

The Hydra: the magazine of Craiglockhart War Hospital

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EDITORIAL.

[The Editor will be pleased to consider articles, verses, and line -drawings, not only from members of the Officers' Club, but from the outside public. Articles should consist of not more than 2000 words, and should be written on one side of the paper only. All contributions should be addressed to the Editor, 'The Hydra,' Craiglockhart War Hospital, Slateford, Midlothian.]

The first number of the new *Hydra* has been a marked success. But a crowded "first night" does not necessarily mean a successful "run." To keep up the standard of the first number must be the special endeavour of the ever-changing population of the Hospital. We therefore again impress upon all who can, the necessity of contributing verses, sketches or stories - and let them be of the best. If you have improvements to suggest, submit them for our consideration.

We have had the misfortune to lose already the services of Mr Salmond, to whose energy and editorial skill we owe so much in the inauguration of the Magazine in its new form. His contributions to its pages have also set a standard which we ask your help to maintain. Mr Salmond's many friends in the Hospital greatly regret his departure, and by furthering the prosperity of a venture to which he gave much time and trouble they will pay him the compliment which he will most highly appreciate.

Our best thanks are due to Miss Callander-Rule and Mr Macer-Wright for their excellent contributions to this issue.

EXTRACTS FROM THE HOSPITAL RUBAIYAT.

(With exceeding great apologies to the shades of Omar Khayyam and Fitzgerald.)

Awake! for sister on the bowl of night
Has put the lid which drives all sleep to flight;
And lo! our friend the sun for once has caught
The topmost chimneys in a noose of light.

Myself when new did eagerly frequent
Sister and nurse, and made great argument
Of getting up at six; but evermore
They turned me out ere beauty sleep was spent.

Come, make the bed! what boots it to repeat
That thought it hath been slept in it is neat.

No sleep this morning - none perhaps all night -
Why fret about it if the bed look sweet!

The nurse no question makes of Ayes or Noes,
But shakes our heads or titillates our toes.
In vain we yawn or rub sleep-heavy eyes -
Yet how we love the sheets she knows! SHE KNOWS!!

And when thou goest on thy nightly beat
Between the rows of beds, with silent feet,
And in thy stealthy passage reach the spot
Where I made one, tuck in the empty sheet.

C. WAKELIN SCOTT.

A PAIR OF TROUSERS:

A Golfing Story.

By J.B. SALMOND.

John Neale was a good golfer. That was freely admitted by every member of the Caddam Golf Club, and frequently reiterated by Mr David Eversham, whose handicap was twenty-four.

Every one knew the firm Neale & Eversham, Ltd., Electrical Engineers. The annual dividend was something like thirty-eight per cent. But this joy to the hearts of the shareholders was the result of years and years of hard, unremitting labour. When the days of prosperity had at last come to the firm, Mr David Eversham, now that the business could to a certain extent look after itself, practically demonstrated a firm belief that previously he had theoretically held, the philosophy of *decipere in loco* - he took to golf.

A first-class ticket carried him to St. Andrews, where he put up in a good hotel, and engaged a caddie. After three lessons, he thought he knew something about it, and was writing a bombastic letter to his partner on the subject of his prowess, while the caddie, owing to unwonted affluence and open-handedness, was acting the part of orator in the public bar downstairs, and apostrophising Mr Eversham's golf. "The Ladies" had been the preliminary subject of discussion, and the caddie had clinched the argument by remarking: "Wummen, man, they're just like carryin' for that English loon. Ye tee the ba. He swings. Ye dinna ken whaur its gaen to gang, but ye maun follow!" Whereupon the conversation languished into a Socratic dialogue on the "Determinism of Bunker-Shots," and the "Ethics of Short-Putts."

But all unconscious of professional contempt, Mr Eversham penned his epistle. "The game you want to take up, my boy. I'll put you on the right road when I come South"; and, a fortnight later, the Eversham hall was packed with a varied array of dreadnought drivers, hand-forged irons, and aluminium putters.

"But you don't need all these, my dear?" his wife had mildly exclaimed.

"Helen," he replied, "they were all recommended by men who knew what they were talking about. As my caddie used to say: 'You're a genius, sir, but you be careful in your choice of clubs. Now, I know an iron that a friend of mine has, and it's just the club you want, sir,' and the good fellow got it for me, dear."

Mr Eversham was duly elected a member of the Caddam Club, and on the strength of his own opinion of his play, the Secretary put him down at scratch.

In a medal round, he returned a card of one hundred and twenty-eight, and the secretary wondered much, for he was a young Secretary. It must be understood, of course, that Mr Eversham was one of the best fellows in the world. The Committee smiled, said "he must have been slightly off form, and, well, just to make things right, suppose he took a small handicap."

His vanity thus appeased by the "off-form" explanation, Mr Eversham said it was "all right", and asked the Secretary what he would have. The handicap slowly rose to twenty-four, but so imperceptible was its growth, that Mr Eversham never noticed it.

Then one day Mr Eversham dragged his partner, Mr John Neale, to Caddam, and for the first time John swung the driver. For once the elusive rubber-core did not act as it usually does. Mr Neale was out to practise driving, and his first shot got about two hundred and eighty yards. He hit some thirty balls from the tee, missed four, topped two, took the earth once, and drove twenty lovely shots. He returned to the club-house with Mr Eversham.

"My boy," said the latter, "you see what a man who knows the game properly can teach you. You're a credit to me, Neale, you're a credit to my teaching. What will you have?"

Mr Neale paid his subscription, got a handicap of thirty, and in his first medal round returned a score of one hundred and two. His handicap removed, left him seventy-two. He pocketed the "sweep".

Mr Eversham had not been playing, a bad thumb prevented him from doing so, but he had gone round with his friend John, had made suggestions, and at the end of the match he took unto himself the honour of the win.

"You remember that shot you landed behind the ditch; your brassy would have ruined you: I knew the iron was the club to take. My boy, you're a credit to me."

Mr Neale had golf in him. He improved bit by bit. In three months he had got down to plus two. Every time he went round, Mr Eversham went round with him. At the end of every

match, Mr Eversham explained to an amused club-house the credit Neale was to him. In his opinion, it was his careful coaching at each stroke that made John the golfer he was. Mr Neale was annoyed without being angry, amused without finding it humorous. "Eversham was such a decent sort, you know."

The annual championship of the club came on. Mr Eversham did not enter. He explained he wished to make sure that Neale won it. He himself would caddie for his friend. John Neale was a mild man, or he might have objected, but Eversham was such a decent sort. In the earlier stages of the match, Neale played excellent golf. Mr Eversham beamed, and when his friend got as far as the final, Mr Eversham, a lifelong temperate man, became slightly exhilarated.

On proceeding home from this red-letter evening, he contracted a severe cold, and the morning of the final broke wet and showery.

"You can't got to-day, dear," his wife had said.

"Nonsense, nonsense, I must go. Neal would never manage without me. He's a good fellow, and I'm determined to pull him through. Besides, we use the same box, and I discover I've got the key. I simply must go!"

But when he got down to Caddam, things were very bad. He handed over the key to Neale, who went down to change, and he was finally bullied into staying in the club-house. The rain was pouring down, and his cold was really bad. So Neale went out alone.

Mr Eversham watched him from the club-house. His first drive he landed into the neighbouring potato field. Mr Eversham almost wept, and was restrained by pure force from running out to advise his friend. Neale, however, was not dismayed. The wet on the grip had done it. He confidently wiped his hands on his trousers, and his third landed within ten yards of the green. Despite this recovery, he lost the first. His drive at the second also went astray; the wet grip again. Neale was a man who quickly realised facts. Before every shot he carefully wiped his hands on his trousers. He finished up the game at the fifteenth, a winner by four and three. The gallery congratulated him heartily. It was a popular victory.

"Good man, Mr Neal," said the Captain of the Club, as they walked back together, "marvellous golf you played considering the conditions. Poor old Eversham can hardly claim *this* as *his* victory. He'll be terribly put out."

"Thanks," said Neale, "but you should really congratulate my trousers. Previous to every decent shot I played, I wiped my hands on them. They won the game for me."

The club-house was in view, and the first of the crowd had reached it. Neale could see Eversham excitedly talking in the shelter of the balcony. He had heard the news, and a feeling of pity for the old chap came into Neale's heart. He wished Eversham had been proud with him.

