

The Hydra: the magazine of Craiglockhart War Hospital

No. 3 New Series January 1918

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EDITORIAL

[The Editor will be pleased to consider articles, verses, and line-drawings, not only from members of the Officers' Club, but from the outside public. Articles should consist of not more than 1000 words, and should be written on one side of the paper only. All contributions should be addressed to the editor, 'The Hydra,' Craiglockhart War Hospital, Slateford, Midlothian.]

"The dream is dulled". - JOHN DRINKWATER

At some risk of iteration, we must once more point out to our readers that no magazine can exist without contributions. Can it be that originality is dead in Craiglockhart, and that, of the two hundred minds here assembled, not one has a thought above his glass of milk, an ideal beyond his hot-water bottle? Or is our literary genius merely hibernating till the warm winds of spring shall again blow upon our terraces? Up to the present, appeals and threats have alike proved fruitless. No one contributes. We insist that this apathy must at once be thrown off, and look forward with confidence to the time when the E pigeon-hole in the Hall will each day be filled to overflowing with articles, stories, verse, and cartoons.

The last month has made sad ravages in *The Hydra* staff. We have lost Mr Reynolds, who, in his short but energetic tenure of the editorial chair, fully maintained the standard of our first number; while the exigencies of the service have also taken from us Mr Sassoon and Mr Cockburn Harvey, two of our most valued contributors.

We wish our readers a very happy New Year.

NOTES AND NEWS.

We regret that owing to unforeseen circumstances the photographs of our Sisters have to be held over till next month.

The Club Christmas Card was drawn by Mr Buchanan, whom we have also to thank for this month's cartoon.

It is proposed to form a Choral Society. Those interested should communicate with Mr Bayley.

The Christmas Dinner was a great success. In the name of the Club we beg to tender our congratulations to Mr Henry and his committee.

We thank Mr Smith for his excellent photographic contribution to this number.

SONNET.

Who in the splendour of a simple thought
(Whether for England or her enemies)
Went in the night, and in the morning died,
Each bleeding piece of human earth that lies
Stark to the carrion wind, and groaning cries
For burial - each Jesu crucified -
Hath surely won the thing he dearly bought,
For wrong is right when wrong is greatly wrought.

Yet is Nazarene no thigh of Thor
Playing on partial fields the puppet king,
Bearing the battle down with bloody hand.
Serene he stands above the gods of war -
A naked man where shells go thundering -
The great unchallenged Lord of No Man's Land.

F.V.B.

ANTAEUS, OR BACK TO THE LAND.

Hoc quoque tam vastas cumulavit munere vires
Terra sui fetus, quod, cum tetigere parentem,
Iam defecta vigent renovato robore vires.

Lucan, Pharsalia, IV. 593 sqq.

Antaeus was a young Libyan giant, whose parents were Gaia and Poseidon, Earth and Sea. In a wrestling combat he could not be overthrown as long as his feet were on his Mother Earth.

When he was raised off the earth his strength rapidly failed, only to be renewed again at the first contact with the soil. Finally Hercules, seeing this, lifted him bodily up in the air, and holding him there, crushed him to death in his arms.

Now surely every officer who comes to Craiglockhart recognises that, in a way, he is himself an Antaeus who has been taken from his Mother Earth and well-nigh crushed to death by the war giant or military machine.

The superficial may object that trench warfare is "back to earth" with a vengeance; the more careful will detect the obvious fallacy.

It is interesting to note that the struggles with the Hydra and Antaeus constituted two of the famous "labours" of Hercules. In modern days at Craiglockhart they are again associated. We are still struggling with the Hydra.

Antaeus typifies the occupation cure at Craiglockhart. His story is the justification of our activities.

When we come in here the first thing we have to do is to get on our legs again. And how can we get on our legs if we have nothing to put our legs on? Thus we come to our "back to the land" in the most literal, as well as in a more metaphorical sense.

Not only must we get back to earth in the most literal sense (as at present represented here by Mr Miller's Agriculture and Gardening Committee), but also to all the *fundamental* arts of life.

Man is essentially a doer. He is "geared for action". He thinks (or ought to think) in order to act; secondly, when he does act he must not act *in vacuo*. The Craiglockhart patient must be aware of Art for Art's sake. He must act in relation to his environment.

We are all, to a large extent, creatures of our environment - that is, we are all offspring of earth. To get well and to keep well everyone must have a natural environment. And so our activities, in order to be healthy, must both bring us as far as possible back to natural conditions, and also have some relation to our surroundings, whether we deal with the flora of our land and plough the soil, or, aiming higher in the organic scale, occupy ourselves with the local fauna, from fowls up to fellow-creatures. Our work must be constructive and productive, not merely critical and academic.

It is when our heads are high in the clouds of unpracticality, our feet clean off the earth, that the Hercules of war will overcome us. *Labor amnia vincit*.

ACTURUS.

[So much are we impressed by the profound psychological truth underlying this legend that we invite our artistic readers to compete in a pictorial representation of the story of Antaeus, and offer a small prize for the best cartoon dealing with this subject. We suggest that it be either in one picture, or perhaps, more suitably in two scenes, the first depicting Antaeus

lifted from the earth and well nigh overcome, the second his reinvigoration as his foot once more touches the ground.

It is well known the *The Hydra* loses its heads at frequent intervals. One of the more recent of these, in other words, our late Editor, Mr Owen, has reduced the Antaeus saga to blank verse. This poem we hope to print in our next number. - ED.]

TRIOLET.

She blew me a kiss
From the tips of her fingers -
The mischievous miss,
She blew me a kiss,
Part torture, part bliss,
The memory lingers.
She blew me a kiss
From the tips of her fingers.

My thought it is this -
She should give it in person.
When I think what I miss
My thought it is this -
That to *blow* such a kiss
Is to cast an aspersion -
My thought it is this
She should give it in person.

H.M.P.

DESIRE.

The candle lights vanish: the night streams in.
I lie and wake with dreams.
My sister-in-law tosses hair as black as pitch
On her pillow, sleeps with my brother's arms about her.
But little have either of them thought
How bitterly I spill a hundred tears,

Breathing fiercely within my small bed.
(They think I am waiting for no one.)

But I am waiting for a gipsy lover
To motion me out across the silver grass.
Shall I never elude him joyously in the dark rustling wood?
Even now he may hide in the garden,
Watching the stars break out, wondering how to call me.
Must I, too, some day lie domestically in a double bed
Parallel with a correct husband in woollen pyjamas?
It is for thought like these I weep
And fever for a couch of bracken,
And love as lawless and clean as a hawk's
That keeps me restless.

