

# The Hydra: the magazine of Craiglockhart War Hospital

No. 1 New Series November 1917

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## OUR COMMANDING OFFICERS

See: <http://ww1lit.nsms.ox.ac.uk/ww1lit/collections/document/5125/4310>

## EDITORIAL.

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

In a time when the waters of idea are being splashed about by so many frontal attacks and food economies, the little ripple caused by the launching of a new magazine cannot hope to attract a great amount of attention from the general public; which brings us at once to the subject of our editorial, "Why launch?"

A year ago the first of a long line of victims of the four-five and nine-two arrived at this Hospital. During the year that has elapsed, as the number of patients increased, so have the various activities of the Hospital developed. We debate; we take photographs; we build model yachts. On the golf links, the tennis lawn, the billiard table, the bowling-green, the debating floor, and the concert platform, we seek the return of interest, health, and vigour.

The magazine is to fulfil a two-fold function. On the one hand it provides a means for the expression of two further activities - the wielding of pen and of pencil; while, on the other, it acts as the link between each and every activity.

Our thanks to all who have assisted at the building of the ship. It is to Mr Berrington that we are indebted for the excellent cover and club headings. We are sorry that Mr H.G. Wells and Mr Arnold Bennett were unable to contribute to this number. We hope, however, at a later date, to publish something from their pens. We would draw our readers' attention especially to the contributions by G.K. Chesterton and John Drinkwater. The photographs of the Matron and Major Bryce were both taken by patients. We will be glad to consider the publication of any photographs of individuals, groups, or scenes that are illustrative of our activities.

So the ship is built, and we await to see her float. Will she do so on an even keel? Perhaps not. She may carry too much canvas; she may carry too little. However, here is the hull for you. It has taken some chiselling out, but it is yours. Fit it out as you will; repaint it, rebuild it entirely, but always remember it is YOURS.

## RECIPROCITY\*

I do not think that skies and meadows are  
Moral, or that the fixture of a star  
Comes of a quiet spirit, or that trees  
Have wisdom in their windless silences;  
Yet these are things invested in my mood  
With constancy, and peace, and fortitude,  
That in my troubled season I can cry  
Upon the wide composure of the sky,  
And envy fields, and wish that I might be  
As little daunted by a star or tree.

JOHN DRINKWATER

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## ARRAS AND CAPTAIN SATAN.

By JOHN CARMONT (The Black Watch).

*[The Editor hopes to have one article in each issue dealing with literary, historical, or scientific research. He considers himself fortunate to begin the series with Mr Carmont's article, which deals with the earlier romantic history of a town which has mixed memories for all of us.]*

About the year 1640, James Howell, an English traveller spoke of "the Netherlands" as "the cockpit of Christendom." Some one suspecting him of cynicism has altered the phrase to "the cockpit of Europe." Howell was not, of course, referring to the Dutch Netherlands, for within its frontiers comparatively few battles have been fought, but to the Low Countries, comprising what is now Belgian Flanders and the old French province of Artois. If a cockpit then, how much more has it deserved the name since, for in the same arena Conde, Turenne, William of Orange, Marlborough, and Marshal Saxe marched and counter-marched, fought, and laid siege to cities; the Revolutionary armies of France overran it, and the long fight between Wellington and Napoleon was there brought to a close.

Howell's advice to the "forreine traveller" was that "if there be any leaguers (*i.e. sieges*) afoot, or armies in motion, it should be time well spent to see them." This recommendation seemed to him as ordinary and natural as a Baedeker's not to miss seeing one of the great

Continental Fairs. About the time Howell was visiting Flanders, the traveller might have had a considerable choice of "leaguers" open for his inspection, and in 1640, at Arras, he might have found an example of military operations which even a moderate experience of sieges would not have deemed banal.

Arras, with a history dating from Roman times, was no stranger to the besieger. It had been sacked by the Vandals and by the Normans, and it had endured two sieges in the fifteenth century. The stronghold fell again in the next century, this time to the Prince of Orange. But at the period we are writing of, Arras, with the greater part of Artois, was under Spanish rule. The Spanish occupation of this part of modern France was sufficiently long and thorough to impress upon the architecture of the towns something more than a flavour of Spain, and upon the common speech of the inhabitants many of the tones of the South.

The Thirty Years' War was, in 1640, entering upon its final and more political phase. His Christian Majesty Louis XIII. was forwarding the aggrandisement of his country in Flanders, and the Government for His Catholic Majesty of Spain was holding Arras for his master. The French army had settled down to a long siege before its walls. The Citadel, and those remnants of fortifications still to be found near the Porte Baudimont on the road to St Pol, had not yet been brought into being by Vauban, but the city was strong and the siege long. Under Marshal de Gassion, the great Conde lay round the town, and was gaining some of his first experience in the field. All was proceeding according to the rules of the siege-game till the Infanta of Spain appeared with a considerable force - insufficient to raise the siege, but enough to hem in the besiegers and give them more than a taste of the privation they were creating for the garrison of Arras. The besiegers tried to appease their hunger on minnows fished from the River Scarpe, and on sparrows, which alone represented the game of the district. Ultimately, Conde tried to break through to Doullens to get supplies, and succeeded, although the troops which remained had to withstand a fierce attack planned by the Spaniards for the occasion.

The names of those who took part in this double siege have almost all gone down to the dust with the men who bore them. But the memory of one man who served France with the Gascons of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux, who bore the brunt of the Spanish attack, we shall not easily let die. He was Cyrano de Bergerac - called Captain Satan. The historical Cyrano pales a little before the character depicted in the literature of successive generations. The culmination of the portrayal of the legendary Cyrano is in M. Rostand's tragi-comedy, which provided Coquelin with, perhaps, his most famous role. Speaking of the Cyrano of romance, a critic said: "He is the most French of all Frenchmen of his time. Brimful of cleverness, but mad; commanding attention, yet grotesque; he is a caricature and a hero; he is the very form and feature of tragi-comedy." He appears as a fire-eating duellist, but one as keen in fence of words as a sword. He can turn out a triolet when on guard in camp, and duelling, his rapier flashes to the measure of a ballade, and his blade goes home at the end of the *envoi*. Among

Gascons, he is "Gascon et demi"; gay and fearless, full of rodomontade and braggadocio. Cyrano is a lover full of romance, whose words are the sweetest poetry. To hear him is to love him; to see him is to make love impossible, for a huge and hideous nose mars all else, physical and mental.