"Good lad, good lad!" Eversham had him by the hand, and was congratulating him enthusiastically.

Then suddenly the man with the twenty-four handicap looked down at Neale's nether garments, and exclaimed-

"I say, old man, you've got on my trousers!"

BREAK OF DAY.

There seemed a smell of autumn in the air
At the bleak end of night; he shivered there
In a dank, musty dug-out where he lay,
Legs wrapped in sand-bags - lumps of chalk and clay
Spattering his face. Dry-mouthed, he thought, "To-day
We start the damned attack; and, Lord knows why,
Zero's at nine: how bloody if I'm done in
Under the freedom of that morning sky!"
And then he coughed and dozed, cursing the din
Was it the ghost of autumn in that smell
Of underground, or God's blank heart grown kind,
That sent a happy dream to him in hell? -
Where men are crushed like clods, and crawl to find
Some crater for their wretchedness; who lie
In outcast immolation, doomed to die
Far from clean things or any hope of cheer,
Cowed anger in their eyes, till darkness brims
And roars into their heads, and they can hear
Old childish talk, and tags of foolish hymns.

He sniffs the chilly air; (his dreaming starts).
He's riding in a dusty Sussex lane
In quiet September; slowly night departs,
And he's a living soul, absolved from pain.
Beyond the brambled fences where he goes
Are glimmering fields with harvest piled in sheaves,
And tree-tops dark against the stars grown pale;
Then, clear and shrill, a distant farm-cock crows;

And there's a wall of mist along the vale
Where willows shake their watery-sounding leaves.
He gazes on it all, and scarce believes
That earth is telling its old peaceful tale;
He thanks the blessed world that he was born.
Then, far away, a lonely note of the horn.

They're drawing the Big Wood! Unlatch the gate,
And set Golumpus going on the grass:
He knows the corner where it's best to wait
And hear the crashing woodland chorus pass;
The corner where old foxes make their track
To the Long Spinney; that's the place to be.
The bracken shakes below an ivied tree,
And then a cub looks out; and "Tally-O-back!"
He bawls, and swings his thong with volleying crack, -
All the clean thrill of autumn in his blood,
And hunting surging through him like a flood
In joyous welcome from the untroubled past;
While the war drifts away, forgotten at last.

Now a red, sleepy sun above the rim
Of twilight stares along the quiet weald,
And the kind, simple country shines revealed
In solitudes of peace, no longer dim.
The old horse lifts his face and thanks the light,
The stretches down his head to crop the green.
All things that he has loved are in his sight;
The places where his happiness has been
Are in his eyes, his heart, and they are good.

Hark! there's the horn; they're drawing the Big Wood!

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

WHY.

You came to me, and all my heart
Was gladness.
Had you but stayed, I'd said "Good-bye"
To sadness.
Alas! 'twas too much joy, you went,
And I, lamenting,
Drink to the dregs, the bitter cup
Of grief tormenting.

M. CALLANDAR-RULE.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

Home is the place for Christmas; let him deny who can. But war attempts to break up our homes, and succeeds in keeping us away from home this Christmas time. No need to pretend we are not homesick, for we are. We did not like being shelled, but we did not run away. And at Christmas here there is much that we can do to pass the time right merrily along.

The Club is for the present our Home away from Home. Some there are who have been members long enough to know all its interest, its humours and delights. They do not jump to the eye of the latest patient who has been swung round by the glass door, fearful of getting a jab in the back, and emerges unscathed only to face a mass of British warms, trench coats, and a Doulton drinking fountain.

But he finds there is milk to drink at meals, and much human kindness to dispense it, and this dug-out, despite its name, does not drip drops of muddy ooze from out its roof, so he can leave his own trench coat with all the rest, and soon he finds that the owners of those great thick coats did not leave all their British warmth on the racks even after they returned from enjoying their relations and friends in Edinburgh, for a large notice informs him that there is a Whist Drive on Friday first, and if he is a Sassenach he wonders why the organiser made a mistake of a day in the date; but he plays, and meets a friend or two.

So here's your home for a month or two, and as you hear the wind hooching in vain against the great grey walls, you will agree that Things might be Worse. For we are going to have a Happy Christmas - doctors, sisters, nurses, maids, patients, orderlies, and all.

You have learnt that happiness does not depend simply upon where your body is on this ball of stuff we call the earth. You have made the best of many a worse job than this. So when Christmas comes we shall all be ready to smile - even at the man that soothes the midnight hours grinding away at his golf clubs with a very new and scratchy piece of emery paper, and perhaps you will join in until all the steel clubs are so bright and dazzling that merely looking at them sends you off to sleep.

Christmas means Home and Holly, Music and Mistletoe, and we can all get nearer gambolling and high jinks than our normal life of earnest silence in the library, or quiet playing in the lounge. As for food, even plum pudding of the best has to be steamed, so the strain of daring novelty will be avoided, and if only the machine gun corps would get busy, we might crash enough geese down as they fly southward overhead.

So truly Things might be Worse. But Christmas is more than a national institution and a family festival. For it gives us the great hope that Things will be Better. It is a time when we are led by the brightness of more than an astronomical phenomenon to hold our breath, to be quiet, to wonder. To wonder at the Mystery of The Child. All the Strength and Purpose and Loveliness of God lying there at the breast of the Virgin Mother...So much He trusts to men. Things will be Better. For The Child will lead us, if we will, from worse to better, from better to best.

*And then - a child in white came carolling
Along the arduous road we all had trod.
He stopped and looked, then laughed with childish glee, -
"Why wait ye here without? Come, follow me!"
And passed, scarce bending, through the lowly door, -
We heard the singing, - him we saw no more.

And he who knew so much of earthly things
Discarded them, and, on his hands and knees,
Crept through the doorway, - where the little child had led.
And he of riches laid him in the dust
And followed, - where the little child had led.
And, last of all, the War Lord cast aside
His victor's wreaths, and all his pomp and pride,
And followed, - where the little child had led.
And, groping through my fears, I bowed my head
And followed, - where the little child had led.

* From "Bees in Amber."

BASE DETAILS.

If I were fierce, and bald, and short of breath,
I'd live with scarlet Majors at the Base
And speed glum heroes up the line to death.
You'd see me with my puffy, petulant face,
Guzzling and gulping in the best hotel,
Reading the Roll of Honour.
"Poor young chap,"
I'd say - "I used to know his father well.
Yes, we've lost heavily in this last scrap."
And when the war is done, and youth stone dead,
I'd toddle safely home and die - in bed.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

PANICS IN THE NIGHT.

['I have only to go down Princes Street twice and my pay has vanished.' - From 'The Confessions of a Subaltern.']

Most men, according to Thoreau, live lives of quiet desperation. As for what we are pleased to call resignation, that, says he, is but confirmed desperation. Of course, we all feel like this sometimes, but, on the whole, I think I would be inclined to take courage and challenge the essential truth of the assertion. Not that man lacks ample justification for being desperate - it is simply the fact that he isn't. He is saved by his refusal to face facts. Circumstances are desperate, right enough - but not the man. As for resignation, whatever else you may choose to call it, if there is one thing more than another to which the ordinary man is oblivious, it is resignation; and this for the same reason that he is not desperate. He burkes the facts. He refuses to know them, to have any truck with them, unless they concern the office, or reflect the homely and optimistic note of the lawn-mower and spring in the garden patch. He only faces facts when he cannot help himself. These moments come, though happily they are rare. But they come ...

There was once a good deal of whispering about skeletons in the cupboard. These dreadful bogies have long ceased to terrify. Few things nowadays are more popular than a scandal. There is an elevating, an ennobling atmosphere about a scandal, and a family without a scandal yields precedence to the family with a scandal. You can carve a career out of one. The

first thing anybody who possesses a skeleton thinks of doing in these degenerate days is to ask in all his friends, fling open the cupboard door, and invite inspection. The skeleton in the cupboard has become a fashionable possession, frequently inherited with the family plate. The really grisly skeleton, the ghost that refuses to be laid - and this is a desperate business, if you like - is the Panic in the Night.

