



The Hydra

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Our Policy

We make our bow!

No apology is needed from us for bringing into being a journal of the Craiglockhart War Hospital. This is an age devoted very widely to the publication of literary endeavours of all kinds, and we feel satisfied that this little magazine will meet a public need. Certainly there has been a generally expressed desire amongst the staff and patients of the Hospital for some sort of magazine, and those who have undertaken the none too lightsome task of its publication will be amply repaid if this number and those which are to follow it meet with approval.

But something more than approval will be necessary. We must have support. Particularly is this true in regard to literary contributions. We could, no doubt, fill the pages of *The Hydra* with the products of our own pens: but we do not wish to do so. We ask for contributions from every one, whether patients in the Hospital or members of the staff. When we issued the invitation in the form of a notice some days ago we had full confidence that it would be responded to, and we were not disappointed. We already had plenty of evidence of the existence of much versatility of talent amongst the denizens of the Hospital, and knew that the realm of letters was no worse off than, say, those of music and dramatic art.

"The pen is mightier than the sword," said a great man who had had much experience of both articles. Though in these days, when Mars casts his baleful influence far and wide, when the sword appears to be the predominant factor, when the prolific penmanship of a would-be peacemaking statesman has not availed against his country being drawn into the bloody vortex - that is a saying which needs a good deal of qualification, yet there is a strong vein of truth in it. When the hateful tyrant is at last subdued and the conquering sword is sheathed, the pen will frame and ratify the welcome treaty of peace.

In this first issue of *The Hydra* we feel justifiably proud to announce that none but original contributions appear in its pages. It is for future issues that we make our plea. The name of the journal will indicate what we wish its character to be: many headed-many sided. Only by the constant cooperation of the present patients and those who will spring up in their places from time to time can it hope to maintain a long and useful existence. It is the hope of the Medical Officer in Charge that this may be the case, and when it is remembered that it is edited and produced by patients who may have been moved to other spheres before the next issue shall appear, the necessity for continued interest and support will be obvious.

The objects of the *Hydra* are many and, perhaps it will be said, too ambitious. We think we

are on the modest and safe side in regard to the latter, and time alone will prove whether we have hitched our waggon to a too lofty constellation. It is intended to serve as a journal of events in the house and to be the recognised mouthpiece of the various societies and clubs, the news of whose activities will be faithfully recorded. It will provide light and amusing reading in verse and prose, and at the same time will contain articles of a more exclusively literary character. We want to maintain as high a tone as possible, and may as well state here that we do not intend to incorporate any of those features which depend for their interest on rumour and speculation.

Not less important than the literary aspect is the question of financial support. *The Hydra* must be made to pay its way. We can assure our readers that no possible consideration has been passed over, and every endeavour has been made with a view to giving the best value for the lowest possible price. The price of sixpence which we have been compelled to charge for the first issue is not fixed, and will be reduced whenever circumstances demand it. But even at that price if we sold all the copies printed there would still be a loss if we had not the revenue from advertisements to fall back upon. We ask our readers to remember that those traders who have advertised in this issue have rendered very material assistance, and to distribute their patronage accordingly. The question of paper shortage is a serious one, and *The Hydra*, like other publications, is affected by it. We do not want to have any unsold copies on our hands, and it would help us considerably over the production of the next issue if readers could order their copies beforehand.

Notes And News

Bowhill Hospital

In our next issue we hope to be able to devote a portion of our space to the doings at Bowhill Red Cross Auxiliary Hospital, which as you know, is an adjunct of Craiglockhart. We shall welcome any contributions from that source.

A Distinguished Visitor

On Wednesday 11th April, the Hospital was favoured by a visit from the Right Hon. Sir Robert Laird Borden, G.C.M.G., Premier of Canada, who was in Edinburgh that day for the purpose of receiving the Freedom of the City. He was received by Major Bryce, the Medical Officer in Charge, and the Matron. He chatted with the Canadian officers, and expressed his admiration of the arrangement and surroundings of the Hospital.