The historical Cyrano, although possessed of a Southern temperament, so as to justify his description as a "Frenchified Spaniard," was not a Gascon. His baptismal certificate shows him to have been born in the district of St Sauveur in Paris, and sprung from a daily whose seat was not many leagues from the capital. He was brought up in Paris, and never even lived at Bergerac. He seems to have assumed the title of de Bergerac, and he varied his name from Cyrano Bergerac to de Bergerac-Cyrano, and thus tempted the glibbing Scarron to write in one of his plays -

"Don Zapala Pascal,  
Ou Pascal Zapala car m'emporte guere  
Que Pascal soit devant, ou Pascal par derriere."

The name Cyrano, too, was his middle name, Savinien being his first. Although he joined Carbon de Castel-Jaloux's Gascon soldiery and was wounded, first at Mouzon near the Ardennes, and then at the siege of Arras, he transferred after his recovery from the second wound, which was in the throat, into the Guard of the Prince of Conti. In thus accepting private service, Cyrano withdrew from the army and from the siege. He had evidently more taste for private than for public warfare, but the quarrelsome duellist, whose sword flew out at the mention of the word "nose," or when a person gave his nose more than a glance, was unknown to his intimate friend Le Bret, who declares that Cyrano fought not as a principal but as a second - the duel in his day being fought *a quatre*. As he himself says in his witty way in a letter: "Vous auriez grand tort de m'appeler le premier des hommes, car, je vous proteste, qu'il y a plus d'un mois que je suis le second de tout le monde." He adds, however, that his knowledge of paper would have been lost had not cartels been written upon it. It was pure love of fence and not of quarrelling that placed Cyrano's sword at the service of all his friends.

Theophile Gautier has an amusing page of dissertation on Cyrano's nose as seen in an engraving. He calls it a mixture of a bird's beak on the snout of a tapir; a promontory; Himalaya, the highest mountain on earth. To be loved with such a nose was not for Cyrano, so M. Rostand makes his hero resort to stratagem. Cousin Madeleine Robineau is the object of his affections - a "precieuse," self-styled "Roxane" - who, all ignorant of his concealed passion, asks Cyrano to protect her lover, Christian de Neuville. Bergerac sees in this youth a mouthpiece for conveying the poetic love he longs to utter, and the young man, who is unable to write a single verse, or to speak one pretty sentence, is all too pleased to use Cyrano's beautiful letters and honeyed poetry which prove so fascinating for his mistress. He even uses the other's living words; for, in the darkness, beneath Roxane's balcony, it is

Cyrano who, Romeo-like, outpours his soul, but it is Christian who climbs up to be rewarded with a kiss. Cyrano's life becomes a long self-sacrifice that has secret joys. He is the means of getting the lovers married against powerful opposition, which, however, is strong enough to part the newly-wedded pair as they leave the altar. The husband and Cyrano are ordered to Arras, and while in the field the hero performs prodigies of valour in passing through the Spanish lines in order that Roxane may have a letter (written as from her husband) every day. Then Christian is killed, and the widowed Roxane, who has never been wife, keeps her husband's memory fresh by the recollection of the sweet verses and the cherished letters which he had not written. As the years pass it is her chiefest joy, one afternoon each week, to talk of Christian with the appreciative Cyrano, who still guards his secret. At last the enemies of the satirical Gascon duellist prevail, and Cyrano one day drags himself wounded and dying to Roxane, lest she miss the weekly visit. Amid the ravings caused by bodily pain, he betrays the secret of the letters and the poetry. Roxane's confession of her love for him as the real poet of her dreams is only in time to sweeten the last moments of his life.

The Cyrano of history would ironically smile at the puppet-show in which M. Rostand has made him dance. His amours had nothing of romance to relieve the sordidness, and his cousin Madeleine, who did become Madeleine de Neuville, had when quite young so much hair on her chin as to be called "a fright." Without quarrelling, however, with an author's privilege of giving the most effective treatment to his hero for the purpose of the theatre. let us turn again to what we know of the real man.

Cyrano was brought up in Paris by one Grangier, whose pedantry gave the youth such disgust that his first literary work was "Le Pedant joue," in which his tutor figured in all his folly. Not only was the youth attracted to literature, but also to natural science and philosophy. As he deemed his tutor an "Aristotelian ass," he was naturally attracted to Gassendi, who was at the head of a school of neo-Epicureans opposed to the teaching of Descartes. At Gassendi's feet Cyrano sat side by side with Moliere, and they formed a lasting friendship. Moliere showed his high appreciation of de Bergerac's ability. He did more than place an imprimatur on his works; he even printed portions of them himself - among his own scenes. In particular, we find that it is to Cyrano's "Pedant joue" that we owe "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette maudite galere," and the scene in the "Fourberies de Scapin" where we find the Turkish galley.

Cyrano's speculative mind was never happier than when he was dealing with other worlds and their possible systems. He put his thoughts and ironical comments on his age under the aegis of the Comic Muse in his "Histoire Comique des estat et empire de la lune," and a similar work on the sun. A simple style and a mordant satire on man and his thoughts and ways show where Dean Swift found his model for Gulliver and his travels. Indeed, Cyrano's writings seem to have been almost irresistible, not only to subsequent generations, but even for his contemporaries. He wrote a tragedy called "Agrippine," and the great Corneille

seized whole verses from it just as Moliere had done. But Corneille was not allowed to go scot-free. De Bergerac published two letters on plagiarists, "those," as he says, "who having no children of their own adopt ours."

Cyrano's works brought him into trouble. His mockery of accepted ideas in his "Voyages Fantastiques," and his outspoken free-thinking views in "Agrippine" and elsewhere, led to his being charged with atheism, which his early period of libertinism was held to confirm. He denied that charge, but remained suspect. Not only did he make enemies of the orthodox in this way, but, by his clever and biting attacks on individuals, he added to that number. He put Champfleury, the actor, under a ban from acting for a month, and ordered him from the stage in the middle of a performance. Against the clamorous nobles assembled in the theatre, Cyrano upheld the ban with his sword.

