

The Hydra: the magazine of Craiglockhart War Hospital

No. 8 New Series June 1918

Contents	Page
▪ Editorial.	2
▪ "Denishwai"	4
▪ The Great Discovery	7
▪ Call to The Colours	9
▪ Evolving Edinburgh (Continued)	9
▪ "Stared At"	12
▪ The Officers' Club	12
▪ Wisdom of P.S.E.U.D.O.	14
▪ Extract From the Diary of 2 nd Lieut. Pepys, R.F.A. (T.)	15
▪ The Shooting Of Dangerous "A" Sub Gun	15
▪ The Drum Of Fate	17
▪ Club Notes	17

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 1000 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 Editor does not hold himself responsible for any statements made or opinions expressed by contributors.]

The Editorial chair once again changes hands (or whatever part of the anatomy changes where a chair is concerned), and the old Editorial cry rings out, "Where are our contributors. "We do not think it either possible or probable that amongst 150 officers there is not one who could write some small article for the amusement of his fellow patients. Many of us have had, at one time or another, literary ambitions, and many contributions have returned with more or less curt comments from hard-hearted editors. Why not try again? It appears a little foolish that from a hospital magazine it should be necessary to ask for contributions from Fleet Street. We notice many officers standing about doing nothing. Next time you have nothing to do, go and write something. It will probably be printed, and there is a certain amount of satisfaction in seeing one's efforts in print.

May we, at this juncture, clear up a misunderstanding that seems to exist with regard to this magazine. It is not intended to be either "high brow" or a school magazine - just a plain, straight effort, the ideal of which is to be written and produced by patients who, we hope, will find both amusement and food for thought in its pages.

Without wishing to be dictatorial, we think it the duty of every patient, first, to support the work that its production entails by purchasing it (after all sixpence isn't a lot); and, second, by doing as we have already suggested - sending your individual work to us to print.

We have returned to our old cover this month as it is so much more attractive, but, to do this permanently, it will be necessary to increase our circulation by, at least, forty copies. May we leave it to our readers to increase the circulation? Get the man next to you to buy a copy. If he doesn't think it worth sixpence, then let him write to us and tell us why. If he doesn't do this he has no justification for refusing to support his own interests (as all profits go to the Officers' Club). On the other hand, if he reads this issue, he will not only buy but look forward to the next. Remember this also, our readers have at home relations and friends who will take real pleasure in reading the efforts which our contributors have sent us. If we are dull at any time, make an effort to illuminate our pages with that story you heard at dinner the other night *pro bono publico*.

If our circulation does increase we shall also be able to enliven our pages with drawings and cartoons, and we invite any Academicians who may be amongst us to send some line drawings. Also we are informed that Mr W. Heath Robinson would fill a page for us.

This month we have sent copies to the *Scotsman* and the *Glasgow Herald* asking them to review its pages. This should add local interest outside the Hospital gates.

We hope that the time table, on page 18, will be of use to our readers, who will doubtless find the journey to Edinburgh far quicker and more comfortable by train than by tram. This will not, of course, affect the "moneyed oaf" who travels in his taxi. We refer to C-y, H-e, and M-l amongst others. We should be glad to receive correspondence and criticism from other readers on any subject whatever, and will endeavour to answer any questions, that may be placed before us, in the following issue.

On Saturday night, the 18th May, we had the pleasure of listening to the best production of its kind that we have heard for a long time. We refer to the concert given by "Les Berets Noirs." This company consists of eight ladies, all of whom are students at the College of Art, Edinburgh. One year ago this enthusiastic eight commenced rehearsing in order to put a good and cheerful show on stages in front of the hospital patients of Edinburgh district. In this they have succeeded to a wonderful extent, and have produced their performance fifty times. Not only are they amusing, but the serious musical portion is very well done indeed. The duets and chorus work generally is of far higher standard than we are accustomed to hear in this type of performance. This is all the more interesting when we hear that the company are in the midst of the trials and troubles of examinations and their consequent preliminary "swotting." Of the many items to which we listened, no less than fifteen of them were new and *unrehearsed*, and were specially written for Craiglockhart War Hospital. The fooling and acting were excellent, and the apparent lack of effort gave a piquancy to the evening that was wholly delightful. We are only allowed to publish the stage names of the company, which are as follows:- Paderewskette, Bun, Auntie, Christina, Flip, Nike, Spook, and Mimi la danseuse.

We understand that [Miss Phyllis Mary Bone](#), who is one of the company (we do not know which one) has two sculptures in this year's Academy. May we offer our sincerest congratulations to the company, and wish them a very good vacation.

To the director of our concerts, we submit for his consideration, and necessary action, that the noise occasioned by the entrance of late comers to our concerts is very disturbing to any music lover. A very beautiful duet given by "Les Berets Noirs" was completely spoilt for us.

May we suggest to the musical director that it is rather ambitious on his part to try and give pleasure to an audience by his rendering of "Vesti la giubba," to say nothing of opera work generally. We would also like to hear a slight variation of tempo, even in popular music.

Please let it be understood that we do not wish to be destructive in our criticism, but rather constructive.

We do feel like fish out of water now that a phlegmatic committee has placed us in the chair vacated by Capt. Bassett. To him, whose efforts were always directed to the advancement of the Officers' Club, we take the liberty of extending, on behalf of all his brother officers here and departed (not this life), our best thanks and best wishes in his new sphere of activity.

