

outbreak of War he transferred to the R.A.M.C., and went to France in August, 1915.

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Private ROBERT VIVYAN CHILD, East Surrey Regiment

Private R. V. CHILD,

who was killed in action on September 15th. last, was the youngest son of the late Mr. G. C. Child, A.M.I.C.E., of Smethwick, Birmingham, and Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex, and of Mrs. Child, now residing at 29, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood. Private R. V. Child, who was in his 21st year, was educated at a private school, and subsequently at the High School for Boys, Southend-on-Sea, and upon leaving there, in 1912, was appointed Assistant Librarian to the College, which he held until he enlisted in the East Surrey Regiment, from Norwood, in October, 1915. He was one of those selected for the snipers' section of his Battalion.

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Captain IAN MACDONALD BROWN, R.A.M.C. who was killed on November 15th, aged 28 years, was the younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald



Captain IAN MACDONALD BROWN, R.A.M.C.

Brown, of 64, Upper Berkeley Street, W. He was educated at St. Paul's School and Downing College, Cambridge, and took his B.A. (Natural Science Tripos) in 1910, and his M.A. in 1914. After a year's study in medicine at the University of Edinburgh, he entered the "London" in 1911, and qualified M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., in July, 1914, and intended to present himself for the final examination in medicine, at Cambridge, in the December of that year. Immediately War was declared he volunteered his services, and was given a commission in the R.A.M.C. He was sent to Gallipoli in June, 1915, and was invalided home in August of the same year, and from that time until the middle of September of the present year he held various regimental and hospital posts at home. Afterwards he was sent to the Front, where he acted as Surgeon, first to the New Zealand Division, and subsequently to a Brigade, R.F.A. It was while attending to the sick and wounded under shell-fire that he was killed. His Colonel writes:—"We are so very sorry to lose him as we liked him so much, and he was such a good man at his profession, and is a very great loss to us." He leaves a widow and an infant son.

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qualities made him popular among the officers and men of his Battalion.

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Captain GEOFFREY RICHARD HEARD, L.R.C.P. (Lon.), M.R.C.S. (Eng.), R.A.M.C.

Captain G. R. HEARD,

who was killed in action on July 2nd, near La Boisselle, at the age of 30, was the elder son of Mr. Richard W. Heard, of Devonport. He received his education in Plymouth College, and passed the Matriculation Examination of the University of London in September, 1903, after which he proceeded to the study of Medicine at the "London," from where he qualified in 1909. After leaving the Hospital, he held a House-Surgery at the Newark Hospital for nearly two years, when his health failed him. Upon recovering his health he obtained a Ship-Surgery on the S.S. "Herefordshire," of the Bibby Line, and made two voyages to Rangoon. This was followed by an appointment under the Essex County Council, which he retained till December, 1914, when he offered his services to the Army, and, being accepted, was attached to the 10th Royal Warwickshire Regiment as Medical Officer. At the time of his death he was attending to a wounded man, when a piece of shrapnel passed through his chest. The following letter was received by the Editor:—

32ND C.C.S.,

B.E.F.,

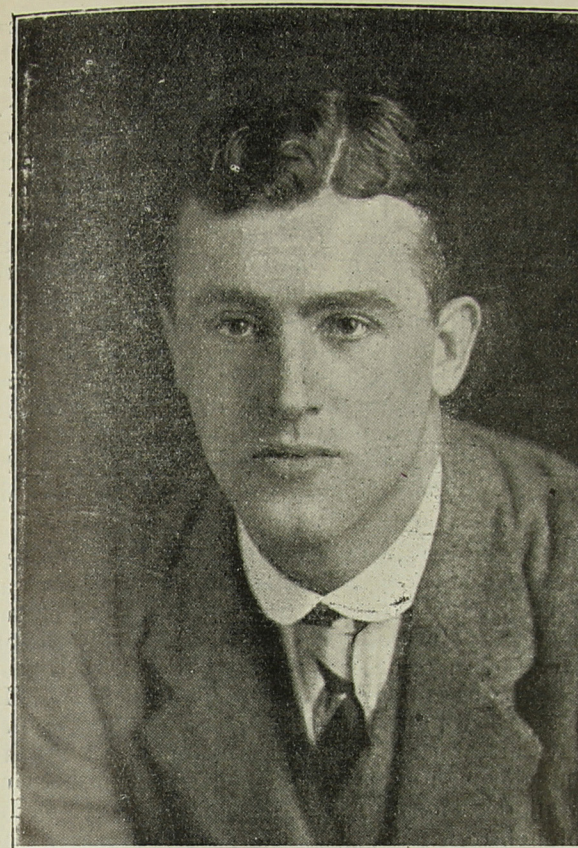
15th July, 1916.

To the Editor "London Hospital Gazette."

SIR,

May I, an old Guy's man, write a few lines in your paper, concerning my friend, the late Captain G. R. Heard, who was killed at the taking of La Boisselle early this month.

For nineteen months Captain Heard had been serving as Medical Officer to a Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, for the last year being with them at the Western Front.



Captain JOHN DEIGHTON, B.A., M.B., B.C. (Cantab.), R.A.M.C.

Captain J. DEIGHTON,

who died of shrapnel wounds of head and legs, contracted on active service, on September 19th, 1916, aged 29, was the third son of Lieutenant-Colonel Deighton, R.A.M.C. (T.), of St. Bernard's, Cambridge. He was educated at St. Faith's Preparatory School, Cambridge, King's School, Canterbury, where he was a Scholar; and Trinity College, Cambridge, entering the "London" in January, 1912. He completed the Examination for the Conjoint Board Diploma in October, 1913, and graduated for his degree in December, 1913, afterwards holding the appointments of Senior Dresser and Clinical Assistant to Out-Patients, and Receiving Room Officer. In November, 1914, he obtained a commission in the R.A.M.C., and joined the Special Reserve of Officers. In March of the following year he went to France with the 18th General Hospital, and in June was attached, as Medical Officer, to the King's Own Royal Lancashire Regiment, with which he met his death.

Captain Deighton was good both at work and play. At Cambridge he rowed, while he played forward for his College Rugby fifteen, and was a member of the Hospital team which won the Cup at Richmond, in March, 1914. His personal



During the greater part of that time it was my good fortune to be, as Medical Officer to another Battalion in the same Brigade, closely associated with him, and his great qualities will not be forgotten by me or any of his comrades.

On many occasions Captain Heard, in his devotion to his duty, has faced risks which a less disinterested man would have avoided, and his personal bravery was equalled by his constant good fellowship which endeared him to all who met him.

The risks he ran were never the result of recklessness, but I have often known him volunteer for dangerous enterprises where his steadiness and skill were of the utmost value.

Particularly I recall an occasion when he came, as a volunteer, to assist me during a raid by my own Regiment; it was a service quite apart from his ordinary duties, and it enabled me to return all my wounded in record time, well dressed, to the ambulance.

On many other occasions, often in greater danger, he behaved with equal gallantry; on the day when he was killed he was working with another Guy's man, Captain C. W. John, R.A.M.C., who had succeeded me with my Regiment.

Together they had established an Aid Post in our Fire-Trench, and Heard was tending a man at a short distance away when he was struck in the back by shrapnel. The wound had perforated one lung, and, although Captain John was able to revive him for a short time, he again became unconscious, and died that night at the ambulance.

I knew of few men who have done as much front line service as Captain Heard, I know of none who have served with greater gallantry, and I am glad of the long friendship between Guy's and the London Hospitals which enables me to write this tribute to him.

T. I. BENNETT,  
Captain R.A.M.C.

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Captain THOMAS LEWIS INGRAM, M.A. (Cantab.),  
M.R.C.S. (Eng.), D.S.O., M.C.