Non est

Something has happened to the Photographic Club. We don't know what. When our representative called upon the secretary of the Club he was simply told "the members have been handed back their subscriptions, and the Club is now *non est*," which seems a great pity. We notice that the dark-room is very much in use notwithstanding. Camera men may be glad to know that they may soon have the opportunity of attending a lecture on photography and natural history, illustrated by lantern views.

A London Rumour

Rumour, like the peacock's tail, spreads on the slightest provocation. During the past week a vivid story has been going the rounds of London about the capture of Edinburgh. Of course the news has not appeared in the daily press, and if you were to ask the busy-bodies why, they would simply put all the blame on the poor censor. Your anxious, loving relatives ought to be reassured as to the true state of affairs. We suppose nothing will ever eradicate that extraordinary element in our nature on which rumour thrives and flourishes. All rumours are not harmful, but most will cause pain and distress to some one eventually. The only safe thing to do when a particularly ugly one begins to rear its head is to strangle it at once with the stout cord of truth.

The Gardeners

Mr Bell has generously lent a large portion of his garden for the use of patients who are interested in horticulture. It was thought well to form an Association and this was done. The interests of poultry were incorporated, and there resulted the Craiglockhart Hospital Gardening and Poultry Keeping Association. A good start has been made, though the weather has been all against much activity on the soil. Nevertheless, a good deal of the garden has been dug over. The idea of having separate allotments is a good one. Besides a common portion of ground in which any one may operate, there are six allotments, each of which may be taken in charge by one or two patients. Four of the allotments have already been secured: the other two await claimants. Mr Ritchie has some potato and other seeds waiting to be planted.

Poultry Keeping

At the instigation of Captain Brock, and owing to the generous gift of a certain lady, a small poultry farm has been successfully started. Led by Lieut. Lees and Lieut. Ritchie, a small body of enthusiasts sallied out one morning and erected a hen-house and pen on the most up-to-date lines. The hens have done well, and already nearly 100 eggs have been obtained for the Hospital. An incubator was started, but it has proved an incubus. Two officers undertook to pay it the necessary attention, and, no doubt, they did their duty. In fact, we know one of them felt the weight of his responsibility very keenly, and one morning, at about 2 o'clock, paid a visit to the baths to see how his embryonic charges were faring. The Sister caught him coming back up the stairs and woke him up. But that had nothing to do with the fate which ultimately befell the experiment. Some unsuspecting person knocked the top off the thermometer, with the consequence that the poor wee things were next roasted in their shells and then frozen. To the abashed enthusiasts we would say, "*Nil desperandum*," or why not try day-old chicks?

The Debating Society

We extend a very hearty welcome to the Debating Society, and hope it will prove a useful means of propagating knowledge and good fellowship. Some time ago those interested in the project met and discussed preliminaries. Mr Goddard was elected Chairman, and Mr Fincken, Hon. Secretary. On the Committee were appointed Mr Clark, Mr Mayes and Mr M'Greggor. Rules were drawn up and adopted, and, amongst other things, it was very properly decided to put an embargo on sectarian and political questions. On Thursday the 12th the first debate was held. Captain Archibald submitted the motion "that insufficient attention has been paid to pure science as compared with applied science." There was not a

big attendance, and it is perhaps to be regretted that such a highly technical subject was chosen for the opening meeting. Captain Archibald dealt very ably with the motion, and he was seconded by Captain Buchanan. Mr Clark, who opposed, failed to carry conviction, and in the ultimate the motion was carried by 14 votes to 4. An interesting discussion took place, in which the following took part: Major Bryce, Mr Johnson, Mr Mayes, Mr Fincken, and Mr Tann.