The political and military ferment known as La Fonde, which began as a popular movement against the despotic and foreign influences of Cardinal Mazarin and ended as a factional quarrel of the nobility, provided the very happiest conditions in which Cyrano's activity could find scope. Captain Satan never let his sword grow dull any more than he did his brain. He feared no odds. A hundred cut-throats lay in wait for a friend at the Porte de Nesle, and Cyrano went forth single-handed to meet them. After killing or wounding half a score, he put the rest to flight. But he tasted hardships and the bitterness of patronage. At first he attacked Mazarin, and then, supporting the Cardinal, he attacked his former literary colleagues. Thus he multiplied his enemies.

The siege of Arras, at which we found Cyrano in 1640, ended by its capture by the French the same year, and Arras has since then never ceased to be French. But during La Fronde the cross currents of politics whirled the great Conde to the support of Spain, and, commanding this time the Spanish troops, he sat down in 1654 before Arras to reduce it. Turenne came up in time to save the town. That year Cyrano was but five-and-thirty, but he was never to take the field again, or visit the scenes of his exploits with the Gascons of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux. In Paris his enemies were on the watch. As he was going home one night a block of wood was dropped from a house. It struck his head and felled him. His death was only a question of time. But what a time were those months of fever that dragged on till the following year for the turbulent Captain Satan! He sank into depression, and bewailed the years that folly had eaten. Fantastic enough were the ideas of his brain normally; the prelude of death was delirium. His enemies seemed to gather round his bed in crowds. M. Rostand makes his hero raise his sword for the last time to strike at them, as he cries:-

"Que dites vous .... 'C'est inutile ... Je le sais.  
Mais on ne bat pas dans l'espoir du succes.  
Non! Non! c'est bien plus beau lorsque c'est inutile."

Let that stand for his epitaph.



One who had been an intermittent patron – the Duc d'Arpajon – gave Cyrano burial in his own family vault in the Covent of the Daughters of the Cross at Paris. At the Revolution, the ever-troubling world broke in upon his rest in that aristocratic sanctuary, and scattered his ashes to the winds. No wonder that Gaurier concludes a sketch of his life with the fond commiseration, "Pauvre Cyrano."

## THE BALLADES OF FRANCE.

### No.1.

#### THE RED CHATEAU AT COURCELETTE.

Its gardens smiled, in other days,  
With roses red, and roses white;  
While down its scented shaded ways  
Danced maiden feet, as dainty-light  
As blossoms falling in the night  
Upon the earth, all dewy wet –  
A girl's dream-garden of delight –  
The Red Chateau at Courcellette.

But Autumn winds with heavy breath  
Scattered the leaves in cruel might  
Along the valley, men call Death.  
The maiden saddened at the sight,  
Forgot the summer's magic height  
And murmured: "What, if he forget?"  
But with the Spring her gallant knight  
Rode down the vale to Courcellette.

The winds of war have stripped the bough;  
No longer stands the Red Chateau,  
And to its cellars, wineless now,  
The weary troops of wounded go.  
While, but a dream of long ago  
Are orchards where the lovers met.  
Red angry war has levelled low  
The Red Chateau at Courcellette.

*Envoie.*



But Spring will rise from winter's grave,  
Bringing the phantom lovers yet,  
And blossoms with their tears will lave  
The Red Chateau at Courcellette.

S.

**No.2.**

**ANY PRIVATE TO ANY PRIVATE.**

*[The speaker pointed out that owing to the number of young married men who were being killed, widows were becoming a great burden to the State. - Daily Paper.]*

Our boys are wonderful. They are always able to laugh. - Daily Paper.

Aye, gie's ma rum. I'm needin't sair, by God!  
We've juist been bringin' Wullie doun the line -  
Wullie, that used tae be sae smairt an' snod.  
Hell! what a mess! Saft-nosed ane. Damn the swine!  
They nicht kill clean. I kent his auld fouk fine.  
Aye, he was mairrit. Man, she's spared a sicht.  
Here, Dave, gie's ower that blanket. Aye, that's mine.  
I kenna, hoo I canna lauch the nicht.

We gaed tae Tamson's schule. A clever loon  
Was Wullie. He was makin' money tae.  
A'body liked him round about the toun.  
Fitba'? Losh, aye! He was a de'il tae play.  
We joined the gither for a bob a day;  
An'noo he's deid. Here, Davie, gie's a licht.  
They'll pit it in the papers. Weel they may!  
I kenna, hoo I canna lauch the nicht.

I canna mak'it oot. It fair beats a',  
That Wullie has tae dee for God kens what.  
An' Wullie's wife'll get a bob or twa,  
Aifter they interfere wi' what she's got.  
They'll pester her, and crack a dagoned lot;  
An Heaven kens, they'll lave her awfu' ticht.

"A burden to the state." Her Wullie's shot.  
I kenna, hoo I canna lauch the nicht.

*Envoi.*

What's that? Anither workin' pairtie, noo,  
At six? Aye, sergeant, I'll be there a' richt.  
Weel, Wullie lad, they winna wauken you.  
I kenna, hoo I canna lauch the nicht.

S.

## WHOLE EXISTENCE.

*[The Editor hopes that a short story will be a feature of each issue of 'The Hydra.' Stories should be about 2000 words in length, and should not necessarily be offerings to Venus or Mars.]*

The thing had never happened in the Gratton Club before. Members had never publicly weakened their claim to be gentlemen, even though few of them could, or desired to bear the name of total abstainer. The club life was a quiet and uneventful one, for all of us had abstained the thankful condition of the old dog on a mat. We might wink if you pulled our ear, but we soon fell asleep again, and our continual attitude to life was one of "Go away, and play."