There would appear to be some degree of doubt as to where this magazine is on sale. We append a list of shops, etc., from where it can be obtained:- The Tobacco Stall at the Hospital; the Waverley and Caledonian Station Book-stalls; Messrs Robt. Grant & Son, 107 Princes Street; Messrs Macniven & Wallace, 138 Princes Street; Messrs Douglas & Foulis, 9 Castle Street; Andrew Elliot, 17 Princes Street; James Stewart, 122 Princes Street; and Bowhill Auxiliary Hospital, Selkirk.

"DENISHWAI"

On the 4th June 1906, the Cairo Mounted Infantry Company set forth upon its annual migration from the arid desert at Abbassiyeh, its winter quarters near Cairo, to the comparatively cool and green neighbourhood of Alexandria, where it had its summer headquarters at Mustapha Pasha, on the shores of the Mediterranean.

The Cairo M.I. in those days consisted of three sections of men selected for the regiments then stationed in Egypt, and was mounted on Arab ponies. At this particular time two sections were from the 2nd K.R.R.C., and one from the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers. The officers with whom this true tale is principally concerned consisted of the C.O., Major P-----; Adjutant. Lieut. S-----; two subaltern officers, Lieut. P--- and 2nd Lieut. H-----; and the Doctor, Capt. B---, R.A.M.C. An officer and the Inniskilling Dragoons, Capt. Bull, also accompanied them, whose name can be mentioned as he lost his life in the adventure which is here related.

There is no great highway from Cairo to Alexandria, and the route traversed by the M.I. was by narrow earthen paths following the courses of the numerous canals which intersect the Delta in every direction carrying the life-giving water from the great reservoir of the Nile, and turning what would otherwise be a wilderness of sand into the most fertile portion of the earth's surface. The baggage and rations were carried by a steam canal boat, which followed the windings of these same canals, and always fetched up punctually at the halting-place for the night.

The march on the 4th June was uneventful, as was that of the 5th, till the camping place near a village, called Batanoun, was reached. Here a sheik from the village of Denishwai, which lay

on the edge of the desert about six miles to the southward, waited upon the C.O., and explained that he had come from the Omdeh, or headman, bearing an invitation to the officers of the M.I. to go and shoot pigeons at Denishwai, and, on the invitation being accepted, stated that carriages would await the officers at the other side of the canal in the morning. Next morning 2nd Lieut. H----- was left in charge, the usual sad lot of second lieutenants, while the others got ready their guns and ammunition for the day's sport. Punctually the carriages turned up, two ramshackle arabiyehs of the type well known to those whom fate has taken to Egypt, and the party set out, accompanied by the M.I. interpreter Mustapha.

In due time Denishwai was reached, and the party were met outside the village by a sheik who explained that the Omdeh was away and that he was welcoming them in his absence. Cartridge bearers were provided, and the C.O. proceeded to post the guns in the best places to get sporting shots at the pigeons as they flew over towards the pigeon-towers in the village.

These Egyptian pigeons are wild birds, but the Fellahin build towers with roosting places to attract them, as the guano which they deposit forms a valuable manure.

Major P---- posted his guns as follows:- Two in the open on the left of the road by which the village had been approached, these being the Doctor and Lieut. P----, whilst under some palm trees on the right of the road were Major P--- nearest the road, then Capt. Bull and Lieut. S---- farthest out. And so the shoot began. Suddenly flames rose from a threshing floor on the edge of the village, succeeded by dense clouds of smoke, and this was apparently a signal, for at its appearance all the cartridge carriers ran towards the village, carrying the cartridges with them, and the whole population of the village rushed forth as one man and surrounded the Doctor and Lieut. P--- on the left of the road.

The other three guns, alarmed by this demonstration, made their way across the road to the aid of their brother officers, and found the Doctor already disarmed and three or four men struggling with Lieut. P----- and endeavouring to pull his gun from him, while Lieut. P----- knowing that one barrel was loaded, and fearing an accident, was endeavouring to put it at "safe." His efforts were in vain, however, for, with a bang which made the crowd surge back, the gun went off, and four of the natives, one of them a woman, received portions of its contents.

Now there was the devil to pay, for the natives became infuriated, and stick and stones began to fall heavily on the helmets and shoulders of the British officers, two of whom were totally disarmed, while others had only empty guns. Five cannot support the onslaught of two hundred, so the British officers, at Major P----'s direction, got together in a wedge and fought for escape from the midst of the crowd, and with such success that they reached the road, and, with fists and gun-butts, fought their way along it for perhaps half a mile, shaking

off as they went the less valiant, the less blood-thirsty, and the most damaged of the Fellahin. Major P---- now decided that there was a chance to finally burst through and make a run for it, and the attempt was made. As it happened, all got through with the exception of Major P--- himself who was pulled down, while the others ran for some way before they discovered that he was not with them. At last Lieut. S--- looked back, and was horrified to see Major P---- lying on the road, while various Fellahin were either jumping on his chest or slashing at his prostrate form with their "nabouts" or iron-shod sticks. The Doctor's long legs had taken him beyond hearing by this time, but Capt. Bull, Lieut. P---, and Lieut. S decided at once to return and try to effect a rescue, and returning, charged the Fellahin, scattering them for the moment. Such a fight, with Major P----- unable to rise, could have but one ending, and it was not long till poor Capt. Bull got his *coup de grace*, in the shape of a mud brick, which, thrown from behind, smashed into the back of his skull. Staggering and stumbling, the others saw him disappear along the road by which they had come, and his dead body was afterwards found by the M.I. nearly two miles away, lying in the middle of a cotton field.

