attack?" One night suddenly began the roar, fire from both sides apparently, bullets came like hail down the street, hundreds hit our roof, throwing off sparks into the darkness. There were two Highland regimental stretcher-bearers in the courtyard of our Brewery at the time who had come down with a Case. I was destined to have the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with them later, but now I did not know them. I wondered what they would do; I was anxious for them not to go out, but I felt they knew their duty better than I did. The bullets increased rather than the reverse, and I heard one say to the other, "It looks like the real thing this time; here's for it." The great

doors of the yard were pulled back, and out they went into the darkness and the bullets, up the street back to their duty. I never expected them to get there; they did, but how they did was a marvel to me then, for I had to face a few yards of it later, and that was bad enough. Later, I learned that if the gods meant you to get to a place you got there, and if they did not, you did not. There were men in the regiment I was later attached to who had been in nearly every action since the beginning of the War still alive and untouched, and there were men who had come out from England for 24 hours' instruction who were killed. Such is the will of the gods.

Soon after these men had gone there was a hammering on the door. It was opened, and in ran the little foreman; he begged me to send bearers for little Marie, who was frightened out of her wits. I said it was impossible to get a stretcher down that street; she was better where she was; it was a fusillade only, not a bombardment, and that he had better stay where he was. It was impossible, however, to have them waiting there, perhaps full of expectation, certainly full of terror; so I had to go out, sidling along the wall to get to the Estaminet and reassure them. The air was full of a horrid hissing noise, two bullets hit the amulance waggon just as I passed it, one bursting open the seat-locker. I got to the doorway, flattened myself out against the door which was fastened, hammered



Company Headquarters' Dug-Out in cellar of ruined farm. Christmas, 1914.

and shouted. I could hear the terrified cries of children within, but no one would come; so pretty well fed up with them, I sidled back to the grateful shelter of the brewery. In about two or three hours all was quiet again—a strange contrast. That little business was described in one of French's reports as the brilliant repulse of an enemy attack, but it was a pretty feeble attack

really. The people who had the worst time were two wretched men who were caught outside the trench at the listening post and who had to lie doggo while the bullet of both parties went over their heads.

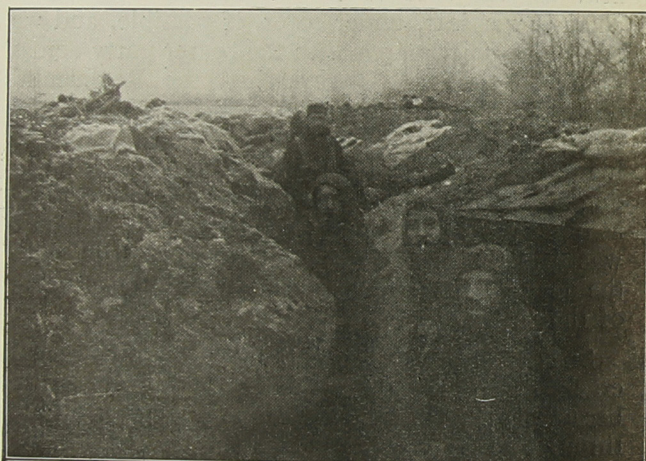
On the 22nd December I relieved Lt. B—, Doctor to the 93rd Regiment of Highlanders, who went off on leave. It was one of the kindest acts of the gods sending me to that regiment. Nothing very eventful occurred until Christmas Eve. That day as it was drawing dusk, one of our Corporals began to hold a yelling conversation with a German in the trenches opposite, who spoke English with a Glasgow accent. After the usual interchange of compliment the Corporal shouted the invitation, "Will ye come oot half way, and hae a fight?" "No," said our Glasgow German, "but I'll come oot and meet ye." So out they went and exchanged souvenirs, and something was talked about Christmas. On Christmas morning, it was bitter cold, hard frost prevailed, and a thick mist obscured everything. The frost dried up the fire trenches, but the communication trenches were practically impassable.