Only if in the day I let fall one least hint of this
They gaze vacantly across my face:-
"You are only a little girl, Dolores,
And we cannot expect you to understand."
Then I go out and look across the wicket
Up the high road
Wondering which way he may come.

IRIS BARRY.

AN EPISODE.

In Memory of J.M.S.P.

'When the grasshopper shall become a burden.'

I met him five years ago in a university town of the North, and for three years enjoyed his close friendship. Then came the War, and I never saw him again; but I have heard of him - here a little and there a little - and it has seemed good to me to put on record what manner of man he was, that some slight memorial, other than that imperishable one which lives in the hearts of his friends, may remain.

The first impression he gave was that of gentleness. He was small in height, with fair hair that waved over his forehead; his features were the most finely cut I have ever seen, and his

eyes forbade a lie. For two years I spent two - sometimes three - nights each week with him, and the fragrance of those nights, the fragrance of a rare personality, will remain with me to the end of the day. His mind was fine rather than robust, like the man himself, fine, with the strength of a steel wire, sensitive to every breath of beauty, and all too sensitive to any discord in the harmonies he loved.

I remember a night I spent with him and another of our friends, F.B., a man of terrible intellectual energy, with a genius for the mental grotesque. We had talked for hours, and for the most part F.B. held the floor, pacing up and down like a caged beast, laying violent and none too clean hands upon everything within reach, until the room was littered with his broken fancies, and all the time pouring forth with crude eloquence the surplus store of his splendid mind. When he had gone my chum said "What a great fellow he is; I'm so glad he is gone". "But why?" I asked; "don't you like him?" "Of course I do", he said, "but it's so much easier liking him now that he's gone and only his spirit is left with us - it's like having Jonah without the whale". Poor old whale! but, indeed, I could appreciate P.'s point of view, for I too have suffered from that whirlwind of eloquence and from those ruthless, snatching hands, and I could understand how my sensitive little friend must feel in presence of this behemoth of energy.

In August 1914 I remember thinking of P., and in the midst of my own perplexity I had time to wonder how he was facing the problem that carried such urgency to all thinking men. For I knew that he hated war as he had hated anything unclean. The appeal to force that can only give judgement on the side of force was to him, as to me, folly of the worst sort. But any one who lived through those first days can remember how, for most of us, thought did not suffice; we were caught up on a wave of emotion that swept from us aught else and left us with little alternative. We must take our part or be ashamed, and if there was a struggle between the mental and physical courage, the blood that ran in us, the red blood of fighters, carried us over on its crimson surge. Now, many of you may not know what I mean by this, for to numbers of men, and most women, the call of War came with such certitude of command as to admit of no argument, and I honour, and in measure envy, those men. But with my friend it was far otherwise. His every instinct held him back; he hated the blatant uproar, the appalling injustice of war. He knew that for himself life in the Army would be torture, and he was not capable of the heroics that make ordinary men fight and feel like gods. He took ten days to decide, and then he enlisted as a private in one of the roughest units of a Scottish regiment, and within three months of his enlistment he was in France. Two months ago I met a man who knew him in those first days, and he spoke of him as "the most reckless devil I have ever seen, always on the look-out for trouble, and always laughing, as if the whole thing was a pantomime". And I remember what he had written to me about that time. "There can be no justification for war. It is insane. Hell can hold no worse than I have lived through. I am fighting against fear, and horror fights for fear".

Others of his unit have spoken to me since of his disregard for danger and unfailing cheerfulness. When one of them asked him what he thought of the Germans, his reply "I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him" showed the old impish humour that made his company so pleasant to his friends. But it was only three days ago that I heard how he left us. The British line had been hard pressed for weeks, falling back with that splendid dourness that makes of that first year of war a history of heroes. In a sortie from the trenches one of our subs., a young boy straight from school, had been wounded, and lay some twenty yards from safety. The Germans counter-attacked, and one, brutal even for a Hun, stopped his advance and deliberately blew the laddie's brains out. Then, before anyone could check him, P. was over the parapet, "yelling like hell and running like a devil", as my informant put it. The German was a giant who could have made three of him, but it would have required more than giants to have foiled that lyric rage. He was killed at the same instant as his bayonet wrought vengeance on the monster Teuton, and where his grave is no man knows, and I for one care little. There is no grave for such as he.

I have written this sketch of him because he was my friend, and I loved him, and because of an old man and women in the grey North, and a lassie whom I have never seen, of whom I know nothing, save that he loved her.

BEADS.

Our speech is like a silver tray
Where beads for words are scattered;
Some new and bright as yesterday,
Some worn and battered.

Opal and ruby, blue and gold,
For every hue of fancy;
Pearl for the dreams of soft Isolde,
Green jade for Nancy.

And so by subtle choice of these
Into gay songs I string them -
Then to your feet for necklaces,
Beloved, bring them.

G.A.

UNSPOKEN.

We that are weary of this restaurant small-talk
Shall we not go, shall we not walk,
Nor let the rough wind blow our sickness whole
And rip away the hunger of sorrow of soul
That veils our eyes?
Should we still fear to leave behind
Oak panelling, small tables, or these coteries?
Did we not go, did we not find
The wind blaring, the earth bare -
Sky, too, swept clear, nothing of spring but just
That triumphal great grey chorus.
Why, last year's old leaves still spinning in the dust
Would be enough for us ...
Shall we not go?
Last year's old leaves are spinning; and we must.

IRIS BARRY.

POST WAR PROPHECIES.

I remember seeing an article in a magazine some time ago which dealt facetiously with the problem of restoring soldiers to the conditions of civilian life. Although I have not the immense aid of W. Heath Robinson's pictures, which so admirably illustrated that particular thesis, I will endeavour to show that the civilian will not have it all his own way.

The habit of discipline has been inculcated during the war will not be easily eradicated, but will have far-reaching effects on the conduct of post-war households. We can imagine *paterfamilias* installing a system of synchronised alarm clocks, whose sounding will act as reveille, and be so timed as to allow for an inspection parade five minutes before breakfast. Then, too, woe betide the luckless son and heir if he stay out after roll-call without a pass, for a few days C.B. will be his lot, and the fair one, who was the innocent cause of his defection, will languish in solitude!