"It is best not to care, of course," a friend wrote to me the other day, "and one can do a lot in that line with practice. But these sudden panics in the night are so bad, when the air seems thick with facts and figures, and balances on the wrong side!" Alas! I also know those panics in the night. And you? When the guest has gone - I nearly said "the last guest," but that savours of the skeleton-in-the-cupboard style of living - when the guest has gone, and you are left, under the sudden shock of silence, to contemplate the various little artifices and fictions and ostentations so recently employed to suggest prosperity and well-being and nights free from care, husband and wife look at each other with bleak eyes, from which all animation has departed, and go wearily to bed. These are moments of desperation, I grant you. If they occurred often enough they would produce confirmed desperation - or something worse. But then, you see, they don't.

Yes, they are bad moments. You take a paper from behind the clock, where it has been hidden (I speak as a civilian), and have another look at it, as though some miracle might have changed its contents. But - "rates are rates, and so are taxes". You have a spell of that intolerable and altogether unprofitable occupation known as "thinking things out". The ancient question reasserts itself, as it always does, and with particular ferocity immediately after some small extravagance - How to economise? You become a wisp of a man - you who have been so expansive and jolly and aggressively flourishing all the evening - a spider, a miserly thing. For a space you reflect admirably much of the cynicism of the ages. The old forlorn hope lurks in your eyes - to save money and to make money. You go to bed, carrying with you some roseate vision of an unexpected and wholly impossible legacy, an increase of salary, a successful novel (not yet written), as a dormitive. "All our labours, studies, endeavours, vows, prayers, and wishes are to get it, how to compass it," said old Robert Burton. Very soon you are in the clutches of the Panic in the Night.

And in the morning you are quite yourself again. Desperate? Not a bit of it! Resigned? Rather not! You plan another extravagance with a light heart. More than likely it is something on the garden. Things would need to be desperate indeed for the garden to go begging. You meet the guest overnight on the railway station platform, and talk with him about the billions that the war is costing as though they were likely to help matters next quarter-day.

Of course, there is another way of driving away dull care, and that is by adopting what I might call an *affected* resignation. Not that it is a good thing to be poor - on the contrary; but it is by no means a bad plan, for want of a better, to affect the "shamelessness" of poverty. "When I was running about this town a very poor fellow," said the Doctor, "I was a great

arguer for the advantages of poverty; but I was, at the same time, very sorry to be poor. So are we. "Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, show it to be evidently a great evil. We quite agree. All we say is that poverty loses half its sting if we reserve the right to pity the poor millionaire.

"Poor millionaire!" we say, and pretend to mean it. "Poor Millionaire!" *He* can't go out in an old patched pair of trousers. *His* wife can't face her neighbours in a last year's hat. (On our way home we buy our wife a new hat as a surprise, and to demonstrate the inconsistency of noble minds.) Poor millionaire, he doesn't even know how much he owes. His are never the thrills of being in debt and hoping against hope to get out. The end of the week, or the end of the month, is nothing to him. To us it is a new sprinkler for the garden, or a natty little niblick we've had in our eye ever since Jones beat us on the eighteenth green by getting out of a bunker in three while we took five. On the whole, what does it matter being poor? There are worse things. Plenty of happenings during the day help us to forget it. And later? Well, there are occasional moments that are abominably desperate. They culminate in the Panic in the Night. The rest of the while we simply don't care - "and we can do a lot in that line, with practice."

PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT.

SUPPLICATION.

Give me your hands, I cannot - dare not face
The empty days and weeks, the endless, boundless space,
The blank to-morrows, and the future naught,
Without your loving hands that so late caught
My wearied ones, and led me into grace -
Give me your hands.

Give me your lips - whereon my seal to place
That I am yours betide whatever aught.
No seal on earth was e'er so dearly bought -
Give me your lips.

Give me your all - held fast in your embrace
I dare defy the world, and all the human race.
When to your dearest presence I am brought
Though sick of heart, and nigh with grief distraught,

Soon will I leave of sorrow ne'er a trace -
Give me your all.

M. CALLANDAR-RULE.

IN HALF-AN-HOUR.

Precisely at twenty minutes past twelve Madden threw down his cards, and exclaimed, "Finished, my children. I shall, this afternoon, array me in my joymost hat, and invite the amorous glances of Princes Street, and before lunch - *The Times* leader."

"Oh, no, I say," from Dundas, his partner, "and we were just recovering too, play on till ten to one, my boy."

Madden was deaf to entreaty. "*The Times* leader," he said, with solemn emphasis, "and after lunch, Princes Street and the joys thereof."

There was no more to be said, and the bridge party broke into quarters and sought the comforts of the lounge fire and the discomforts of the latest Italian news.

"D'you see they've taken the bronze horses from St Marks?" volunteered Gilchrist. "So many art treasures have been removed for safety that after this job is finished I shouldn't be surprised if they put them back in the wrong places."

"And I shouldn't be surprised if there were no place left to put them in," said the depressed Roberts.

"Or-or-or-all ye-ye-ye-you cher-cher-chaps think of is Ar-ar-ar-art," stammered young Peel, the last of the group.

"The only thing you need think of", put in Madden, "is articulation, young feller, and it wants a deal of thought, too."

"Oh, look at Chalmers", said Peel; "looks like a Bosche corpse at Bullecourt. What's the matter, Chalmers, old chap?"

The man addressed advanced to the mantelpiece, and turned to enlighten the bridge group. "I don't want to be worried this morning. I've had -"

Beating time with his arms, Madden caught him up. "A bad night, no sleep till five, and a nightmare at six. Tum-tiddly-um-tum-tum-tum."

"Nothing of the kind," said Chalmers. "I've had - a vision."

"A what?" said everybody.

"A kind of vision," said Chalmers, quietly. "I suppose I am entitled to call it that."

"You're certainly entitled to call things what you like," said Dundas, "but I must say that, this time, you are not too frightfully convincing."

"Well, that's what it was," said Chalmers. "You know Adams- well, he shares my room. Quiet chap his is - keen on psychic phenomena - mediums, rappings, and all that. He was the cause of my er - er - vision."

"I am beginning to feel quite spooky," said Madden, interested. "Tell us, old chap, was it St Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John that appeared - or, perhaps, Marley in chains?"

"No, it wasn't," contradicted Chalmers; "it was neither saint nor sinner, or perhaps a little of both - it was a soldier."

"Rather too much like 'shop,'" said Madden, with condescension, "but go on."

"If you promise not to interrupt - yes. Adams and I had turned in having opened the window and turned off the gas, and I couldn't sleep - kept turning over, and trying to count sheep and that sort of beastly rubbish. After a bit there was nothing for it but to be gazing at the flickering shadows on the opposite wall - why, of course we have a fire in our room! - shadows of the bed-rail, and old Adams' dressing-gown, and a bit of the looking-glass, all jumping and jiggling at the beck and call of the flame in the grate. Adams had fallen into the uncomfortable, restless sleep of a shock-patient, and was unconsciously pulling the bedclothes over his head - a trick of his when asleep - sheltering from a 5.9 perhaps. It was then that I noticed the extra shadow, a darker shade, emerging from the shadow of the dressing-gown. It had little form, and set me guessing what part of the simple furniture produced it. I made little effort to think, Adams' regular breathing had infected me with desire - almost a challenge - to sleep, and I droned over in my mind, 'What can that be - what - can - that-'

"Suddenly, I was fully awake, and sitting up. Adams was doing most extraordinary things, struggling to get his head out from under the sheets, waving imprisoned hands, and kicking out with his feet, and groans - you know, the usual stunt. Something made me look at the wall, and there the extra shadow had taken shape, and was very slowly moving, plodding on, using the dressing-table as a kind of parapet; it was perfectly clear outline - a soldier, the tin hat absolutely distinct, the pack making a big bulge of darkness on the background of the flowered wall-paper. It seemed that the man was either wading in mud or at the end of a long and wearying journey, and on his shoulders a heavy reel of wire, indistinct, but quite unmistakable. Adams, by this, was thoroughly agitated; his hands, now free of the clothes, waved every way, and his breath came in short, ugly gasps. I cannot say I was scared. I was distressed for Adams' sake, and would have wakened him but for the shadow that fascinated me. It had reached the middle of the wall; it was half across when the wire appeared to fall from the shoulders, and long, shadowy arms were thrown up towards the ceiling, the head

fell forwards, and the whole shadow toppled to the floor. Adams' sat bolt upright in bed, and shouted, 'The stretcher party, you blasted fool,' moved his head, and snuggled down, with a heavy sigh, into the bed."