So, when Barclay dropped the stone of his disgusting conduct into our mill-pond, it caused more than a ripple. Barclay was not really one of us. In the first place, he was a married man, while most of us were bachelors. He used the club as a sort of hotel, where he could take a business friend to lunch, and he never disturbed with his glaring presence the quiet of our sober-papered smoke-room. It was a wonderful place, that smoke-room. We had each appropriated a special chair in it, and had worked our way about as a dog does before he settles down to be absolutely comfortable. Your finger never sought the push-bell, for William, who had grown fusty with the wall-paper, knew just when you wanted him.

Imagine us, then, at peace one Friday evening, when Barclay blew in -sometimes vulgarity has chosen the exact phrase - Barclay blew in, and the wind of his coming stirred us all. He was in evening dress, and had been drinking. I gave him a casual glance, and, with a fervent hope that he would not notice me, resettled to my *Standard*. It was then that the bombshell burst, for Barclay's voice stuttered out-

"What will you have, my dear?" and in feminine tones we heard the answer-

"What you're having yourself. But do you think they'd like me in here?"

"Course, delighted, they'll be - delighted," Barclay's voice replied. I looked up, and beheld a woman enter the smoking-room of the Grattan - a thing that had never happened in the annals of the club. She looked round with brazen impudence, and then her face flushed, for old Ellis had stepped forward, and was offering her his chair. Poor woman! She'd been once a lady. There was a quiver on her painted lips as she looked at Ellis.

"No, thank you," she said, "I am afraid I am intruding," and, turning to Barclay, she muttered, "Come on, let's get out of this." She bowed to us all, and dragged her somewhat unwilling partner from the smoke-room.

...

It's twenty-five years ago now since little Mary Fordyce took Barclay for better or for worse. Lord knows why I write "for better," for all we knew then it could only be "for worse." Women are the world's greatest puzzle, and, when men come to my age, they give them up. A platitude, no doubt, but true. Mary could have had her pick of us that quarter century ago, but she chose Barclay - profligate, not of the laughing species, but cunning, a liar, and as crooked as the law would permit in all his dealings. However, she married him, and he never changed a bit - just went on the same old road. I suppose he let her have all she wanted in the way of money. It paid him that his wife should be decently dressed, and he was clever - yes, undoubtedly clever. Time and again we could have smashed him; time and again, when his conduct was particularly disgusting, we would have dropped him. But we knew that his wife must suffer with him, and refrained. That devil Barclay knew it, too, and traded on our absolute helplessness, while his poor little wife lived on, an object of pity to us. Sometimes we wondered if she should be told everything. She could have evidence ten times enough, and over, to have freed herself from him in the divorce court.

...

It was Ellis who made the suggestion. If Barclay were to parade his other love so ostentatiously, it was only right and decent that Mary should know, and I, since I was her oldest friend, was commissioned to tell her. It was a nasty business, but I took it on, and yet I never carried it out. I went home from the club that night determined to call on Mary in the morning. I sat down by my study-fire, and tried to work out how I should put it. And as I thought, I fell asleep - and as I slept, I dreamed.

...

I was standing near the bar of Justice on the Day of the Great Judgement, and I beheld the soul of Barclay, dirty, smeared, and ugly, being led up for trial. Everything he had done was read out - every mean action, every dirty lie, every broken promise, every unclean act of mind and body. I saw his black, dirty soul writhe and quiver. The indictment ended, and then I saw

the pure white soul of Mary Fordyce behind. I heard the voice of the Great Judge ask kindly if she had anything to say, and I heard the voice of the soul of Mary answer -

*'I don't believe a word of it.'*

S.

## THE DOWNSTAIR DIALOGUES

### No.1.

*Scene - The Hall at Craiglockhart.*

*Time - Anytime.*

*Dramatis Personae - Two Blue Bands, A and B.*

A. Give me a fill.

B. (passing a sparsely-filled tobacco pouch). Wouldn't be a bad idea if that Officer's Club business gave us free tobacco.

A. Quite right! I can't see what on earth we pay the two bob for. Do you?

B. Quite right; outside having my boots cleaned, and been able to get some decent writing paper, I can't see how I'm benefited.

A. Quite true. I'll admit, of course, that I like a game of billiards occasionally, and the concerts on Saturday nights are not bad. I suppose the Club pays for these.

B. I suppose so. Certainly, let's be fair about it. There's the soap in the lavatories, and, of course, one likes to glance at the morning papers. But still, I don't see what I get for my two bob. Come on, and have a game of badminton.

A. Well, not just at present. I'm going to hand in some socks to be darned. I must get something for my two bob.

B. Well, cheer-oh! But honestly, I think we ought to protest against paying the money. It's always the same. *Pay, pay, pay and get absolutely nothing in return.*

## NONSENSE VERSES.

*(With apologies to Lewis Carroll.)*

He thought he saw a general  
A-smoking of a clay,  
He looked again, and found it was  
A private orderley.  
"He's not saluting me," he said,  
"He dosen't know the way."

He thought he saw a tasty dish  
Of sugar and of cream,  
He looked again, and found it was  
A pudding made from steam.  
"At last," he said, "I realise  
Things are not what they seem."

## "PROFITEERS"

By G.K. Chesterton

See: <http://ww1lit.nsms.ox.ac.uk/ww1lit/collections/document/5125/4299>

## TALES OF THIRD CLASS TRAVEL.

### II. – THE UNDERLING ON THE UNDERGROUND.

It was one of those acquaintanceships that bud, blossom, and bear fruit all in a few minutes. In fact, it bore fruit first, and blossomed afterwards, contrary to all natural laws.

The Central and South London Railway is one of those premature experiments in locomotion under which the whole earth groaneth – together until now, and it was given to me to groan with the rest. Rounding a sharp corner at the Elephant and Castle station I slipped, tried to save myself by catching at nothing, and fell. My hat, my stick, and my books adventured new ground, and found it in different directions. It was then, at the supreme moment of human

endurance, that the underling appeared with an "'urt yerself, sir?" a friendly grip under the elbow, and gathering together of scattered possessions.

There was no time then to return all the things. The stupid jangling train was in, and the infernally stupid doctrine, acted upon by all underground travellers, took possession of me. I felt it was essential that I should catch this one, and on no account to wait for the next. So it came about that I entered the carriage with a bruised knee, a walking stick upside down, holding in my left hand a book by one of its pages.