Captain THOMAS LEWIS INGRAM, attached to the Shropshire Light Infantry, who was returned as missing (*B.M.J.*, September 30th), was killed on or about the night of September 16th while searching for wounded in front of the enemy wires. He was born in 1875, the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Lewis Ingram, Barrister, of

the Middle Temple, and educated at Monkton Combe School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A., and entered the "London" in 1898. He qualified M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., in 1903. After filling the posts of House-Physician and Assistant House-Surgeon at the Poplar Hospital, and Senior House-Surgeon at the Westminster Hospital, he went into practice at Welford, near Rugby, where he was Medical Officer of the Fifth District of the Lutterworth Union, and of the Welford District of the Market Harborough Union. He served with the Middlesex Yeomanry in the South African War, gaining the medal with three clasps. When the present War broke out he applied at once for a commission in the R.A.M.C., and in November, 1914, was attached as Medical Officer to the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, with which Regiment he served till his death.

Early in 1915, Captain Ingram was mentioned in Despatches; on September 6th, 1915, he was awarded the Military Cross "for conspicuous devotion to duty and energy at Hooze;" and on May 31st, 1916, he was awarded the D.S.O. "for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He collected and attended to the wounded under very heavy fire, and set a splendid example. Since the commencement of the War he has been conspicuous on all occasions for his personal bravery." His Colonel, in writing of him as the bravest man he had ever met, added: "He was loved by every man in the Regiment."

Captain Ingram married, in 1909, Lilian, eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Donnithorne, Royal Scots Greys, and leaves two children.

The following letters were received by his relatives:—

11th October, 1916.

From Brigadier-General NICHOLSON.

DEAR MRS. INGRAM,

I cannot tell you how grieved I am to see in the Roll of Honour that your husband has been killed. May I express my deepest sympathy with you in your great bereavement.

No more gallant gentleman, or braver soldier ever lived, and his dauntless courage and unfailing cheeriness under all circumstances was worth many men, and the officers and men of his Regiment simply worshipped him.

I have lost many friends in this War, but few whom I esteemed more than your husband.

Yours sincerely,

L. NICHOLSON.

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB,  
94, PICCADILLY, W.

13th October, 1916.

From Captain COLLINS, D.S.O., K.S.L.I.

DEAR MRS. INGRAM,

I feel I must write and offer you my most heart-felt sympathy on your terrible loss. If there was one, all of us

who ever had the honour of knowing him would have given anything to see spared, it was our dear old doc.

One could go on for ever with his wonderful qualities. I shall look on him as the finest, kindest, most lovable man I ever knew. To say anything about his bravery is superfluous—his two decorations were nothing, for he earned some decoration every time we went into the trenches.

But it is as the kindest and most unselfish of friends I shall always remember him; I feel sure when any of the many officers we have had in the time to come looks back, each one will consider that the bravest and the one he liked best was the doc.

Everyone must think that the name we have made is more due to him than anyone—I can't think how they will get on without him.

I am very bad in putting on paper what I think, but hope this and the many other letters you will get will be some consolation to you in your great grief.

Yours sincerely,

H. S. COLLINS.

30th September, 1916.

From Colonel MURRAY, Commanding K S.L.I.

DEAR MR. INGRAM,

It is with more sorrow than I can express that I have to tell you that your son was found yesterday, killed.

I cannot tell you how he met his end, but the evidence seemed conclusive from the prisoner's story, and it is possible that he may have tried to escape, and have been shot doing so, anyhow this is my personal belief, and it may or may not have been correct.

Your son was the bravest man I have ever met, and one meets many here. It was not that he did not know what fear was, as he often told me he did, but it never had any effect on his actions, and where he thought it his duty to go he went. He met his end looking for wounded on the German barbed wire, surely no man could meet a nobler one. He was beloved by every man in the Regiment, and was known and respected by every unit in the Division.

I, personally, have lost almost my greatest friend, and the only one I had to turn to, who never gave me anything but sound advice, and one that kept me going practically for the last twelve months.

He is buried near Ginchy, near the railway, and his grave has been marked, and if it is possible I will have a better mark put up.

Please let me know if I can tell you anything further. I have a few things that were in his pockets, which I will send when I get a safe way of sending them.

Yours sincerely,

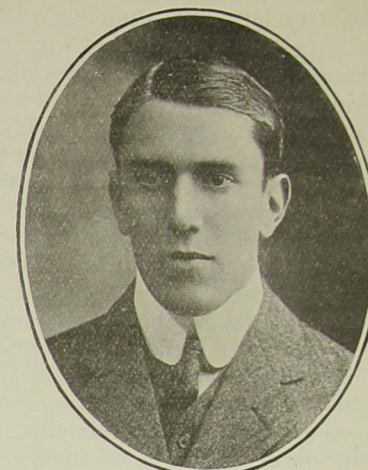
B. L. MURRAY.

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Captain H. G. MORRIS

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death, in action, on July 14th. of Captain H. G. Morris, R.A.M.C., at the age of 32.

He was thus one of the first of old "London" men to give their lives in the battle of the Somme. Morris was educated at Llandovery School, and went up to University College, Oxford, at Michaelmas, 1904, where he graduated B.A. in 1908, and M.B. in 1914. He had a big reputation as a footballer, and played in the freshmen's match and was afterwards given a trial for the 'Varsity team.



Captain HUGH GWILYM MORRIS, B.A., M.B., B.Ch. Oxon.,  
R.A.M.C.

So highly indeed did A. D. Stoop (the 'Varsity Captain) think of him as a half-back, that he was once heard to remark that most probably either he himself or Munro (the other 'Varsity half-back) would have to stand down in favour of Morris for the match at Queen's Club. However, his early promise did not materialise, as though throughout his four years' residence he frequently appeared in the 'Varsity team, he never actually won the coveted distinction of a "blue." In College football, needless to say, he was a tower of strength, and University in those days could boast one of the best Rugger teams in the 'Varsity. He also played many times for the Richmond Club, and was much in request for teams going on tour. Of his work later on for the Hospital XV. it is unnecessary to speak at length; undoubtedly he did much to help the Hospital side to maintain its high position among the London Clubs, and his work in the hotly contested Hospital Cup games was always of the highest order.

Morris took his degree in the Honour School of Natural Science in the summer of 1908, but stayed up at Oxford for a fifth year to complete some of his course of lectures and examinations for the final degree in medicine. He came to the "London" in the latter half of 1909, and his popularity was soon established among a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. Just about the time he completed his ward appointments he married under romantic circumstances, and thenceforward his friends at the "London" saw him all too rarely. Shortly after the commencement of War he took a temporary commission in the R.A.M.C. and was posted to a field ambulance, with which in due course he proceeded to France. Those of us who knew him can guess what a sacrifice this alone must have entailed to him.