Outside the home there are great possibilities. For example, lateness at church can be stopped. There is a good old story, to the effect that the rector of a country church never started the service before the squire arrived. One Sunday, however, the latter was so late that the rector began, "When the wicked man -" "Stop, sir!" interrupted the clerk, "he's not come yet!" In post-war days, as soon as the bell stops ringing, the choir and rector will march in, and when they have reached their places, the curate or senior churchwarden will step up and say: "Congregation reported present, sir". Lateness will be regarded as absence without leave, and result in an appearance in the vestry. If the offender cannot produce a satisfactory reason for non-attendance - such as the non-arrival of laundry - he will be mulcted. Let us suppose, however, that a person is habitually absent for the same reason; in that case an ecclesiastical court of inquiry will sit to report on the circumstances.

At the close of the performances in theatres or concert rooms everybody experiences the nuisance of a crush at the exit doors, a thing which will be remedied in some such way as this. After the "King" has been played, the audience will sit easy until the manager appears on the stage and gives the following orders: "Audience - 'shun! As you were! Smarter on the left of the orchestra stalls! Audience - 'shun! Retire in file from the right rows, dress circle leading." Here the O.i/c dress circle will give the command, "Right turn! Quick march!" and the remaining portions of the audience will march out in order. The orchestra meanwhile will play a military march, and programme girls and attendants will see that the step is kept. By this means the audience will disperse quickly and comfortably.

The possibilities of the operation order are immense. Here is a specimen drawn up by *paterfamilias*:-

1. On Saturday, 17th July, the family will entrain for the annual summer holiday.
2. Personal kit, which must not exceed 35lbs., will be packed and deposited in the butler's stores on the preceding day.
3. The house will be carefully handed over to the servants remaining behind, and a receipt obtained for all stores, etc. These servants will receive ration allowance in advance for the period of the holiday, in accordance with the scale laid down in G.R.O. 572 of 12/4/20.
4. Transport will report at zero - 5 minutes. The butler will detail a fatigue party to pack the kit on the taxi.
5. The taxi will move off punctually at zero, the signal being given by three blasts on a whistle.
6. Zero hour will be notified later.

There is one old custom which will probably become obsolete, and that is the celebration of 5th November. A firework display would be too much for the nerves of the ex-soldier, since it would be regarded as a perfect nightmare of S.O.S.'s, and in consequence banned.

Schools of instruction will be plentiful. A man will not be allowed to drive a car until he has passed a standard test in mechanism, stoppages, and driving drill. So also a would-be cricketer or golfer will be taught strokes by numbers. A text-book, similar to F.S.R.'s, will be issued for such games as football and auction bridge.

In one particular only will military practice cease to apply. The super-knut will be able to saunter along his particular flapper's parade in the gladdest of glad rags, with no horrid doubts at the back of his mind - for the *genus* A.P.M. will be utterly abolished.

C. WAKELIN SCOTT.

THE PASSING OF THE TURK.

Sing me a song of the day that is gone,
Song of an age that is fled.

Sing me the song our fathers sung,
Sung in the days of old,
When sweeping from the world's far ashore
They harried the flock of the western fold -
Harried and broke with the grand wild song,
Song of a day that is gone.

Our sabres flashed, our spearsmen dashed;
Blood was the song they sung;
Blood and death was the sign of our race -
Blood and death on our banners far flung
Flaunted the breeze. O the wild, old song,
Song of a day that is gone.

Like ice before the gathering flood
The white-faced Christians broke;
They called on the name of their pale-faced God,
His ears were deaf to his trembling folk,
His eyes were blind in the day long gone,
Day of the grand wild song.

Now bastard states that our strong arm
Held while the ages fled,

Are given a name to speak our shame;
Puppets who sat in a sickly dread
Of our spearsmen strong, rushing along,
Wave upon wave,
O the wild, wild song,
Song of a day that is gone.

Sing me a song of the day that is gone,
Song of an age that is fled.

H.M.P.

THE FINALS IN THE CHESS TOURNAMENT. A PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

It was a great game. I (who am I? Why, the - the little one who looks after your washing, generally after). Well, I had reached the final by sheer merit. I speak modestly, but the first round was a walk over, the second just so, and so on. But about my opponent, Mr A. (you all know Mr A.), I am sorry I cannot say the same. The manner of his progress to the final heat was remarkable, possibly unique. The way for his first round was carefully prepared by A.'s accomplices spreading rumours and surreptitious hints of his remarkable prowess in the game. No less than five different persons told me of no less than five different clubs for which he had played first board, two international tournaments business pressure alone had prevented him from participating in, and three silver rooks or knights he had won in county play. Knowing that he had some little skill at the more elementary games of chance, I myself at first felt somewhat fearful, and naturally his opponent, pale with alarm, scratched. His second opponent did likewise, but the third was made of sterner stuff, and it seemed as if A.'s vaunted skill would be put to the test. A., however, always equal to any emergency, solved the problem by spending his days as well as his nights in bed. Persistently his opponent tried to bring him to the encounter, and more persistently did A. indulge in chills and shell-shock symptoms. In just under three weeks A., by the process of exhaustion, won the third round. The rest was simple. By judicious bribery of the clerk of works, the fourth opponent was boarded the day before the appointed match, and A. was due to meet me in the final. A. well knew that neither bed nor boards could shake me off, and, as befitted a great final in a great tournament, we decided to play it in some large public place, and chose the Lounge; time, 10 a.m. Needless to say, nobody took the slightest interest in the game. We tossed for who should play white. A. lost, and immediately chose white. The first three moves were uneventful, and then, owing to a misdeal, we began again, A. having satisfied

himself that there was no extra square on the board. I then made an unexpected move with my knight, and A. had to confess himself hard pressed. He retaliated, however, in brilliant fashion by checking me with my other knight. As the piece in question did not seem to know for whom it was playing, we adjourned for lunch. Returning, we found, to our dismay, that the orderly (with his usual care) had arranged the men on the mantelpiece, and was using the board as a temporary blower for the fire. A small committee was appointed, and after a short deliberation the pieces were readjusted, and the game was resumed at the point where I was checked I made a move with amazing rapidity, when the tea gong gave us a well earned rest. Proceeding immediately afterwards, I was compelled to make two moves in succession - a retaliation - one of my pieces having mysteriously disappeared. At this moment I should have won, but A. discovered that my bishop had made a distinctly unecclesiastical move. I disclaimed all responsibility for its action, but my temporary superiority was for the moment discredited. Undauntedly I then put forth all my strength, and the game seemed in my hands. And undoubtedly I should have won in two and a half moves, when unfortunately the board was required, the day being Tuesday, and the game was decided a draw in A.'s favour, he having used only one hand throughout.