Bibliography

"'Tis books will cause the flag of peace thro' earth to be unfurled, produce the parliament of man and fraternise the world," someone has written. The Hospital is fortunate in possessing two distinct libraries, and the nucleus of a third. The various books belonging to the Hydro are kept in the reading-room, and are available at all hours ; those books contain some excellent reading matter, and amongst them are to be found works of reference, encyclopaedia, contemporary reviews, etc. In this connection members are asked to bear in mind that these volumes really belong on the shelves in the reading-room, and should be returned there when finished with. It frequently happens that large numbers of these books are left in the bedrooms, where they are not easily accessible to other members desirous of reading them, and a most unpleasant duty of collecting them devolves on the House Committee. Then there is a Lending Library located in the Silence Room, where the librarian attends daily between 9.30 and 10 A.M. for the purpose of issuing books and receiving suggestions. This branch has been inaugurated by a Club subscription to the leading circulating library in Edinburgh, whence are obtained copies of the most up-to-date novels and current literature. All members are invited to make the fullest possible use of this new departure, which, it is thought, will fill a long-felt want. The librarian will be pleased to receive requests for any particular book which may be required, and will do his utmost to procure same. Such requests must be in his hands not later than Wednesday morning each week, when, if procurable, the desired work will be available on the following Saturday morning. Finally, the Club is desirous of owning a library of its own, and already has a fair number of volumes on hand. Any members, or outside friends, possessing books of any kind, with which they have finished, are asked to present same to this library. These books are issued in the same way as those in the lending library, and are available to members daily between 9.30 and 10 A.M.

The Billiard Handicap

The latest Billiard Tournament proved most successful, and the Handicapping Committee have reason, on the whole, to congratulate themselves. The first round was responsible for the retirement of no less than four of the backmarkers - Major McLagan (owe 30), Lidbury (owe 30), Evans (owe 20), and Nicholl (owe 50), the last named making a sorry show against

Blood. The second round was marked by the further success of Major Bryce and Lees, while Dott, continuing to play a very steady game, accounted for Falkenberg. In spite of, or perhaps owing to, a favourable "wind" Perkins defeated Bulger, while Kent somewhat easily defeated Lamb. The tit-bit of the third round, however, was provided by the meeting of Major Bryce (owe 10) and Lees (owe 50). Lees opened the game with breaks of 25 and 15, thus wiping off all but 10 of his handicap. The Major replied with spirit, and Lees was unable to catch his opponent until 60 was on the board. A little light relief was provided by the Major, who, finding himself forced to pot the white, not only was successful, but accomplished the feat of putting down his ball and the red in addition to making the cannon. Lees, however, was not to be denied, and playing a steady and confident game defeated the Major by 29. Perkins defeated Whitehead (H.T.) by 23, although, in justice to the loser, it must be said that an unfortunate experience in the incubator line appeared to weigh somewhat heavily on his mind. Dott added fresh laurels to his name by beating Davidson (150-108), thus entering the semi-final, in which his colours were nearly lowered by Perkins, who was beaten by the narrow margin of 9. Lees again playing a confident game throughout, accounted for Kent, and thus qualified to meet Dott in the final. This proved to be the best game in the handicap, and resulted in Dott being beaten by 32. Both players were somewhat slow at the start, but when Lees had caught his opponent at 88, a regular pitched battle resulted, Dott sticking to the leader very well indeed. Lees, however, was just too good, and won an exciting game by the above narrow margin.

Badminton and Lawn Tennis

During the winter months the former game has naturally been much more in evidence than the latter, but with the advent of warmer weather no doubt the popularity of the two will be reversed. With regard to badminton, the scientific possibilities of the game do not seem to appeal to the majority of people in the house in the same way as, say, billiards. This is, no doubt, partly due to the comparatively strenuous nature of the former ; but apart from that, a game too often consists of the players simply hitting the shuttle back at each other, very little effort being made to exploit the *finesse* and tactical side of the game. This is to be regretted, as badminton, like other better known games, is an excellent one, and well worth playing well; and, moreover, until recently, there were some fine players in the house where styles and methods could be observed.

In the past, shuttles and racquets have come in for a good deal of unfair treatment- the former cannot be knocked about like tennis balls without lamentable results.

Lawn tennis, obviously on the hard court, was started, to the knowledge of the writer, as early as 23rd February, possibly earlier, but since then play has been of an intermittent

character, chiefly owing to climatic conditions. Considerable difficulty was experienced in obtaining a ball suitable for the very hard surface of the court, particularly as only last season's goods were obtainable. Under the combined influence of the concrete surface of the court and the wind, the latter did some very queer things; however, with the arrival of the new season's balls, this difficulty has been overcome.