Lieuts. S---- and P---- were now left to defend as best they could poor battered Major P---, and for nearly half-an-hour they kept their end up, fighting back to back with bleeding fists. Again it was a treacherous brick that broke the defence, and Lieut. S--- fell with his nose and left cheek-bone smashed by such a missile thrown from outside the inner ring of assailants. Lieut. P--- was now quickly overpowered, and the three victims were carried in triumph back to the village, and there on the threshing-floor, from which the signal flamed, a funeral pyre was built for the cremation of the three bound but still living officers.

This last act, however, was destined not to be not to be played out to its unpleasant end, and to see why, we must return to the Doctor whom we last saw heading strongly for Bantanoun and the M.I. camp. The Doctor did the six miles to Batanoun in a very creditable time and told his tale to 2nd Lieut. H---, who immediately turned out the M.I., and, while the Doctor was having his wounds tended, various batches of men crossed the canal by swimming their horses, and, bare-back for the most part, struck out in the various directions in which they happened to imagine that Denishwai lay. The sergeant-major, with the largest and best organised party, showed initiative in crossing the canal by stopping a native sailing gyassah and making it act as a ferry.

In spite of enormous effort on the part of the men they did not succeed in finding the scene of the outrage, but they did come upon the body of Capt. Bull, and dispersed some, probably innocent, natives who happened to be in the vicinity. As to the real culprits, whether the news was carried to them that the M.I. was on its way, or whether they actually saw them in the distance, they departed *en masse*, and the few men who did happen on Denihwai found nothing but deserted village, and did not come upon the bound and bleeding victims who were left upon the pile of faggots prepared for their burning. This discovery was actually

made by a patrol of Egyptian police, and the three officers were bought back to Batanoun in the same carriages as has carried them in the morning.

The rest of the tale need not be told here. The finding of the guilty Fellahin, the lengthy trial, the punishment inflicted - it created quite a little interest at the time, and much political capital was made out of it; and any one who may be curious as to how a tale may be twisted to suit a political purpose is advised to compare this veracious narrative, related now for the first time by a participant, with the version offered to the British public by one Bernard Shaw in his introduction to "John Bull's Other Island."

THE GREAT DISCOVERY.

By X.Y.Z.

It was a dark and stormy night. The moon shone brightly, and the stars twinkled down upon a solitary house in the midst of a large city. All was as silent as the grave. In the front room of the solitary house, a man was standing in front of the fire.

He made no sound, save now and again he whistled or sang, neither did he move.

He had remained in this position for weeks. He was counting. So far he had counted ten. It might have been thought that he was dead, so still was he. Every other minute he moved or changed his position, or shuffled his hands upon the floor, or clasped his feet around his knees the more tightly.

He was thinking-thinking hard; in fact thinking harder each minute than the last. For to-night was a great night, and he was on the eve of a great discovery. (I say "eve," by which I mean that he had nearly discovered it - not anything to do with either a roof or a "sdropper" - or even a woman.) He was alone in the world, a fact on which he was always being congratulated by his many friends and relations. He got up from his chair, where he had been standing in front of the fire, and slowly moved over to the door to get warm, for the night was chilly.

The movement recalled something to him. Ah, yes, his work. That work was now nearly finished - that work which had cost nearly a lifetime (for he was nearly nineteen years old). And what would be the result of these years of labour? What would the morrow bring forth? Who knows? Another day, perhaps.

But at least, even if he had money or not (and he had not), at least he had made a name - a name which everybody would know - which would be handed down from generation to generation - which would be found in all corners of the world, and which, once heard, would

be recognised and remembered by all. For his name was SMITH. The thought pleased him, and the name was sweet to his ears.

He said it over softly to himself several times. Then he sang it. Then he whistled it. Finally he played it on his back teeth.

Ah, what music!

Life was indeed pleasant.

Taking out his pipe, he lit a cigarette, and fell to soliloquising, and gave up the counting. He passed his hand over his smooth-shaven chin, feeling his beard. Heavens! What a length it had grown in the last few years! And how matted and tangled it had become. Even with the help of his Propert's Red Mahogany and button-stick, he could hardly hope to restore it to its usual lustre and beauty. He measured it. Goodness! it was nearly four inches in circumference.

His mother, poor soul, would never know him again in this guise. She had been dead ten years.

Well, well, it couldn't be helped. They had done their best and tried to save her, but by mistake the medicine (a mustard plaster) had been put inside her instead of outside. Before she died she said that she had never felt so warm before. They knew that she was dying, and from this remark guessed that she was nearly there.

So to do the best, and to make things safer, they put her in a thermos-coffin, with the cold water on and an ice-bag on her chest. And his wife, too, poor lamb, she was gone. An undersized little thing of 6 feet 4 ins. - short of stature, but with a good heart. Yes, she was gone, too - in the head, and had been in the County Asylum for fifteen years. She had written to say that she hoped to be out soon as she had behaved so well, and one got time off for good behaviour, or so she understood from the O.C.

So Smith was happy. And no wonder. Every now and then he cried - he cried, "Give me back my life. I am now old, and shall not live to reap the benefits of my great discovery," And the great discovery, what was it? It was a thing so great that it seemed nothing short of marvellous that hundreds of other people hadn't seen it years ago - a thing that, once discovered (or uncovered), one felt like covering it all up again and saying no more about it. Smith had thought about doing this often - for days, in fact. In fact, some days for nights.

Well, one way or the other, it must be decided, for it was an important matter, and much was at stake. Then, too, a long journey to obtain proofs was necessary - a very long journey - years, almost, if he went by Cook's - weeks, perhaps, if he went by himself.