Known universally among his friends as "Hughie," it is given to few men to establish



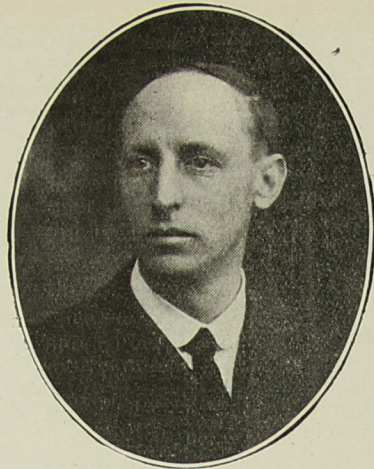
themselves so firmly in the regard and esteem of their fellows. Quiet and diffident in manner, Morris was gifted with an extraordinarily deep fund of human sympathy. One never heard him utter an unkind word to anyone, and it is safe to say that he had not an enemy in the world. Extremely generous in disposition, and hating ever to disappoint anyone, Morris would frequently answer "yes" when perhaps his best interests should have prompted a "no," and, as a result, the claims upon his time were many and various. He was absolutely unspoiled by his successes in the football field: there were times when Morris might have become a popular hero had he so willed, but he never courted adulation nor sought for popularity outside the immediate circle of his friends, with the result that he won from them far more than an ordinary share of affection. He was one of the straightest men that ever lived, and a true sportsman in the real meaning of the term. Coming from a home among the Welsh hills, Morris always struck one as being carved out more for a life among the fastnesses of nature rather than amid the busy haunts of men. Powerfully built he was always, no matter what he did, on the top line of physical fitness, and he was of the hard and enduring kind. He was a devoted adept of all out-door sports, an angler of more than average skill, an excellent shot, and a born mountaineer. Absolutely without fear at all times, and having combined with that attribute such a tremendously generous depth of feeling for others, especially when in trouble, it will cause no surprise among his friends to know that Morris was recommended by his Colonel for the award of the V.C. for the magnificent work he accomplished before he met with his untimely end. Unselfish, always, he has died as he lived, and our most profound sympathies go out to his widow and children in their irreparable loss.

And so passes one more of "the very best," and the world, with those of us who sorrowing remain, are all the poorer for his passing.

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Captain H. F. G. NOYES

died from paratyphoid fever, in Bombay, on September 5th, at the age of 36, while acting as Surgical Specialist to a Stationary Hospital. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Noyes, of St. Mary's Vicarage, Kilburn, formerly Chaplain to His Majesty's Embassy at Paris, and was educated at St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, where he was Captain of the School, and gained a scholarship at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. He entered the "London" in 1903, and qualified L.R.C.P. Lond., M.R.C.S. Eng., 1906, and took his degree in 1907, and after qualifying, he held the appointments of House-Surgeon, Receiving



Captain HARRY FRANCIS GOLDING NOYES, M.B., B.C.  
Cantab, R.A.M.C.

Room Officer, and Emergency Officer. He was also Clinical Assistant to the Hospital for Sick Children at Great Ormond Street. He was a keen athlete, playing cricket and football for his School and College. Captain Noyes was in practice in Tarporley, Cheshire, from 1909 till 1913, when he went to Worthing, and took up a partnership. In December, 1914, he joined the R.A.M.C., as Temporary Lieutenant. After being stationed in England for some time, he went out to Alexandria. At the end of his first year's service he was promoted Captain and proceeded to India, where he died.

Captain Noyes married in April, 1910, Mary Graham, the elder daughter of the late Rev. G. Little, of Monk Hesledon, County Durham, and leaves a widow and three children.

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Captain W. R. PAGEN

who was killed in action on October 7th. He was the son of the late Mr. William Pagen, of Whitehaven, and was educated at St. Bee's School, Durham University, entering the "London" in 1900, from where he qualified M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., in 1905. After acting as Medical Officer of the Workhouse, at Cockermouth, Cumberland, Captain Pagen settled in practice in that town, where he was Medical Officer of No. 1 District of Cockermouth Union. He joined the R.A.M.C., as a Temporary Lieutenant, on December 15th, 1914. On October 1st he was wounded in the forehead by a piece of shrapnel, but remained on duty, and was killed six days later.

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Captain J. M. STENHOUSE,

who died on August 25th, in a hospital in France, of wounds received in action on July 18th, was

The following letter was received by the Editor:—

To the Editor "London Hospital Gazette."

DEAR SIR,

There must be many old "Londoners" who felt when they read of Jack Stenhouse's death from wounds, that no better or cleaner-hearted man has died in this War. Throughout his life he was typical of the best sort of man that England produces. As a much looked-up-to schoolboy at Bedford, where I first remember him, and later as a Student at the Hospital, a companion in rooms, and afterwards as a resident, I knew him well, and he was always the same, a fine, simple, upstanding gentleman, and one of the best men that ever breathed. From early boyhood he had a very deeply, unquestioning religious bent of mind, but he seldom spoke his religion, though he lived it as it is given to few men to do; and it was common knowledge among his friends that he turned aside from brilliant opportunities to act as a comparatively obscure and poorly paid lecturer at a Christian University in Pekin. Here he did a great work in helping to train Chinese Students in modern medicine, also being on the Staff of a Hospital, where any amount of practical work was always being done. But he was a man who enjoyed life in many capacities. He was very fond of most out-door sports. And one of my last memories of him is of his big laugh at a little dinner in a Piccadilly Restaurant, while on leave from his work in China, in the winter before War. To his widow and children there must be very many who would like to offer their deepest sympathy. May the earth rest lightly on him. The world was better for him.

Yours,

H. H. BASHFORD.

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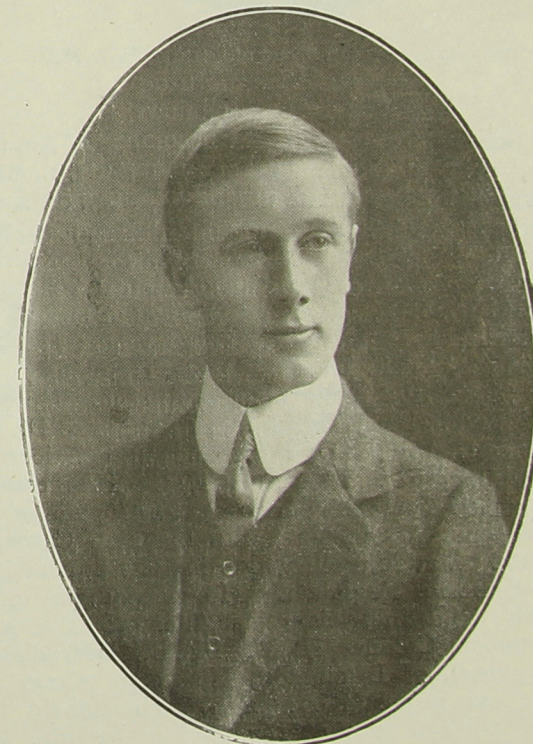


Captain J. M. STENHOUSE.

the second son of the late Major-General W. Stenhouse, Indian Army, and was 38 years of age. He was educated at the Bedford Grammar School, and entered Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1900, and M.B., B.C., in 1903. After holding the appointments of Clinical Assistant to Out-Patients, Receiving Room Officer, House-Physician, House-Surgeon, at the "London," he acted as travelling Physician to Prince Leopold of Battenberg, spending two winters with him in Khartoum. In 1906 he joined the Staff of the Union Medical College at Pekin, and during the outbreak of pneumonic plague, in Manchuria, five years later, he volunteered his services to the Chinese Government, and remained at Harbin until the disease had been stamped out. For his services he was decorated with the Order of the Double Dragon. During the recent revolution in China, 1911-12, he accompanied the Army, doing Red Cross work. Being in England, on furlough, at the outbreak of the present War, he immediately obtained a commission in the Royal Army Medical Corps. After some months of work at home he went to France, where he was attached to a General Hospital until November, 1915, when he was transferred to Royal Field Artillery, and it was while serving with them that he received the spinal wound which proved fatal later.

The Colonel of his Brigade writes of Captain Stenhouse as a man who tended the wounded under the heaviest shell-fire without any thought of his personal safety, and adds that he had been recommended for the D.S.O. Captain Stenhouse leaves a widow and two little boys.

He was awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty during several days of operations when attending the wounded under heavy shell-fire.



Captain GEORGE HENRY WATSON, Jun., R.A.M.C.,  
3rd Northumbrian Field Ambulance.