BUTTERFLIES.

At sixteen years she knew no care
How could she, sweet and pure as light?
And there pursued her everywhere
Butterflies - all white.

A lover looked - she dropped her eyes
That glowed like pansies wet with dew
And lo! there came from out the skies
Butterflies - all blue.

Before she guessed her hour was gone
The tale of love was simply told,
And all around her wheeled and shone
Butterflies - all gold.

Then he forsook her one sad morn,
She wept and sobbed, "Oh love come back";
There only came to her forlorn
Butterflies - all black.

CLUB NOTES.

Craiglockhart War Hospital Officers' Club

Chairman - Capt. EVANS.

Hon. Treasurer - Mr G.H. BAYLIS.

Hon. Secretary - Rev. C. RICHARDSON.

General. - The Club provides all writing materials, papers and periodicals, and soap in the lavatories; 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 a telephone, and classes in various languages and engineering.

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

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

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

Camera Club (Mr Wood, Secretary). - Meetings are held every Sunday at 8 o'clock. There is a stall 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.

Boys' Training Club (Mr Waterhouse, Secretary). - Officers lecture and assist Boy Scout movement.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laundry (Rev. C. Richardson). - Laundry collected and delivered at special contract prices. Laundry must be ready each week by 12 noon on Sunday.

Church Notices.

Jan. 6. - Day of National Prayer.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

8.30 a.m. Holy Communion. Room 6.

10 " Morning Prayer and Address.

Jan. 13 and 27. -

PRESBYTERIAN.

10 a.m. Morning Service and Address.

Jan. 20. -

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

8.30 a.m. Holy Communion. Room 6.

10 a.m. Morning Prayer and Address.

BIBLE STUDY CIRCLE.

It is hoped to complete the study of Dr Glover's book, "The Jesus of History", and then to begin a study of "The Gospel according to St John". Meetings are held on Thursdays, at 8 p.m., in Room 6.

The Collections on Christmas Day amounted to £2,10s. Cheques for £1,5s. have been sent to the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, and to Dr Barnardo's Homes.

Concerts.

On 24th November, Mr George Short was good enough to get the outside talent for us. The members of his concert party included Miss Ritchie, who sang "Scent of Lilies" and was much appreciated. Miss Muirhead's splendid violin solo was a happy relief to the vocal items of the programme. Mr Cameron's troupe of highland dancers deserved their encores, and we noticed by the number of challenge medals they were wearing that others had appreciated

them before we had the privilege of seeing them. Mrs Henderson sang "Come to the Dance" and "Lincoln's Inn" with much feeling. Mr Winram Junr., mystified his audience with some very clever conjuring, and ended his turn by producing enough bunting and flags (apparently from thin air) to decorate the hospital on the declaration of peace. Miss Leeper's monologues were excellent but were rather too short; we wanted more. Mr Steger sang "Take a pair of sparkling eyes" with delightful taste, for which he was encored. Mr Hughes was responsible for the humour of the concert, and related to us some of his experiences with "Matilda". The orchestral items, under the direction of Mr A. W. Proctor, gave us all a splendid opportunity for small talk, but we must ask Mr Proctor to find music without so many pauses; when the music stops abruptly, it shows us up so. Miss Norah Milne acted as accompanist for Mr Short's party, and Mr Scott for the others and we must thank them both for their parts of the concert. The evening's entertainment was brought to a happy conclusion with a sketch entitled "Grandmother's Gown" - Miss Daisy Ritchie, as "Dorothy", arousing many happy memories of the youth of Sir Joshua Dering, her grandfather, the latter part being ably taken by Mr Finlayson Gauld.

On the following Saturday the Craiglockhart Hospital "Augmented" Orchestra startled us by opening with the "Toy Symphony". Miss Dorothy Corbett's soprano songs were beautifully rendered, and Miss E. Simpson's rich contralto voice sounded particularly well on this occasion. Miss Bertha Haddow gave us two splendid violin solos, "Canzonetta" and "Serenade", for which she was encored, and Miss Graham sang "The Balladmonger" with great taste. Miss Etta Young's two recitation, "The Coward" and "If", were both splendidly rendered. We must thank Miss Dorothy Auchterlonie for the trouble she took to obtain the artists for this concert and for her accompaniments at the piano. Miss Mordaunt-Gibson as "Popsy-Wopsey" created rather a sensation. She is remarkably tall for her age and has often been seen since in male attire. Capt. Wood's impression of "Smallweed up to date" gave him a splendid opportunity for topical patter, and was very much appreciated. The sketch on this occasion was rather more noisy than usual. The idea throughout was borrowed from the late Mr Fred Emney's sketch, "A sister to Assist'er", the part of Mrs May being taken by Mr E.H. Catt, and that of Mr Salmon (a solicitor) by Mr A.W. Julian. While the scenery was being set for the sketch, the orchestra rendered selections from "Tina" in splendid style, and gave "The Policeman's Holiday" as an encore.

On Saturday, 8th December, the Orchestra opened with "Ballet Egyptien," and Mr Eric Masters followed with "Tommy, Lad." His impersonations later of Harry Tate were quite a surprise to those of us who had known him only as a vocalist. Miss Edith Caird's songs were applauded in a manner which can only be described as deafening. Her wonderful voice was charming in all her songs, but "Oh for a night in Bohemia" seemed the general favourite. Miss Simpson's violin solos were encored and thoroughly deserved the applause they obtained. Miss Stuart Gowan's two recitations, "The Highwayman" and "Medical Advice", showed the

results of much careful study and were greatly appreciated. Miss Muriel M'Dougal's rendering of "TooToo" was very fascinating, as also was her part in the duet with Mr I.T. Sme. This was really the "nom-de-plume" of our feline friend-we wonder how much longer we are to suffer before his nine lives are up. Mr Cockburn Harvey, at the piano, was encored, and his version of Lewis Carroll's "Jabber-Wock" was most amusing. Mr Steger's rendering of "On with the Motley" called for an encore, and "A minstrel boy" followed. Mr Julian's "Centenarian" proved a winner, and he was good enough to give "What for do 'e luv I?" as an encore. The most thrilling turn of the evening was the appearance for the last time of Madame Lockhart. She was engaged at enormous expense, and when we say she was "priceless", we think we hit the mark. The orchestral work throughout was excellent, and we must congratulate Mr Proctor and the members of the orchestra for their wonderful variety of music.