The underling returned my hat and the remaining books, and sitting beside me brushed my coat. He was indeed an underling, one of London's half-starved beasts of burden - an errand boy, perhaps, of a lower order even than those that drive in a princely fashion holding a rope on the back of a van. I gave him sixpence. "Thank you," I said; "one good turn deserves another." It was then, when I looked at him, that I realised how puny and weak he was, how frayed and dirty his clothes. His boots were unspeakably ragged.

Any South London traveller can tell you what an underground train does on its way to Clapham. It writhes and wrestles, butts, jolts, sways, and swings, only pausing at the stations to take breath. It has a kind of prolonged fit.

The underling began to show signs of distress before the train was half through its first spasm; he shifted about, turned and looked out into the blackness of the tunnel, contracted his eyebrows, and finally turned to me. "I 'ate trains" - he spoke with some huskiness - "allus mikes me 'ead giddy." "Does it?" I commiserated. "How nasty!" "Yus," he said, "anyfink on lines - trams gist the sime. Awful fings, trams are." In all conscience his face was the colour of putty before, it was that now with an added blue tinge, and there was an ominous moisture around the lips. The train lurched and struggled.

One good turn, I thought deserves another. Was my money - my sixpence - my share of good turns, or simply a subsidy expressing my thanks?

"Wandsworth-Road-hurry-along-please," carolled the conductor. No one moved. Again the wretched carriage slipped from light to darkness, from a jumble of advertisements to the blackness of the vaults. "One good turn." the silly phrase would recur in my mind - my share of kindness remained to be done. A fat, silly old man looked over his newspaper and proclaimed to the carriage, "Tea's up again, so's bread. Horrible war." The train seemed to be negotiating a pronounced curve; the whole carriage tilted and rattled.

The underling tottered to his feet intent to gain the sliding door. The silly old man saw the position at a glance. He was one of many fools who always volunteer remarks, and always the wrong remarks. "Very choppy this morning, sonny," was what he said. The end came then.

"Clapham-Common-passengers-off-first-please." Everybody in the carriage realised that they had destinations on, or near, Clapham Common, I amongst the first, but in the lift I could

not see the theatrical bills, or posters of special hair dyes for "One good turn deserves another" was written everywhere I looked. I had fled with the crowd when I might have been useful.

Outside in the clean, wholesome air it was that my chance came. A woman, carrying one of those see-all string shopping bags, tried to cross the road in front of a motor cyclist. I helped her to put the jumbled mass of purchases - except the eggs, which were irreclaimable - back into the bag after the accident. Providence throws these opportunities in one's way. "Oh, thank you, thank you very much, sir." "Not at all, madam," said I; "one good turn deserves another." The poor woman thought me newly arrived from Bedlam.

But I was sane enough!

COCKBURN HARVEY.

## THRUSHES.

Tossed on the glittering air, they soar and skim,  
Whose voices make the emptiness of light  
A windy palace. Quavering from the brim  
Of dawn, and bold with song at edge of night,  
They clutch their leafy pinnacles and sing,  
Scornful of man and from his toils aloof;  
Whose heart's a haunted woodland whispering, -  
Whose thoughts return on tempest-baffled wing, -  
Who hears the cry of God in everything,  
And storms the gate of nothingness for proof.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

### **Craiglockhart War Hospital Officers' Club.**

*Chairman* - Capt. EVANS.

*Hon. Treasurer* - Mr F. GLYNN GILLING.

*Hon. Secretary* - Mr C. H. HAWES.



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

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

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

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

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

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

**Yacht Club** (Capt. A.D. Foster, Secretary). - This Club is very popular. About twenty yachts have been built in the workshop. Races are held weekly.

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

**Billiards** (Mr W.E.P. Turner, Secretary). - There are two billiard tables, and the Club is endeavouring to add another at an early date. Competitions are held monthly. No charge for the game!

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

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

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

**Concerts** (Capt. M.W.A. Williams, Secretary). - There is a fine concert every week. The Hydro orchestra is quite renowned. All can help.

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

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

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

**Library** (Mr W.E.P. Turner, Librarian). - Books to suit all tastes. Additions monthly.

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

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

### **General**

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

Can any one desire more? And all for two shillings per week!

What would this Hospital be like without this Club? Now, you grouzers, just think, and if you feel too "fed up" to take interest in anything, at least remember by a little unselfishness one can always help to make life more pleasant for others. Finally, we must not look on these various activities as merely a means of helping us to kill time during our incarceration in the Craiglockhart concentration camp. They have in themselves a definitely curative value. The neurasthenic frequently requires skilled help to enable him to get free from his particular worries. But, apart from this, there is no doubt that a man who is daily engaged on some self-expressive work is far better equipped, not merely to throw off his immediate troubles, but to prevent the onset of others. Further, we do not need to go so far back as Aristotle to realise that man is essentially a social animal. Most of us here at times feel very definitely "fed up" with everything and everybody-in other words, we feel "anti-social," or, at least, "non-social."

So far from agreeing with Aristotle, we take the position that we are isolated units in an unsympathetic, if not actually hostile, world. Well, this is a feeling that by daily effort must be got over. We have it on good authority that to indulge a tendency of this kind is, in the case of a neurasthenic, purely destructive, and, indeed, if persisted in, literally suicidal. To combat, then, this morbid tendency we must link ourselves up with one or other activities of the Hospital. These will lead us again into vital contact with our surroundings (physical, organic, and social), and we shall each of us live over again the experience of the giant Antaeus, who gained fresh springs of life at every fresh contact with his Mother Earth.

The Field Club in a sense aims at co-ordinating all the other scientific groups. Its immediate object is a regional survey, *i.e.*, a survey of the Craiglockhart region, from all the different aspects (geological, botanical, economic, etc.) which will, at the same time, show the absolute interdependence between these aspects. The field of external nature is one; the various sciences are merely this one field looked at from various points of view. Apart from the scientific groups, those dealing with actual occupations (engineering, agriculture, etc.) will have, it is hoped, this further value, that they will often be the first step towards the future employment of officers in work for which they possess special aptitude.