Captain G. H. WATSON, R.A.M.C. (T.), who was reported wounded in our issue of September 30th, has died of wounds. He was educated at the "London," and took the diplomas of M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., in 1907. He held the appointments of House-Physician, Receiving Room Officer and Medical Out-Patient Clinical Assistant to the London Hospital, House-Physician to Hull Royal Infirmary, and Assistant Medical Officer to the Shoreditch Infirmary. He received his commission as Lieutenant on January 6th, 1913, and was promoted to Captain on April 1st, 1915. Prior to the War he was in practice at Hull.

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Lieutenant MARTIN WILLIAM LOY, R.A.M.C.

Lieutenant M. W. LOY, who was killed in action in France, on August 28th, 1916, at the age of 43, was the fifth and youngest son of the late S. H. Loy, Esq., of Keld Head, Pickering, Yorkshire. Educated at the London Hospital, he qualified M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., in 1894, was Medical Out-Patient Clinical Assistant, May to October, 1895, and Clinical Assistant at Whitechapel Infirmary for some years; House-Surgeon to Sir F. Treves and Mr. Hutchinson in 1898; Receiving Room Officer in 1899. He was at Thornton Dale, Yorkshire, as partner to Dr. R. A. Scott, from 1899-1902, and in practice, at Gillingham, Kent, from 1902-1915. He received his commission on February 9th, 1916, and went to France early in May, with the 44th Casualty Clearing Station, from which he was attached to the Cheshire Regiment. He married, in 1909, Edith Christine, elder daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. Bicknell (Middlesex Regiment), of Lymington, Hants, to whom we offer our respectful sympathy. He upheld the high traditions of the "London" in his life, and has added fresh lustre to them by his death on the field of honour.

An old "Londoner," who was in the house at the same time as Loy writes of him:—

"Happy-go-lucky, perhaps, Martin Loy was one of the very best. Son of a Yorkshire Squire, and used to dogs and guns from boyhood, he was a thorough sportsman, incapable of anything mean, and one of the best shots in Yorkshire with gun or catapult. He did some big game shooting in East Africa, after his House-Surgeoncy, and a night alone in the jungle in a tropical thunderstorm without a dry match to light his pipe with, and with lions roaring near, he would sometimes recall when in an expansive mood. He hardly knew the meaning of fear. He was very anxious to get a shot at a German, and he had serious thoughts of enlisting as a private. He was a descendant of Jenner, of vaccination fame, and his professional knowledge was very sound. His patients, especially the poorer ones, owed more to him, and loved him better than is often the case in our latter-day practices. He would think nothing of sitting up all night with a 'pneumonia,' or with one of his own sick dogs. He had a large midwifery practice, and never lost a case. He used Champétier's bag more often than all the other doctors in the neighbourhood put together. His surgical work was what you would expect of one of Treves' H.S.'s., though he had little scope for major surgery. He made all his own splints, and though his hands showed signs of his favourite hobby, carpentry, and he never wore rubber gloves, his cases healed by first intention. He was one of the Gillingham (Kent) doctors that refused *en masse* to go on the panel, so that a 'closed panel' was formed. He was one of the boys that don't grow up, and to the last he was very fond of a practical joke. He hated going to meetings, was somewhat reticent, and abhorred social functions. He said he never felt better in his life than after three month's work on a chicken farm, after he had given up his practice, and while waiting for his commission; certainly there were few finer looking men in the Army than he when he donned the King's coat.

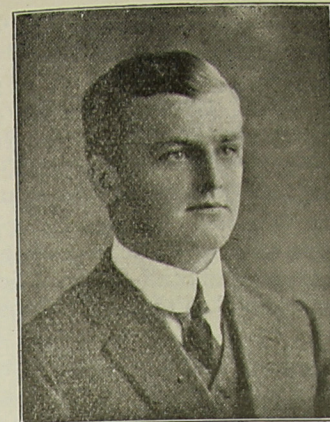
'One could wish that the flaws were fewer  
In the earthen vessel, holding treasure,  
Which lies as safe in a golden ewer;  
But the main thing is—does it hold good measure?'

To this question the stray shell that killed him instantly found the answer, 'Yes.'

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To a wide circle of "Londoners" the news of the sudden death of Owen Parry-Jones, at the Brompton Hospital, came as a painful shock.

Parry-Jones was born at Plas Llechylched, Anglesey, in July, 1891, and was educated at the County School, Abergelle. In 1909 he entered as a Student at our Medical College. There his career was an uninterrupted success; at the Inter



OWEN PARRY-JONES.

M.B. (London), he obtained distinction in Pharmacology, and qualified as M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., in April, 1915.

As a Student he was known to all, and liked by all.

After qualification, for a time he held the posts of Clinical Assistant to Surgical Out-Patients, in the Skin Department, and was Receiving Room Officer. Then he acted for six months as House-Physician to Dr. Head and Dr. Thompson.

As a Houseman he was most competent and showed great enthusiasm for his work. He was always kind to his patients, and most loyal to his colleagues.

Having decided to take up Tuberculosis work, he was elected House-Physician to Brompton Hospital, and later became Assistant Resident Medical Officer.

## CORRESPONDENCE

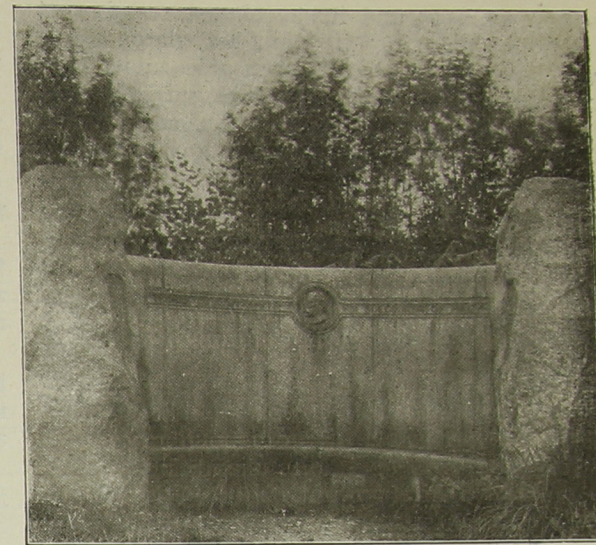
THE LIMES,  
FENTON,  
STAFFS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

While motor cycling across Dorsetshire and Hampshire recently I passed the granite seat of which I enclose a snap-shot, not far from Lyme Regis.

I am sorry that the light was so poor, and so I have not been able to get so clear a photograph as I should have liked, but I thought *Gazette* readers would be interested to see this memorial.

On the two side posts are bronze plaques. The inscriptions are, upon the left and right respectively—



ON THIS SPOT AT  
HALF-PAST NINE O'CLOCK  
AFTER WATCHING THE  
GLORIOUS SUNSET OF  
AUG. 3rd, 1904, THOS.  
GILBART-SMITH, M.D.,  
F.R.C.P., AGED 56,  
FELL DEAD FROM HIS  
BICYCLE; THUNDER AND  
LIGHTNING IMMEDIATELY  
FOLLOWED.

THUS CLOSED A  
NOBLE LIFE SPENT IN  
THE SERVICE OF HIS  
FELLOW-MEN; HE NEVER  
TURNED HIS BACK ON  
DUTY BUT FAITHFUL TO  
HIS MOTTO  
"DARE AND DO"  
REMAINED UNDAUNTED  
TO THE END.

Yours truly,  
S. V. S. BOYD.

H.M.S. "SOUTHAMPTON."

August 6th, 1916.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Please accept my sincere thanks for the *London Gazette* which arrived a few days ago.

I am not particularly skilled with the pen but perhaps you may be interested in a short account of our share in the Jutland fight.

The accounts of the various manœuvres in the battle have been given in the despatches of the C.-in-C., and there is no object in repeating them here, so I will simply try to tell you something of the fight as I remember it.

