

The Hydra: journal of the Craiglockhart War Hospital

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Contents	Page
▪ Editorial	2
▪ Notes And News	3
▪ Be still, my Soul	8
▪ The Counter Attack	8
▪ Concerts	10
▪ Short Stories	11
▪ The Chronicles of a V.O.S.	12
▪ Photographic Notes	17
▪ Correspondence	19
▪ Arrivals	20
▪ Departures	20
▪ Transfers	21

EDITORIAL.

[The Editor will be glad to receive any literary contributions and sketches. These may take any form, and may be signed or anonymous. They should be placed in the letter rack in the pigeon hole marked 'Editor,' and contributors are reminded that all copy should be in at least a week before publication of the issue for which it is intended.]

Having now reached that stage in the month when one regrets having paid one's tailor at the beginning of it, we think it an opportune moment to make a suggestion to our readers. We make a prize of half-a-guinea for the best piece of verse, and another of equal value for the best short story or article submitted by 31st July 1917. Verse must not exceed fifty lines, nor the stories two thousand words; and contributors are requested to write in ink, on one side of the paper only. Contributions are to be headed "Competition." When a *nom de plume* is used, the name of the contributor should be enclosed on a separate sheet. The prize story and verse will appear in our next number, and we reserve the right to print any of the remainder. (This is, as you see, merely a scheme to obtain contributions.) Take pen, then, all you budding poets and novelists and do your worst. Write about anything, from A.P.M.'s to Chinese politics, but do it now.

We notice with sorrow that the former of the above do not love us as much as they might. It is very ungrateful of them. After all, if we did not occasionally sport a light collar, or turned-up slacks with shoes, their office would be needless, and they could no longer stalk majestically along Princes Street with their retinue behind them. It would be a bitter blow, too, for the powers who expend so much energy devising our sumptuary laws. Rules are made to be broken, or they would never have been rules. An old boy will go down to see his offspring at school and cheerfully smile at his escapades, increasing his tip to show his appreciation of that very spirit for which he severely ticks off some inoffensive sub. Independence is a great national characteristic, but they spell it insubordination in the army and treat in accordingly. This, however, is a sordid subject and lacks novelty, besides it is time to stop. Meanwhile we should like to point out that even a small publication like this entails a certain amount of arduous toil, and if any one interested in its production will apply to us or the committee, they will hear something to *our* advantage.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Gardening.

The Poultry Keeping and Gardening Association has now taken over the supervision of all the hospital grounds, and hedge-cutting promises to become a favourite pastime. Major Bryce has been performing prodigies with a scythe, but the thought of neurasthenic enthusiasts endeavouring to emulate him makes us shudder. One can do much with a scythe. The vegetables are coming along fast, and when we look at the large tract under cultivation, we feel almost proud of our amateur gardeners.

Poultry Keeping.

The poultry farm is beginning to take definite shape now, and demands a lot of attention. The chickens are beginning to get quite large, and while July is (we are told by Mr Bird, who surely ought to know) a bad month for poultry, everything appears to be most satisfactory.

Billiards.

Of billiards there is little to report. No fresh handicaps have so far been started, and the billiard tables are not, perhaps, as much in demand as formerly. We are able to contradict the report that the two officers who spent the day potting each other, had their blankets moved into the billiard room. As they cannot decide which of them holds the record for flukes, we congratulate both equally on their endeavours.

Cricket.

We are fortunate in having amongst our recent arrivals several very useful players for our eleven, and there is no reason why we should not be able to turn out quite a good team in future.

Unfortunately, Mr Downes has left us, and has rather weakened our battling side, as he could generally be relied upon for at least a score of runs. He was also very useful as a change bowler, and his fielding was distinctly good.

It is, however, no use weeping over the loss of one good player, because this hospital should be able to put forward at least two dozen cricketers. We are afraid some are very reluctant to come forward. The hospital would like to put its best eleven into the field, but it is quite impossible to do this if patients will not let us know they are players, or will not let us see them at practice, and although we have now quite a number of players who show keenness, we should still like to see a little more enthusiasm.

On Wednesday, 4th July, we again met the Merchiston eleven on their own ground. The afternoon was dull, but we had no rain, and later in the afternoon the sun shone brilliantly. We won the toss, and runs soon began to pile up to the bats of Gilling and Kershaw. Before the first wicket fell the score had reached 68, and before the fourth 150. Up to this period we looked like making a large score, but things did not turn out as well as was expected, and the whole side was out for 176, Kershaw, Gilling, Lake and Downes all batting well.

Merchiston now had their turn, Major Bingham and Kershaw opening the bowling. Each secured two wickets in their first two overs, Merchiston thus losing four wickets for only 9 runs. Shortly after Kershaw came off, being very tired after his strenuous innings, Merchiston were all out for 128, leaving us with a margin of nearly 50.

The scores were as follows:-

Craiglockhart War Hospital.