"Is that the finish?" said Dundas.

"That is all," replied Chalmers, "except that Adams has a headache of a bad variety this morning, and thought twice before he got up to breakfast."

Somebody would have said something then, but Adams himself appeared through the curtain of the lounge, holding a pink envelope. "I've got to get the night train", he said. "Chalmers, like a good chap, keep an eye on my possessions."

"Dental treatment?" said Madden

"Not this journey," he said. "Bad news from France - mater laid up." He was gone.

Then the gong went for lunch.

COCKBURN HARVEY.

NOONTIDE.

Gently asway on the rim of the open downs,
Where in the long ago happily we walked together,
Arrayed in the royal glory of golden gowns
The gorse and the broom are asleep in the glow of the sun, and
the heather.

Deep in the heart of the meadow the working bees
Are taking their amorous will of the purple clover,
And under the crest of the hill, in the shade of the trees,
A hush holds the singing birds in suspense till the noontide
is over.

Dreamily down in the valley a sapphire veil
Is hiding the village, is blurring the leafage and clinging ...
Suddenly into the stillness, trembling and frail,
The ghost of dead days floats up on a tune which a woman is singing.

For past the grey village, pallid and still - is the sea,
And over the sea, in some pain-sodden region of sorrow,
My lover is dreaming of summer in England - with me ...
And I long for the peace of it all to be drenched in a storm-driven
tomorrow.

PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT.

TOPICAL TALES.

No.1.

THE PRODIGAL SUB.

And it came to pass in those days that war did rage furiously over all the earth. For William the Wily, the Chief of the Huns, did strive to obtain the mastery over all peoples, nations, and languages. And in land called England certain young men did band themselves together, and called themselves Subalterns. And they did worship strange gods. Now, the first of their gods was called *Cox*, and *Cox* was supreme among all their gods. And the second was called *Flapper*, and *Flapper* was the Goddess of Love. And the third was called *Sam Browne*, and *Sam Browne* was the God of War. And there was a certain young man of the tribe of *Knuts*, who arose, and, forsaking home and parents, did join himself unto the Subalterns. And he did worship their gods. But more especially did he worship *Flapper*, the Goddess of Love. And he did bask in the sunshine of her smile, and did squander his substance, that he might offer sacrifices unto her. And he did offer all manner of sacrifices unto *Flapper*, the Goddess of Love. Chocolates and sweetmeats, books and flowers, also one motor bicycle with side-car did he offer. Now *Cox*, who was supreme among the gods of the Subalterns, was wroth with the young man, and was much displeased on his "account," and did turn his face from him. But the young man did despise *Cox*, and did laugh at his warnings. And he did sit at the feet of the goddess *Flapper*, and she did speak soft words unto him, that she might make him her slave. But it came to pass that when the young man had squandered his substance, even all that he had, then did *Cox* smite him, so that he did get into that hot water which is sometimes called "The Soup." And he was no more seen in the courts of the Subalterns. And *Sam Browne* knew him no more, and *Cox* had no more dominion over him. And *Flapper* forsook him, and did smile upon him no more. For he was no longer reckoned worthy to be a Subaltern. So he did return unto the home of his parents, and did marry his father's

stenographer. And he did live to a good old age, a thing unknown among the ranks of the Subalterns. So that the last state of that young man was no worse than the first.

J.R.

SHELL-SHOCK!

See: <http://ww1lit.nsms.ox.ac.uk/ww1lit/collections/document/5627/5323>

BALLADES OF FRANCE. No.3.

SICK IN BILLETS.

In broken, childish notes it rang,
Cheap tinkle, unharmonious clang,
With no soft-toned, melodious swell;
Harsh crank against the twilight grey,
Dear songs of long-dead yesterday,
"When other lips their praises tell."

They made the broken present cease;
Though crude, they told of quiet peace,
The sweetness of a dying bloom
Whose blossomed love beyond control
Shed all its passion in a bowl
That stood in some sweet maiden's room.

Oh, dear dead maids in crinolines,
Who moved through minuets like queens,
With smile so prim, too proud to laugh;
Who wandered where rose-blossoms bled,
Or sat in straight-backed chairs and read
Three-volume novels bound in calf.

And as the songs of other days
Rang broken through the evening haze,
With unshed tears my heart was wet.
And with the moon-beams through the gloom,

Stretching ghost fingers in my room,
There came the scent of mignonette.

S.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Craiglockhart War Hospital Officers' Club

Chairman - Capt. EVANS.

Hon. Treasurer - Mr F. GLYNN GILLING.

Hon. Secretary - Mr A.H. ANGEL.

How many officers really know and appreciate the benefits which are to be derived from this Club?

What are the feelings on arriving here amidst 150 to 200 strangers after a long tiring journey? Is it not some comfort to be met by a representative of the Club, who gives all the help he can, and initiates you in the various activities?

The following is a synopsis of the organisations of the Club:-

Camera Club (Mr Toovey, Secretary). - Meetings are held every Sunday at 8 o'clock. There is a stall in the corridor from which can be purchased any photographic article required. Competitions are run and prizes given. There is a completely equipped dark room in the basement.

Field Club (Mr Chase, Secretary). - A lecture is held weekly, every Monday at 7 o'clock, and an optical lantern has been purchased by the Club to illustrate the various subjects. Weekly excursions are made to the Edinburgh region, which is being systematically surveyed.

Debating Society (Mr Lee, Secretary). - Meets every Wednesday, at 8 p.m. Come along and argue!

Yacht Club (Mr Brand, Secretary). - This Club is very popular. About twenty model yachts have been built in the workshop. Races are held weekly.

Workshop (Mr Beers, Secretary). - A completely fitted workshop on the premises provides for any branch of workmanship.

Billiards (Mr Ross, Secretary). - There are two billiard tables, and the club is endeavouring to add another at an early date. Competitions are held monthly. No charge for a game!

Golf (Mr Waterhouse, Secretary). - Several sets of clubs are provided for use of Members. Competitions are organised. Golf balls can be purchased from the tobacco stall. Beginners can be assisted by the representative.

Tennis, Badminton, Croquet, Bowls, etc. (Mr Milton, Secretary). - All the materials for these games are provided and competitions held monthly.

Agriculture, Gardening, and Poultry-Rearing (Mr Young, Secretary). - Every facility is given for those interested, including lectures at the East of Scotland College of Agriculture.

Concerts (Mr Catt, Secretary). - There is a fine concert every week. The C.W.H. orchestra is quite renowned. All can help.

Indoor Games (Mr Arnott, Secretary). - Whist drives are held weekly, and the secretary will be pleased to have any suggestions for entertainments during the winter evenings.

Magazine (Mr Reynolds, Editor). - This worthy chronicle of all our doings, etc., adds interest to our stay here. Send an article along!

Tobacco Stall (Mr Proctor, House Steward). - Little need be said to advertise the boon this offers to all !

Library (Mr Brand, Librarian). - Books to suit all tastes. Additions monthly.

Laundry (Rev. C. Richardson). - Laundry collected and delivered at special contract prices.

Boys' Training Club (Capt. C. Griffiths, Secretary). - Officers lecture and assist Boy Scout movement.

General. - The Club provides soap in the lavatories, all writing materials, papers and periodicals; boots cleaned, and all gratuities are paid to the staff out of Club funds, and among other advantages which may be enjoyed by members, we may mention the following:- Bridge, chess, draughts, a fine swimming bath, the use of the telephone, and classes in various languages and engineering.

Concerts.

In the last issue of the Magazine the reports of entertainments terminated with notes on the play entitled "The Silver Box." On the following Saturday an excellent concert was given which consisted chiefly of musical items. We were fortunate enough on this occasion to obtain the services of Miss Mabel Mann, the well-known Albert Hall and Queen's Hall contralto, and Miss Daisy Wood, whose style is too well known to require comment, both vocalists receiving double encore. Miss Stewart rendered two songs in a very pleasing manner. Mr Bradley sang with delightful taste, and Mr Brander made his debut after his recent incapacity. Mr Eric Masters was good enough to fill in in place of Mr Lerner, who was unable to appear, and his interpretation of songs, such as "Stone-cracker Jack" and "Tommy, Lad," left nothing to be desired. Mr Catt obtained the complete sympathy of the audience

over the difficulty he experienced in keeping his trousers creased, after which, by way of an encore, he explained "What a Strain" he found mere existence. A happy relief to the musical items was the dancing of Miss Ogilvie, and when we say the orchestra was quite up to standard we feel sure further comment is unnecessary.