At the beginning of the first phase of the action we were about two miles on the starboard beam of our battle-cruisers, and happening to be on deck at the moment, I saw the end of the "Indefatigable"; as it seemed probable that we should be in action soon, I went below to my station.

Within two or three minutes of going there, I heard that the "Queen Mary" had also blown up.

The mental state of the ship's company at this time was interesting—shells were raining about



our battle-cruisers, and it was almost certain that we should come into it soon, but alarm, which would have been almost excusable under the circumstances, did not appear, the only apparent feeling was one partly of anger at the enemy's luck, and partly of determination to get our own back as soon as possible.

At this time we could hardly see the German line owing to the light conditions, while they could see us plainly.

At 4.38 p.m., we being leading ship, the entire High Seas Fleet was sighted ahead coming up from the south.

"Lion" turned 16 points while we held on our course to the southward with a view to making an accurate and detailed account to the C.-in-C.

The second phase opens with the arrival of the four "Queen Elizabeths." These four ships from 5 to 6 p.m. practically fought the whole German Fleet, their battle-cruisers by this time having fallen back on their main fleet.

All this time our own position was unpleasantly precarious—we were roughly a mile astern of the "Warspite," rear ship of the squadron, and the rear ships of the German line, which were unable to reach our battleships, were venting their wrath on us.

We seemed to be getting straddled pretty frequently, but, by a miracle, were not hit.

About 6 p.m. I heard that the light cruisers with the C.-in-C. were in sight, and at 6.17 p.m. the Grand Fleet came into view.

This brings us to the third phase, unfortunately a short one, when fighting was general, before the enemy, under cover of a smoke screen, broke off the action and bolted.

About 6.45 p.m. we saw a three-funnelled German battleship lying stopped between the lines and went in to finish her off.

Unfortunately for us she was covered by their rear ships who waited until we were about 12,000 yards from them, and 8,000 from our quarry, and then let rip. We had opened fire on her with some effect, but were not quite prepared for the salvoes of 11 inch, which shortly began to arrive.

We had a remarkably warm ten minutes, though again not one of the squadron was hit, although the spray from the falling shells drenched everyone on deck.

After the flight of the enemy we came across a lone German destroyer and gave her a few salvoes—our first shot hit her in the engine-room, and two of our destroyers came up and finished her off.

The last phase of the chase and search went on all night and next day.

Various more or less exciting incidents could be seen going on around us, but we were not immediately involved.

At 10.15 p.m., about 1,500 yards away on our starboard beam, a line of five ships appeared steering in the same direction as ourselves.

Both sides switched on searchlights, and then pandemonium began.

Our dressing stations were below, mine in the fore stokers' bathroom, and Staff-Surgeon Schofield, another old "Londoner," in the C.P.O.'s bathroom aft.

For staff we had in the fore station two sick berth attendants, three cook ratings—and the master-at-arms, sick berth steward, ship steward and two writers aft.

The dead and wounded were brought down from the deck as quickly as possible, and all available spaces were soon filled—it was a most difficult task to find the injured in the darkness for of course no lights were permissible on deck. All the major operations of which we, unfortunately, had a number, were done in the after station where we had rigged the table, while other cases were dealt with at first where they lay.

When I think of all my instruction in asepsis I almost shudder to think of the methods we had to adopt that night.

The decks below were inches deep in water from holes in the side, and the hoses used in putting out fires, but there was nowhere else to put the poor chaps who came down to us, and there they had to lie, dead and wounded together.

As soon as the enemy broke off the action the dead were thrown over the side—the only possible course as we expected to go into action again at any moment, while temporary dressings were applied to the wounded by Schofield and myself, and the first aid parties.

We gave morphia freely in almost all cases, and for the future, in similar circumstances, I shall rely on this and simple dressing of wounds in preference to any surgical interference at the time, no matter how simple the operation may appear. Saline transfusion was also most useful.

Though the action lasted but seven minutes, it provided us with some ninety odd casualties, mostly severe burns and shell wounds, and kept us very busy for the next thirty-six hours, when we returned to our base.

As soon as possible the wounded were made comfortable with bedding, etc., in the wardroom, officers' cabins and bathrooms.

Their behaviour was beyond praise, and though most of them were suffering considerable pain, they were almost cheery until we arrived in harbour, and they knew that they were safe—a few broke down then, but some soup and cigarettes soon mended matters.

21st April, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Soon after I had to say good-bye to the Hospital I joined up as M.O. i/c 182nd Brigade, R.F.A., and a few days later left for France. We wandered about in little villages for some weeks and then settled in to the real thing here "up the line."

As the weather has been appalling, the Bosches have not been unkind to us. On the fine clear days, however, they send over a good selection of crumps, pip-squeaks and high velocity shells. Since I've been out I've seen Captains Burton, Moloney, Ford, Neligan and MacDonnell. Also Miss Baron, who used to be in the Receiving Room.

My Brigade have taken over from that in which J. C. Russell is a Lieutenant. His younger brother commands his battery. The "widow" has done very well, and one hears his praises on all sides as a cheery soul, good fellow and excellent officer.

I should much appreciate the latest *Gazette* if there is one, especially if it contains a list of "Londoners" now in the army and their units.

I have not had much work as regards medicine. When down the country I had a considerable practice amongst civilians. The cases were various, and included a boy with a hand blown to bits by a stolen grenade, a mastoid abscess and a strangulated femoral hernia.

Altogether it's not a bad life, and very healthy if one can avoid the crumps.

Yours very sincerely,

FRANK MARRIOTT.

21st FIELD AMBULANCE,

B.E.F.,

FRANCE.

24th April, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Many thanks for your kindness in forwarding a copy of the April *Gazette*, which I received yesterday. I have read and re-read every page, including adverts., so full of interest that I am afraid that my own experiences (which have been somewhat thrilling during the last few weeks) would fail to interest you after those quoted by other "Londoners" in the *Gazette*. I narrowly escaped being bayoneted and shot one night—no, not as a spy, but whilst galloping late one night to attend an urgent case, and failing to give the password and halt when challenged by a sentry.

We are still on the move. At present our little party is stationed in a very clean yet small town.

We discharged our wounded into drifters on arrival, and they were taken to Hospital ship "Plassy." I have seen most of them since, and I am glad to say that most of them are doing very well; in spite of all the disadvantages, sepsis, even in the case of severe burns, was a very small feature of the cases.

In addition to strafing the destroyer and battleship mentioned above, we also had the satisfaction of getting a torpedo into a cruiser, which, as the German despatch said, "had her fighting efficiency damaged by a torpedo and was no more seen."

Yours sincerely,

R. S. CAREY.

4th January, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Very many thanks for your card which I received quite safely.

I was very disappointed not to have seen you on my recent leave. You will no doubt have heard that I have been at the Hospital. I called twice, but owing to the vacation you were not in on either occasion.

Willie Morris and myself journeyed home together. We met A. C. Palmer in B—looking very fit and well.

Two other "Londoners" I have seen since I saw you last. One—O. W. D. Steel—who is M.O. 3rd Monmouths, after having done his bit as a combatant in the same Regiment. It is over two years since I saw him last and we had many things to talk about. The other—C. C. Rowland—whom I found with a couple of guns just behind us. I saw him at the Hospital in October, so it is rather a rapid transition for him.

I also had a glimpse of A. P. Saint in the "Fancies," of which you have no doubt heard.

I saw the *Gazette* when I was home, and I think that it was an excellent number. It is very nice to have the photos of MacAfee, Dardier, Fawcett and Denny.

Things have been extremely lively in these parts for the past month, and on the Sunday before I left here we had the excitement (!) of a gas attack. We marched up in support and had rather a thin time; passed Morris on the way up and bade him a fond farewell.