We have had already in this war too much of the "round peg in the square hole," and there is no reason why we, at Craiglockhart, should not be preparing for a more enlightened policy.

### **Church Notices.**

Church Of England.

Sundays - 11th and 25th Nov.

8.30 a.m. Holy Communion. Room 6.

10 " Matins and Sermon. Concert Room.

Presbyterian.

Sundays - 4th and 18th Nov.

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

### **Bible Study Circle.**

The New Testament is being studied, with the help of a modern book called "The Jesus of History," by Dr T.R. Glover. One chapter is discussed each week, on Thursdays, at 8 p.m., in Room 6. New members are welcome. The Rev. R.B. Winsor will be pleased to give any further information or help.

### **Golf.**

The competition played at Bruntsfield provided some amusement for the entrants, though the standard play was not high. The prevailing wind caused some highly entertaining shots to be played, and many "new" views of the course were seen. A splendid effort by Lieut. Birch resulted in his capturing the prize, with a score of 9 down. The inimitable Jimmy was afterwards seen showing his discomfited rivals how to play a "full push into the wind."

It has been suggested that a day at St Andrews would be much appreciated. Will officers who would care to go kindly inform the Secretary, and arrangements will be made accordingly.

### **Model Yacht Club.**

The Club held the usual weekly regatta on 1st October. A strong westerly wind was blowing, and an excellent day's sport was witnessed. In the first event, Mr Hole was successful with

"Challenger" on her maiden trip, and, in the second, Capt. Williams' "Rover" secured the first place.

*First Event      Second Event*

1. "Challenger."   1. "Rover."
2. "The Scot."    2. "The Scot."
3. "Pompey."      3. "White Wings."

It was decided to hold a monthly championship race, and the first was sailed on 4th October in very boisterous weather. Mr Brand's "Pat" won a very interesting race, Mr Hubbard being second with "Nonpareil," and Mr Beers third with "White Wings."

The usual weekly regatta was sailed on 8th October, and attracted quite a large gathering. In the first event, Mr Rhind's "The Scot" won a popular victory after an exciting finish. In the second event, the champion, Mr Brand's "Pat," was successful.

*First Event      Second Event*

1. "The Scot."      1. "Pat."
2. "Nonpareil."    2. "The Scot."
3. "Green Linnet." 3. "Pompey."

The Yacht Club is still making steady progress, and new members are joining every week. Several new boats are expected to take the water very shortly. The Motor Boat Section is progressing, and the Committee hope to be able to include an event for this class in the weekly programme.

### **Debating Society.**

*Chairman* - Capt. EVANS.

*Secretary* - Mr ANGEL.

*Committee* - Messrs OWEN, SHADDICK, LEE.

The first debate was held on 3rd October, Capt. Mackenzie presiding. The motion before the meeting was to the effect that "German commercial methods should be adopted in this country after the War." Capt. Murray proposed the motion in a very able speech, and, bringing his wide commercial experience to bear on the subject, made out a very strong case. Mr Angel, who opposed, took a more philosophical and ethical line, and declared that German commercial methods were wrong, being purely for the purpose of aggrandisement. Messrs Lee and Brisby supported the motion, and Mr Reynolds spoke for the opposition. On the motion being put to the vote, it was declared carried by 7 votes to 3.

### **Camera Club.**

*President* - Major W.H. BRYCE.

*Chairman* - Major J. HUNTER, D.S.O.

*Secretary* - Capt. J. MACKENZIE.

*Shopkeeper and Treasurer* - Mr L.K. RODGER.

The club was started during the summer, and has steadily progressed to a firm position, with an executive and a shop. The latter is a show case in the corridor, and contains all the usual sizes of films, plates, etc., as well as materials for toning, fixing, and mounting. The goods and case are the property of Mr J.B. Watson, who has arranged to give prizes of 15s. weekly in materials for the Camera Club. The prizes are competed for weekly, for general and sometimes special subjects. Lately the various activities in the Hospital have been taken, and it is intended to group these photographs for show purposes.

### **Tennis and Badminton.**

The tennis season is over, but a few games are still played on the hard court. The grass court is out of commission until next season. The tennis, on the whole, has been rather a failure, although some very good sets have been seen. It was, however, found impossible to finish any of the tournaments, owing to the very changeable nature of the weather, and to the fact that some members left the Hospital before they were able to play all their matches.

Owing to the wet weather we have been having lately, quite a number of officers are playing badminton. The doubles proved most interesting, Messrs Laing and Nicholson winning after a hard contest.

The singles tournament is in full swing, but the handicapping is rather poor, owing to the fact that new players are constantly turning up, and putting their names down for the tournament without giving the Committee a chance to see them play. May we suggest that top boots are neither suitable nor customary for badminton? We believe that if only some of our members will try tennis shoes they will find them an excellent substitute.

### **Billiards.**

The third handicap is going strong, the number of entries being unusually large. The first handicap proved an easy victory for Mr Procter, who, with a start of 25, beat Mr Wright after a good game.

The second handicap was won by Mr Boak, who, taking advantage of the run of the balls, beat Mr Scott by the narrow margin of 3 points. The latter, who by no means had the best of the luck, may be congratulated on the good game he put up.

The Billiard Room is very popular just now, and we could easily do with another table.

Major Hope, in a friendly game the other evening, made a break of 51, which is, we believe, the second largest made in the Hospital.

Players are requested to observe the Rules, to obviate the necessity of having their attention drawn to them by the Committee.

### **Whist Drives.**

May we offer our congratulations to the bright person who was responsible for the idea of holding a weekly whist drive? Up to the time of writing two have been held, the first on Friday, 5th October, and the second on Friday, 12th October. We are sure that all who were present on those occasions will agree that two most enjoyable evenings were spent, and that the thanks of all are due to Mr Arnott, who on both occasions so ably undertook the duties of master of ceremonies. Prizes were given as follows:-

*5th October.*

1st - Mr Wilkins. Waterman Fountain Pen.

2nd - Mr Guilt. Dunhill Pipe.