On 3rd November we had the musical treat of the season, Capt. Williams providing us with the long-anticipated orchestral concert. The addition of wood-wind instruments enabled him to perform such selections as Auber's "Overture to Masaniello," Brahms's Hungarian Dances, and popular music from "The Merry Widow." Amongst the vocalists were Miss McDougall, who sang "Softly awakes my heart," for which she was encored and responded with "A Perfect Day." The general improvements in the lighting of the stage were particularly noticeable in this song. Miss Kate Wallace, who has a beautiful soprano voice, entertained us with "The Lament of Isis", "Myfanwy," and "Nightingales of Lincoln's Inn." Miss Geddes' rich contralto voice was shown to great advantage in "Fairings," for which she was encored. Mr Eric Masters obliged us with songs for his repertoire, which were greatly appreciated. Mr Catt was responsible for the humorous part of the programme, and his delineation of "The Country Curate" showed a great intimacy with "the cloth." Sgr. Milner, who possesses a fine voice, gave us two songs of the sea in rollicking style, and the programme was brought to a close by an orchestral selection, "Americana," which was a fitting climax to what was probably the best concert held here. Great credit is due to Capt. Williams for his untiring efforts in this respect, and to Miss Grieve for her delightful accompaniments. A word here might be mentioned that the service of the members of the orchestra in coming each week to play for us is greatly appreciated by us all.

On 10th November Mr Isaacsen's production of "The Importance of Being Ernest," by Oscar Wilde, met with an enthusiastic reception. The characters of this play were taken by the following ladies and gentlemen:-

Jack Worthing.	Mr Isaacsen.
Algernon Moncrieff.	Mr Milton.
Rev. Dr Chasuble.	Mr Catt.
Lane.	Mr Beers.
Merriman.	Mr Bradley.
Lady Bracknell.	Miss Scott.
Miss Gwendoline Fairfax.	Mrs Isaacsen.
Miss Cecily Cardew.	Mrs Horan.
Miss Prism.	Miss Fisher.

It is impossible to single out any one for special mention, as each interpreted his or her part in a manner rarely seen in amateur performances. The success of the play depended, to a great extent, on the stage arrangements, which were under the direction of Mr A.W. Julian, who painted special scenery for the occasion. We understand that he has very able

assistants in Mr Rodger (who has proved himself a "prop. expert") and Mr Law, who acts as electrician. The help rendered by Messrs Scott and Bayliss enabled the changes of scenes which were very complicated, to be done in record time. The orchestra performed excellent entr'acte music under Capt. Williams' direction. The whole performance reflects great credit on Mr Isaacsen as producer, and we must thank Mr Isaacsen and the other ladies for the sacrifice they have undergone on our behalf.

The concert on Saturday, 17th November, was unfortunate inasmuch as the lighting effects on the stage failed at the most inopportune moment, but in spite of this set-back the artistes carried out the programme in a most brilliant manner. Probably the darkness of the stage accounted for the fact that Nurse Lockhart decided at the last moment not to sing "They all follow me." She no doubt thought it was too dark for them to see the way. Miss Middleton favoured us with two songs, and Miss Black's dances were very favourably received. Mr A.G. Brander gave a splendid rendering of "Douglas Gordon," and Mr Cockburn Harvey's "Rhymes at the piano" touched quite a new note. His enunciation of these rather ruthless rhymes was particularly noticeable, as, without any apparent effort, each word was distinctly heard in every part of the hall. Mr Eric Masters gave some further songs prior to his departure from the district. We must thank him for helping us so liberally and so often. Capt. Wood received an encore for him impersonation in character of "Fagan," and responded with "'Is Pipe". Mr Adair's impressions of a Jew and a Cockney greatly added to the humorous side of the programme, whilst the "extra" turn by the stage hands was probably the most surprising finish to any concert programme. The greatest surprise seemed to be experienced by the stage hands themselves. The orchestra again provided some delightful music, and was conducted by Capt. Williams, probably for the last time, Messrs Proctor and Scott proving able accompanists.

Owing to Mr Isaacsen's departure, Mr Milton is taking over the dramatic side of the entertainments, and another comedy may be expected in the near future, probably 8th December next.

Church Notices.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Sundays - 9th and 23rd Dec.

8.30 a.m. Holy Communion. Room 6.

10 " Matins & Sermon. Concert Room.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Sundays - 2nd, 16th, and 30th Dec.

10 a.m. Morning Service and Sermon. Concert Room.

Special services for Christmas and New Year will be announced later.

The Officer Commanding hopes that members of the Hospital will take advantage of the services provided by churches of their own denomination in the Hospital.

BIBLE STUDY CIRCLE.

Meetings will be continued on Thursdays, at 8 p.m., in Room 6. The Rev. R.B. Winsor, C.F., will be pleased to give any further information or help.

Model Yacht Club.

Secretary - Lieut. ERIC S. BRAND.

Before enumerating our doings during the past weeks, we must pause to bid farewell to our old secretary, Captain Foster, M.C. The Club owes much to him for what he did and the interest he took in all the yachts; and all unite in wishing him the best of luck and complete recovery.

Mr Marchington, M.C., who took over the secretaryship, has also left us, and we are all sorry that he was with us so short a time.

The Club has lost yet another keen and zealous supporter in Capt. Murray. Our thanks are due to him for his hours of patient labour as starter, since the foundation of the Club.

On Saturday, 13th October, a novel regatta in the form of a consolation race was run, for yachts that had never won a first prize.

Unfortunately the wind was most treacherous and for most of the morning there was none; in consequence the race lasted a long time and was rather robbed of all sport. Mr Beers won the race with his yacht "White Wings," a victory that was most popular.

Result.

1. "White Wings" Mr Beers
2. "Kiateur" Capt. Field
3. "Agatha" Mr Maddock

A weekly regatta was held on Monday, 15th October. A very steady south-westerly wind was blowing, and an excellent morning's sport was witnessed. Much interest was centred on "Cruiskeen I.," a yacht of entirely new design to us, owned by Mr Murray, a member of the Royal Yacht Club. The racing was very close, Mr Brand's "Pat" just gaining the victory on each occasion, but "Cruiskeen I." gave great promise, with a few slight alterations.

Result.

1. 'Pat'. 1. 'Pat'.
2. 'Scot'. 2. 'Scot'.
3. 'Cruiskeen I.' 3. 'Cruiskeen I.'

The weekly regatta was held on Monday, 22nd October, a strong gale was blowing from the west. "Cruiskeen I.," of which so much was expected, fully justified the expectations of her supporters, and carried all before her in most decisive fashion.

Result

1. 'Cruiskeen I.' 1. 'Cruiskeen I.'
2. 'Pat.' 2. 'Pat.'
3. 'Scot.' 3. 'Scot.'

A weekly regatta was held on Monday, 29th October; Mr Rhind sailing his "Scot" for the last time. A good steady wind was blowing from the south-west, and a very good morning's sport was witnessed - "Cruiskeen I." winning the first event in good style, and only losing the second race, owing to mishap to her main boom, to the champion; Mr Rhind's "Scot" being third in each event. This yacht was most consistent, and more than held her own whilst here, never failing to secure a place in any regatta in which she sailed, and all were sorry to see her dismantled for further racing here.

Result

1. 'Cruiskeen I.' 1. 'Pat'.
2. 'Pat.' 2. 'Cruiskeen I.'
3. 'Scot.' 3. 'Scot.'

The monthly championship was to have been raced on 1st November, but owing to the lack of wind it was postponed until Saturday, 3rd. This day proved little better, the wind being extremely uncertain. Mr Murray's new model, "Cruiskeen III.," proved successful, and sailed in splendid fashion considering the weather conditions. She was given an excellent race by "Cruiskeen II."

Result

1. "Cruiskeen III.," 65 points, Mr Murray
2. "Cruiskeen II.," 63 points, Mr Marchington, M.C.
3. "Pat," 19 points, Mr Brand

The weekly regatta was held on Monday, 5th November; a light east wind was blowing. The champion again carried all before her and won both events.