Capt. Gilling, b Corstorphine	31
Mr Kershaw, c Robertson, b Stewart	84
Mr Butler, c Guest, b Corstorphine	5
Mr Downes, c Corstorphine, b Stewart	13
Mr Lake, b Corstorphine	22
Major Bingham, b Corstorphine	1
Major Bryce, c Cook, b Corstorphine	0
Capt. Capon, c Robertson, b Stewart	5
Capt. Stevens, b Stewart	0
Mr Lee, b Stewart	5
Mr Crocker, not out	0
Extras, byes 7, leg byes 3	10
- - -	
Total	176

Merchiston Castle School.

D.F. Mackintosh, c and b Kershaw	0
Mackinnon, c Bingham, b Kershaw	5
Stewart, c Butler, b Bingham	2
Donaldson, b Bingham	0
Gourlay, c Gilling, b Butler	16
Corstorphine, c Bryce, b Butler	11
Robertson, l-b-w, b Bingham	12
M'Cleary, b Butler	0
Wighton, c Kershaw, b Butler	20
Cook, not out	37

Guest, b Bryce	5
Extras, byes 6, leg-byes 12, wide 1, no-ball 1	20
- - -	
Total	128

Hospital Wedding.

A large number of people, including many military and naval officers, attended West St Giles church, on Wednesday, the 11th July, to witness the marriage of Major S.J. Montgomery and Miss M. Crawford. Major Montgomery, who is on the General List, had a very long spell of active service, both as Brigade Major and Divisional Machine Gun Officer, before coming as a patient to Craiglockhart.

We offer them our heartiest congratulations, and wish them both a bright and prosperous future.

Golf.

At the invitation of the Merchants of Edinburgh Golf Club, a medal match was played in aid of the Scottish Red Cross. We congratulate Mr Scott on his brilliant round of 78, and Capt. Stevens on his 79.

On Thursday a match was played between the Craiglockhart Club and the Hospital, consisting of four singles and four foursomes. The match was lost (6-2), Mr Scott and Mr Cruikshank being the only winners on the Hospital side. Mr Scott, after being five down, made a wonderful recovery and won by one hole, while Mr Cruikshank was on top all the way, and won four up and two to play. We congratulate both of them. A return match is to be played on the 19th inst.

We have, at last, come to an arrangement with the course officials, and in future the charge will be 2s. per week or 6s. per month, instead of sixpence a day. Tickets must be obtained from the Greenkeeper.

The Golf Tournament was won by Mr Scott, who beat Major Bingham by a hole.

Camera Club.

There still continues unabated interest in photography, and the admission of new officers has added fresh and further enthusiasm in this side of the house, which is very encouraging.

It is very gratifying to see that the dark room rules are bearing fruit, and that care is being observed regarding flooding and water wastage.

Capt. Sampson, assisted by Mr Rowse, are now taking charge of the Camera Club, as Capt. Buchanan is likely to be going to Bowhill shortly. It is proposed to institute a system of exchange of prints, and the opportunity is taken to express the hope that there will be a cordial and hearty co-operation.

"BUCOLICS."

The New Camera Club.

The old photographic club has risen from its ashes, and the new Camera Club was inaugurated on Sunday evening, 15th July. There was really a record attendance.

A committee was formed, and the following officers were elected:- Major G. Hunter, D.S.O., chairman; Capt. C. Sampson, R.A.M.C., secretary; and Capt. Buchanan, R.A.M.C., Lieut. E.J. Shuter, and Lieut. G.H. Baylis, members.

It was decided to place the club on a firm footing, and to make it interesting, entertaining, and instructive.

There will be a weekly meeting held in Lieut. Macintyre's room every Sunday evening at 9 p.m. when photographs and cameras will be exhibited, and everything done to enlist the co-operation of everybody interested in the art.

The first meeting will take place on Sunday next at 9 p.m., and everyone is requested to bring with him his camera, and any films and negatives that will be of mutual interest to others.

It is hoped that members will lend their utmost support by doing all they can to make the club go well and strong, and this is best brought about by soliciting the sympathies and interest of non-members.

Those who are just embarking on their first photographic enterprises will receive every help and advice from their brother members, and encouragement will be the chief object of the club.

Choice of camera, the price, where to buy it, and how to use it will also be one of the benefits obtained by belonging to the club, and we can already promise the assistance, in every direction, of many experts whose experiences are great. We shall, by bringing along our duds or failures, find many good samaritans, and learn from each other much that is good and of value.

Inquiries addressed to the secretary and placed in the letter-rack will receive prompt attention, and please don't hesitate to ask for any information you may require.

All photographic apparatus to be disposed of, exchanged, or repaired can be dealt with through the club, and it is also hoped that good materials at reasonable prices will be procurable through the club for use by the members.

By the mutual interchange of negatives on loan, members will be able to procure lasting records of the war, and photographic souvenirs of intense interest.

So come one, come all. Bring your cameras and let us see what we can do. We intend to hold photographic competitions from time to time, and to leave no stone unturned to keep the meetings and general workings of the club lively and full of amusement.

THE SECRETARY.

Field Club.