The matter seemed plain enough, though much thought and calculation was needed.

It was getting too warm now, so, unlocking and shutting the door, he went back to the fireside.

(To be continued.)

(Not if I know it. – Ed.)

CALL TO THE COLOURS.

Come to the Colours, ye Britishers all,
Your country needs you, hearken its call.
Remember the dorn deeds of the felonious foe;
Think of old Britain as you onward go.

Come to the Colours, shout it aloud.
As you enrol, boys, you will be proud.
Remember your fathers who died well for right;
In their great sacrifice you will find might.

Come to the Colours, ye, big or small,
Help to achieve the foul fiend's fall.
Remember your heritage, succour th' oppressed;
Uphold your traditions and you will be blessed.

Come to the Colours, the lads in the field
Will hold fast and await you and nothing yield.
Remember your arrival will bring them new cheer,
And when you're together there'll be nothing to fear.

Come to the Colours, a soldier lad calls,
Whilst doing his bit he willingly falls.
Remember his blood has been spilt in the great cause,
For victory, for England, for you. Now, who will pause?

E.A.E. WILSON-WEICHART, Capt.

EVOLVING EDINBURGH. (*Continued.*)

Before considering the present condition of our town it may be as well to deal with a few more points regarding its origin and past history.

The core of Edinburgh is, of course, the so-called Royal or Historic Mile, the elevated and sloping ridge between the Castle and Holyrood.

As far back as history takes us, we find the fortified Castle Rock known as *Maidun*. This word, which is probably Celtic, was taken by the Saxon invaders to be simply *maiden*. Hence the mediaeval name of the Castle, *Castrum Puellarum*, and the legend of "Pictish" maidens having been gathered together in the old fortress for protection against invaders.

The modern Gaelic name for Edinburgh is *Duneideann* (Dunedin), and, if an etymological guess may be hazarded, it would be that this is merely a further development of *Maidun* - thus, *Maidun*, *Dunmaidun*, *Dunaidun*, *Duneideann*. "Dun" is the Celtic equivalent for the Saxon word *Burgh*, and it is usual to explain Edinburgh as meaning Edwin's Burgh - Edwin being a Northumbrian king, who did, undoubtedly, make this town his capital. The name however, is much older than Edwin.

Long before Edinburgh became the metropolis of Scotland, it was the regional capital of Lothian, which was the northern part of Northumbria, running southward from the Forth. Nine hundred years ago (in 1018) the Scottish king, Malcolm II., defeated the Northumbrians at Carham-on-Tweed, as a result of which Lothian (with its natural capital of Edinburgh) was added to the Scottish kingdom.

But for this battle of Carham, Edinburgh might have still been in England, and the Forth might now have been the boundary between the two countries! Our history would have then been very different, and, as like as not, the "Scottish" language would now have been Gaelic. As a matter of fact "broad Scotch" is the lineal descendant of the old Northumbrian dialect, and East Lothian is in origin the most purely Anglo-Saxon part of Britain.

After Lothian had been annexed to Scotland, it gradually acquired the hegemony of the whole country. Its chief town became the official capital, and its "kultur" gradually drove back the native Gaelic (itself originally an importation from Ireland!) into its Highland fastnesses.

Malcolm Canmore (*i.e.*, "Big Head") married a Saxon princess, and Alexander, "the last Celtic king of Scotland," went over the cliffs on the Fife coast one dark night (his monument may still be seen between Burntisland and Kinghorn).

Thus the "Scottish" civilisation, as directed from Edinburgh, was in origin essentially English (Northumbrian), and not "Celtic" at all.

It is not so long ago that there were a lot of lochs and marshes about Edinburgh. The only modern survivors are Duddingston and Lochend Lochs, but from old maps and other sources we know that, for instance, the flats between Edinburgh and Corstorphine were largely under water. The old castle of Corstorphine stood between Corstorphine Loch, on the one hand, and Gogar Loch on the other. In the eastern gable end of Corstorphine Church there is a recess, said to have held a lamp which guided back villagers when *rowing home* on dark nights from Edinburgh. The North Loch (partly made artificially, however, by damming) filled

the present Princes Street Gardens. We can get a sort of idea as to what it looked like by considering the situation of our own Craiglockhart boating ponds in relation to the hill behind them.

The South or Burgh Loch occupied a large part of what is now the Meadows, lying between the Lauriston ridge, on the one hand, and the Burgh Muir on the other.

The name "Myreside," just east of our Hospital, obviously links us up with the day when there was a marshy loch stretching from about the present boating ponds eastward to Morningside Station.

Other local names, such as Saughton (Willow-toun) and the Inch (*i.e.*, the Island), obviously date from a time when, as the saying is, "lacustrine conditions prevailed" hereabouts.

As the Ice Age drew towards its close, and the glaciers moved down the Forth Valley from the Highland hills outwards toward the sea, they ground down the soil in front of them. The soft strata were removed by them bodily, but here and there the glaciers came up against a hard boss of volcanic rock which they couldn't shift. One of these was the present Castle Rock, the solidified plug of our old local Vesuvius, which must have been pouring out lava and ashes in the Carbiniferous Age. The glaciers found this too hard a nut to crack, so they rose up over the top of it and subsided gradually down to the original ground level as they continued their easterly course. Hence the formation of the rock and the Royal Mile, a characteristic example of what geologists call the "crag-and-tail" phenomenon.