*12th October.*

1st - Mr Woodward. Letter Case.

2nd - Mr Baylis . Shaving Mirror.

3rd - Mr Philips.. Treasury Note Case.

Suitable booby prizes were given on each occasion, but we will spare the blushes of the winners by not divulging their names. Might we suggest to Mr Arnott and the Committee that we are sure a mixed whist drive would prove most popular, and we think might easily be managed?

### **Boys' Training Club.**

An informal meeting of this Club was held on 18th September, when the objects of the Club were explained to the officers present, and a rough scheme for the carrying on of the Club was discussed.

The objects of the Club are twofold: (1) To help the boys of Edinburgh by getting in touch with the Boy Scout movement and Board Schools, and providing instruction in subjects of interest to them which they do not meet in the ordinary routine, trying to stimulate in them self-discipline and respect. (2) To get officers who are patients in this Hospital to take an interest in the movement, and to arrange classes of boys for them to teach subjects in which they are interested, in the hope that, by occupying their time for an hour or so a week in this way, it will help them.

At the meeting it was explained that the Boy Scout Headquarters and some of the Board schools had been approached, and were keen to avail themselves of the help of officers. The meeting decided that, for the purpose of arriving at a workable scheme, a President, Secretary, and two Committees should be elected, one to deal with Boy Scouts, and the other with Board Schools, the President being a member of both. Accordingly, the following were appointed:-

*President* - Capt. E. COPLAND GRIFFITHS.

*Secretary* - 2nd Lieut. G.S. HYSLOP.

*Boy Scout Committee* - Lieut. N. BRAGGINS, 2nd Lieut. F.E. BRANDON.

Boards School Committee - Major J. HUNTER, D.S.O., Capt. J. MACKENZIE

It was further decided that a list should be put up stating various subjects which might be taught, and asking officers who cared to do so to put their names down.

A further meeting was held on 25th September. The President explained that arrangements had been made at Tynecastle School, Gorgie, to commence classes at once in map-reading, signalling, first aid, and physical culture, classes being held from 2.30 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. in the afternoons; that a meeting of Scoutmasters of the Edinburgh Boy Scouts had been fixed for Wednesday, 3rd October, at which a final settlement would be reached as to how help should be given.

A letter was read from General Baden-Powell, thanking the officers for offering their help, and stating his appreciation.

The list mentioned in the former meeting was produced, and the names of some thirty officers appeared on it.

It was decided that all officers wishing to teach the same subject should be grouped together, and, by consultation, should make out a rough scheme of instruction in that subject, in the hope that by getting closer co-operation it will facilitate the difficulty of substitutes taking on the classes.

On Saturdays of each week it was proposed that Boy Scout field days and games should be held, and a Committee to work out these schemes was proposed, the following officers being elected:- 2nd Lieut. C.O. Rhind, 2nd Lieut. F.R. Chase, 2nd Lieut. S.C. Harvey.

A letter was read from the Headquarters of the Boys' Brigade, asking for help in the evenings for drill, signalling, etc., and it was decided to do nothing until the Boy Scout movement had made a good start.

On Wednesday, 3rd October, the Boy Scout Commissioners, District Scoutmasters, and Scoutmasters held a meeting, at which the President and Committee of the Club were present. A scheme was agreed upon that help should be given to the Boy Scouts by means of lectures. Among the scouts there are some twenty-five subjects in which they are interested. A list of these subjects is up in the hall of the Hospital. It was agreed to hold, as soon as possible, a lecture given in a selected subject in each of the three districts into which Edinburgh is divided. If, at the end of these lectures, a troop wishes to take up the subject as a course, that troop will then be instructed in that course. A rough time was fixed for these lectures, which varies between 7.30 p.m. and 7.45 p.m., and they are to last not more than three-quarters of an hour. It was made quite plain at the meeting that the Boy Scout



movement must in no way become dependent on officers, but that officers should be used as experts in the subjects, and to give help only, therefore scoutmasters should always be present at any meeting to which an officer goes. The officer is not expected to stop more than three-quarters of an hour, and the scoutmaster should be able to carry on the instructions of the officer without his presence.

At the end of the meeting a letter was read addressed to the Commissioner of Edinburgh from General Baden-Powell, saying he was exceedingly keen on the scheme, and hoped that, if it was successful in Edinburgh, he would be able to carry out the scheme all over the United Kingdom.

The failure or success of the scheme depends entirely on the officers in the Hospital. The chief difficulty the Committee has to contend with is officers not giving sufficient notice when they are unable to attend a class or lecture, and thus time is not given to provide a substitute. If this is done, and classes and lectures are left without instructors, the whole scheme is doomed to failure. It should be realised that some of the boys may have to come considerable distances to attend, and it is naturally disappointing to them to find no lecturer. In the case of the Board Schools the boys waste time waiting during school hours, which is naturally exceedingly inconvenient to the schoolmasters.

The list of classes for each week is posted up on the Saturday of the previous week, and this should give officers sufficient warning. No great inconvenience is caused if an officer gives plenty of notice. The difficulty is naturally bound to crop up sometimes through sickness or other reason.

The meeting then entered into discussion on this subject. The officers present quite appreciated the difficulty, and the following rule was made in the hope that it would be overcome:- "That when the classes are placed up each week on the board, the chief instructor under each subject should have a star placed against his name. This star indicates that he is the officer who is responsible for seeing that sufficient instructors are sent to the class or lecture."

At the end of the meeting the Chaplain proposed that, as he had formed two Bible Classes for boys, they shall be placed under the Boys' Training Club. This was agreed to. The classes consist of boys who belong to the Church Lads' Brigade, and are under the Rev. Mr MacKay. They take place on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. These boys would, no doubt, form good material should an officer who is interested care to take them up and instruct them in other subjects.

As a branch to the Club, an engineering scheme has been started, the object of which is to bring those officers who are keen on engineering and motor engineering into touch with workshops and motor garages where they can work.

By arrangement with the engineer instructor at Tynecastle Board School, Gorgie, on every day of the week, except Saturday, the work-shops are open to officers from 10 a.m. to 12 p.m. Up till now some fourteen officers have been working there, and there is room for more who wish to take it up.