The grass courts appear to be in good condition, and with the help of the mower, roller, and the weather, they should be ready for use in a week or so. It may be mentioned that, particularly at the present time, grass can do with any amount of rolling, and with the scarcity of ordinary labour it's up to players themselves to help in this respect.

The badminton handicap has aroused a good deal of enthusiasm, and the entries both for singles and doubles exceed all expectation. Some close contests are bound to be witnessed. The results and a discussion of the competition will be given in the next issue by our expert.

"LAWNBAD"

Edinburgh

Fair are thy courts, O Lord, most fair, but not
More fair than this romantic area,
Where towers the immortal shrine of Scott,
And that great Dean whose fame is fair-ier,
And George the Fourth, and countless others,
Fit deemed to enter this valhalla,
Where prudent culture takes as brothers
The dead in learning, wit, or valour.
Dear Grandmama of Architecture,
Sweet Maiden Aunt of classic Science,
Model of Drama's sound prefecture,
'Twixt Trade and Art the new alliance.
Fair modish spot! In Princes Street shall be
Heard the last lay of wild Divinity.

COCKNEY, Bowhill

Marcus Aurelius In Hospital

Consider the ruling faculty and conform thyself unto it. For whether thy ruling faculty be the M.O. in C. or the G.O.C. in C. thy wrongful acts shall be brought to nought. Or, consider again thy deeds which are contrary to general principles laid down for thy guidance, shall recoil upon thine own head; for of the two forces the will of the ruling faculty is the greater.

2. Adorn thyself in simplicity and modesty, and in conformity with the desire of thy superiors; for is it not written that thou shouldst attire thyself thuswise and not otherwise? Ask thyself this question: where have I received permission to wear a sable (rabbit skin) collar on my British warm? And this: Who hath sanctioned the design of trousers that are turned up at the lower extremity? Are not these thing expressly forbidden? This it is to have studied what ought to have been studied, and to know the truth.

3. The ruling faculty does not disturb itself, I mean, does not frighten itself, nor cause itself pain. These things thyself must suffer ; and if by thy act thou art called upon to suffer, then do so as a man and not as one who is ashamed of what he hath done.

4. Be not disgusted, nor discouraged, nor dissatisfied if thou dost not succeed in doing all things according to thy desires. For two reasons, it is right to be content with that which happens to thee; the one, because thou art in the Army, and all things are done and prescribed for thee, and in a manner had reference to thee from the beginning; and the other, because that which comes severally to every officer is to the powers who administer the Army Act a cause of felicity and satisfaction.

5. Always take the short way; and the short way is not that which the taxi-men take from the Street of Princes to the Hospital.

6. Change is the law of the universe. Consider this, and adapt thyself unto it. Fear not to change thy opinions, but if any man ask thee to change a cheque have a care.

7. No man is tired of recognising what is useful; and the most useful thing of all is money. And some men are never tired of asking for what is useful.

8. When thou desirest to enter into a public place to quench thy thirst pay attention to two things: the blue band and the blue brassard - for one of these causes must be removed ere thy desire can be accomplished. But perhaps it is better that thy desire be not accomplished.

9. What manner of men are they of the tribe of Akpypemmi? Consider that they also are

men like as thou art, subject to the same desires and temptations, and subject to the same ruling faculty. But they refrain, and do honour to their high office. Consider this, and temper thy judgement with mercy.

10. Fear not when the wind is high in the air.* The wind bloweth where it listeth, and the draught is felt by the just and the unjust.

Among the Celts at Craiglockhart.

J.W.O'C.W.

* The text is corrupt. Some translators give it, "Never get the wind up," but we prefer our own rendering. - J.W.O'C.W.

The Major

Who wakes me from my nice warm cot,
Whether I want to get up or not,
And says if I stay there I'll catch it hot?
The Major

Who says that I've got to be in by four,
And cops me at ten rolling through the door,
When I'm (hic!) full of cheer and something more?
The Major.

Who's one of the very best of sports,
And says when I grouse that I'm out of sorts,
"If you're good you may roll the tennis courts"?
The Major

Who takes me in hand when I'm "binged a bit thick,"
And doesn't preach, for that makes me sick,
But generally acts like an absolute brick?
The Major

J.L.T.