On the 13th inst. there was held an enthusiastic preliminary meeting, at which Mr Chase gave a paper on "Mosses of the Craiglockhart District," illustrated by specimens, diagrams, and microscopic slides. At the close it was resolved that a field club should be definitely constituted, that there should be a meeting every Monday evening for a paper and discussion, and that, if possible, excursions should be arranged. The following office-bearers were elected:- President, Capt. Brock; secretary, Mr Chase. Recruits are wanted. Don't wait to be pushed. "The wind's on the heath." The club hopes to take in periodicals, and to co-operate as far as possible with other existing organisations in the Hospital - such as, obviously, the Camera Club. Our guide, philosopher, and friend, the Major, is down for the next paper. One who apparently came to last Friday's meeting in order to do penance for his sins, writes:- "To most of us, the subject of moss smelt mouldy with fusty suggestiveness..... Moss! - the unkempt beard of senile ruins; the pall of dead paths that lead nowhere; the praying-stool of hermits. What attachment has it for the rolling stones that the war has made us all? Mr Chase, with a microscope, drawings, and lively description, showed it to be one of the most beautifully interesting of living things. And just as the whole plant world sprang from mosses, and much humbler growths than mosses, so we hope that from this beginning will develop an important and varied system of natural work. One gentleman objected to our calling our club a Natural History Society, because natural history reminded him of school-marms and spectacles. We do not want all our excursions to be through the jungle of a *hortus siccus*.

"Our broodings over the face of the earth, and the firmament, and the waters under the earth, will be quite primitive-without form, but, we hope, not void."

BE STILL, MY SOUL.

Be still, my soul and sound
The stillness all around:
Brings peace to wearied souls,
'Tis Nature's Paradise.

Be still, my soul, and rest,
The peace that was your quest
Is here, in this demesne:
'Tis Nature's Paradise.

Be still, my soul, and sleep,
Refreshing, good, and deep:
And waking you will say
'Tis Nature's Paradise.

Be still, my soul, delight
In all your joys that might
Be yours, whilst you remain
In Nature's Paradise.

NORTH BRITISH.

THE COUNTER ATTACK – A STORY FULL OF MORALS.

I was wandering along La Rue des Princes (see map 1/10000 Edinburgh emma 5 central) vainly trying to dodge motor buses which invariably seemed to back fire at the sight of my blue band (which I may add, does *not* slip down my arm at the mystic sound "F. & F's."), when I saw two faces which seemed familiar to me. I at once tried to "concentrate." Yes, I must be improving, for the one made me think of 8.30 ack emma - the time when sleep really does come to one - and a voice which generally says, "Well, and how did you sleep *last* night?" while the other brought my memory back to the secluded walk behind the tennis courts - time usually 9 pip emma - and then I knew them. Why, it was Sister - and Nurse --. Whether or not they are attached to Secret Service, or not yet seconded for the A.P.M's staff, is not mine to say, but they were disguised in "civies." Probably awaiting their commissions, I thought, as I camouflaged behind the Picture House pillar (oh, yes, that's where I was,

studying the various collars and ties which flashed before my view, and realising at last that an A.P.M.'s job is an overrated pastime !) It was a dud spot, and I realised they were bearing down on me. Let me add, of course this was done purely from a sisterly and nurse-- (whatever the adjective is) point of view, as there was no doubt I was looking seedy! "Afternoon, Nursie," I said, trying to look chirrupy, and eyeing Mr-- of the -- Regiment who was "getting off" in a taxi in more senses than one. "Why, poor boy, you're looking tired - get yourself some tea."

I ask you, what else could I do under the circs? So, looking in an adjacent mirror to see if my tie were straight, I murmured (correct word to use here), "Won't you join me?" "We've clicked," I said, without stuttering at the "c," leading the way into the estaminet. We went downstairs; it is dark there, and all is bustle, so much so, in fact, that I got rid of a *commerce de Bethune* note one afternoon, though I fancy the waitress's eyesight was about C3! Still, you should try it. But *revenues a nos moutons*, as the French never say. After we had put away a few strawberries I asked what the next move was. "Oh, you see, I've some shopping to do," said Nurse --. and I knew visions of lace, ribbons, etc., were before her mind's eye. "I feel terribly nervy down town by myself," I replied, looking depressed, and wondering if it would catch on. It did. "You stay with us and you will be alright," said Sister --, as if she were giving me a sleeping powder. So far the afternoon had been a decided success, as the papers say when we occupy a trench which some brass hat deems evacuated. Now came the crisis. "Oh, I simply *must* buy some dinky stockings." This was Nursie's voice. Well, my heart never has been too strong. . . luckily my stick was at the time. No getting out of it now, I thought, as I crawled close up to the barrage, and gained my objective, i.e., stockings or hose department. I at once wanted to start digging in, but those stone floors are so hard, and in any case the counter was by this time well rivetted with stockings. "That's rather pretty but still it's not *quite* the shade, if only you had this kind with clocks it would do nicely - Yes, I'm sorry. *Good* afternoon." Nothing doing; one shop finished: and I felt sure that poor shop girl wouldn't have the counter cleared in time to knock off at 6 that evening ! We tried another shop. Here was a lift. "*Bon*," I said as we soared up to the umpteenth floor. Careless lift boy ! He banged the door - that did me in. . . . When I came to, Nurse was quite excited as she had struck the exact colour she was in search of, and in silk (let me whisper it), openwork, too!