*Motor Engineering.* - There are about six garages where officers have worked. The arrangement has proved quite satisfactory, but, from information received from officers who have worked at these garages, the smaller ones are preferable. If officers require any information on this subject they should apply to the President of the Club.

At Tynecastle School, Gorgie, classes for boys are held every night from 7.30 to 9.30 in carpentry, tinsmith's work, plumbing, upholstering, engineering, moulding and casting, etc. These classes, of course, have proper civilian instructors, but if any officers like to go there in the evenings and have a look round or help they will be very welcome.

The actual work carried out by the Club since it started is as follows:-

The Boy Scouts have had three field days, held on Saturdays. These have been most successful, especially the last one, held on 6th October under 2nd Lieut. S.C. Harvey. On an average, some seventy to eighty boys have turned out for these afternoons.

To the Boy Scouts some six lectures have already been held in various parts of Edinburgh, and those officers who have given them have all expressed the same feeling, that the boys are exceedingly keen and listen with the greatest interest.

At Tynecastle Board School some ten classes are held weekly, and the boys seem to be very keen, and the Headmaster is pleased at the work.

At Craiglockhart, three days a week, boys come from North Merchiston School - Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. This seems also a successful arrangement. Each of these classes has an officer to take charge of it, and he is left at liberty to do what he thinks fit.

Within the week ending 13th October, the applications for further help in lectures and classes were coming in fast, especially from the Boy Scouts. The present number of classes and lectures held in the various places is twenty a week. Some thirty officers have actually helped in the Club, but some of these have now gone. In order to cope with the work, the Club must have more instructors. The Boy Scouts seem especially keen on learning pioneering, map-reading, signalling, ju jitsu, and physical culture, and help is badly wanted in these subjects.

In conclusion, therefore, an urgent appeal is made to ask more officers who care to do so to come forward and offer their services.

### **Field Club.**

We are now three months old. Since the inaugural summer meeting, papers bearing on the objects of the Club have been given weekly, and much appreciated. Among recent papers

given, the subject chosen by Mr Johnstone for the 24th September, dealing with the extraordinary wealth of wild fauna met with in Rhodesia, attracted a large assemblage. Prefacing a short course of lectures on agriculture that we are arranging through the courtesy of the Director of the Edinburgh and East of Scotland College of Agriculture, an interesting paper on the classification of soils, soil air, soil water, root absorption and fertility was given by Mr Owen on 1st October. The following week we had a demonstration on "Osmosis." Recent visits to local farms have brought us into touch, not only with the various systems of farming in the district, but also with the relative economy of large and small holdings, and the vital question of labour. Many and varied are the interests covered by the Field Club, and new members are assured of a cordial welcome.

### **Concerts.**

Owing to the time elapsing between the last publication of the old magazine and the first of the new, reports of societies probably appear to be somewhat out of date. The concert reports have suffered also, but none of us are likely to forget the splendid evening given us by the concert party of the H.L.I., who added to the excellence of their own "turns" by having the further attraction of the "Two Bobs." It is useless to write how much we appreciated every "turn" that evening. We hope our applause convinced the artistes.

We once heard Pellisier describe "Macbeth" as "a gloomy farce." I suppose a hearer of this remark dubbed "The Silver Box" a comedy. However, Mrs Isaacson has turned us all into Socialists. I saw one man in tears about the vulgar rich and their power. I cannot, however, be sure if he were "quite 'imself."

Capt. Williams, Miss Grieve, and the orchestra, our thanks always for the trouble you take for the excellent music you give.

### **Arrivals.**

G. Corbett.	J. Cousins.
A. Wray.	R.H. Minton.
R. Whisett.	A.S. Waterhouse.
Capt. R.S. Gibson.	S.T. Matthews.
" S.R. Hall.	H.S. Consterdine.
" G.D. Sherwood.	G.T. Williams.
A. Rich.	W.H. Blyth.
F. Bennett.	T. Brooke.
W. Bignell.	H. Chanter.

FROM BOWHILL

R.L. Rosenberg. G.S. Pearks.

## **Departures.**

F.C.D. Scott.	Major Westland.
T.E. Brandon.	W. Hunt.
A.C. Davies.	A. Graham Stewart.
Keeton.	R.E. Atwell.

## **YOUTH AND AGE.**

Hold to my lips a cup of golden wine,  
A crown of golden roses for my hair.  
Give me a golden harvest moon to shine,  
And golden opportunities to share.  
By giving these, you do, in very truth,  
Give me my youth.

Hold to my lips a cup of sorrow's tears,  
And for my head a crown of faded rue.  
Give me a starless night to hide my fears,  
And phantom figures for a retinue.  
Dread dreams of war to be my equipage,  
You give me age.

COCKBURN HARVEY.

## **STOP PRESS NEWS**

The debating society is going strong. The last two debates have attracted quite a large number of officers. On 17th October, "The Church in Great Britain has failed in her Mission" was the subject under discussion, but the church was vindicated by 19 votes to 11. On 24th October "Woman Suffrage" resulted in quite a lively debate, and the ladies carried the day by 20 votes to 12. The Matron graced the meeting with her presence and took part in the discussion.

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The Billiard Tournament of 200 up resulted in a victory for Mr Marchington, who is to be congratulated on a well-deserved success. A flying handicap of 25 up is at present in progress.

\*\*\*

We do not recollect at the moment whether it was Euclid who said that "any two meals in a hospital are together less than two square meals."

We have to thank our kind friends who were responsible for the excellent concerts provided for us on 13th and 20th October. It would be invidious to select any one of the performers for especial praise, but we would like them all to know that their efforts are always much appreciated. We can only hope that they will come again, for we can assure them that we, like "Oliver Twist," are ready for more.

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We do not believe the story that, an empty chair being observed in front of the fire in the Lounge, four officers were killed in the rush.

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We consider it our duty to deny, once and for all, the absurd rumour that an officer from this hospital was seen walking with a girl in Princes Street.

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We are glad to note the instructions regarding moustaches. Personally, we are clean-shaven, but the War must be won at all costs.