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Red Cross

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Mrs Scott.

Poultry and eggs.

Miss Campbell.

Poultry.

Mrs Anderson.

Poultry.

Miss Donaldson.

Loan of motor.

Waiting

Is it but two days since we parted?
The time has seemed long to me.
As I sat here alone, broken-hearted
Awaiting my destiny.
Each night in my dreams I have seen her,
Have seen her and wept in vain,
And my longing grows deeper and keener
Till my love comes back again.

Alone in this great drear city,
'Mid the throngs that never end,
An object of scorn or of pity,
And nowhere a friend.
But I care not a jot for the gaping crowds,
I care not for fog or rain,
Or lightening flashes, or thunder clouds,
So my love comes back again.

My heart is heavy and weary,
With the weight of a weary soul;
And mid-day sun grows dreary,
And hateful the midnight scroll.
The hours are laden with sadness,
Sadness deep tinged with pain,
And my soul will know no gladness
Till my love comes back again.

A voice in my ear still mingles,
A voice reposeful and clear:
A hot kiss on my lips still tingles,
On my cheek a trembling tear.
My lips shall burgeon no sweet song,
My heart shall echo no refrain,

But my song shall be long, and glad, and strong,
When my love comes back again.

J.W.O'C.W.

A Phantasmagoria

"Till the moon arose in glory
And I found her in my head." - Kipling.

I lay 'twixt waking and sleep, on that strange mystic frontier of the Dream Country.

The wind outside howled and shrieked in its fury ; the full moon shining in at my window threw a patch of silvery light, dim and mysterious, upon the floor. Shadow-figures flitted about my bed, the air was full of voices without substance, and mad wild laughter - but dominating all was the voice of the wind.

Suddenly all grew quiet, even the wind died away, until not even a whisper remained, and all was still - that awful stillness of the UNKNOWN.

I was standing on Nothing in the midst of that patch of moonlight ; by my side was a figure, muffled and mysterious, a Dream-phantom - I knew him to be my Guide over the frontier into the Dream Country.

Two horses were there, black as night, superb, gigantic, such horses as no mortal ever rode. We mounted and were away on that thousand-year long race down the Road of Space, around us nothing but a black void.

Faster and ever faster we flew, leaving the World, Time, everything behind us, all forgotten in the intoxication of that mad ride. Centuries beyond all count flew away beneath the hoofs of those wild Horses of the Night, but still the pace only increased-over the Hills of Fear we passed and through the Valley of Terror, until ahead loomed the walls, wreathed in a strange mist, of a vast city. We had reached the City of Dreams.

I stood with my Guide outside a gate over whose portals was inscribed in letters of gold "THE GARDEN OF BEAUTIFUL DREAMS." Through the silver bars of this gate I could see the Elysian Fields, Lotus Gardens more beautiful than mortal ever planted. Through the Garden a silver path of moonlight led to the Valley of Sweet Nonsense, and beyond lay the Peaks of Eternal Laughter.

The air was full of happy, care-free laughter of children : only such Innocents may fearlessly enter the Garden of Beautiful Dreams, to them the gate is never barred, and when the first light of morning kisses the tops of the Peaks of Eternal Laughter, only they may leave again by the Gates of Silver.

There is but one key that will unlock the gate of that Garden, a golden key of temporary peace, the magic of My Lady of the Poppy. Such as use that key leave again by the Gate of Dread, which leads to the dark Valley of Despondency.

I tried to enter, but the gate was fast locked, and the voice of my Guide told me that the peace of that Garden was not for me. I wept, and through the mist of my burning tears I saw legions of poor tortured beings crying, like myself, to be allowed to enter : but Inexorable Fate kept his tireless guard beside the Gate, and would open to none save the Innocents and such as in their hands held the key of gold.

From before the Garden of Beautiful Dreams my Guide led me down and ever down through a labyrinth of dark, fearful streets until we reached a door, grim and forbidding, over whose portal was inscribed in letters of fire "Abandon hope all ye who enter Here."