"This size may be rather big for you, madam." And /certainly thought it would, as I glanced (no, *not* gazed) at the neat -- (remainder censored). "Oh, well, we've gained our objective anyhow," I drawled, thinking of the many pairs of stockings so ruthlessly cast down in the onset. Suddenly remembering I had not a pass out for dinner, I boarded a tram.

Last night I slept badly. Oh, those awful war dreams! ! ! It was zero minus one hour, and the barrage would start any minute now. I gazed at my watch and seemed to remember the girl who sold it to me before going out. It was all so long ago. They're off," said my platoon sergeant, as the gunners started loosing off. The 18 pounders seemed to be firing at the

back of the trench, so loud was their bark. Dear old Princes Street seemed very far away, and I wondered if ever. . . . I looked up; nothing but silk stockings flying through the air towards the Hun line. We went over shortly afterwards, but I got hung up on the wire which was covered with silk stockings. We started digging in, but each entrenching tool dug up the same old thing - silk stockings

My doc has since told me to stay in bed for complete rest, and concentrate on anything except *les bas en soie*.

"WINDUP"

CONCERTS.

The concert of the 7th July was not quite up to the usual standard in spite of the splendid efforts of the orchestra, under the direction once again of Mr Bates. This must be ascribed to its being Red Cross week; several of the artistses could not come, and there was therefore a lack of cohesion. The orchestra opened with "The Policeman's Holiday," after which Mr Gage sang "Parted" exceedingly well. He has a naturally tender tenor voice, but he might perhaps with advantage put a little more light and shade into his singing. Miss Grieve played a violin solo in her usual finished style, and Capt. Master proceeded to amuse us with some very humorous stories and a recitation. After Mr Birch had sang "Jest her Way," there was a small break, - the next turns had not arrived. However, Mr Pockett appeared, and finally deputised, which more than satisfied the audience. Mrs Queen and Capt. Master then gave a short and humorous duologue called "Collaborators." Both were exceedingly good, and the sketch was a great success. Every one was glad to see Major Bryce again on the stage. He sang "Eileen Alannah," and was loudly encored. Mr Gage then sang again, and the Hydro Bell Ringers, headed by Miss K. Grieve, made a big hit. Miss Maud Campbell and Mr George Campbell both sang, but they are too well known to all of us to need any comment. Mr Birch sang "The Kashmiri Song" very sadly, and the orchestra brought the concert to a conclusion with "Povertyville Patrol," Mr Bates' own composition. During the concert a collection was taken for the Scottish Red Cross.

The orchestra began the concert of 14th July with a ragtime selection. As Mr Bates had unfortunately been called away, Capt. Williams took up the baton at the eleventh hour and wielded it with gratifying skill. Mr Brierly then very kindly gave us a humorous recitation and the concert a merry start. After a somewhat long comedy duo by Mr and Mrs Taylor, Miss Blanche Lieper recited a passage from "King John" very realistically. Mr Gage then sang two

little songs beautifully, after which Capt. Master gave the coster "lidy" at the police court in a splendid Cockney accent. Mr Francis Gibson, whom we were glad to welcome here for the first time, was very funny in a monologue, "The 11.69." We hope he will visit us again. The orchestra played a selection from "Tina," and then Mrs Turner once more charmed us with "Love's Bells." According to the programme, Capt. Master then endeavoured to waste time. From the laughter and applause we concluded that his efforts were appreciated. Mr Gage and Mr Gibson both sang again, and then Mr Mackenzie played some Scotch reels in splendid style.

But the event of the evening was "The Bracelet," a play in one act by Alfred Sutro, produced by Mr J.W.G. Pockett, and excellently staged by Capt. Master. We cannot fitly describe the magnificent acting of Mrs Pockett (Mrs Western) and of Major Spencer (Harvey), the latter especially excelling himself. Mrs Queen (Miss Farren) had not as large a part as we have been accustomed to see her in, but it was a solid little part and she did it well. Mr Scotchburn as the Judge, and Mrs Stewart Bell as his wife, were also very good, and secured several laughs. Mr Matthews played Martin, the butler, while Mr Bussell (William) and Miss Blanche Lieper (Smithers) were very good. The orchestra struck up the National Anthem, and a pleasant evening came to an end.

SHORT STORIES.

We hear that a certain number of our photographic friends intend to apply for a transfer to the Heavy Machine Gun Corps on their return to duty. Perhaps this explains the large amount of work they are now putting into *developing* tanks.

A commercial traveller one day travelled up from town with the Bishop of ----- . The bishop made himself very agreeable during the journey; chatting genially, he offered the commercial a cigar, and finally asked him to dinner.

"Excuse me, my lord, but I should very much like to know why I interest you so much; so far I know I have never met you before," exclaimed the traveller in surprise.

"Well, you see," said the bishop, with a twinkle in his eye, "my wife always says I am the ugliest man on earth, and I thought I would like her to see you."

One of the subalterns at the depot was rather absent-minded, and walking down the street one day he ran into an old white cow which had wandered on to the pavement. Not looking to see what it was, he saluted, and apologised for his clumsiness.

