

# The Hydra: the magazine of Craiglockhart War Hospital

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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.]*

From this month onwards, *The Hydra* appears in a new form. Not only is this change in outward appearances, but also in policy. This number has been compiled with a view to interesting everybody - to guide new patients into the social life of the Hospital, and generally, to reflect the doings of the Officers' Club. Our literary friends have not been forgotten, but, alas! many of them have forgotten the Editor this month. Did they hear he was working alone, and decide to spare him work? A mistaken kindness, dear friends - he simply revels in it. Rather queer chap, do you say? Well, perhaps, but this number had to be produced, and here it is. Bang your sixpence and enjoy it.

I must express my thanks to the late editor for his kindness to me, and for the thorough way in which he handed everything over to me. He even handed me - well, no, that would be giving too much away, so I will stop before committing myself any further.

Several well-known members have left lately, but you will find their names in the Valet column.

I must mention my thanks to all contributors, also to Captains Brown and Brock. Here I should like to draw special attention to Capt. Brock's article in this month's *Hydra*. It will, I am sure, appeal to the majority of officers in the Hospital. To those whose idea of Edinburgh is limited by a one-sided knowledge of Princes Street, one can only offer pity, and recommend them to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what is contained in that article. Capt. Brock has always proved to be a staunch friend of the Field Club and *The Hydra*.

Among other duties I must welcome several new arrivals, some of whom are only new in the sense that they have only recently commenced to take an active part in the social life of the Hospital. Foremost among these is Capt. E.A. Wilson-Weichart, who is now the President of the Club, and we sincerely hope that under his guidance the Club will fulfil the promise it has shown of becoming a more realistic part of our hospital life.

Rare is the case of Mr Baddeley, who so very kindly appeared on the stage within twenty-four hours of his arrival.

I am pleased to state that it has been found possible to reduce the price of *The Hydra* to sixpence once again.

In conclusion, I merely wish to remind our readers that the Editor's letter-box is sadly neglected nowadays; that contributions are required month by month, so please do not wait to be asked to contribute, but start on your June article now, and hand in when ready.

In reply to several inquiries, there are no prizes offered for answers to our "Things we want to know" column.

THE EDITOR.

## **VALETE.**

*March 5.* - 2nd Lieut. E. WOOD. The Club lost an energetic member when this officer left: his principal successes were the Debating Society, Photographic Society, and Entertainments. As an amateur actor he left a place very difficult to fill.

*March 5.* - Lieut. S. SMITH. This officer completely turned the tide for the Camera Club: his technical and practical demonstrations were a source of great interest and benefit to members of this popular club. For some weeks Mr SMITH did great work in installing a new system of stage-lighting, which gives magnificent results.

*March 7.* - 2nd Lieut. N. WOOD. A most energetic secretary of the Camera Club. In addition, his services were ungrudgingly given assisting in the wiring of the stage-lighting installation and in the running of the weekly entertainments.

*March 14.* - Lieut. G.H. BONNER. The editor of our Magazine. It is impossible to estimate the amount of work done by him, but it is sufficient to say that, by dint of great persuasive power and much "midnight oil", the Magazine always appeared to date. The circulation steadily increased under his able management. Perhaps you can send an article or two along, Bonner? We should be pleased!!!

*March 23.* - 2nd Lieut. V.C. CLARK. The tireless secretary of the Field and Agricultural Clubs. His paper on Forestry was an outstanding feature of his many activities. He was "certain starter" at question-time.

*April 3.* - Lieut. C.D.S. ROBINSON. As producer of entertainments he will be long remembered by our members. Do you still love us, Our HARR-EEE?

*April 8.* - 2nd Lieut. D.A. PALMER-STONE arrived about the third week in February, and it was not long before the theatre used to be crowded every evening with officers listening to him playing the piano. Eventually he was persuaded to arrange a musical concert, which took place on Easter Monday. Needless to say, it was a great success. In addition, he appeared on

the stage in various concerts, and conducted the orchestra. We are indeed sorry to have lost him, and wish him the best of luck in his new role.

*April 9.* - Capt. J.M. DAVIE. Chairman of the Club for many weeks: during his term of office much good work was done. The Golf Club received at his hands a good start, which is being well continued.