Chandler's article was most interesting, as I spent most of last Winter in the vicinity described by him. I also met him there last Boxing Day.

The College seemed much different, especially the Dining Room, though I was glad to see that William is still flourishing.

Wishing you every good wish for 1916,

Yours sincerely,

ALAN C. PERRY.



We occupy a large house (the residence of a doctor), and our smoking room window faces a large square in which a divisional band plays daily.

We are now resting after a few weeks of rather strenuous work.

I have not met any "old Londoners" lately, and so I hope to hear from and about them in the next issue of the *Gazette*.

I was extremely sorry to hear of the sudden death of Dr. Maxwell, a loss which will be felt very much by the "London."

Thanking you once again for your kindness, with heartiest congratulations to Mr. Burdon,

Ever yours sincerely,

I. FELDMAN.

FRANCE.

29th April, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

As it is now nearly 12 months since I arrived in this country, I feel it is up to me to comply with your wishes and to give some account of my absence. "Londoners" may be numerous out here but they do take some finding; if one enquires at a cross roads, 50 yards away from a particular unit, where that unit is, one usually finds that the man asked has never even heard of it, although he has been living practically opposite for three weeks. If such be the difficulty of finding a unit which one knows to be in the vicinity, how much more difficult it must be to find a "Londoner," the presence of whom one is not even aware. For six months I never even heard the name of a "Londoner"; then one day, just before trekking down from Flanders, I came across J. H. Pendered looking very merry and bright, and attached to the 59th Field Ambulance. Hardwick, who was attached to the same unit, was at the advanced dressing station, so I did not see him. The next Londoner I met was R.A. Preston, O.C. 3 M.A.C. He spent his time tigering about in a car, so it was at a Field Ambulance Conference I met him. Up to this time I had been attached to an Artillery unit, which probably accounted for the lack of "Londoners" in the proximity; when I transferred to 19 Casualty Clearing Station I met more in a month than I had previously met in seven months. Part of my duties were those of entraining officer, and in this capacity I met Rees (who took his F.R.C.S. from the "London") on No. 16 Ambulance Train, Maitland-Jones attached to No. 1 M.A.C., and Grange attached to No. 20 M.A.C. I also met Muecke, who is surgical specialist at No. 29 Casualty Clearing Station; with his usual forte, he

managed to step in before us and get the X-ray apparatus from the Irish Hospital when it left the neighbourhood.

Before I left 19 C.C.S. I met E. L. Stephenson, who had come out as a reinforcement; he had to chase his division to Egypt, but after a fortnight's holiday he came back to France, and I met him as he passed through our town with the 4th Lincolns. He was extremely keen and looking the picture of health; unfortunately he went into the hottest corner of the line, with what result you know.

At the present moment I am under canvas with the 98th Field Ambulance, 30th Division, enjoying life to the full whilst in rest.

I conclude now with good wishes to yourself and the "London."

I am,

Yours sincerely,

W. H. ALDERTON.

22ND COMBINED FIELD AMBULANCE,  
14th DIVISION,  
I.E.F. "D.,"  
c/o INDIA OFFICE,  
LONDON.  
MESOPOTAMIA.

17th June, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Many thanks indeed for your letter, which reached me about the same time as the April *Gazette*.

Dr. Maxwell's death has come as a great shock to me, as it will have done to many others. It seems such a short while ago that one was following his teaching, and during the last few months that I was at the Hospital I had got to know him quite well personally, through association with the O.T.C. unit.

Things have been fairly quiet out here lately, and I have been working first with one unit, then with another, till finally I am back with my own ambulance now, and on the move to I don't quite know where, but further up towards the front. During the last effort at the relief of Kut I was in Orah, some few miles down the river, and very busy with the sick and wounded from the firing line. Subsequently I was sent for duty to a cholera camp and was there about five weeks. Here I made the acquaintance of Rogers' hyper-tonic saline treatment, and saw some wonderful results from its application. Since rejoining the ambulance we have been carrying on the usual work connected with a field ambulance with a brigade.

The weather now is just getting very hot; from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. it is very unpleasant to have to

be outside one's tent or dug-out, and everyone avoids doing so if possible. The evenings and nights are very fine, still and quite cool.

We marched up to our present camp the other night "by the light of the moon," and got settled in before it got too hot. We are getting quite expert at making dug-outs now with the tent pitched over as a roof; sometimes we have time to make mud walls and windows as well.

The great trouble here is water. We are four miles or more from the river, our nearest supply, and it has all to be carried up in pakhals and empty petrol cans, sedimented and then chlorinated before it is fit for drinking. Rations, too, have to be brought from an equal distance away.

I am very interested to hear that our section of the O.T.C. is doing well, and await with interest an account of Camp in the next *Gazette*.

Up to the time of writing I have met no "London" men out here with the exception of R. Y. Stones, who is in No. 20 B.F.A.

An encounter with marauding Arabs last night resulted in two wounded men being brought in here, but otherwise I have no stirring events to record.

Thanking you again very much for your letter and news,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

RALPH R. THOMPSON,  
Capt., R.A.M.C. (S.R.)

20TH INDIAN GENERAL HOSPITAL,  
MAKINA MASEES,  
BASRAH,  
MESOPOTAMIA.  
21st June, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Very sorry for not having met you to say good-bye before leaving England. Our orders to proceed to this place was so sudden, that I had hardly time to come to London from Brighton. We left Southampton on the 14th of February, disembarked at Suez, where we spent about a fortnight. From Suez we made for Basrah, where we are spending our third month. The climate is frightfully hot, and the next two months going to be worse still. You will be pleased to hear that the Secretary of State for India approved my appointment to a permanent Commission in the Indian Medical Service. As a former pupil of yours, allow me to thank you most sincerely for all the knowledge gained from your excellent teaching, during my career as a student.

In Basrah I am appointed as a Medical Officer in charge of 200 Indian patients. The work is

most interesting, and the experience gained enormous.

Wishing to be excused for taking up your valuable time, and hoping you are quite well.

Yours sincerely,

M. M. KHAN.

H.M. ISLAND ASCENSION.

2nd July, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I was immensely pleased to receive by last Mail the *London Hospital Gazette*, and write to thank you very much for it. I appreciate, away over here, anyone thinking of me, and greedily read all the Hospital news. I was very sorry to hear of Dr. Maxwell's death, he was such a keen man that one feels that he would rather have died out at the Front, if his work had been of other kind, and allowed him to go. In him the Hospital will have lost one of its cheeriest members.

Writing from here my letter does not reek of powder and smoke, and I can tell you little of War, but one doesn't choose the part one is going to play, and I don't propose to grumble because I find myself in what you might call "one of the far-flung Trenches of the Empire!"

Apart from this feeling of being rather out of it, I am very happy here, and am getting considerably more work than I should have expected. There are quite a cheery lot of people on the Island, which is about the most important thing, and one can find plenty to do.

As regards the country, it is the oddest spot in the world, it defies imagination, I think. In the first place there is no vegetation whatever—not a stick nor leaf—except on the top of a big mountain we have and which is our pride. There is most luxuriant growth up there, banana, eucalyptus and bamboo sort of groves, and hill-sides of vegetables. All the rest of the island is covered with clinker. This gives the most rugged surface imaginable so that walking, except on a track, is nearly impossible, and becomes climbing almost. In addition to this the jagged surface is constantly split up by clefts and small ravines, and land that from a hill looks flat, in reality is badly cut up so that you cannot see any distance round about you at all.

The climate is very healthy, and I feel extraordinarily fit; we are not bothered with any ferocious animals nor pests—cockroaches are perhaps rather a nuisance, but there is nothing bad—for instance, there are no mosquitos which is a great boon, and due to lately installed improvements in Public Health by the M.O. (not self!) before which, I hear, they were rather bad.