I would have held back, terror of I knew not what had me in its icy grip, but my Guide and the awful Fascination of the Unknown urged me on, and we passed through that black doorway into a courtyard paved with the fragments of Broken Ambition. The air was heavy with the dust of long-dead Hope; all around me were the ghosts of shattered Ideals.

From this sad courtyard of perished Hope I found myself, I know not how, on the shores of an illimitable sea - the Bitter Dead Sea of Anguish. The shores of that sea were lit by the burning Fires of Jealousy, and in the sable sky above shone one gigantic blood-red star, which, as I looked, changed to the ghastly, grinning symbol of a Death's Head.

Unearthly music was about, above, and beneath me, music wild and terrible beyond description. From those Waters of Anguish arose a mighty host, the Wraiths of Despair, and under that awful Star-Symbol the Dance of Death commenced.

Round and round whirled those wraith-forms, madder and madder grew that wild unearthly music, faster and faster grew that unholy dance, until, as I watched, the whirling figures

became blurred and indistinct, the Fires of Jealousy flickered and faded, and a merciful black mist of temporary oblivion descended upon me.

Aeons slipped by whilst I lay wrapped in that Forgetfulness, until the voice of my Guide bade me rise once more, as my journey was not yet done.

The shores and waters of the Sea of Anguish had disappeared, and I stood at the foot of the Mountains of Hatred, steep and forbidding, which I knew that I must climb.

Above shone the moon, burning with the red light of Passionate Hate, all around, urging me on were the ghosts of Man's Vengeance. Up and ever up I climbed, steeper, steeper grew the sides of those hills, until, soul-weary with centuries of bitter toil, I came to the highest hill of all, and I stood at the summit of that giddy pinnacle, Overweening Ambition, the Hill that crushes all the Lesser Things that would stand in its way. Here on this dread height I stood alone, my Dream-Guide had vanished. The sides of this cruel Hill were bathed in a crimson light - the blood of tens of thousands of its victims. All around me rose the cries and lamentations of the ghosts of the Lesser Things that had been sacrificed to it.

I raised my eyes and far, far above me shone one tiny pure white star, the Star of Man's Love and Forgiveness.

Sick and weary, my soul cried out to it, and as I cried the light of that Star grew stronger and brighter, until beneath the strength of its purity the Mountains of Hate burnt and crumbled away, the blood-red Moon shrank and died, and once more I was standing on Nothing. Gradually the pure white light became absorbed into the pink flush of the new-risen Sun, and in the midst of that ineffable glow of Promise - I awoke.

CELT.

The Open Road

For some men what aeons of time have past since the call of the road has stirred in their blood, men who, before the call to arms came, used to love the open road and the misty silences of the broad spaces, and are now fighting on land, sea, or in the air.

Nothing is quite so glorious as an early spring or summer morning, when the fields and wooded slopes stretch away into a hazy and violet distance, and the open road - a ribbon of adventure leading to beauties of country hitherto unknown - the will-o'-the-wisp. Who has not loved them, the dear old roads of Blighty? But it took a hideous war to teach most of us to appreciate properly the joys and beauties of old England. Most of us were guilty of taking our country (and there is no more beautiful land under the sun) very much for granted. The open road was then, for us, a riding track, more or less, along which we were wont to travel with our eyes glued to the ground in front. Did we generally think of or be thankful for the country of our fathers? Seldom enough! But those of us who have been where death and blood, shattering noise and filth, and the sweat of untold agony are, know the worth of this dear old land ; the country has taken on a new look for us. And it is just the same, whatever the season. An autumn time, with the stately trees adrip with moisture - the blue-grey haze on the stubble and fields - the dim woods holding we know not what mystery- the lazy call of some rook wending its way homewards - the stillness and the peace of it all. The wet earth that smells of hidden musks, little denizens of wood and stream that flit about on their various businesses, the bubbling, chuckling of some hidden brooks - all of these go to make England the sweet land she is.