*April 11.* - Lieut. S. DREWITT. Mr Drewitt was responsible for the drawing up of the present programme for the Boys' Club. Although this work does not bring the organiser much before the notice of the officers in hospital, no doubt Mr DREWITT will be a very abiding memory to the Boy Scouts and members of the Boys' Clubs.

*April 12.* - Capt. S. GORDON MARSHALL. In the small place at our disposal, it is impossible to mention all this officers's efforts. It is sufficient to say that the Debating Society and the Entertainments benefited very greatly by his assistance. It is said that not only debated he and sang, but even had some meed of success as actor-writer. Nothing if not versatile, say you? In addition to all this, the Club is greatly indebted to Capt. MARSHALL, when treasurer, for his share in improving the financial position by his crusade against unnecessary expense.

## **EVOLVING EDINBURGH.**

Our Editor - the most recently sprouted "head" of *The Hydra* - has asked me, as an established Edinburgh citizen, to suggest a few ways in which this old grey metropolis of ours might be best understood and utilised by Craiglockhart's temporary residents.

Well, this is a big order, but I'll have a shot.

My first point would be, quite definitely, that Edinburgh is not to be looked on as a mere place to "kill time" in; it is distinctly available as an integral part of the Craiglockhart "cure".

We hardly need a biologist to remind us that Life consists in a constant mutual interplay between Organism and Environment. We all know that a fish out of water is either dead or will soon be so. Similarly, a man without an environment which gives him scope for the full development of his powers cannot, *ipso facto*, be fully alive - is, indeed, more than likely to be half-dead.

People who have been blown up and buried, come here, as often as not, feeling "more dead than alive".

In order to get fully alive again, they obviously want certain *conditions* which permit of full life; a man cannot be expected to drag himself back into complete vitality off his own bat. The process can only be complete when a suitable *milieu environnant* is provided.

Now, these suitable conditions for restoration are, I submit, pre-eminently to be found in Edinburgh.

The point about Edinburgh (taken in its widest sense, to include the town and its surroundings) is that it has a place for practically everybody; no one will fail to find his niche here, if he but takes the trouble to look around him.

This town of ours is an extraordinarily representative bit - a sort of microcosm - of Western Europe.

The geographical conditions which led to its first settlement - the easily defensible Castle Rock (which is the plug of an old volcano), the adjacent Firth, the series of east-and-west-running ridges - all these persist and still mould the life of the city more than is perhaps realised.

We have monuments of all the main epochs of the past - from the *stannin' stane* at Fairmilehead behind our Hospital (commemorating the primaeval "megalithic" builders), down through alternating or contrasting emblems of death and revival (the Gorgie barrack-tenement, the Scott Monument) to yesterday's Picture Palace in Princes Street.

The geological and geographical bases of our trade and industries are manifest. Carboniferous fern-forests supplied the coalfields of Midlothian and Fife and the oil-shales of Linlithgowshire (a prominent "shale-bing" can be seen in the middle distance to the left, from the Hydro front-door).

The boulder-clay, dating from Glacial times, determines the fat farming land of Lothian. The water of our Pentland rivers produces a particularly fine paper (hence, doubtless, contributing to Edinburgh's historical reputation as a literary and educational centre, as most certainly does the water of the Old Town's spring to the fame of our brewing industry).

The grassy slopes of the Pentland Hills (largely volcanic rocks of Old Red Sandstone age) give an abundant pasturage, and so lead to sheep, shepherds, and wool.

Our Firth supplies herring, harbours for herring-fleets, for shipment of the Fife and Midlothian coal, and for trade with the North Sea and Baltic coasts. (A useful subject, by the way, for sociological speculation would be the full significance of the Newhaven fishwife - long a picturesque figure in our streets, but now becoming, alas! ever a *rarior avis* as the war advances.)

The Romans came here not only by ship (see the *Agricola* of Tacitus), but also out of England, up Redesdale, across the Cheviot Hill and Teviot and Tweed. (Mr Curle has in recent years unearthed extraordinary finds from the Roman Command Depot at Newstead, just below Melrose.) Proceeding up Lauderdale, they reached the north edge of the Southern Uplands, and from the "Roman Camp Hill", overlooking the Esk Valley, they gazed down upon our broad Lothian plain.

The Esk they crossed by a bridge near its mouth at Musselburgh, their local headquarters being on a bluff enclosed by a loop of the river, where the present Inveresk Church stands.