The Regimental Doctor lives with Battalion Headquarters, and at this time we were in a ruined chateau two or three hundred yards behind the fire trench. We were very comfortable, although all that was left of the house was the kitchen, part of a room, and the cellars; but the pianola had been preserved, with five imperfect records, and if you played hard enough and got near the instrument you couldn't hear the bullets or shells and gun-fire, which was very pleasant. Our excellent and gallant Adjutant, Capt. T., D.S.O., did stout work on that blessed instrument; this was one of the many things for which we owed gratitude to the admirable Adjutant of those days.

I was anxious to get some photographs of the trenches on Christmas morning—cameras were not absolutely forbidden then as they were later—so the day being misty, I went up by the road parallel to the fire-trench. Several bullets came unpleasantly near, and I began to regret not having braved the slush of the communication trench, but as our Commanding Officers used to say, expressing the views of the men on the matter, "If you go up the communication trench you are bound to get your feet wet, whereas the worst that can happen to you if you go along on top is to get shot." However, I waited a moment, and as no more bullets came particularly near, I felt reassured that the mist did really hide me, so proceeded. Before getting into the trench I came across a couple of German boots sticking out of the earth by the side of the road; attached to the boots were a couple of German legs. There were some men near swinging coke braziers round their heads to get them well

alight. I called attention to the legs, and investigation showed the rest of the gentleman imperfectly covered with earth; so he was popped into a more comfortable grave—a proceeding which delights the heart of every true British soldier. Some buttons were removed to remember him by, and he was snugly covered with earth and patted down. "Rest in peace, poor Fritz," thought I; it is not you or your like that have caused all this; there is not a private soldier in any of the combatant armies who would not make peace to-morrow; you have died bravely; and, instead of Christmas in the warmth of the home you love, with your lager beer, your pipe, and your buxom haus-frau, and perhaps your little children, you lie stiff and cold with your feet sticking out of the roadside—this wretched, bullet-swept, shell-scarred roadside." I had no feeling of hatred in my heart at this time; later I was to see the effects of German asphyxiating gas, and this changed everything; but even now I have a slightly more tender corner in my heart for the Saxons, and these were Saxons opposite us now.

Without further incident I got into the fire-trench. They were real trenches at this time—narrow, uncomfortable places. For over three weeks the men had been here. Many of them were



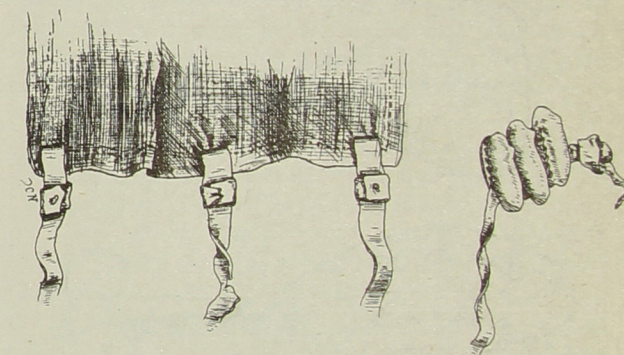
Fire Trench with Dag-Outs. German Line seen faintly in distance.

tortured by rheumatic pains and frozen feet, and infected by lice. Every evening they came in sick by dozens. One could only select the few worst cases and send the others back to the trenches. This was one of the most trying and painful parts of one's work. It was not, "Is this man ill?" but, "Which is the most ill?" Never was there a moment's respite; at any moment of the night or day the casual shelling or sniping might develop into that awful roar, or the darkness beyond be filled with the silent approach of a thousand bayonets. To-day Princess Mary's gift was being