Result

1. 'Cruiskeen III.' 1. 'Cruiskeen III.'
2. 'Cruiskeen II.' 2. 'Cruiskeen II.'
3. 'Pat.' 3. 'Pat.'

The weekly regatta was held on Monday, 12th November, in fine racing weather. The champion again sailed in good form and won a keen race from a new and well-finished model built by Mr Darby.

Result.

1. 'Cruiskeen III.' 1. 'Cruiskeen III.'
2. 'Joan.' 2. 'Joan.'
3. 'Challenger.' 3. 'Challenger.'

The weekly regatta was held on Monday, 19th November, in very boisterous weather; a strong westerly gale was blowing, and passing rain storms made racing rather cheerless. Nevertheless a good morning's sport was enjoyed by the few who braved the elements. "Pat" found some of her true form, and some very close racing was witnessed between her and the champion.

Result.

1. 'Cruiskeen III.' 1. 'Pat.'
2. 'Pat.' 2. 'Cruiskeen III.'
3. 'Joan.' 3. 'Eve.'

REVIEW.

The Model Yacht Club still continues to flourish, and much is going to be done to stimulate this pastime during the month. New members are wanted to keep the "ball rolling," and any "would be" enthusiasts need have no fear in trying their hands at this fascinating pastime. Every yacht at present here has been built by a novice at the art; and there is no better or more entertaining way of employing one's time during these long winter evenings.

For those more interested in the mechanical side of this hobby, there is the Model Power Boat Section, which is also making good progress. Many new boats are now ready to take the water, and the first Model Power Boat Regatta will be held on Monday, 26th November.

New members are wanted for this section also, and Mr Scott will be very pleased to help or advise any who are "hesitating on the brink" and wish to make a start.

BUSINESS.

A meeting of the Club was held on Sunday evening, 18th November, Major Hope, President, in the chair. It was proposed by Major Hope and seconded by Mr Beers that Mr Brand be appointed secretary. Carried unanimously.

Mr Murray was asked to give a lecture on "Model Yachts as a Pastime," and very kindly consented to do so as soon as the necessary permission could be obtained.

A vote of thanks was recorded to Capt. Foster, M.C., secretary; Capt. Murray, starter; Mr Marchington, M.C., secretary; officers of the Club who have now left the Hospital.

Library.

Librarian - Lieut. E.S. BRAND.

There is a good library in the building from which officers can borrow books one at a time. The library consists of about 250 books, and any one wishing to read a book not in the library can procure it from the lending library in the town through the librarian. The library is open daily from 9 till 10 in the morning and between the same hours in the evening.

Billiards.

Brilliant Billiards.

Mr Tom Aiken's Visit To The Hydro.

The ordinary and at times monotonous "hundred up" of the Hydro billiard room gave place on Thursday night, 8th November, to a sterling entertainment from Mr Tom Aitken, the Scottish Billiard Champion. Mr Aiken played with the local amateur an exhibition game of 800 up. The display on the part of the professional cueist was really brilliant. Almost right away he tumbled into the strength of the table, and at his fourth attempt he compiled the biggest break of the evening, 251. After a few preliminary gathering strokes, he confined himself almost wholly to that rapid-scoring medium, the top of the table game. Pot and cannon was succeeded by periodical strings of nursery cannons, delicately and rapidly ticked off. Seldom had Mr Aitken to play from hand, and his difficulties were few. And so the champion proceeded on the same lines, once or twice exceeding the century, and rapidly going game. Undoubtedly the prettiest and most skilful piece of work was reserved for near the close. In a run of close cannons Mr Aiken piloted the balls past the top right-hand pocket, a difficult undertaking, but the ivories ran into line. He extricated himself by means of a neat masse stroke. The balls, however, were not yet in good position, and two more masse shots were necessary before the break could be continued smoothly.

Meanwhile, the attendance of roughly 200 officers showed marked enthusiasm. Mr Aiken was repeatedly applauded for his capital, almost uncanny, display. The proceedings were terminated with a lengthy series of trick shots. Theses brought down the house, the novelty of the entertainment appealing irresistibly. No less pleased was Mr Aiken. He takes a keen delight in entertaining service men, and he remarked, on returning home, that seldom had he received such a welcome, and his efforts had never been more appreciated. It can truly be said that the compliments on either side were justified and deserved.

Debating Society.

Secretary - Mr Lee

Committee - Messrs ANGEL, SHADDICK, and STEELE.

The past month has been very successful, both in the increase of the attendance and in the quality of the speeches which have been made at the debates.

On 31st October the question of the Nationalisation of Railways was discussed, when many and various views, both of the laity and of the experts, were put forward. (The proposal was upheld by Mr Birch and opposed by Mr Lee.) Though the motion in favour of Nationalisation was lost by five votes to six, undoubtedly the fact that the opener, Mr Birch, was very handicapped owing to bad health, influenced the final decision.

Mr Shaddick amused the Society very highly on 6th November, when he advocated the idea that modern Low Comedians would benefit future generations. Mr Harvey's opposition was instructive and edifying, showing a large and first-hand knowledge of the ways and deportments of our music hall stars.

The debate on Athleticism, on 14th November, roused much heat and excitement, in which the sentiment of the meeting vindicated the system of present education in giving a great part of its time to sports and athletics.

The Rev. C. Richardson, C.F., has a very lucid way of putting abstruse subjects, and Mr Reynold's championship of lost causes is spirited at the least. There is no doubt that Mr Steele means what he says, and one feels that his manner should be convincing to the most lukewarm listener, while Mr Angel keeps always his philosophic calm.

Mr Salmond's loss is great, especially as he was certain to oppose everything on principle, but we can feel sure that the new member of the Society will give us very good speeches in the future, since, as a forecast, we heard Mr Wood's measured contribution during the debate on 14th November. We would like to take this opportunity to extend an invitation to all newcomers to the Hospital to come and join in the discussions on Wednesday evenings, and can assure them of two hours' relaxation and enjoyment.

Field Club.

The weekly papers given at the meetings of the Club on Mondays at 8 p.m. in Room 6 continue to prove one of the valuable and useful features of our activity. On the 22nd October a most interesting paper on "The Island of Arran" was given by the Vice-President of the Club, Capt. Brock. Some geological specimens, recently collected by the lecturer during his short period of leave spent on the island, were shown and examined; and, with the aid of maps of the district, a general survey of the different features of the island and its life was made.

A large gathering attended on the 5th November, when Capt. Copeland Griffiths dealt with "Somaliland," recounted his valuable experiences there, and demonstrated the many interesting features of that part of the world with blackboard illustrations. With the exceptional opportunities now offered us (explained later on), we look forward to a further contribution of a paper from Capt. Griffiths.

Mr Bayley and Mr Rodger considerably enlivened the proceedings of the meeting held on Monday, 19th November, when they took up the cudgels on behalf of the much-disputed subject of "Regionalism." Some asperity was evinced at this attempt to introduce a new "ism" into a world already overburdened with social problems, and it took all the sweet reasonableness of the lectures to secure even a moderate amount of votes for this somewhat novel idea. Some of us, however, will not be surprised to see it cropping up again in another form!

Successful excursions have been made during the past weeks to the Botanical Gardens, Swanston Cottage, Pumpherston Oil Works, the National Museum of Antiquities, the Pentlands, Craigmillar Castle, and Cramond Brig, while reports have been contributed by the following conveners of the various sub-sections of the Club:- Major Hope (architecture), Capt. Mackenzie (art and aesthetics), Mr Bayley (geology), Mr Young (agriculture), and Capt. Anderson (zoology and microscopy). We are wanting a botanist, also a convener for the biological sub-section. Will gentlemen interested please give their names to the Secretary, Room 25.