A brother officer who was with him laughingly pointed out his mistake.

A few minutes later the subaltern collided with the wife of the C.O., who was a somewhat portly lady, and, as luck would have it, was dressed in white. Again not looking to see what he had done, he exclaimed "Bother the old cow - here she is again."

THE CHRONICLES OF A V.O.S.

(Very old Subaltern.)

BY "JACK POINT"

Chapter XII.

THE BATTLE OF UNCLE'S HOLLOW.

Now! I have warmed my hands, the end of my cigarette has followed a host of its brethren into the grate, and I am ready to tell you about Uncle Tom's grand demonstration - as I promised to do.

It was just after I left the company that Leslie and the Elder Twin (who, you will remember, was the bombing officer) began to put their heads together. Whenever I went across to "the Hollyhocks" (the same house where I passed my first night in the battalion), I used to find them in this position. Their heads would be over the table - generally at about six inches distance from it - and on the table would be a map. This map would be the unaided work of Leslie - with the exception of one big red cross on it which marked the spot, "Uncle's Hollow," where a mine was to go up. The Twin was insistent that this mark should be inserted by none other hand than his own.

On these occasions I used to be greeted with, "What do you want?"

Such a silly question, to ask when one has only come in for a chat! I would try to point this out to them; then the Twin would rise to his full height and shout: "If you don't want anything, get out!" - this, pointing to the door.

Leslie would turn his head and say, "We're doing some work here, we're not in the orderly room!"

One cannot argue with people when they are in this state - one can get better results by talking "turf" shop to a composer while in the middle of his latest receipt of noise. During this period, Hammond joined them - he commanded "P" company, and could bring a matter of

two hundred men to participate in the melee. It was thus made an even more dangerous to interrupt the schemers - Hammond, as I don't think I have told you, was six feet high, and as strong as an elephant! So matters continued to progress for the matter of a fortnight or so; then the day came - "Der Tag" I called it, which annoyed the Twin considerably, though Hammond thought my remark quite a funny one. Leslie did not even notice that I had made a remark.

It was owing to the kindness of George, the Adjutant, and Uncle Tom, that I was able to be present at the battle in the *role* of special correspondent to the "Daily Button-Stick" - an imaginary paper which existed in the mind of Uncle Tom for the sole purpose of justifying my presence on the trenched field.

I left orderly room at half an hour before "zero," and walked to Fusilier's Crag by way of Springley Hill. At Fusilier's Crag, U.H.Q. (Uncle's Headquarters) had been established, consisting of Uncle (G.O.C.) and Leslie (G.S.O. I.). Going there I ran across our Battalion Sniping Officer in the execution of his duty; he was standing in the middle of a gorse bush and laying lustily about him with an entrenching tool. Near by, a sniper corporal sat crouched beneath a spreading mountain ash, his face covered by a mask of grass, and he was employed in tying more grass round his rifle. I asked the B.S.O. if he thought his corporal was quite comfortable, and got snubbed for my pains - which, I believe, was just the very thing a real special correspondent who knew his job would have done.

At ten minutes to "zero" I reached U.H.Q., and, climbing the Crag, was shown Uncle's Hollow (where the line was to go up), Hammond's Keep (where the charge of "P" company was to start from), Twin's Redoubt, and Colonel's Trench. This last was the objective of "Q" Company's attack, and on my left I could see "Q" Company forming up, ready to do or die.

"P" Company was to take George's Trench - which joined on to Colonel's Trench, and was rumoured to be quite impregnable - (though not to "P" Company, of course).

At five minutes to "zero" the C.R.E. and C.R.A. came up, in the single person of the Twin, and reported "all ready". I then walked over the farthest advanced point of the allied line, and fixed my eyes on Uncle's Hollow. Now came a moment fraught with grim expectancy - around me stood the O.C. and crew of the trench mortar (R.F.A.); the Battery Commander, fuse in hand, and grinning with the lust of battle, warned me to keep clear of the gun as she was liable to prove unruly. Soon a thin stream of smoke rose from Uncle's Hollow. The Twin appeared on the skyline, running for his life - the O.C. gun plunged his fuse into the touch-hole, and the first bomb (pardon me, shell) burst in the enemy lines.

It was the hour of "zero."

There was now five minutes ere a rocket, soaring on high from U.H.Q., would launch Hammond's company to the attack. Would the mine go off in time? It did - a pillar of black earth reared forty feet into the air, and descended in a sharp rain of dirt and pebbles all round

the Hollow; the "gun" pumped shell after shell into the doomed spot (now a reeking inferno, where terror-stricken Germans were hustled screaming and gibbering to their doom).

The rocket went up from U.H.Q., and failed.

The spare one went up and soared high into the azure sky, dropping at last in little specks of silver. A howl as of a menagerie let loose answered it. I could see the vast form of Hammond striding along, followed by his company, their bayonets at the charge; above all the rest, his voice could be heard shouting such words of encouragement as I can only excuse him for, on the ground that there were no ladies present.

Now, "George's" trench, which lay between my coign of vantage and the Hollow, was in British hands.