MEDICAL PRACTICE IN NIGERIA

A large number of the Yoruba people of Nigeria call themselves Doctors, but it is not because they have studied medicine. Some of them are Doctors because their fathers were, or perhaps because, having tried to be a carpenter, or a tailor, or a blacksmith, and found it congenial, they have assumed the title as a means of easily obtaining a livelihood. If the Doctor is called to see a patient, his first anxiety is, not to see the patient, but to ascertain the extent of the patient's ability to pay. He does not, as a rule, name a sum of money as his fee, but asks that fowls, palm oil and gin may be brought to him before he undertakes the treatment of the sick person. If a surgical condition requires treatment, this consists often of tying a dirty piece of native twine round the wrist or ankle, and attaching to it a piece of stone or earth the size of a hazel nut. I took one such from the wrist of a girl who had consulted a native "Doctor" eight months before, and when she came to me had a septic sore the size of a five shilling piece or larger, which, under treatment, cleared up in a week or two.

Although the native Doctor has an outfit of knives of various shapes—dirty, and carried in a dirty piece of cloth (see illustration)—he rarely



A. Cloth in which the knives were wrapped.

B. End of one of the thongs with Cowry shells for tying the cloth.

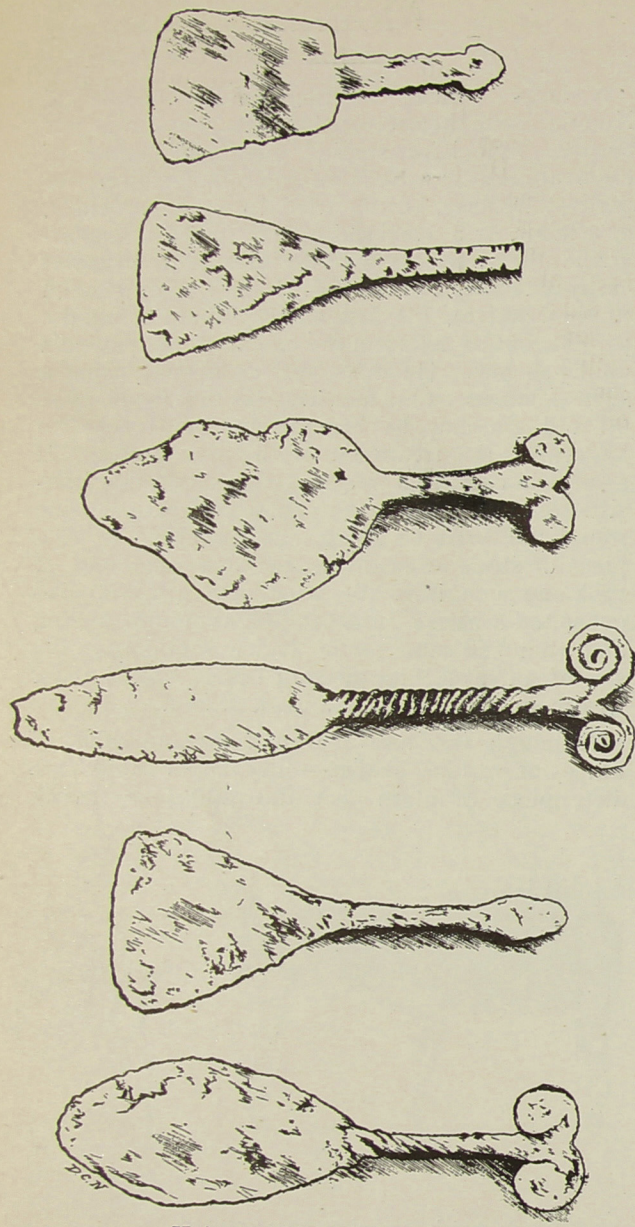
cuts through the skin. He is very fond of making a series of small superficial cuts over the part affected, and allowing them to heal or go septic, as luck will have it. Some of the Haussas from the northern part of the colony practise blood-letting. The accompanying photograph shows a corner of the market place in the town in which I live. I was passing one afternoon and saw this operation taking place, so I immediately hurried back to the house to get my camera. I put it into position and was just making the exposure when

handed out, and Queen Alexandra's Christmas Card, and how the men valued these! One felt oneself, looking at the little enclosed photograph of the Princess, "You are very beautiful, but I really can't smoke your cigarettes"; but the men appreciated them.