A series of lantern lectures is being given each week on Tuesday evenings in the Concert Hall at 8 p.m. Under the auspices of the Field Club the inaugural lecture on "Photography as an Aid to the Study of Bird Life," was given by the Rev. Horatio Bonar, F.Z.S., a local ornithologist of repute, on 30th October. The set of slides (some of which were specially prepared for the evening), made from the unique photographs taken by the lecturer, proved a special feature of this excellent lecture. The following week W.H. Menmuir, Esq., L.D.S., gave us a very vivid account of his "Tour through Russia," also exhibiting a fine collection of slides prepared by himself. On 13th November Mr Curle, Director of the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh, lectured on "Glimpses of Civilisation of the Celtic People in the First Four Centuries of our Era," obtained from the excavation of a Celtic township on Traprain Law in East Lothian. A set of artistic and beautiful slides were shown. Two volumes with plates, giving an account of the Traprain Law excavations, have been presented to the Field Club by the lecturer, and may be loaned by those interested. Our sincerest thanks are due to these gentlemen for the time and labour they have devoted to our pleasure and profit.

Mr Rodger and Mr Law, our engineers, have also contributed to the success of the evenings as operators of the lantern.

Many familiar faces have gone from us since our last report, and the numbers of those attending the special classes in agriculture, at the Edinburgh and East of Scotland College of Agriculture, have thereby diminished. The Director of the College, Mr Alexander M'Callum, who has arranged this class for us at Craiglockhart, has placed at our disposal some of the best professional teachers of his staff, and, further, generously arranged the excellent series of lantern lectures on "Live Stock," now being held at this Hospital on Wednesday evenings at 8 p.m. (in Room 6).

An appeal is made to any who are at all interested in any branch of this important scheme to make practical use of the exceptional facilities offered and join the classes. A list for names will be found on the Field Club notice-board.

We wish to place on record our hearty appreciation of the efforts of the Directors of the College for the facilities granted in connection with these classes. In connection with the Art sub-section, we are glad to announce, through the generous co-operation of Mr Morley Fletcher, Director of the Edinburgh School of Art, a series of Art classes for officers at this Hospital has now been started. Our contact with the city and its region is thus seen to be growing daily more close. We have now our students at the College of Agriculture and School of Art, while several of our other officers are daily engaged in various other branches of the city's life, not merely recreational, but occupational also.

The latest development is the arrangement made by Lord Guthrie, whereby officers are to have the use of the reading-room and consulting library of the Royal Geographical Society and the Philosophical Institution, and also access to the lectures of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Further notice of this will be found on the notice-board, and we have no doubt many officers will avail themselves of the opportunities so generously put at their disposal by the officers of the societies concerned.

Through the courtesy and kindness of Hon. Lord Guthrie, LL.D., who is taking such an active interest in the welfare of officers at Craiglockhart, some of us, including the Chairman of the Officer's Club and the Secretary of the Field Club, had the favour of meeting his lordship at the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, Synod Hall, Castle Terrace, on Wednesday, 21st November, and of being shown the rooms, which, at his instigation as President, the Council of the Society has generously accorded us the privilege of using for consulting books, magazines, maps, and literature dealing with geography, travel, war, etc. Tickets for the lectures, given under the auspices of the Society, will also be available for Craiglockhart officers. Dr Marion Newbigin, D.Sc., the talented editor of the Society's magazine, has also promised us help, and we are looking forward with pleasure to an article for our own organ, *The Hydra*, from her pen.

We were then conducted by Lord Guthrie to the rooms of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 22-24 George Street, where, through the kindness of Dr Knott and his council, arrangements are being made to allow officers with scientific tastes to have access to this Society's rooms. The Philosophical Institution, 4 Queen Street, was next visited, and here also a like welcome to the use of the newspaper room (magazines and books), smoking and billiard room is offered. Expressing our great appreciation of the privileges and facilities accorded us as residents at Craiglockhart, we then bade good-bye to our genial and courtly host. We are sure that the opportunities offered will be abundantly and thankfully taken advantage of by inhabitants of the "Concentration Camp."

Golf.

Our tournaments and competitions have had quite a measure of success, and in any case much enjoyment has resulted to the participants. In particular, the "knock-out" tournament caused fresh opponents to meet, and many keen games were played. Major Hope and Lieut. R. Hole played 38 holes before a settlement could be effected in the Major's favour; whilst, in the final, Lieut. Powers had a medal round of 98 (handicap 24). The results were: - (1st) Lieut. Boak (+2) beat Lieut. Powers by 2 holes, and for 3rd prize, Capt. C. Evans (16) beat Lieut. Birch (15) 4 up and 2 to go. We will hold another similar competition.

After this competition handicaps were revised, and a warm reception was given to the handicapping committee by disgusted members, who expected reduction, and found that the *addition* to their stroke allowance incommensurate with their dignity.

A medal competition was at once arranged, and, armed to the teeth with various weird weapons, and with light hearts, they set forth to show the handicappers how foolish they were; but strange to say, not one scratch score was returned. Lieut. Young secured his first prize with a nett score of 77, whilst Lieut. Beers was second with a nett score of 78, and Major Hope and Lieut. Mathews tied for third place with nett scores of 79.

We gave Baberton a glimpse of Hydro prowess by playing a foursome's competition there. It is a long course with good golf abounding, but no really difficult holes to tire such weary folk as we are. Most of the shots require placing, particularly the sixth, where a "fluffed" shot places the ball in a position likely to cause its player the utmost astonishment.

Playing quite good golf together, Lieut. Shaddick and Lieut. Brook walked off with the first prize, and left Lieut. Walker and Lieut. Boak to console themselves with the second memento.

Oh! what tales we heard in the clubhouse afterwards! How drives do grow in the smoky atmosphere of the steward's domain! And the stories of hardships endure! You know the sort? They start like this-

"Well at the fifth he got a fair drive and a bad lie; but I took my brassie and hit a 'snorter' - right over the trees, over the quarry, across the stream and plunk on the green by the pin - and then my partner missed the putt!!!"

Indoor Games

Whist Drives. - These continue to be very popular and are well patronised.

To add to the excitement a variety of different prizes have been introduced. There is a mystery number, a number chosen by a non-competitor, and sealed in an envelope which is not opened till all the other prize-winners have been determined. Then there is a prize for the best one-half (outward or inward) score other than those winning any of the other prizes.

Booby prizes are also presented, but the extreme modesty of the winners did not permit of their names being published.

The prizes are always of the useful order, are invariably much admired by all competitors, and, lastly, much appreciated by the winners.

19th October. - 1st, Mr Arnott

2nd, Mr Downes

Mystery no., Major Ruggles

26th October. - 1st, Mr Marchington

2nd, Mr Mathews

Mystery No., Mr Hugall

2nd November. - 1st, Mr Bennett

2nd, Capt. Gilling -

Mr Turner equal.

Mr Salmond -

Capt. Gilling winning on cutting.

Mystery No., Mr Pollock, V.C.

Best half-way, Mr Marshall

16th November. - 1st, Mr Law

2nd, Mr Watson

Mystery No., Mr Thomson

Best half-way, Mr Shultz

23rd November. - 1st, Mr Robinson

2nd, Mr Mathews

Mystery No., Mr Miller

Best half-way, Mr Corbett

Chess. - This very old and excellent game has suddenly come into its rights and found great favour amongst a large number.

A tournament on the knock-out principle is at present in progress.

Camera Club.

Chairman - Capt. A.J. ANDERSON, R.A.M.C.

Treasurer and Storekeeper - Lieut. L.K. RODGER, R.E.

Secretary - Lieut. C.E. TOOVEY, R.E.

The enthusiasm of the Club still continues. Old members are doing much better work, and their excellent prints have induced a large number of beginners to take up the study. New members are given every facility, and instructed by the more experienced in the acquirement

of the art of photography. The results of the pupils inspire their tutors to greater efforts, and the weekly competitions display work of a high standard satisfactory to all.

Club meetings are held every Sunday night at 8 p.m. in Major Ruggles's room, where the competitive prints are exhibited and judged, and the prizes donated by Mr J.B. Watson are awarded. Many interesting and instructive subjects are discussed at these meetings, and any difficulties experienced by the beginner are soon dispelled, the primary object of the Club being to enlighten and instruct the novice, and to develop the large amount of latent talent in the Hospital to the achievement of creditable and successful work, that pleasure and profit may be the result.

The competition for lantern slides, on 11th November, was very keen, and the views on the screen were much appreciated. Lieut. Rodger was awarded first prize, and Lieut. Harrison obtained a very close run with the second prize.

On 18th November the competition was general, open to all comers on all subjects, and some excellent pictures were exhibited.