The valleys of the Cowgate and the North Loch were gouged out by the glaciers. A fine example of a glacial boulder ("erratic block") may be seen in a small garden at the junction of the West Port with the Grassmarket.

At the southern base of Blackford Hill, again, there are quite well-marked specimens of glacial scatchings - the same which were first interpreted by the Swiss geologist Agassiz, himself, of course, quite used to glaciers in his own country. (These glacial striations are marked by an inscription commemorating the historical diagnosis by Agassiz, and the place is very well worth a visit, being just about three-quarters of an hour's walk from the Hydro.)

The geographical features about Edinburgh, are, indeed, very prominent, and one has only to consider where Edinburgh would have been but for the Castle Rock and its eastward "tail" - indeed, whether there would have been any Edinburgh at all - to realise the importance of topographical factors in determining the rise and growth of towns.

A.J.B.

"STARED AT."

Now if I walk in Princes Street,
Or smile at friends I chance to meet,
Or, perhaps a joke with laughter greet,
I'm stared at.

I've got a blue band on my arm,
But surely that's not any harm;
A small white tab may be the charm -
I'm stared at.

Suppose I dine out any night,
Drink Adam's wine, and don't get tight,
No wonder that my nerves ain't right,
I'm stared at.

Craiglockhart mem'ries will be sad,
Your name will never make us glad;
The self-respect we ever had
We've lost - all people think us mad.

If "Someone" knew who wrote this verse
My simple life would be much worse,
And on my tomb would be this curse,
"To be stared at."

"AN INMATE."

THE OFFICERS' CLUB.

Chairman - Capt. E.A.E. WILSON-WEICHART, M.C.

Hon. Treasurer - Mr FAIRBAIRNS.

Hon. Secretary - Mr W.H. SOTHERAN.

New arrivals in Hospital will, for the most part, be desirous of learning about the Officers' Club, its scope, advantages, activities, and aims.

To all intents and purposes, it endeavours to supply to the utmost of its ability, the minor comforts of life, and it also controls and arranges all the forms and sport and recreation that

are possible under present circumstances. Under the first heading - the minor details of ordinary existence - come morning newspapers, the writing materials, the arrangements of the laundry, the library, and others.

For the golfer, the Club provides access to the Merchants of Edinburgh Golf Course, which is only three minutes' walk from the Hospital. With remarkable attention to detail, it even subsidises the lodge-keepers to open the gates after 6 p.m. for a small sum monthly, to enable the enthusiastic golfer to return late.

Two excellent billiard tables are lit by electric light by the Club for the benefit of budding cueists, and those who have already blossomed.

A set of bowls, complete with bias and jack, are always on hand.

On the hard tennis court - despite its fissures and complicated markings - an excellent game is possible, and the Club provides a couple of racquets and a dozen balls.

The bridge-tables and packs of cards give accommodation for at least six games, and on it is hoped that newcomers will flock to the tables and raise the indifferent standard of play to Portland Club level.

There is also an angling association, and a badminton court.

A third sphere of the activities of the Club lies in the region of the intellect. At University there are courses for the engineer and the surveyor, for the agriculturalist and the forester. There is a debating society - sometimes moribund, but more often in full flood - in which the orator and rhetorician may display their talents and weave their sophistries.

Again, there is a club for the pursuit of the arts and crafts. Here the painter and potter may mix his pigments, the wood-carver sharpen his chisel: there is a place for the making of wool mats in strange oriental arabesques, and for the monkish art of wood-block printing.

The entertainments give scope for an embryonic Caruso, or a would-be George Robey. The Field Club asks for men to read lectures and papers on every subject or any subject.

In addition to all these there are many other ramifications: there is the camera club with its delightful rambles in the country; the boys' club, the object of which is to get in touch with the great Boy Scout movement, and assist it in the neighbourhood; the swimming club is in need of members for its water-polo team, and this should be popular during the summer months. Motorists, again, may receive instructions of all kinds in the motor courses.

The bibliophile will be delighted to know that the reading-rooms and libraries of the Royal Geographical Society, the Philosophical Institution, and the Royal Society are open to the use of members

In short, the Officers' Club is an institution so varied in its scope and in extent of its intellectual encouragement that one may justly compare it with the city of Athens under

Pericles, or the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent, with its president, Capt. Wilson-Weichart, in the role of Lorenzo.

And all, gentlemen, for three shillings a week.

The Secretary wishes us to point out that every officer, on his arrival, automatically becomes a member of the Club: let each one state his requirements, and the Committee, which exists solely for this purpose, will be only too pleased to meet them wherever possible.

A list of officers of the Club is appended:-

Club Steward. Mr WELLS.

Entertainments. Mr CHEDBURN.

Indoor Games. Mr ARNOTT.

Debating Society. Mr BARR.

Photography. Mr PFEIFFER.

Workshop. Mr ARTHUR.

Billiards. Mr COURTENAY.

Field Club. Mr LEYS.

Golf. Mr COURTENAY.

Tennis and Badminton. Mr MACDONELL.

Yacht Club. Mr ARTHUR.

Agriculture. Mr LEYS.

Boy's Club. Capt. KEAYS.

Laundry. Mr PFEIFFER.

Librarian. Mr HUDSON.

Arts and Crafts. Mr ARTHUR.

Literary Society. Mr BARR.

Fishing Club. Mr DENT.

Engineering Class. Mr RAE.

Swimming Club. Mr COWAN.

Bowling Club. Mr TURNER.

WISDOM OF P.S.E.U.D.O.