The Romans apparently left Edinburgh Castle Rock (then standing amongst thick forests and marshes) to the natives. From the Esk their road ran westward to the Almond, which is traversed at Cramond Brig, thence proceeding onward to join at Bo'ness the Roman Wall, which stretched between Forth and Clyde.

Any amount of memorials of this Roman occupation are to be found in our local Museum of Antiquities (carved and inscribed stones, helmets, armour, chariot wheels, etc.), and the Roman Wall is still standing for several miles west of Falkirk.

I submit that the classical scholar, who has hitherto studied Ancient Rome from books, would be well advised to throw his Caesar and his Livy for the nonce aside (he probably hasn't brought them with him, in any case!), and to join the Field Club in its next projected ramble to Inveresk or the Wall of Antoninus. I shall be surprised if Rome doesn't then, for the first time, become real to him, instead of being, as heretofore, a mere matter to be swatted up for examinations.

And so with the other historical periods - Saxon, Norman, Mediaeval, Renaissance, Industrial, Financial, Imperial, and the rest. Each has its suitable and significant monuments within this Edinburgh region - and here it is seen, not in artificial isolation, but as taking its definite place in the life-history of the region.

I have said that Edinburgh cannot be understood merely as a town covering such and such an area and delimited by its municipal boundaries; its relationships, and therefore its life, extend far out into the Lothian countryside about it. And as with its relations in space, so with those in time. Edinburgh is not merely something which exists now, at the present moment. It is not something stationary; it is rather something which grows; it is, in fact, rather a "process" than a "thing", and, if we wish to understand it, it must, like any vital process, imperatively be considered in its time-relations.

But, Understanding is merely the first step in Doing, and this brings me to the second part of my thesis. Just as at Craiglockhart, while looking at the Edinburgh region, each of us through our own eyes, we must try at the same time to realise our own special outlook in relation to the whole, so also must we do when we come to take our place as active citizens in the town. Our work must no longer be done in the old pre-war spirit of cut-throat competition and ruthless specialism; we must try not merely to do each of us his own work in his own way, but to relate it, as far as possible, to the life-work of the region.

It is up to us, if complete mental and moral health be our aim, to face boldly our civic environment - to see it clearly, in the first place - to see it with an ever-deepening vision - and then to work resolutely, in active and constant relationship with it in its totality.

Even without possessing the municipal franchise, then, each inhabitant of Craiglockhart is to become, during the brief space he is here and in the measure that is possible to him, a citizen of Edinburgh!

My advice is: study the life and evolution of Edinburgh in the most comprehensive possible way. Do not be blinded by detail: do not fail to see the wood on account of the trees. Trace out broadly the origins of the town, its growth, its present condition, and do not forget to take note of its possibilities for the future.

Countless books have been written about Edinburgh, but it is much better for the student to observe the town himself in the first instance.

Begin by studying its topographical lay-out: why the town arose on just such a spot; consider how far these original conditions still affect its present life, and how far their continued operation is bound to affect its future.

Books, of course, are of some help at the beginning - if only to tell us where things are, and what to look for. Reference to them is also essential to help us to recapture something of the life of the past.

There are several respectable guide-books to Edinburgh, most of them as dull as ditch water, but I can warmly recommend such old classics as Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of his Time* (treating of social and political life here a century ago, when the Napoleonic wars were on, and conditions were in many ways marvellously like what they are at the present moment); Robert Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*. Which deals in a gossipy way with the interesting people of Old Edinburgh (just before the big flitting took place across the valley of the North Loch into the New Town); and, of course, the comparatively modern work by Robert Louis Stevenson - *Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes*. R.L.S. spent a lot of his time at Colinton, but especially at Swanston Cottage, which, nestling under the Pentland Hills, is within less than an hour's walk of the Hospital (and, through the kindness of Lord Guthrie, is open to any of our officers, by previous arrangement, on Friday afternoons).

These three writers will give one some very excellent general glimpses of the social, picturesque, and even political Edinburgh of the past hundred years - in so far as books can - to supplement our own first-hand observation.

A comprehensive survey of the Edinburgh region, somewhat on the lines I have indicated, is at present being taken up by a special group of Field Club members, and, with the permission of Editor and Readers, I hope to chronicle from time to time the results of some of their researches.

A.J.B.