The men hauled at the shovel or pick which was carried, stuck in his equipment on his back, and Hammond stood like a Colossus among them, wiping his forehead.

"Loose off the ---y rocket!" he shouted - it was the signal that "George's" trench had been occupied.

"Captain Thomas fired two rockets, sir," ventured Hammond's Sergeant-Major.

"Then loose off both my --y rockets!" shouted the grinning Titan, "I'll be as good as him, anyhow."

The rest was lost in the roar which heralded the advance of "Q" Company.

Hammond's men, consolidating hard, yelled encouragements, and then the British swarmed over the parapet of Colonel's Trench, and the day was the King's. Far away on the left a series of dull explosions marked the fortunes of Uncle Tom's bombing party, which was keeping the vicious Hun at bay while its comrades consolidated the captured ground. For minutes on end all was consolidation - heroes for whom the enemy's bullets held no terror, dashed out over what had been the paradises of the German trench and spread a veritable maze of barbed wire in front of it - an orderly tore up to U.H.Q. (now advanced to the right end of Colonel's Trench) to say that the bombers had ruined a traverse in a part of the line which belonged to the Coast Defences, and "what was to be done, as the General was just coming and would be as sick as the devil if he saw it?"

Leslie puffed at his pipe, and hastily scribbled replies to this and to a dozen such others. All was bustle, daring, and language. My only disappointment was that I could find the Battalion Sniping Officer nowhere. All his hewing and hacking at the gorse bush seemed to have been wasted - his corporal had been suffocated in vain. No! he came over the hill's brow, a rifle on his shoulder, and a sandwich, which he munched as he came, in his hand. He had successfully protected the left of Uncle Tom's army through the whole engagement.

With a sigh of complete satisfaction I opened my cigarette case.

Chapter XIII.

PETER THREADNEEDLE AND HAMMOND.

Some time back, whilst on the subject of Mess Presidency and the evils attendant thereon, I made mention of a lad called Peter Threadneedle. In case you have forgotten him, I will explain once more that he was called "Peter" because he was excessively young, and never appeared to grow up. I cannot say that I was ever drawn towards Peter myself - he had too much of the "healthy outdoor boy" about him - and the healthy outdoor boy has no ideas to mention beyond games, and absolutely no feelings of any kind. I may be wrong - or perhaps it is because games are for me a closed book, but I never can tolerate such persons, however nice they may be in other ways. I fancy it may have something to do with my very early school days, an echo, as it were, of fifteen years' standing - fifteen, did I say? More than that - it should be, let me see - we are usually forty-five or so when we give outdoor sports the go-by - allow me to have been seven or eight when I went first to school - and what is eight from forty-five? I am bad at mathematics, and must think a moment before I answer - thirty-seven, isn't it? Well, well, it's a long time any way.

I remember how in those days I suffered untold things of the healthy outdoor boy.

If any of you can think back to the time when you were very young, you will, I feel sure, remember what an unpardonable sin it was to be bad at games and good at work! What heroes we were if we could carry off "pots" at the school sports - if we could fight our way into the school eleven at fifteen.

Little Briggs used to sit in a corner kicked and despised because he could do no better than a first prize in mathematics - a nobody, because he could not hit a flying ball with a stick! Now Briggs has his innings - his business embraces whole blocks of offices. We drag our heavy, useless muscles to his office door, and stand waiting outside to see whether or no he will give us a job "for the sake of the times that were!" It is the same old story, and God help us if Briggs is not a forgiving man!

I, personally, was not over-brilliant at work, but I was a holy horror at games. Many is the football match after which I have retired ashamed, and kicked from the sight of my fellow-men. Now I look back on all this and laugh. Once, when I first embellished the cuff of my coat with a worsted star, I used to pray for the day when Colonel Broadacre should have a round score of healthy outdoor boys under him - but that's now a "wash out," as we say in the Army, and besides, I see I have wasted fifty lines of valuable print with useless moralising, and less useful vituperation. So let's go on with the story.

Peter, as I have said, had a good deal of the healthy outdoor boy about him, and being so very young, this fact influenced his life and general behaviour a good deal. Still, he had the healthy outdoor boy's saving grace - and honesty, and given a fair chance, might have done great things.

His trouble at the time was his disappointment at not being sent out to the Front. When he left me in charge of the mess at West Springley he had been almost certain of going, and I, I must confess, had been sorry because of this. You see, I had been out myself during a not-too-enjoyable phase of the war, and my recollections of active service were not of the kind to make me consider it a good pastime for a young and impressionable lad. Consequently, I did not sympathise very deeply with Peter when he was prevented from going. And yet, I have since thought it over, and I now remember what another (devilish young) officer's feelings were when he was placed in common with twenty-two brother officers, in much the same circumstances, out in India, when the war was first started.

Those early days of the war!

We used to ride down to the Club at Shemnagar every evening to see the latest cablegram through from England, which the Deputy Commissioner used to get, and to discuss the whole business with the civilian white population.

There was poor Colour-Sergeant Bert, too, who used to tell us so pathetically how he had been done out of active service three times up till then, and saw himself being done out of it a fourth!