Many shots were exchanged that morning, but as the afternoon approached a most amazing thing occurred. All firing ceased and shouts were exchanged. Then came a tentative scrambling of a few men over the parapet, and a few Germans over theirs; then a scramble of dozens, then of scores of men of both sides; all met in the middle and talked and stared and exchanged cap comforters for the grey German trench cap, and bully beef for cigars. A German officer came out with an orderly with beer and glasses, little S—, our baby subaltern, was presented with a box of cigars, two barrels of beer were rolled over to the regiment on our left, all was good fellowship and a pathetic friendliness. As dusk came on, and it came early, the men had to be called in. Shrill whistle blasts were heard everywhere and the land of death between the trenches was again deserted, and save for the grim barbed wire entanglements nothing but hard frozen mud and ice. But the men had made a compact. Not a single shot was fired, and that evening was one of the most beautiful, clear, starry, frosty nights that ever I saw, and there reigned a delectable entrancing quiet, the first quiet I had heard for months. Musical instruments were played and songs and carols were sung on both sides and Christmas dinners eaten. Our dinner was a memorable one: Soup, a haggis sent from home, with whisky, some sort of old hen, a Christmas pudding full of surprises, a savoury of sardines and port, and an excellent cigar. This was luxury; later we learned to do ourselves well always, but we were only learning war in these days.

Shortly after Christmas a great event occurred: we were relieved, and went for some days into billets in a neighbouring town. Then could we clean ourselves and feed together in a great battalion mess, and have music and the pipes and reels. But in looking round the table, no one could help the feeling: "When the great command comes, and when the deed is done, how many of those here will meet again like this?" But though the thought was ever with us, it cast no shade of gloom over our merriment.





Knives used by Native Doctors.

the operator began to remove the blood, and it was quite a long time before I could persuade him to continue the performance, and when he agreed the patient demurred, but at last he placed them all into position and I took the photo. Five cow horns constituted the outfit for drawing blood from a man who complained of backache. The "Doctor" had bored a hole right through the end of the horn. He first dabbed with his hand some dirty water on the back, and then made a series of small cuts with one of his sharp knives. He then placed the cow-horn over the cuts and applied his lips to the end of the horn. He exhausted the air, and then with his tongue rolled a plug of rubber, which had been reposing in his mouth, to

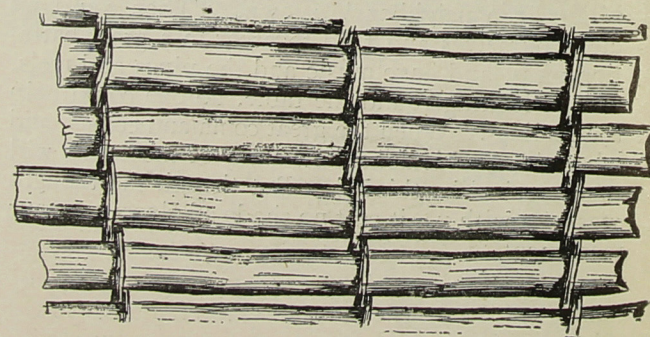
close the top of the horn, and so on until the five were in position. The patient sat patiently on the ground for five or ten minutes, while the business of the market proceeded and people passed to and fro, and then the horn was removed and the clotted blood in the broad part of the horn was thrown into a tin full of sand. The



Blood-letting in market place at Ilesha, Nigeria.

operator may also be seen at other times acting as barber, shaving the heads of the men or cutting the short curly hair of those who possessed any, for only comparatively few of the men allow their hair to grow, but keep their heads continually shaved.