We have got pretty good tennis here, and also golf and fishing, but no bathing is allowed, owing to the rollers, which are quite dangerous—they are very fine to watch, however, and the place has quite a name for them.

I hope you are in the best of health, and am very glad to hear that you are now in command of the O.T.C.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

H. S. JEFFRIES,  
(Surgeon, R.N.)

ROYAL NAVAL HOSPITAL,  
CHATHAM.

7th August, 1916.

DEAR MR. BURDON,

I believe I am the first "Londoner" to be sent here, though there are three sisters, two second year students—Beaumont and Joy—and a theatre assistant—Stanford—down here. It is a very fine place, really in Gillingham, on the top of the awful hill just outside Chatham. In plan it is really an amplified St. Thomas', with lawns, between the wards, but of course much bigger with bigger grounds. The war-time complement is about 1,100, though I think we could get more in if necessary.

This is one of the terminal places for the Navy, so we have fairly good special departments. The mental department is very good. Personally, I have two "chronic" medical wards with about 105 or more beds. The cases I have are mostly chronic rheumatism and observation pulmonary tubercle, though one usually gets a few interesting ones interspersed.

The surgical side is very inferior to the medical in every way. First, the cases that come are not very striking; a gastro-enterostomy is a rarity, the usual lines being herniæ, appendices and piles. The Consulting Surgeon (save the mark!) takes the pick, the Fleet-Surgeon in charge gets next, and a Surgeon appointed specially (here an F.R.C.S. Eng. man with good Edinburgh experience) does the rest. If I were doing surgical side I should probably not even assist at operations on my own cases. As it is I am nominally supervised by the Deputy Surgeon-General, and have a practically free hand!

I hope the College will keep its feet in spite of paucity of students, and that you have good news of all other "Londoners."

Yours sincerely,

R. K. FORD,  
Surgeon, R.N.

P.S.—I suppose you know that G. N. Martin, who was in "Richmond" under Mr. Howard,

last May, and was stationed at the Dockyard here, has got the appointment with the "Discovery" on the Shackleton Relief Expedition, to sail yesterday.

18th C.C.S.

8th August, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Very many thanks for *Gazette* just received.

Things on our sector are very quiet, there being very few wounded and not many sick.

In this, as well as in the last number of the *Gazette*, there are a couple of trifling inaccuracies which I thought you might possibly like to have rectified. My present address is 18th C.C.S. I have been here since January 20th last. On February 24th I added a third star to the two already existing.

Alen has not "retired," as you erroneously state. After he left Millbank he was given two months' leave, and went as ship's doctor, with permission from the War Office, to West Africa. He came home on July 27th, was duly "warded" and given an additional ten weeks' leave, the first portion of which he is now spending in Ireland. I have only had one hasty scrawl from him since he returned, and don't know whether his arrangements permitted a visit to the "London."

Neligan, who was with us, left about two months ago, he went to No. 7 C.C.S. as surgical specialist.

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES McDONNELL.

H.M.S. "TIGER."

12th August, 1916.

DEAR SIR,

I am sending you a short account of the action of May 31st, which I hope will interest you. If suitable publish it in the *Gazette*, as I hear that any such accounts are welcome. I must apologise for its literary failings. I have been in this packet for just a year now. She is a wonderful ship as far as speed and size go. Even the "Warspite" is small compared to the "Tiger," although few people will accept this. Burrell is in the "Princess Royal," and as we are in the same squadron we see quite a good deal of each other. Last winter was unutterably monotonous. In the spring, however, things livened up, and we had one or two very exciting chases but no luck. May 31st was an exciting day. The battle cruisers suffered very heavily, but thank goodness our ship pulled through. We got well plastered with shells to start with, but got our own back very effectively later on. As far as the average person is concerned, in a ship an action is a bloody business

6TH SOUTH STAFFS. REGIMENT,  
B.E.F.

14th August, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I have seen a considerable amount of service since I have been out here, but, strange to say, have met very few "London" men. I was present at Neuve Chapelle, this being the first occasion at which I saw a shot fired in anger, and it was not a sight which I was in a hurry to repeat.

Dunkerley was medical officer to a battalion which was attached to us for instruction in trench duty, but, for some reason or another, he was attached to another battalion M.O. for instruction. I followed Lindsay to Hill 60 but never saw him there. I met W. Owen at Boulogne while proceeding on leave on one occasion, and while the division was in Egypt I had the good fortune to meet A. W. Mathew, T. R. Snelling and Clive Smith in Alexandria. I met W. Morris at Vlamerlinghe, who was having a thoroughly happy time, attached to an ambulance and employing his time entertaining units at rest with his magnificent voice.

I was present at the offensive of September 25th, when the Division attacked the Hohenzollern Redoubt with but little success, and again in the most recent offensive, when my experiences were far more terrible than I had encountered at any previous time, but through it all have been favoured with the greatest of fortune as regards wounds; but I fear I am taking up your valuable time while it is easy for me to go on writing.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

HAROLD D. LANE,  
Capt., R.A.M.C. (I.F.).

2/1ST LONDON FIELD AMBULANCE,  
B.E.F.,  
FRANCE.

16th August, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

The July number of the *L.H. Gazette* reached me a few days ago, and is, as usual, full of interest to old "London" men and, indeed, to others who have not had the advantage of being at the "London."

Unfortunately there are no other "London" men in this Ambulance, with which I came to France in February last, but I have had the pleasure of meeting several in other units.

F. F. Muecke and A. W. Wakefield I have seen at their C.C.S., to which wounded are evacuated from the Somme, and which is one of the best in

and no glamour about it whatever. Everything is done by machinery, and there is no excitement in pulling a lever or pressing a button. We had a lot of work to do; only the roughest first aid to start with, and nothing in the way of operations later. The wounded (even the slightest) are so collapsed that one avoids adding to the shock. Morphia is our God-send under such conditions. In one of our ships a shell exploded over a working party deep down and protected on all sides by stiff armour. A lot of the men were found dead quite uninjured, and sitting up with their hands covering their faces. The cause of death and instantaneous rigor mortis under these conditions presents much stuff for discussion.

I hope all goes well at the Hospital. Your advice that men should stay on at Hospital for a period after qualification is very sound. If I was not in this ship I would say that I very much regretted not taking your advice. If I had done so, however, I would not have been here on May 31st.

I hope this note has not been too long. With very best regards,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

KENELM DYOTT,  
Surgeon, R.N.

14TH NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS,  
PIONEERS,  
B.E.F.

13th August, 1916.

*The Editor "London Hospital Gazette."*

DEAR SIR,

I was very pleased to get the *L.H. Gazette* which you so kindly sent.

Through its help, I have been able, several times, to run across other "Londoners."

We pulled up in a rotty little village one evening, just after this last "strafe." A very wet night, and all the billets occupied by other units, so I decided to sleep on a stretcher under the Maltese cart: but thanks to the *L.H. Gazette*, I was fortunate enough to find a "Londoner" in a Field Ambulance not very far away, and shared his billet for the night. Jimmy James is in this Division, and is doing good work.

Thanking you,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

PHIL WARREN.



France. I saw also P. C. Raiment in the same neighbourhood sheltering behind a large monocle.

R. A. Preston I met in a pleasant village behind the lines where my Ambulance is at present—he was in charge of a Motor Ambulance Convoy, but is at present, I believe, in Blighty, with a groggy knee. A. G. Maitland-Jones, who is also in a M.A.C., I came across in a different part of France looking as immaculate as ever.

L. G. Brown was, when I saw him, in a once flourishing town running the best baths which I have come across in France—I might say the only “pukka” baths. It was even possible for the fastidious to procure from him scented soap and even powder!