Neave, my skipper, used to count up the number of medals he *ought* to have got if only our battalion had seen the service of the other one during the past twelve years...

Now the Colour-Sergeant is a full Lieutenant with the Military Cross - Neave, a Major on the staff with a D.S.O., and I - Oh lord!

Peter's other trouble was the regimental eleven. I suppose it is natural and healthy for a lad of seventeen and a half, who has been allowed to represent the draft-producing battalion of the regiment at cricket, to put on a little side, but, on the other hand, why in the name of goodness should he?

It is no glory to him that he can play this game well - he did not make himself.

Willis, who had been in the eleven at Sandhurst, and before that at Winchester, was our Captain, and thought no end of Peter - with the natural consequences that Peter thought no end of himself.

Hammond, also, thought great things of Peter, and allowed the boy to chaff him, almost as much as I, his old school-fellow and brother officer, did, and the result was obvious.

Familiarity - contempt.

The two come galloping one after the other in such quick succession that we can scarcely see daylight between them.

Oh, Hammond, best of fellows, truest of sportsmen, loyalist of Fusiliers that you were, couldn't you see what would happen if you allowed a lad of seventeen to imagine himself equal to a man of twenty-four?

Was it all so very difficult to understand that you had to wait for this poor broken-down old crook of a V.O.S. to explain it to you?

A melancholy advertisement for our great school's system of education, old boy!

If you, my reader, think that because of this Hammond was not good in his double part of Company Commander and Senior Subaltern, you are very much mistaken.

No company could turn out smarter than Hammond's - no subalterns were ever so well kept in order as his. Never a purple patched shoulder, soft cap, variegated sock, or improperly wound puttee escaped his eye.

We used to say that were a young officer on leave down in Cornwall to talk about the "Greens," Hammond would hear him up in Coalville, and heaven help that subaltern when he came back to within the limits of Hammond's jurisdiction.

Before breakfast was Hammond's best time for putting young officers in their places, or, failing that, just after breakfast.

Having, like myself, soldiered a few odd months in India, he of course had a "liver," and this liver he used to tend with the greatest care, so that it should always be handy for any self-assertive "wart" who should come his way. I have never seen Hammond more happy than when he could really feel his liver hurting him - or thought that he could.

I do not think, between you and me, that Hammond quite knew what a liver was - but he had an idea that it should always come on in the right-hand side of one's tummy at or about breakfast time, and this was quite enough for Hammond to go upon.

Dear me, how some of those poor boys feared him!

And yet, this great fellow had in the end to come to me of all people for advice and sympathy - just because a healthy outdoor boy had behaved badly to him!

(To be continued.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

Last week we dealt with in a general way on the subject of exposure and stops: and before passing on to talk about developing and developers, of which there are legion, it might be worth while, at the risk of repetition, to emphasise the importance of correct exposures. The eye is a very poor judge of intensity of light, and to get correct results it is really advisable to

gain some practical experience on scientific lines, with some system of light-testing apparatus. The outlay is not expensive - just the price of a taxi from town will buy a good Watkins Meter, which will amply repay in excellent films and satisfaction - *ceteris paribus*, of course. Regarding developers, there are various kinds, both in solid and liquid forms, and each with its own advantages and disadvantages. Solid developer has to be dissolved before using - this takes a little time and is sometimes irritatingly slow - but it is very convenient to carry about. One is at times inclined to use hot water, and if developing is started forthwith at too high a temperature, the gelatine film runs and is ruined. Therefore be sure that it is cold before using.

Fluid developers are frequently in rather large bottles, and occasionally the bottles are found broken, unless carefully packed away in one's kit. They have the advantage of requiring only a proper dilution to be ready for use: some fluid developers can only be used for prints, while others can be used equally well for prints or films.

Pyro-soda is a good developer for beginners; equal quantities of the liquid are used from bottles A and B to begin with, and if it is thought that the films are over-exposed, do not add the full amount of the B bottle, B being the alkali soda.

Metol quinol developer gives good results, but it is often improved with a few drops of ten per cent. potassium bromide. It does not stain the fingers, and is also suitable for printing. Potassium bromide helps to eliminate fog where its origin is not due to accidental exposure, over-exposure, or unsafe light.

Very many other developers exist and have their special points, but these two are sufficient for a general introduction.

Developing. - This may be done in the ordinary common or garden method, or by tank or by factorial methods, and as detailed instructions are usually enclosed with tanks and other apparatus, one can be excused if one hastens on to describe the ordinary method of developing.

Having prepared the developer and fixing baths, it is wise to have a bath of cold water at hand: everything being in readiness, switch on the red lamp and turn out the white light. No direct white light should bear on the film or plate. Having unwound the spool or brought the plate out of the sheath, pass it through the fresh water bath for a half minute, and then introduce it into the developer. If a film, then gently, slowly, and regularly pass it to and fro through the solution; some negatives will come up before the others, and when this begins, pass it through the fresh water and return to the developer once again, taking care that more attention is given to those not so far advanced. As soon as all are about the same depth, carry on till - ah! that is a difficult point. Some say till the image is rather grey: others say till the outline can be seen behind the film, both are quite good tests. To some extent it is a matter of practice and experience. The film is now passed through the fixing bath until it is

quite clear between the negatives, and is left there for a few minutes longer, before washing for at least half an hour.