When the "Doctor" meets a condition that baffles his experience and skill, it is a very common custom for the patient to have a dose administered and for death to ensue. No death certificates are required, and the native Doctor is never blamed, but is highly praised because he predicted the death which only too surely follows the dose.



"Native" splint made of bamboo cane.

I wish to express my warmest thanks to Mr. D. C. Norris for his great kindness in providing the excellent illustrations.

J. R. C. STEPHENS.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT

There are many pyramids in Egypt, but the oldest, largest, and most interesting are those of Giza. Giza is the County where Moses was born, and was Pharaoh's headquarters. These pyramids lie on the threshold of the desert, four miles West of Cairo. The road connecting this city with the Pyramids is by far the most beautiful and at the same time the widest in Egypt. It runs through the most fertile parts of the country, and traverses the River Nile by means of a fine bridge. On either side the road is lined by acacia-trees and villas which, though modern in structure, are far from English in appearance. At the foot of the Pyramids lies that important landmark, the famous English hotel, which affords the visitor an opportunity to rest and refresh himself both before and after the expedition to the plateau.

The walk from the hotel to the Pyramids is longer than it appears at first sight. This illusion is due to the fact that as one mounts the incline the larger Pyramid is seen first. At the commencement of the walk, the traveller is surrounded by a host of donkey boys and camel men, a picturesque set of vagabonds who are clamorous in their imperfect French and English in their efforts to persuade the tourist to refrain from exercising his limbs and to avail himself of the advantages accruing from the use of their mokes.

The Pyramid seen first—the largest—is a huge structure covering an area of 13 acres, rising to a height of 400 ft., considerably higher than St. Paul's Cathedral. It is the symbolic wedlock of art with craft, a monument 6,000 years of age, embodying all the highest qualities of civilization. The immobility of its four faces reflect as in a window all the phases and grandeur and calm of the vast desert around it. With reference to the actual construction of the large Pyramid, it is composed of 2,300,000 blocks of stone, the dimension of each being 40 cubic feet.



A South-Eastern View.

The mode of erection of the Pyramids is still a matter of widespread conjecture. It is known for certain, from ancient Egyptian records which have been handed down from dynasty to dynasty, that it took 30 years to build—20 for the foundation and 10 for the remainder.

The stones were obtained from two very different sources. Those of the exterior, greyish in hue, were obtained from the quarries on the opposite bank of the Nile, a distance of eight miles from the actual site of building. Those of the inside are of granite, and were brought from a quarry near Assouan, which necessitated the transporting of huge masses of stone over a distance of 200 miles from start to finish. This task obviously required the use of an enormous number of labourers; 300,000 men were employed for the three months of inundation. The reigning monarch at that time was King Khofu, better known as "Keops," 4,000 years B.C., in the 4th Dynasty.

The inside of the large Pyramid is reached through a small entrance on the North side. The door of this entrance is less than four feet high, and the passage unto which it leads is 20 yards long and descends at an angle of about 26°. Finally it passes into the ascending gallery, the entrance of which is screened by huge stones. Thence the way is rather steep to the Great Hall. This is 28 feet high by 155 feet long, and here signs of the passage of sarcophagi are evident. The difficulty experienced in carrying the sarcophagus thus far on its way to the final resting-place in the King's Chamber must have been stupendous, and could only have been overcome by incredible perseverance.

The masonry in the Great Hall rivets one's attention, the accuracy is such that not even a hair can be inserted into the joints between the stones.

Passing on, the King's Chamber is reached. This is quite a plain room, and presents an item of extreme interest in the empty sarcophagus.

The Queen's Chamber, which is also gained from the Great Hall, differs from the King's only in point of its being smaller and possessing a curious conical roof.

Other chambers and passages lead from the Great Hall, but little interest attaches to these.