If when you start through the gate of life you rush and knock your elbow on the post, blame but your clumsiness. Rather walk slowly and keep your elbows to your side, your eyes fixed on your goal, and the human being called Man will appraise your true value. There is no new thing under the sun.

Think not that you are doubted if he who is above you calls you to book, but look forward to the day when you can do the same to him beneath you, having a care always that he usurps you not. There is no new thing under the sun.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF 2nd LIEUT. PEPYS, R.A.F. (T.)

Jan. 10. - Much talk that the ennemie will attack us with vimm presentlie: I like it not. In evening, lost yet more monies at the game of poke. I did bett my shirte on a strait whereagainst the capytan had a flushe and so won. Made solemn resolve not to playe agayne. To bed overserved with much licker.

Jan. 11. - Met a brasse-hatte who was full of talking concerning the ennemie attacke: how he will discharge more bombes and balles and gasses than ever were loosed before. Guste verticall.

Jan. 12. - Resolved to swynnge the lead: art of lead-swynnging being delicate, made much playe with my braynes to devise the meanes thereto. The physicians are a most suspicious crowde and take not a man's affydavitte that he is sicke.

Jan. 13. - Complayned mightilie of paynes in the stummick, grypes, fluxions, and ingrowing nailes to my toes.

Jan. 14. - Continued complayntes.

Jan. 15. - Was to-day examined by a chirurgeon - plaguey, mis-believing fellow.

Jan. 16. - The lead is swung. Praises be! Have wangelled down the lyne with cannon-balle-shocke. Verily believe I may worke my tickette to blitie.

Jan. 20. - More chirurgeons and physicians with leeches. Was directed to base-hospital, and thereat am well pleased.

Jan. 27. - Have crossed the Channell at last; much stir of water in ocean and I was sicke.

Jan. 30. - Hospitall in Scotteland, at a place they call the Cragge of Lockharte; but I cannot find any hostelry like those of Mr Lockharte of Piccadillie and the Mall.

Jan. 31. - Played the game of gowf, and did lose my balle: whereat am much grieved as it was in price a silver crown, and was called a "Wherefore Not." To bed sober, and much pryde to myself reckening it the first time since that William declared the warre.

"DEAR ARCHIE."

THE SHOOTING OF DANGEROUS "A" SUB GUN.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MR GENERAL SERVICE).

We were sitting round the brazier, trying to warm our blood

(It was cold in Dawson City, and, gee! You should see the mud).

There was a Sergeant M'Grew and six of us - covered with mud and snow,

And the range-correction for cordite didn't work at "40 below."

I was in the Yukon battery - the Alaska R.H.A.;
A Sourdough Gunner I was, mates, with only a dollar a day.
I had once been a cheechako, boys (that's an acting-bombardier),
But I got reduced to the ranks for getting tight on beer.

The thermometer fell, till at minus one hundred Fahrenheit
The nose of "F" Sub's layer got froze to the dial-sight -
The wheels got froze, and the brake got froze, and so did the buffer-oil,
And every gun in the battery was stuck at extreme recoil.

"A" Sub we were - the six of us - and M'Grew was our Number One,
And the rottenest piece in Alaska was "A" Sub-section's gun.
The cradle was loose, the sights askew, and it had an awful score,
With a hole the size of a hard-boiled egg on each side of the bore.

We had hitched the dawgs and the hit the trail and mushed for the I.O.M.,
But after a trek - you wouldn't believe it - the blighter wouldn't condemn;
So after a razzle in Dawson we hit the trail we came
And hiked her back to the gun-line - tho' the dawgs were mighty lame.

Well, we were sitting round that brazier, and up spoke Alaska Pete -
The layer he was - a good chap, but suffered for frozen feet:
"Let's bust her," and Yukon Ike said "Bon" (Ykue Ike was our Number Two)
And Gyp the Blood - our Number Four - said "Good," and so did M'Grew.

We heated a frozen smoke-shell, and thawed out the driving-bands,
And we loosened the fuse with a pick-axe, and Cripes! It was cold on the hands.
We laid the gun at 5000, and then we loaded her up,
And the Number Three pulled the lever when Dan M'Grew said "Hup."

But the muzzle-cover was on and frozen as hard as a board,
And part of the shell got stopped there, and part where the piece was scored.
We knew from the first that the shooting would either kill or cure,
But not even M'Grew expected a goldarn premature.

Well, boys, I'm growing old now, and pensioned long ago,
But I'll not forget the Yukon with the temperature "40 below"
For Dan M'Grew and the others were blown up - every one,
And I am the sole survivor of "A" Sub's dangerous gun.

"DEAR ARCHIE."

THE DRUM OF FATE.

A FANTASY OF WORDS AND PHILOSOPHY.

When I was born a Colonel's child, they beat the drums in the barrack square. Martial was the music, martial was I, who came into the world, the son of a soldier. As ever I grew older so did he who beat the drum, and louder was his drumming, and so I read the music of the drum - the battle of the desert, the scorching sun, the Indian plains, the stillness of a tropical twilight, all seemed to speak to me from that drum skin. What of him who drummed to me? It seemed that some unseen hand inspired that which made the sticks flee in quick successive tap-tap, a spirit's rapping; he lived not then but before, and so he drummed. A soldier's son was I, born to fight for him who holds a crown, to follow his drum whither it leads. And so I followed it, the drum that wakened the stillness of the world from its slumber of peace. To arms! To arms! And I fled to arms, and now rest in other arms.

WILLIAM R. LAMBERT PATTERSON

CLUB NOTES.

Railway Time Table.