On Saturday, 15th December, "An Ideal Husband", a play by Oscar Wilde, was produced by Mr M. Milton. The characters in this play were taken by the following ladies and gentlemen:-

The Earl of Caversham	Mr A.D. Fleming.
Viscount Goring (<i>his son</i>)	Mr M. Milton.
Sir Robert Chiltern, Bart.	Mr H.J.S. Reynolds.
Vicomte de Nanjac	Mr H. Bryant.
Jason (<i>butler to Sir Robert</i>)	Mr G.H. Bonner.
Phipps (<i>Lord Goring's Servant</i>)	Mr E.H. Catt.
Lady Chiltern	Miss Muriel M'Dougal.
Lady Markby	Miss Goldie Scott.
Miss Mabel Chiltern, Miss Douglass M'Dougal.	
Mrs Cheveley	Miss Lilian Stennis.

We must congratulate them all upon the excellent way in which they interpreted their parts - maintaining as they did complete interest in the plot up to the last moment. We were glad to see that Mr Julian had been at work with the scenery, and we had no idea that the stage could look so pretty and well-lighted as it was on this occasion. We must thank Messrs Rodger and Law for their trouble in centralising the control of lighting. We are very grateful to them. Mr Baylis was good enough to act as prompter, and helped generally to get the scenes, changed in record time. The entr'acte music, under the direction of Mr A.W. Proctor, was quite up to standard, and when we say that, we know our readers will understand. We are sorry to lose Corporal Ogilvie from the orchestra. Many thanks to him for his playing on our behalf. Also Mr Julian has left us. We extend to him our best wishes, and thank him (if thanks are adequate enough) for converting a very untidy stage into a palace and baronial hall before our very eyes.

Debating Society.

Chairman - Capt. EVANS.

Secretary - Mr E. Wood.

The Debating Society is growing in numbers, and increasing in wisdom! In the last four debates a distinctly high standard of oratory has been displayed.

We mourn the loss of our Secretary, Mr Lee, also Messrs Shaddick and Angel. The vigorous opinions, and even more vigorous gestures, of Mr Shaddick are joys of the past. So, too, are the mental gymnastics of Mr Angel; whilst we miss the quiet and invariable rebuke of our ex-Secretary that, "The members who have spoken, Mr Chairman, have wandered somewhat outside the confines of the subject for discussion". Still, we have new blood - and that of the best. The policeman of the Society is undoubtedly the Rev. G.O.E. Griffiths, C.F., who never "wearies in well-doing", as far as rising to points of order is concerned. Very welcome, too, are Capt. Gibson and Capt. O'Brien, who both made thoroughly good and remarkably eloquent maiden speeches. Again, we can always be sure now of able speeches from Messrs Lewis and Paterson, the ability of the latter to quote standard authors, from Erasmus to G.K. Chesterton, being no less enjoyed than marvelled upon.

From all this it will be gathered that the Society is distinctly "alive", and we are looking forward to the time when our numbers shall swell to such an extent that we shall need the concert hall for meetings, putting our speakers, blushing modestly, on to the stage, and turning upon them all the limelight with which the ingenuity of Messrs Law and Rodger can supply us. Help us to this "consummation devoutly to be wished", by rolling up on Wednesday evenings. Come to *listen* if you will - it will not be long before you startle yourself by jumping up and speaking with quite unwonted eloquence. Those who come once always come again.

DEBATING CHARACTERS.

Mr Shaddick. Always gets a hearing, but occasionally mistakes length for depth; grips the house at once; has a voice as clear as his views, and the billiard players have had occasion to complain; a windmill of eloquence.

Rev. Griffiths. A delightful addition to the Society; always ready to oppose anybody, and occasionally nobody; a great inquirer, would be happier on a spring chair; carries a dictionary in his pocket.

Mr Paterson. Begins on the soft pedal and double bass; deals effectively with flats, and lightens his melody with trills of humour; finds inspiration in the floor, and sometimes mistakes the debating room for the parade ground.

Model Yacht Club.

Secretary - Lieut. ERIC S. BRAND.

Weather conditions have to a certain extent limited the activities of the sailing-boat side of the club, for it has been impossible to hold any races. The power-boat section has, however, made satisfactory progress. Among the boats completed during December are Captain Field's destroyer "Omara," [a photograph](#) of which appears in this number, and Mr Scott's O.B.-type boat. Now is the time to build, in order that as soon as the milder weather sets in our regattas may be more exciting than ever.

Camera Club.

Chairman - Mr BOAK.

Secretary - Mr E. WOOD.

Treasurer and Club Steward - Mr RODGER.

Members of Committee - Rev. G.G. RICHARDSON, C.F. and Mr PHILLIPS.

The Camera Club is in a very firm and flourishing condition, despite the season. Interest has been aroused again by a welcome fall of snow, which gave members an opportunity of securing some very fine prints.

Only one paper was given during the month, but it is hoped to arrange either a paper or a demonstration for all future meetings. "Retouching" was the subject of the last one, which was contributed by a lady expert, and had the effect of stimulating the keen interest of the members in this important subject, some of them having since taken it up seriously. The paper was humorously written and was keenly enjoyed.

The Club has lost an untiring worker in the person of its late Secretary, Mr Toovey. His work for the Club, and the lectures which he gave, will not soon be forgotten. His was one of those genial and vigorous personalities which make themselves felt, and his loss is realised in due proportion.

Considering that three good prizes are awarded each week, the entries for the weekly competition are surprisingly few. Hand your prints in to the Orderly at the Photographic Stall before six o'clock on Sunday in each week.

The Club now possesses a daylight enlarger which may be borrowed by any member on application to Mr Rodger. Members are requested to note their wants in the suggestion book at the Stall, when an effort will be made to supply them.

A new set of rules has been drawn up, to the great relief of the Secretary. This may better be understood when the fact is stated that at a recent meeting twelve separate and distinct motions, and five amendments were placed before the meeting! It had become quite a habit to change one rule (re one member obtaining a prize in two successive competitions) at least once a week. In future the changing of any rule will involve a certain amount of trouble to the member who wishes the alteration - and in the opinion of the best psychologists, this makes the present rules comparable to the laws of the Medes and Persians.

At every future meeting we hope to have something which will be instructive and interesting to everyone who knows anything at all about Photography. Come along and bring your prints. We promise that you will not be bored, and there is heaps of room for more prize-winners. One of our members obtained a prize in the first week he dabbled in Photography - the prize was worth 2s.6d. (the smallest of the prizes), and the new and larger hat which the success entailed cost 17s.6d., but he hopes to make up on his future prize-money. Interest, occupation, competition, instruction, perhaps profit - in other words, the Camera Club.