H. Gibson, who is, I believe, now C.O. of a Field Ambulance, I met at a B.R.C. Dépôt, on the same quest as myself, namely, that of extracting comforts from the Officer-in-charge.

Lieut.-Col. Montgomery-Smith and J. H. Lloyd, altho' not in my F.A., are in the other London Field Ambulances in the same Division, and I meet them frequently. The former is a C.O.

E. A. Attenborough, whose shadow has not grown less, has just joined a C.C.S., and I came across him in a town near by.

M. F. Bliss, who was in Serbia during the early days of the War, is now an Artillery M.O., and came to see me a few days ago.

I think this completes the list of old “Londoners” about whom I can give you any information.

For my own part I have had many and varied experiences in France, and was in the thick of things at an Advanced Dressing Station at the commencement of the big push—rapid evacuation of the wounded is essential to the success of the medical arrangements, and my experiences in emptying the Receiving Room at the “London,” on a Saturday night, stood me in good stead!

The pressure of work was tremendous, but our bearers worked magnificently, and almost ceaselessly, and the evacuation was conducted with remarkable rapidity and without a hitch. Our casualties were fortunately very few, and, considering the heavy shell fire to which our bearers were exposed, we were extraordinarily lucky.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

D. G. RICE-OXLEY,  
Captain.

2ND SOUTH MID. MTD. BRIGADE  
FIELD AMBULANCE,  
EGYPTIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.  
1st September, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I am afraid it has been a very long time since I last sent you a line to let you know what is going

on in this part of the world. Our ambulance left the canal area early last May, and went down to Upper Egypt to rejoin our old Brigade. Before telling you what we are doing, I must mention the part a detachment of ours took in the first Katia show on Easter Sunday, as Humphreys was in command; they went out on camels to Romani on 4th April, with cacolets and sand carts; about the 12th April they moved to Katia itself and opened a small hospital there. One morning the camp was visited by a German aeroplane, and a bomb fell quite close to the hospital but did no damage at all; on the night of the 22nd Humphreys moved off with the main body leaving behind one M.O. and 12 men; the Katia people were heavily shelled about 6.30 a.m. while there was a thick fog on, all the horses and camels were killed and our hospital was burnt, only one of the men there escaped about 2.30 p.m. and rejoined Humphreys late in the day at Kantara. The main body went off on the night of the 22nd to burn a Turkish camp, and came back to Katia the morning of the 23rd, and were very heavily fired on by a large force of Turkish and German Infantry; several men were wounded, and Humphreys had a busy time collecting the wounded under very heavy rifle and machine gun fire; we had, of course, to retire back to Kantara being absolutely outnumbered. The M.O. at Katia is prisoner now at Damascus and he has eight of our orderlies with him, so any sick or wounded had some of their own people to look after them, which is a comfort. In Upper Egypt we have had to be split up into our respective sections which are about 40 miles apart, its a rotten job being split up like this, but necessary, as the troops are so scattered. Phlebotomus fever is very much in evidence down there, our two small field hospitals are pretty full all the time with it. It is very interesting getting back to cultivated places again; our camp is pitched close to one of the largest irrigation canals in the country, and cotton, sugar, doura, wheat, are growing all round us; just now the Nile is in flood and making the air very moist, as a rule it is very dry down here, but very hot, 108°F., dropping to 96°F. at night. We had two heat waves when the thermometer went up to 115°F., and did not drop below 100°F. at night, these lasted for a week, each time it was most oppressive; when the thermometer drops below 85° we feel quite cold. I was sent down to Assint to fix up a hospital of 25 beds for sand fly fever cases (phlebotomus fever), I had an irrigation rest house about 400 yards from the big barrage there, and managed to have a very good time; the hospital, I am very glad to say, turned out a great success, and in a fortnight I had over 100 cases through the books; the house was also next door to the Assint Sporting Club, and every evening I played tennis for two hours, and after dinner I went out on the Nile in a motor-boat lent to

the R.F.C. who I messed with, but after a month the function of the hospital ceased to exist, and I returned to the unit. For the last two months I have been in hospital with a rotten carbuncle, first at Cairo and now at Alexandria, but I hope in another week to get back to duty as everything is healing up well now. Major Choyce is Senior Surgeon to this hospital, and from time to time he has seen my wretched neck and advised treatment which has eventually cleared the thing up. I met Major Lett, Beresford, Bowden, Brewis and Wilson, at the 31st General, Port Said, they were all very well, but very tired of Port Said; they were not very busy when I saw them last May, but I expect this last Katia show has made them very busy. Just before I went to Assint, J. R. K. Thompson joined our unit to replace the fellow lost as a prisoner at Katia in April, he looks remarkably well, and had been at Malta for a very long time; there are now three L.H. men out of six in our unit, C. W. Jenner, J. R. K. Thompson and myself, quite a correct proportion I think. I met Clive Smith the other day in the Club here, he looks remarkably well, he is on his way home very shortly, so I expect he will come and pay you all a visit, and tell you all the Alexandrian news. The July *Gazette* has just arrived, I am delighted to have it; please accept my congratulations on your Commission, you must find now your time more fully occupied than ever. I hope you still keep as well as you used to do, the strain of keeping the College going under these present trying circumstances must cause you a great deal of anxiety. My youngest brother was invalided from France last April, and has just returned, his regiment suffered very badly at the beginning of the big push. I don't really think there is very much more to say, the air is stiff with rumours at present as to our future, I only hope one of them will mature, although a Winter in Egypt is not a thing to be missed. Please remember me very kindly to all at the Hospital, with kind regards to yourself.

Yours sincerely,

W. E. H. BULL.

MOONTA,  
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

11th September, 1916.

DEAR MR. BURDON,

How are you and all getting along?—I often think of the old surroundings and of the good old days spent among them, not forgetting the good work being done at home and abroad by the “boys” of the “London.”

I am still engaged in the military and civil duties which were previously undertaken by my

brother, who, after a sojourn in Egypt, is now in Flanders with fellow Australians. Our boys have fought well and considerable numbers will help them before long. There are at present about 40,000 Australians in England, 15,000 on the water going “there,” and 40,000 in camp here. We have to supply about 16,500 monthly as reinforcements, and had any other than a Labour Government been in we would have had conscription ages ago.

Prime Minister Hughes (one of our politicians) practically told England what he would do on his return here, but the labour bodies threaten to turn him down if he brings in conscription. A referendum is being taken to see if the people want conscription. We all want it, but a lot of folk will vote against it. I think it must come. There are hundreds here who want to be in it, but have posts here that fix them here. Still, we can send many thousands to help things along.

All the women here work hard at knitting, etc., and cricket and football are not played nowadays.

The casualty lists of Australians are growing daily and we have lost many friends. One longs to avenge their deaths.

I hope few “Londoners” will meet with untimely ends.

I have not heard from my old pal, P. H. Burton, of late, but hope that he is alright.

Hoping you can forward me the back numbers of the *Gazette* for 1916, and with kind regards to Professor Wright and yourself,

I am,  
Yours sincerely,  
JOSEPH W. CLAYTON.

IN THE DESERT,  
EGYPT.

22nd September, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I have been remiss enough not to have written before to thank you for the *L.H. Gazettes*, which I have been delighted to receive. In truth, I have had no news of any interest to relate.

As you know, I came out with the 31st General Hospital, with which unit I remained till August 4th.

The General was very comfortable, but one disliked it for its mere vulgarity: a certain amount of very poor work, no incentive, imitation of everything good and bad.

The present is worth living for and in, but to relate thereof.

On August 4th, Bird, Brewis and myself were duly struck off the strength of 31. Bird found