Between EINBURGH (Princes Street Station) and SLATEFORD (7 minutes' walk from Hospital).

Edin. To Slateford	Slateford to Edin.
5.50a 1.35p[1]	6.54a 2.2p[1]
6.30 1.40	8.8. 2.53
6.55 1.45[2]	8.43 3.36[1]
7.25 2.10[1]	9.14[3] 4.11[2]
7.55 3.30	9.30 4.27[1]
8.0 4.35	10.19 4.36
8.50 5.45	10.28 5.43
9.22 6.5[3]	11.32[4] 6.42
11.15[1] 7.10	1.18 7.18
12.15 8.30	1.28[1] 8.10

1.10[2] 10.0 1.36 9.33

1.20[2]

[4]Wednesdays only. [1]Except Saturdays.

[2]Saturdays only. [3]Tues. and Wed.

Debating Society.

On Thursday, 16th may, Captain Paterson read a paper on "Irish Wit and Humour" to a meeting of twenty-five members. He attributed the peculiarly indigenous form of wit of Ireland life. The "automatic" nature of the crops, so to speak, the long wet evenings, and the absence of company, combined to give the farmer many solitary hours of leisure, during which Irish humour evolved.

Captain Paterson's sprinkling of stories and anecdotes enlivened the paper, and maintained a ripple of laughter amid his thoroughly appreciative audience.

Gardening.

Notwithstanding the bad weather during the past month, the allotments are progressing very well. The broad beans are now through and developing into strong plants. Turnips are just showing through, and will be ready to thin and plant out in about a fortnight.

Dwarf beans have been put in, also four plots of parsnip seeds have been sown.

There are still two plots to be attended to, and these have been left for vegetables for salads.

I shall be glad if any officer who is interested in gardening would help with the allotments here.

H.P. WELLS, Room 21.

Field Club.

On Thursday, 9th may, fourteen members of the Club paid a visit to the Pumpherston Oil Works at Mid-Calder. Arriving by 'bus and Ford, the party descended the nearest pit in the open cage - a windy descent in both senses. At the bottom of the pit the electricity-driven devices for hauling and pumping were inspected, and thence the expedition passed on to the stables of the pit-ponies. The series of white-washed cells of brick, lit by electric light, the fine condition of the ponies, and the general atmosphere of cleanliness, proved a complete refutation of Disraeli's old story that pit-ponies were neglected and ill-treated.

As time was short, the party then returned to the surface and proceeded to the works down the valley, passing between two enormous bings, each as large as the Castle Rock.

At works the primary retorts, the fractional distillers, the separators of the varieties of oil and spirit, were exhibited. The solid wax, in particular, supplies many candle works with raw material, and, in addition, is used in the miners' lamps.

The trip concluded at the offices, where the company had most generously provided tea, and the party then left after a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon.

Golf.

Hon. Secy. - P.D.A. COURTENAY.

Quite a number of golfers have arrived at the Hospital since my last notes were published minus their clubs, entailing long expensive wires home, containing instructions as to the clubs to be sent, and where the favourite mashie was left in 1914.

My own experience (many months ago) was rather annoying. I had, luckily been able to borrow a decent set of clubs with which to play until my own arrived, so I had time to write and give concise directions as to the whereabouts of my clubs. Unfortunately, I remembered that my brassie was not in my bag, but was last seen in the umbrella stand; so my letter contained a description of this brassie, giving shape, colour of head, class of grip, etc. Picture my horror when I fetched my clubs from Slateford Station, at finding that my people had included every wooden club I possessed, included in the number being five drivers, suffering from various disabilities, and a weird collection of dud spoons, none of which could have been made fit for G.S. by any amount of F.T. Anyhow, my people had the better of me, for my brassie was amongst the collection, and so I was unable to "strafe" them, though much strange language passed my lips as I toiled up the hill towards the Hydro, weighed down with a large bag containing seventeen clubs.

You will possibly have realised ere now that O.C. Golf is trying to appease the Editor by filling the golf column with "chat" and dodging particulars of golf competitions which should have been held but haven't.

Players continually ask for competitions to be arranged, but, after entering and compiling cards containing several sixes and a seven, are heard to remark, "I hate competitions; let's have a decent game now!"

There were sixteen entries for the 18-hole one club stroke competition, held on 2nd May. Scoring was low in spite of a strong wind. Having done a 77 in the morning, I thought some money would come my way, but found that a 72 and 73 had put me in the shade. The best scores were:-

H.W.T. Chalcraft, 82, less 10=72.

G.S. Chedburn, 93, less 20=73.

J. Rae, 85, less 8=77.

P.D.A. Courtenay, 77 scratch=77.

The final of the 9-hole knock-out was a complete surprise. In this Courtenay (scratch) had to concede three strokes to Burt(8), and Burt was looked upon as being the winner. In the actual match Courtenay led once only, and that was on the last green - the best place to lead. Both

played steady golf, but Burt, after being two up, slacked off a little, and, after getting an unfortunate lie from his tee shot at the eighth, lost a good game by one hole.

It surprises me that more golfers do not take advantage of the really good courses that abound in these parts - there are six within easy reach. Braid Hills, a famous public course (green fee twopence); Mortonhall (next door to Braid Hills); Barnton and Bruntsfield, lying side by side just off the Queensferry Road, and easily reached by motor 'bus; then Murrayfield, close to the two former; and lastly, Baberton, which is reached by train from Slateford to Juniper Green. At each of these the green fee is 1s., excepting Baberton, where no green fees are asked from Soldiers in hospital. The most suitable of these courses for the average player is the last-named, chiefly because a slice or pull does not receive the punishment it deserves, and consequently there is little chance of losing balls. Mortonhall is a very fine course indeed, and gloriously situated, but at least half of the holes require very careful golf. For Sunday golf Barnton is the only course, for although it is permitted at Bruntsfield one cannot obtain lunch, whereas at Barnton the catering is good if a little expensive.