Field Club.

On Monday, 26th November, we had a paper on the "Psychological Basis of Nature Study". The lecturer, Mr Angel, touched on many interesting points and a lengthy and useful discussion followed.

The following week Capt. Copland Griffiths gave a second paper on his East African experiences, entitled "Jubuland and Lower Somaliland," describing the geography, flora and fauna, tribesmen, the reasons for these parts being held by the Empire, and their possible future development as a Colony. The subject was further demonstrated by the aid of books, maps, and blackboard sketches.

A fillip to the zoological work carried on by the Club was given by Capt. A.J. Anderson, R.A.M.C., on 10th December, when an interesting paper on "Pond Life" as an introduction to the study of invertebrate zoology was given. Much work had been previously devoted to make the evening a success, and in addition to living specimens collected and seen under the microscope, some twenty-five large-sized coloured drawings of specimens found in the Craiglockhart district were shown. Also, Mr Richardson, the bacteriologist of the City Hospital and a member of microscopical section of the Edinburgh Field Naturalists' and Microscopical Society, who had shown us some lantern slides on "Pond Life" the previous Tuesday, gave a short demonstration of a series of beautifully prepared zoological and exhibition microscopical slides, including volvox, hydra, various desmids, diatoms and algae. A note on "Animal Individuality" was communicated by the Secretary. The microscopical section of the Field Club, has, up to now been run almost entirely by Capt. A.J. Anderson, R.A.M.C., and the Secretary. Capt. Anderson has now left the hospital and the Club Secretary is anxious that other officers should join him in this interesting work.

Officers have been kindly invited by Mr W.C. Crawford, the Hon. Secretary of the microscopical section of the Edinburgh Field Naturalists' and Microscopical Society, to attend their meetings, which are held at Mr Crawford's house, 1 Lockharton Gardens, 1 Colinton Road (ten minutes from this Hospital), on the first and third Saturdays of each month from November till April, from 7 till 9.30 p.m. Their next meeting takes place on 19th January 1918, and it is hoped that all microscopic enthusiasts here will attend this, as well as the Field Club meetings at this Hospital. We have also received much help and co-operation in

our work from Principal Bradley, M.D., D.Sc., of the Royal (Dick) Veterinary College, and our thanks are due to him for the loan of the lantern slides, cultures, and microscopic slides, many of which have been specially prepared for our use.

As further contribution to the progressive study of the region, Mr Brand gave a paper on Monday, 17th December, on "The Geology of the Edinburgh Neighbourhood", illustrated by some thirty lantern slides and special local photographs. Some preliminary work has been done by Mr Brand and Mr Bayley (the convener of the geological subsection) in view of the survey of the district which it is hoped will be shortly carried out. Based upon this geological paper the Club hopes to have a paper, shortly, on the development of our local geology from an economic standpoint. We have already had excursions to the oil shale districts of West Lothian and to the Midlothian coalfields, and a further series of illustrated excursions will be arranged. The coal mine we visited was the lady Victoria coal pit, Newtongrange, owned by the Lothian Coal Co. Ltd., when on Friday, 7th December, an enthusiastic party set out bent on having first-hand knowledge of one of the coal industries and its working. We found this a good example of a modern mine, run on modern methods. After being shown all the above-ground works by the assistant manager, we went down the mine. The main shaft was about 1650 feet deep, and we were much interested and impressed by the cleanliness and orderliness of the tubes and passages leading from the main shaft to the coal working, the ponies, and the abundance of ventilation. We examined the seams of coal, found to consist of three kinds, and before leaving the works inspected the machinery for making briquettes. Our thanks for this interesting visit are due to Mr Mungo Mackay the manager, and to Dr Stewart, one of our M.O.'s for having got permission for us to visit the mine.

The most important industry in the country around Craiglockhart is naturally agriculture, and under the auspices of the lately rejuvenated Agriculture, Gardening and Poultry Rearing Committee, a visit has been planned to Gray's Mill Farm, Slateford, for the 20th December. We expect there to see the "Back to the Land" movement in its most concrete form, and we understand that more than one officer of this group has literally put his hand to the plough already and, so far, we have no word of any of them looking back. *Après la guerre* we expect to see all our Craiglockhart farming enthusiasts at least Heads of Departments for the resettlement and reorganisation of the countryside!

The classes in Agricultural Chemistry, theoretical and practical, Forestry, Botany and Biology we have been attending at the Edinburgh and East of Scotland College of Agriculture, and the live stock lectures also arranged for us and given at this Hospital are now over. The College re-opens on Tuesday, 8th January 1918, and it is hoped, through the good offices of the Director Mr Alexander McCallum, that the classes will be continued in the New Year. It is hoped many new members will join the classes. Full particulars will be announced on the Club notice board in due course.

We are glad to record that advantage is being taken of the facilities offered us by the Councils of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, and the Philosophical Institution, and that visits are frequently made to these Societies' rooms and lectures.

The following are among the subjects on which papers have been given at the Monday meeting of the Field Club during the last six months:- Preview of the district around the Firth of Forth. Demonstration on Mosses of the Craiglockhart district. Do plants think? Geology in Flanders. Bees. The Birds of Midlothian. The Island of Arran. The Fisheries of the South Irish Coast. Electricity and Magnetism in Nature. Big game of Rhodesia. Soil. Demonstration on "Osmosis". Spain from within, and the Spanish. Psychological Basis of Nature Study. Jubuland and Lower Somaliland. Pond life. The Geology of the Edinburgh district.

Thus the weekly papers given by the Club, and its work, should prove useful to many. For instance, the mining expert may trace the significance of Geology to his work; whilst in other fields of activity the bearing of Biology and Zoology on the questions of the whole of human history may be followed. At the Field Club we have no use for Science which cannot be applied in the field of human life. All interested are invited to our meetings, which are held every Monday evening in Room 6 at 8 o'clock. There is no special membership - come - and you will receive a hearty welcome.

Boys' Training Club.

A General Meeting of the Boys' Training Club was held at the end of November. Owing to his departure from the Hospital, Captain Griffiths had to relinquish his post of President of the Club. He was the life and soul of this movement at the Hospital, and its success up to date was entirely due to his energy and organisation. The members of the Club, schoolmasters and scoutmasters, and also the boys were all sorry to see him go, and all wish to express their appreciation of his excellent work in a movement which, it is hoped, will become widespread throughout the United Kingdom.

The new Office-Bearers are:- Mr A.S. Waterhouse, President, and Mr G.H. Baylis, Secretary.