The second Pyramid conveys an erroneous impression of being larger than the first. This is entirely due to the fact that it is built on more elevated ground. Actually it is four feet less in height, and moreover, whereas the ravages of time and weather have accounted for only seven feet in the second, the first Pyramid has sustained a similar loss in height of 31 feet.

Curiously enough, it is seldom ascended by tourists, and hence the coating in the upper part is more or less intact.

Though the majority of the stones are smaller than those of the Great Pyramid, its summit is capped by a single huge stone, as large as any of the greater one. This stone now shows an enormous crack which divides the stone into two.

The builder of the second Pyramid, King Khafra, successor to Khofu, lived about 3950 B.C., and bore an excellent reputation as a ruler. A bust of the monarch may be found in the Cairo Museum—No. 73, Room B. It is worked in granite, and is a masterpiece of its kind. The Pharaoh is seated with his hands on his knees (Plate 2), while the Royal Hawk—the emblem of the great God



King Khafra and God Ra (now in Cairo Museum).

Ra—spreads its protecting wings over him. Every detail of the King's features are accurately reproduced, and the hardness of the stone and consequent difficulty with which it is worked, heighten the excellence of the work.

The third Pyramid, built by Mankara in 3600 B.C., lies a little behind the second. Compared with the other two it is small, but marked interest attaches to its interior.

In the Tomb Chamber was once to be found the sarcophagus of the King. An attempt was made to transport this to the British Museum, but unfortunately the vessel conveying it was lost off the coast of Spain. The wooden coffin containing the

mummy of the King travelled to England at a later date, and now reposes in the Egyptian section of the British Museum.

Three smaller Pyramids are arranged along the Eastern side of the Great Pyramid, and contain the remains of various lesser lights of the Royal House.

Further still to the South the Sphinx comes into view, built about 3000 B.C. This noble and majestic figure defies adequate description, and entirely merits its Arabic name—Abu el Hal—the Father of Terror.

Extending in both a Northerly and Southerly direction are further groups of Pyramids. Those in the North pertaining to Abu Koash and dating back to the 4th Dynasty; those in the South being associated in order with Abusir, Saqqara, Dahshur, and finally, in the distance, Lisht and Media, the whole comprising the most extensive burial ground in the world, the actual distance from North to South being more than 60 miles.

A. A. H. EL-ZENEINY.

CAMP SANITATION

The desirability of constructing urinals that are covered, and so excluded from the visits of flies, for troops in the field, is fully accepted. Hence a brief description of some ways in which these may be made will perhaps be of use, particularly to men who have recently taken or are about to receive commissions in the R.A.M.C.

The essential parts of the apparatus are: (1) Some form of receptacle and a duct for conveying the fluid into (2) a covered pit in the ground.

The diagrams will best explain the construction of these parts.

(1) *Receptacle and duct.*

(a) The simplest form, for the idea of which I am indebted to Lieut. Treadgold, R.A.M.C., is of one or two lengths of four- or five-inch *drain pipe*. Or, failing this, one may perhaps be able to "souvenir" a *chimney-pot* or a piece of wide-bore *rain pipe*.

(b) A higher stage in the evolution of the apparatus is that of *oil-drums*. Two or three ordinary five-gallon oil-drums, and one large oil-can with conical top, are required. The bottoms of all are cut or chiselled out, and the tops also of the drums. The drums are fitted together as in *Fig. a*, by easing the top edges outwards, and the can is placed inverted in the uppermost drum.