When a plate is developed, the developer dish is gently rocked, care being taken that sufficient developer is in the dish to cover the plate.

This article, and that of the previous issue, form merely a cursory description of an interesting hobby which is well patronised throughout the house. The beginner is recommended to get one of his fellow-photographers to help him for the first time, when he will be surprised at the simplicity of the whole process.

Next week it is proposed to deal with negatives, their flaws and remedies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Sir, - I have a most vigorous protest to launch against the article which appears in *The Hydra*, 17th July, under the heading of "Badminton." The article states that the playing of badminton has been limited. The reason for this is that, through some unknown reason, the recreation hall has been closed most of the evenings. This is entirely unnecessary. It stands to reason that if performers are unfit to rehearse before two players of badminton - who have no interest in the noise being created - they are unfit to play before the audience of a Saturday night concert.

The way badminton players are ousted from their natural element three or four times per week is nothing short of scandalous. There are, after all, some three hundred rooms in the hospital, into one of which a piano could surely be introduced, and there is only one badminton court. The practice of ejecting badminton players continues in spite of a protest to the Chairman of the Officers' Club. This is - to say the least of it - a most unsatisfactory state of affairs. I wonder if you could remedy it? -

Your obedient servant,
A BADMINTON PLAYER

[We do not see in what way the above protest is directed against the badminton article of our last issue, which merely observed that the badminton hall had not been very much patronised, and did not attempt to justify, or even state, the causes for this. We sympathise with the complaint, and we understand that badminton may now be played any evening except when the orchestra is rehearsing. As this only happens twice a week, and we are greatly indebted to the members of the orchestra who so kindly entertain us on Saturday evenings, we feel sure that the arrangements will satisfy even the keenest "badmintonians." It is obviously impossible - there is not space - for the orchestra to rehearse while badminton

is being played, and although the badminton players might not object to the "noise," the orchestra undoubtedly would. - ED.]

ARRIVALS.

Major: - R.P. Jones, A.D.D.

Captains: - G. G. Clarke, R.G.A.; A.D. Forster, Hants.; M.W.T. Webb, R.E.; R.A. Master, S.W.B.

Lieuts.: - J. Read, Lincs.; G.C. Weston, S. Lancs.; R.L. Rosenberg, R.G.A.; A.Scates, R.A.M.C.; N. Braggins, A.S.C.; C.W. Chapman, R.F.A.; S.W. Lewy, M.G.C.; A.R. Mortleman, R.G.A.; H. Crouchley, Lanc. Fus.; F. Sherwood, Yorks.; R.W. Philips, London; A. Westwood, R.F.A.; S.K. Attar, R.W. Fus.

2nd Lieuts.: - T.W. Gage; J.P. Craig, R.S.; P.J. Johnstone, London; W.H.J. Coleman, C. and B.L.I.; A.G.E.S. Brand, London; H.G. Beers, Lancers; G.S. Laing, Gordons; M. Blumberg, Yorks. and Lancs.; W.C. Murdock, R. Warwicks; W.R. Laing, R.E.; A.R. Barnes, Border; G.H. Baylis, H.A.C.; N.D. Robinson, R.F.C.; J.S. Gibb, R.S.F.; E. Good, N. Somerset; J.F. Burke, London; V.A. Bayley, Nott. and Derby; L.H. Pettel, Lanc. Fus.; A.E. Price, R.F.A.; K. Bank, London; F.E. Hanley, Yorks.; W.F. Bosomworth, H.A.C.; J.C. Whitworth, Manchester; M. Dudbridge, London; D.D. Clarkson, Scottish Rifles.

DEPARTURES.

Majors: - E. A. Pearson, K.R.R.; A. French, R.A.M.C.

Captains: - C.H. Markham, Northum. Fus.; A.B. Bee, London; C.V.S. Skrimshrie, R.G.A.

Lieuts.: - Coplans, R.A.M.C.; J.E. Jones, R.E.; A. Borwick, A. & S.H.; K.A. MacKenzie, R. Innis. Fus.; H. Pitchard, R.W. Surreys.

2nd Lieuts: - R.A. Robinson, King's Liv.; J.M. Campbell, A. & S.H.; J. Barnes, Gloucesters; W.E. Turner, London; J.N. Butlin, Dorsets; A.G. Danes, Middlesex; H.J. Manaway, R.W. Kents; W.A.S. Cunnyer, R.F.A.; F.G. Crocker, Norfolks; H.S. Downes, Yorks.; H.D. Lidbury, London.

TRANSFERS.

Bowhill.

Captain: - G.G. Clarke, R.G.A.

Lieuts.: - G.C. Weston, S. Lancs.; R.L. Rosenberg, R.G.A.; A. Andrews, A.S.C.

2nd Lieuts.: - J.H. Sandison, Seaforths; A.E. Inglis, R.W. Fus.; W.G. Scott, Gen. List; H.R. Chanter, R.E.; W. Bradley, Gen. List; A.K. Stirling, R.F.A.