During the past month a good deal of solid work has been put in by officers at their various classes. Despite the fact that a large number of old workers have gone lately, it is pleasing to be able to state that scarcely a class has had to be dropped. Several new members have risen nobly to the occasion, and the work has gone on as before. Several interesting courses have been completed, and in most of these cases new instructors have started afresh with the old classes. The keenness of the boys is as great as ever, and schoolmasters and scoutmasters speak most enthusiastically of the progress made.

There is still an urgent need for further support in all branches of the Club. Instructors are continually leaving the Hospital, and unless new officers constantly volunteer to fill their places, success in the future cannot be expected. It is one of the first objects of the Club to

distribute the work amongst a large circle of officers, and not to let it fall on the shoulders of the willing few. Surely there are many more men who could easily spare an hour at least, in the week, for an object such as this. Officers' attention is directed to the "Who Knows" notice in the corridor, and any information regarding any branch of the Club will be gladly given by the President or the Secretary.

During the past month the following classes have been held weekly at Tynecastle School, Gorgie:-

Signalling, 2 Classes - Capt. Wood, Mr Gill, Mr Bignell.

Map-reading, 2 Classes - Mr Shaddick, Mr Bayley, Mr Baylis.

Physical Culture, 3 Classes - Mr Brand, Mr Dundas, Mr Wood.

Owing to the school holidays, these classes will cease till 7th January. Mr Shaddick, who has taken map-reading classes for a considerable time, has left, and others expect to go shortly. So fresh instructors are needed in this direction. Mr Diver has already filled a vacant place.

Two classes are held at Craiglockhart weekly, consisting of boys from North Merchiston Board School. Mr Bayley and Mr Diver take one in Topography on Thursdays, and the Field Club takes the other in Field Engineering on Wednesday afternoons. It would be of great assistance if other Clubs in the Hospital would follow the lead of the Field Club. Members of the Camera Club, the Yacht Club and Workshop, and the Agriculture, Gardening, and Poultry-rearing Club are asked to collaborate with the Boys' Training Club, and provide instructors to give assistance to boys in these different subjects.

In connection with the Boy Scouts' Association, the following classes have been held weekly:-

Signalling, 2 Classes - Capt. Wood, Mr Bignell, Mr Rich, Mr Whitsett.

Shooting, 1 Class - Mr Wilkins.

Bugling, 1 Class - Mr Harcourt.

Ju-jitsu and Pioneering, 3 Classes - Mr Brand, Mr Sillery.

Aeronautics, 1 Class - Capt. Field.

Mr E. Wood has offered to assist with shooting in the future, and Mr Wray is helping Mr Harcourt with the bugling class. Capt. Field has left, after completing a most interesting course of aeronautics with the 12th Troop Edinburgh Boy Scouts, and they were so keen about the subject that they asked for another instructor to carry on with them, and Mr Swann has offered to fill the vacancy, assisted by Mr Ingram.

Mr Sillery takes two classes a week in Ju-jitsu, one at the Church Lads' Brigade at Slateford, and the other Edinburgh Working Lads' Industrial Home. The Chaplain's Bible Class is also held at the Church Lads' Brigade. There is room for many more classes at both these institutions, and officers are urgently required to extend the activities of the Club in this direction.

On Friday, 7th December, a Boy Scout Entertainment was given in a Recreation Room, under the direction of Mr Harvey. The C.O., in opening the proceedings, explained the objects of the Boys' Training Club, detailed its various branches, and made an appeal for further support. The entertainment consisted of an exhibition of the various tests passed by Boy Scouts, from the lowest to the highest grade. Typical Scout games were played - there was a single-sticks combat and a boxing match - and the grand finale was an Indian war dance. There was a large attendance, and some applicants for classes came forward at the conclusion of the evening. The thanks of the Club are due to the boys for their excellent exhibition, and also to Mr Harvey for his splendid work with the Boy Scouts. The scenic artists and stage hands gave valuable assistance in the provision of suitable scenery and lighting effects.

Workshop.

As regards Engineering. The facilities afforded by this branch of the Club are apparently not realised in the Hospital. At the Tynecastle Workshops there is everything for the use of the engineer, and there are men down there who have offered to give instructions to beginners. The hours when the workshops are open are posted each week on the notice board. In addition to this, there are three or four garages to which officers may go to work if interested in motors. It is a pity that more officers do not take advantage of the exceptional opportunities afforded in this direction.

Golf.

Despite the weather conditions, golf continues to be one of the most popular games in the hospital. A large number of new members have joined the Club during the past month, and the handicapping committee has had a busy time. The demand for Club sticks has easily exceeded the supply, and as regards this, the Secretary would be very grateful if officers who have borrowed clubs and who have ceased to use them would pass them in, so that they can be reissued to other members who intend to play more frequently.

A successful bogey competition was held on the local course (M.E.G.C.) on Wednesday, 5th December. The handicaps made the finish decidedly close, and Major Holme scored a well-deserved victory, being all square with bogey. Lieut. Beers carried off the second prize with 1 down, and Lieut. Boak and Lieut. Waterhouse tied for third prize with 4 down.

A medal competition was arranged for Monday, 17th December, to be held at Baberton. Unfortunately, the cold snap with the fall of snow made this impossible, and it was decided to postpone the competition till after Christmas.

For the benefit of new members it seems advisable to repeat that officers are entitled to play on the local course at a cost of 2s. a week or 6s. a month, and players are asked not to cut in at the fifth green on Saturdays, but to go to the Golf House and take their turn from there.

New members wishing to be handicapped please add their names on the list on the notice board.

Badminton.

This game section is once again coming into prominence, and every morning play runs fast and furious in the Concert Hall. We regret the departure of some of our best players, including Lieuts. De Wilton (late Secretary), and Mr Marchington.

Promising players are to be seen in several of the new Members, and so the next Tournament should supply much interest.

If players could turn up at the Court in the mornings, many more interesting sets could be arranged. Players are asked to consider the game, the floor, and their opponents, by wearing rubber shoes always.

The Singles Tournament was a great success, and many games were fought with much earnestness.

The final was undoubtedly the most interesting. Much difference of opinion prevailed as to whether Lieut. Milton could win with a handicap of 8 points per game.

The first game showed that their styles were entirely different. Scott's swift service and lightning returns being the strong features of his, and cost Milton the first game.