(c) This form—a further refinement—is made from the ordinary biscuit tin which is obtainable

without great difficulty in the field. But owing to the fact that some mechanical skill is required, it will generally be reserved to units of R.E., R.A., R.F.C., or M.T., with which units there is always at least one artificer. The biscuit tin is cut into the required shape, and the urinal receptacle built

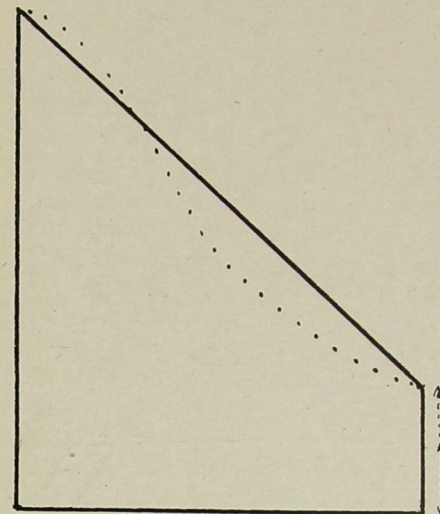


Fig. 1. Side View.

up with the help of solder. The figures from 1 to 8 explain each step. The following notes are added:—

In *Fig. 2* the upper opening of the receptacle is drawn with double line, denoting the turning over of the cut edge of the tin. This edge, for greater

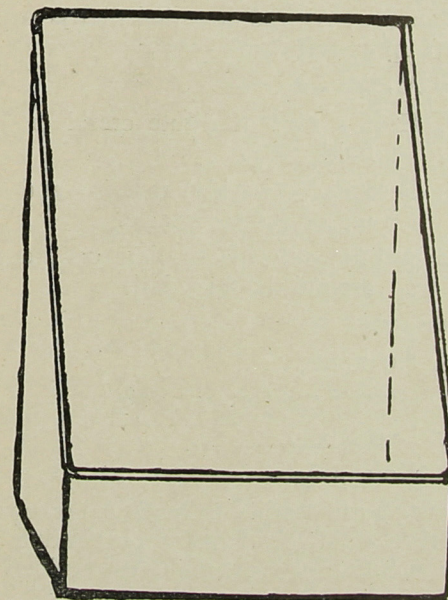


Fig. 2. Front View.

strength, should be turned over to enclose a piece of copper or iron wire all round this opening, to give greater strength.

Fig. 3.—The hole cut in the centre of the bottom of the tin is $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diameter, which, when the four sections into which the bottom is cut, are

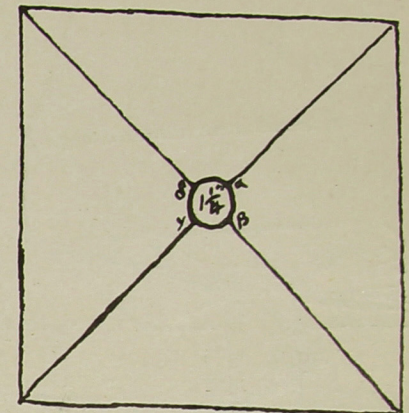


Fig. 3. Bottom.

drawn slightly downwards to form a kind of basin, leaves a central hole of about 2 in. diameter. This corresponds with the diameter of the short pipe shown in *Fig. 4*, as the "neck." The neck can

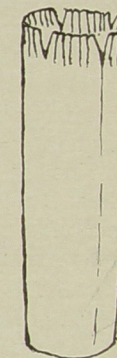


Fig. 4.

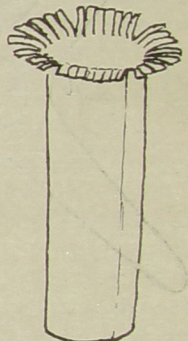


Fig. 5.

Neck.

be made from a piece of tin of suitable size, and about 6 in. long, by rolling it up into a cylinder and soldering the edges that overlap. It should not be truly cylindrical, but of slightly less diameter below.

The star-fish—*Fig. 7*—is soldered on after the neck, being shipped over this and applied to the bottom of the receptacle to cover up the spaces left between the four sections of the bottom.

Fig. 8 shows at about actual size one of four pieces of tin required to close up a small triangular hole that is left at the site of *d, b, y, d* in *Fig. 4*.

The "Savoy" urinal receptacle is then complete.

The last illustration, a sketch from a photograph—not passed by the Censor in France—displays the consummation. The notice is perhaps useful. A screen should always be added.