The Old Boathouse under the Beeches was much admired; the shadows and definition left nothing to be desired. It was taken by Lieut. C.E. Toovey, with an exposure of 7 seconds, and was awarded first prize.

The Water of Leith portrayed good definition and composition. It was the work of the beginner with only one week's tuition - altogether a fine picture, taken, with 4 seconds' exposure, by Mr Boak, who was awarded second prize, and well deserved the success of his first attempt.

Roslin Dell, by Mr Lewy, in 3 seconds, displayed fine composition, and had a close run for second place. Being slightly over-printed, it was awarded third.

Craiglockhart by Lieut. Jewett, received honourable mention, but was not quite up to the high standard of work exhibited by him in the past.

The resignations of the Chairman, Major Hunter, D.S.O., and the Secretary, Capt. MacKenzie, were accepted with regret, and the Club expressed its appreciation of the genial courtesy of the retiring President, Major Bryce, R.A.M.C., on the occasion of his departure from the Hospital.

At a General Meeting of the House Club, Lieut. C.E. Toovey, R.E., was elected Secretary of the Camera Club, and Capt. Anderson was appointed Chairman. Votes of thanks were passed to Messrs Rodger and Law for the installation and manipulation of the new lantern, and the Secretary, Lieut. Toovey, was requested to arrange a series of popular weekly lantern lectures to be inaugurated by the Camera Club, the first of such series to be delivered by Lieut. Toovey by the following Tuesday on "Egypt, Ancient and Modern."

The competition for 18th November, being "Still Life," secured a number of good exhibits, which will be criticised in our next issue.

Boys' Training Club.

Since the last account in this magazine there has not been much further increase in the extension of the Club, except a slight increase in the number of classes. Owing, however, to so many officers leaving Hospital in the last few days, several classes have had to be withdrawn this week, and if it is desired to keep the Club a success it is essential to have more help. It is sincerely to be hoped that some of the officers who have just come into the Hospital will come forward and offer their assistance. It only means in most cases one hour a week, and if they will only realise what good work is done, surely they will be willing to give up a little of their time to it.

If officers could only hear what some of the schoolmasters, scoutmasters, and others say about the good work done, they would be quite agreeably surprised.

Under the circumstances, it seems desirable that a few words should be said on what is being done, and what officers have been giving their assistance.

At Tynecastle School, Gorgie, the following classes have been held weekly:- Map-reading, 4 classes; Signalling, 2 classes; Physical Drill, 3 classes; English Literature, 1 class; First Aid, 1 class. According to the headmaster, these classes are a great success, and he is very keen that they should be continued.

Captain Anderson has completed a most successful class in First Aid, and it is disappointing that he is leaving and that another class cannot be started. It is hoped that some officer will come forward and offer himself.

Mr Owen took a very successful class in English Literature, and on his departure Mr Bayley has been kindly taking on the work.

Mr Walker has been running the Physical Drill classes with the help of the other officers, and, now he is going, Mr Morley is taking over the work of superintending this.

The map-reading classes, with the exception of one, have had to be withdrawn, because all the officers have gone, except Mr Shaddick. Volunteers are most urgently required for this. Capt. Mackenzie and Mr Gill have been running the Signalling, and the classes are making good progress now.

Two different classes of boys come up to Craiglockhart Hospital twice a week from North Merchiston Board School. The boys come quite voluntarily. Mr Bayley takes one class on Mondays, and the Field Club take the other. The following officers in the Field Club have helped in this work:- Mr Rodgers, Mr Quale, and Mr Russell.

The Boy Scouts Association - The following subjects have been or are being, taught:-

Signalling, Visual Training, Boxing, Camping, Jujitsu, Pioneering, Aeronautics, Shooting, and Life-Saving. The Club have got into touch with the 4th, 7th, 9th, 12th, 38th, 44th, and 60th troops of the Boy Scouts.

Most of the officers who help with the Boy Scouts take either one or two classes a week in the evenings.

Mr Brand takes four classes, and his activities extend right to Portobello and Musselburgh.

Mr Sillery and Mr Lees have been working together at Jujitsu with the 9th troop Boy Scouts, but have now taken on a class of the Church Lads' Brigade in Slateford, and another at the Edinburgh Working Lads' Industrial Home instead.

Mr Wilkins has just taken up a Shooting class with the 12th troop, and as Mr Wood has now expressed a wish to help, this should develop further.

Mr Rich and Mr Bignell are now working together at Signalling with the 44th troop.

Mr Harvey made a great success with three lectures on Camping in the various districts, and he now takes a Patrol Leader's class on Wednesdays.

Mr Brander has been taking a class of the 17th troop in Boxing, which has proved a great success. The boys will miss him very much when he goes.

Mr Walker has a Bugling class, and from all accounts he has been of the very greatest help to them.

Mr De Wilton gave three lectures on Life-Saving; Mr Robinson gave three on Aeronautics; and Mr Dunbar three on Map-reading.

Captain Field has a most successful class on Aeronautics, and he has now promised to make the boys a model aeroplane.

Mr Lees has been taking the Church Lads' Brigade in a Bible Class started by our chaplain, and another class in Observation on Saturdays with the Boy Scouts.

Mr Braggins gave some most useful lectures to the 12th troop on Engineering, which proved a great success.

The Boy Scouts Association have expressed their sincere thanks to Mr Hyslop and Mr Bird for having judged a test in Observation. Their thanks are also due to Mr Gill for kindly taking Signalling tests on two occasions.

Owing to the energies of Mr Harvey, a Boy Scout Entertainment has been arranged for the evening of either Thursday or Friday, the 6th and 7th December. The actual date will be posted up in the Hospital. The entertainment will embody an exhibition of all the tests as passed by Boy Scouts from the lowest to the highest grade. Some scout games will also be played, but the feature of the entertainment will be an Indian war dance, as taught by the Chief Scout of America. The whole performance will be given by the 9th Edinburgh Troop of Boy Scouts. The troop are practising hard for the exhibition, and it is sure to be a very good and interesting evening's entertainment, as well as giving those officers interested an insight into really good work carried out by the Royal Scout movement. It is to be hoped that all

officers who can, will attend, as it will certainly be worth their while to do so. The scenic artists and stage hands of the Hospital have kindly consented to make scenery, etc., suitable to the performance, and our thanks are much due to them for their kind co-operation.

Engineering- No officers have come forward lately wanting work at garages. There are still three or four garages to which officers can go to work should they desire it.

The Tynecastle Workshops are still open, and some six or more officers go there fairly regularly. There is plenty of room for any more officers who care to go there. The Club owe a debt of gratitude to Mr Morley for the keenness he has shown in keeping this branch of our activities going.

In conclusion, the Club wish to express their sincere thanks to the following officers who have left us, or are just going, for their valued help since the Club started:- Major Hunter D.S.O., Captain Anderson, Mr Owen, Mr Walker, Mr Arnott, Mr Brander, Mr Braggins, Mr Hyslop, Mr Bird.

Agricultural, Gardening, and Poultry-keeping Club

Hon. Secretary - Wm. Young.

The gardening season, as far as we are concerned, is now pretty well over. The work has been carried on during the season mainly by three officers, Messrs Ritchie, Judge, and Laing. The latter officer is still with us, but has now transferred his attentions to the Poultry Farm, where, in his own way, he is daily engaged encouraging the feathered inmates to justify their existence by "increasing their output". The number of patients on light diet has increased considerably of late!

The agricultural activities of the Hospital really began at harvest-time, a large number of officers turning out daily to give help in "stooking", binding, thrashing, etc. Our assistance was divided between three neighbouring farms, namely, Colinton Mains, Gray's Mill, and Oxfangs. The farmers in each case expressed grateful thanks for our help. However, we believe the benefit to have been mutual.

Since the gathering in of the harvest, Mr Clunie and a few other officers have most regularly carried on with the work of "tattie houking", turnip lifting, etc. All root crops have done exceptionally well this season, potatoes especially yielding a record crop.

It is hoped that the arrival of the cold but seasonable weather will not damp the ardour of our members. Any new officers who are interested in any of our branches will get all information from the Hon. Secretary.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF CRAIGLOCKHART WAR HOSPITAL OFFICERS'
CLUB

See: <http://ww1lit.nsms.ox.ac.uk/ww1lit/collections/document/5627/5334>