Down some old road - and all these roads of ours are old - men in high and sloping hats, bedecked in breeches and top-boots, and riding or driving blood horses, used to travel. Still down some of them flit the dim shadows of forgotten highwaymen, the toby men of two centuries ago, who used to use these same old roads, and left the mystery of it all for us today. And so down these old, old roads we go after the dream company of forgotten travellers, and there are the ancient inns our forefathers used awaiting us, throwing a splash of golden light on the road from the windows. Inside there are flagged and dimmed passages, old and mellow rooms filled with soft lights and rare old oak. Deep fires and comfort - old English comfort ; beds that receive one and woo sleep. And on awakening there comes the country's call again, the lowing of a cow, the tinkle of a sheep bell, the distant call, clear, yet very faint, of some ploughboy to his team. We drink in the glorious air and the

scents of woods and pastures. It is worth all, *mes amies*, to come back to this! Does not the open road we love call with an insistance that will not be denied? But, above all, it is the peace of it that charms, the mystery and beauty that, somehow, were missed before the war. Perhaps it was not understood, or, perhaps, again, it was not troubled about. But it is there for all who want it, the peace and the stillness, the beauty and joy of old England ; and the open road is the key to it all.

X

Concert

Our concert of Saturday the 21st was, in every way, an excellent one, and a great improvement on last week. The orchestra opened with an overture composed of the principal music from "To Night's the Night," reviving memories of the days when we were in dear old London. Mr Tann followed with the song "Friend o' Mine" which was nicely rendered: followed by Miss Campbell with the "Violin Song". Miss Campbell has a charming voice, and we all hope to hear her on some future occasion. Mr Clark followed with one or two songs at the piano, which he sang with his usual zest and spirit. Mrs Tann once more delighted us with one of her charming songs, called "Good Morning, Brother Sunshine." Following her came Mr Campbell, who sang "The Yeomen of England." It has a fine rollicking lilt to it, and Mr Campbell, who has a fine voice, did justice to it. Mrs M'Lagan then sang "O Lovely Night." Words fail to express the beauty and richness of her rendering, or the enthusiasm that her reception met with. Captain Bates and his orchestra then gave us Von Suppe's "Poet and Peasant." This overture has a great deal of hard work in it, but every one of our brave musicians responded nobly. It's a treat to watch Bates conduct, as it puts one in mind of Sousa or Henry Wood! I don't quite know which. Miss Campbell followed on with "The Only Girl," which went down splendidly; followed by Mr Seager with a whistling solo "Bird of Love Divine." I didn't see Seager's canary, but, doubtless, it was at the back of the stage somewhere. Mrs Tann then gave us "The Happy Summer Song," which was vigorously encored, and, in reply, sang "Jane from Maiden Lane." Now, boys, always avoid girls who have "that naughty little twinkle." Take the tip from one who knows! Mr Campbell sang "Maire, my Girl." It is a sweet little song, and, personally, I am never tired of hearing it. As an encore Mr Campbell sang "A Jolly Old Cavalier," which went down equally well. Mrs M'Lagan followed with "The Prelude," from "The Cycle of life," which she sang with the same sweetness of expression and with the the same light and shade as her other songs. Our arch-fool, Mr Clark, gave us "In Other Words," from the "Bing Boys," which delighted everyone, and sang an extra verse, composed by Captain Rivers. This was a great success ; but I'm sorry for Clark if he really has all those awful symptoms and complaints. He ought to be certain of his ticket! Captain Bates and the orchestra finished up a topping evening with a march, "Major, Board 'em," and we all toddled off to bed in a very happy frame of mind.

We are indeed fortunate in having with us such a capable director of music as Captain Bates. The orchesrtal selections and accompaniments form one of the most delightful parts of our weekly entertainments. Every one will wish success to Captian Bates in whatever spheres he

is called to work in the future. Mr Marchand is a most conscientious and hard-working stage manager, though it must not be forgotten that his predecessor, Mr Hollingdale Blood, was particularly responsible for bringing about a much-needed reorganisation of the stage properties and mechanism. Mr Fincken also lends a lot of useful assistance as stage carpenter.

It is, of course, my duty to attend these concerts, so look out in every issue of *The Hydra* for my biting criticisms!!

"PEAS BLOSSOM"