I should very much like to see some of our golfers at one or the other of these courses, chiefly, I must confess, because it would relieve our little course a little; and I think it is up to the improving players to play away from the local course occasionally and so give the "pukka" members a chance. Nothing improves one's golf so much as a change of course, and I am sure that many players would delight in the perfect lies one gets at the above-mentioned courses, and also at the chance of good slogging second (and third) shots which one cannot indulge in nearer "home."

And after courses I come to golf rules and etiquette. Will beginners and other offenders please always remember these four things: (1) Do not drive until the players in front have played their second shots, or are well out of reach; (2) Do not attempt even a long shot on to a green until those in front have replaced the pin; (3) Do not practise putting on a green when there are other couples waiting to approach; (4) Always replace the turf. It has several times been reported to me, both officially and unofficially, that officers will persist in driving into other players. This is looked upon by golfers every-where as the essence of bad sportsmanship, so remembering the sporting manner in which we are treated by the Council and members of the (local) Merchants of Edinburgh Golf Club, we should do all we can to show them that we appreciate their kindness, and also that we do not forget that we are their guests on the course, and do our utmost in return by PLAYING THE GAME.

Tennis And Badminton.

During the recent fine weather, the hard tennis-court has been in use to a large extent: it is hoped that shortly the grass-courts will be available, in which case the tennis season will begin in earnest.

The badminton court is being patronised more than ever, and two competitions have begun. There is a noticeable increase in enthusiasm for this game, and the tendency to regard it as a "girl's game" is disappearing.

The habit of casually smiting the shuttle-cock on the feathers - so obnoxious to an economical secretary, who is in fear of incurring the wrath of the treasurer - has also appreciably diminished.

Billiards.

Hon. Secy. - P.D.A. COURTENAY.

With the advent of fine weather and longer days the interest in billiards has waned slightly, as far as competitions are concerned. It becomes still harder to get men to play off their heats in the handicaps, but that is, after all, but to be expected with the outdoor games daily becoming more possible. The only 10-up to be reported upon took place on the 10th May. About thirty-five played, among them being many new arrivals. The winners were -

Dent, 1st

Haggarty, 2nd

Cowan, 3rd

The 150-up handicap has provided some very interesting games in Section 1. Major Wilson won a hard-fought game against Speight, only to succumb to Thiollier in the next round, Thiollier in turn receiving his quietus at the hands of A. E. Price in the other half of Section 1. Hastings and the writer met in the semi-final, and after playing much the better game all through, Hastings had a bad spell for a while, long enough for his opponent to win by five points.

In Section 2 the results have been surprising, for Gilbert, who felt himself over-handicapped at receive 20, has reached the final of his section and now waits for A. E. Price and Courtenay to settle their difference before he can play off the final proper. The eventual result probably depends on which of the above players has the most sleep the night previous. If Price wins the Section 1 final he should beat Gilbert; on the other hand, Courtenay seems - on paper - to be almost incapable of conceding Gilbert 80 points in such a short game.

By the time these notes appear another 150 handicap should be under way. It is a pity Hackett cannot be induced to enter; men who can make hundred breaks are a rarity here.

Engineering Class.

Secretary - M. J. Rae.

It is with great pleasure and satisfaction that we announce the progress of these classes. The number of officers who attended at the University had been steadily growing during the past few weeks, and is still on the increase.

The principal class is the Surveying, and as it forms of the regular courses for the B.Sc. degree of Civil Engineering, it should be of the utmost value to those who are attending.

A certificate will be given to each officer on the termination of the class.

Professor Hudson Beare, who supervises the classes, with the assistance of Messrs Kew and Gordon, invites our embryonic engineers to take any class in which they may be interested, whether it be civil or mechanical.

Newcomers to hospital who are anxious to take advantage of this excellent opportunity should consult the Secretary, who resides in Room 23, and will arrange classes for any enthusiast, and provide particulars, prospectus, and syllabus.

It is likely that further scope will be provided by the Edinburgh School Board, who have invited us to resume work in the Tynecastle workshop. In this workshop pressure of work has necessitated its closure for the last three months.

Late Golf.

An eighteen-hole stroke competition was held on the 22nd May, the winners being -

1st, T. Thiollier, 100, less 24=76.

2nd, E. E. Hobson, 102, less 24=78.

3rd, C. Bedell-Rose, 98, less 16=82

Late Billiards.

The final of Section 1 provided a great struggle between Price - owe 20- and Courtenay - owe 60, and Price was unlucky in losing by five points.

Gilbert lost the final proper by seventy odd, the result of the tournament being -

1st, P. D. A. Courtenay - owe 60.

2nd, H. A. Gilbert - receive 25.

3rd, A. E. Price - owe 20.

4th, C. P. Tait - receive 35.

Library.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE LIBRARY.

	Fiction	Non-Fiction	McNiven & W.	Total Vols.
Books in Library 16/5/18	368	56	20	444
Additions from 17/4/18 to 16/5/18 inclusive	11	0	-	11
Books issued 17/4/18 to 16/5/18 inclusive	268	4	12	284

R. G. HUDSON, Lieut., Librarian.