At the change of sides, Milton successfully countered this by opening out the game, and steadily and cleverly placing the shuttle to the back and side-lines; Scott was clearly feeling the effect of the hot pace set in games, and with his opponent going strong, the decider was won 15 points to 8, a well deserved victory.

Agriculture, Gardening, and Poultry-keeping.

Secretary - Mr M. MILLER.

In the poultry section much useful work has been done in fixing new roosting-places, and in covering the houses to make them more comfortable during the cold weather. Various improvements have also been made so that the fowls may have better places for exercise and feeding.

There has been a great increase in the number of eggs obtained, and there is strong hope that in the near future there will be a further increase as many of the young pullets are starting to lay.

Mr Laing, the supervisor, will be pleased to have assistance here, and very willing to give any information on the management and housing of fowls.

Gardening. - There has been much activity in the garden notwithstanding the inclement weather. Shrubs and hedges have been pruned, and some ground turned over. In the greenhouse, palms of various varieties have been cleaned and bathed, and chrysanthemums which have ceased flowering have been cut down to shoot for cutting. Shoots of geraniums and hydrangea have been set for next season's growth.

There is plenty of opportunity for helpers here, and under the guidance of the gardeners much useful work can be done.

Agriculture. - While weather conditions largely determine the nature of work done on a farm, and the number of men who can find employment, at most times there is plenty of work for those willing to help.

Various officers have been doing farm work in ploughing, turnip lifting, and manuring, and the proprietor of Gray's Mill, Slateford, gives every facility for allowing officers to get a good and practical knowledge of farming.

The classes at the Agricultural College have been closed for the Christmas vacation but will be resumed early in the New Year. This combination of theoretical and practical agriculture will, it is hoped, appeal to more of the officers, and prove of interest and profit to many both during their stay here and in the future.

Library.

Librarian - Lieut E.S. BRAND.

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

Fine Arts Club.

Secretary - Mr KING.

During the past month this branch of the Club has been developed. The Directors of the College of Art in Edinburgh have given great assistance and encouragement. Every convenience is offered to those who are interested, and they are granted the same privileges as the other students of the College.

WHO IS IT?

Hallo - Hallo, Exchange, Will you give me - Hallo, Exchange. I want Slateford 1824 - oh, am I speaking to the tobacco-stall? So sorry. D'you mind putting me through to Exchange?
Thanks.

Hallo. Is that Exchange? Will you give me the Laundry, please? What? Oh, the number - Slateford 18 - no, that's wrong - just wait a moment while I look it up. Yes - just one second - er - Midlothian 7693. Thanks (*to a passer-by*). Give me a match. Thanks - all right, all right! What? I've just put the penny in. Oh! Has it stuck? So sorry.

Hallo, is that the Laundry? Good morning. There are one or two things I wanted to talk to you about. Yes, very cold indeed, isn't it? Yes. There are one or two things I wanted to talk to you about. Are you there? Yes, the first is a handkerchief - a handkerchief belonging to a Mr Binks, which hasn't come back. No, it hasn't come back yet. Well, you see, he paid ten francs for it - yes, he bought it in France and paid - hallo - he paid ten francs for it in France, so of course he wouldn't want to lose it, would he? Will you see about that? Thanks so much. Oh, yes, and then Major FitzHerbert's pants are lost - yes, his pants - p-a-n-t-s. Oh, you'll make a note of it. Thanks very much.

Then there are about six lots of washing still to come, aren't there? You've got the names, I think - Oh, you sent them the day before yesterday! Oh, good! They're probably here then. I'll have a look round the Hospital and see if I can find them. So sorry to trouble you. Yes, I think that's all: if I think of anything else I'll ring up again. Good morning. You won't forget about that handkerchief, will you? You see, he paid ten francs - (*cut off at Exchange*).

WE HEAR;

A chiel's among ye takin' notes
An' faith he'll prent it.
- *Burns*.

We Hear:-

That the Hospital possesses two hundred hens.

That the average output of eggs is three a day!

That Mr Toovey intended to give them a course of lantern lectures in order to make them realise their responsibilities.

That the first of the series was to have been, "Hens - they are bigger, finer, and lay more and better eggs in AUSTRALIA."

That we bolt our food!

Conversation in the "Silence Room."

That the appearance of Mr Rodger at the Boy Scout Demonstration, camouflaged as a full moon, was an entertaining "extra".

That the cuckoo in the "Toy Symphony" was in great form.

That a Golf Handicap was held.

That the local course was terribly cut up about it.

That a clean towel was discovered in the Hospital last week.

That someone had blundered.

That a private collection of public nail-brushes is being made.

That a new and original system of securing variety of menu has been discovered by the cook.

That it works as follows:-

Shepherd's Pie	Steam Pudding	Rice pudding
Steam Pudding	Rice Pudding	Shepherd's Pie
Rice Pudding	Shepherd's Pie	Steam Pudding

etc. etc.

That a collection of curios is being made, and that a tooth-brush, the property of a very august personage, is missing.

That an officer was late for breakfast the other morning.

That a certain stoical M.O. has discovered an organism entirely without environment.

That a service of Tanks is being installed to supplement the cable cars.

That cleanliness is next to godliness.

That the price of the Club Christmas Cards was 5 for 1s., or 10 for 2s.6d.

That the liquid refreshment in "An Ideal Husband" sounded all right.

That it tasted horrible!

That Lord Goring's button-hole arrived safely - at its usual destination.

That brevity is the soul of wit.

Exactly!

A SONG OF ORDNANCE.

Once there lived a Sergeant-Major with a coal-black horse of pride,
(Which, tho' of course we whisper it, he really couldn't ride);
One day, as it was feeding from its nose-bag in the trough,
The nose-bag froze upon its nose, refusing to come off.

They fetched the Master-Gunner and the Sergeant of the Guard,
They tried persuasion on the horse and hit it very hard -
Till the Fitter was rewarded with a well-directed kick,
When he tried, with best intentions, to remove it - with a pick.

(They saw him just a second as he vanished Going West),
Then they tied a drag-rope on to it, which made the horse depressed;
They pulled it from the back and from the front and from the side -
Till the horse, becoming bored with life, incontinently died.

The major told the General, who took the matter up;
He seemed to think that somebody had sold the horse and a pup;
But this is why we are supplied, or so the story goes,
With a Tool-Removing-Catch-Retaining-Bag-Horse-Nose!

H.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

See: <http://ww1lit.nsms.ox.ac.uk/ww1lit/collections/document/3139/2052>

WATER-FOWL.

See: <http://ww1lit.nsms.ox.ac.uk/ww1lit/collections/document/3139/2053>