## THE CHALLENGE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Every morning as I opened the back door of my shack to throw out the ashes to the winds, bending up straight and looking out to the west I would see one small peak rising over the roof of the barn near by, rising over the Milk River Ridge five leagues away. I could not pick out that one little peak from all the thirty that could be seen, clear cut, like the edge of a jagged blue steel saw, when my rides took me forty miles farther west. It seemed as though they all sent rolling along, from one peak to the other, one long challenge, "Come and climb us; come and look over the wall". There was a feeling, too, that they were passing on that challenge to others all the way from far Arctic regions, down through North America, to the very tip of the Southern Continent where mythical Patagonians live. My one wee peak was but a viola in a whole orchestra, all singing this great song, "See how lovely we are; come and look over".

Two years passed and I grasped the chance I put aside the year before. The camp was pitched high up, about 5000 feet above sea-level, just at the edge of the timber limit. Mount President towered straight up from the slopes of the camp. A good straight forward climb over snow and ice took us up over the glacier near the top, and we who came from the prairies were glad to be up 10,000 feet, and proud of having graduated and become members of the Alpine Club of Canada. When a three days' tour was suggested, eight of us were glad to go, and of these five were padres. The first peak, called "Isolated", was easy, and gave us a good view of our next objective. It looked magnificent, and rose to a great height up from a vast snow-field, which took hours to cross. Our guide, Conrad Kain, was a great character. He carried far more than his share of ropes and food, and led us on with more stimulating imaginative conversation than I have ever heard. Often we wondered if he really cared which way we went. His decisions, quickly made, so often seemed obviously wrong. "Yes, here we are plumb up against an overhanging ledge of snow with a great crevasse below. Have we come all this long way across the snow-field for nothing?" Conrad knew what we were thinking but said nothing. He saw the small bridge of snow and was soon up the vertical wall, and the rest of us followed easily, and again we were upon a peak - Mount Habal.

A new range and a new type of mountains was there for us to see. Out to the west they stretched, range after range, and near below us were deep valleys and emerald lakes. And over all an intense calm. Even the waterfalls that we knew were thundering down a thousand feet seemed more like silken ropes swaying gently in a zephyr breeze.

The mountains had called us, and we had come and were glad. Next day we were up early and away from the temporary camp just after dawn, and after the great spaces and vast glaciers we had crossed the day before, it was with a sense of gentle relief but much



wonderment that we came up to a meadow of gently running streams, and moss and flowers, high up above the glaciers we had crossed. Where so many new emotions crowd in upon the climber it was hard to realise how far away this quiet country scene was separated from similar nooks under the Wrekin.

A little higher up we were again among the big bare elemental spaces. We "cached" our blankets and prepared for the last big mountain. It was a long climb, and the rock-holds were very loose - the weather was changing and getting cold. But at last we were at the top. But the mist lifted, and we saw our peak - Mount Balfour - still far away beyond us. A short council followed. Of course, if we had decided to go back to camp this short notice would never have been written. We said we would go if the guide would take us up by the snow-slope and not by those rotten rocks. So up we went, straight up those rotten rocks, and no one said a word. The last stretch was very steep, but we had all been disappointed once, and with all of us there was a store of pent-up emotion. This was our final effort. We will stamp on this peak. We will conquer.

Then just as we reached the top, all roped together, it happened. A thunder-clap struck us. Several were thrown sprawling on the ground. Conrad sprang up at once, and shouted to us to throw away our ice-axes or alpenstocks and come down from the top. But there was no other stroke, and soon we were all fit again, but cold and shivering in a blinding snowstorm.

The pure scientist would say that our arrival at the top upset the delicate equilibrium of electrical forces, and some would go on to say that man must approach his greatest conquests of Nature upon his knees.

The storm cleared. We glissaded down the snow-slopes and soon reached our flying camp, and next day returned to the main camp feeling as though we had been away for a year through many new doors.

About that time a pistol-shot was fired in Austria, and by the time we were going back to the prairies it seemed certain that the Great War would begin.

The challenge of the mountains had been accepted, and, splendid as it was, it proved to be a false summit, a preparation for the next. Climbing cannot, in its adventure and danger, compare with war on land, and still less with war in the air, but in its demand for nerve and endurance and depth of comradeship it points the way to many other adventures in which we may find the moral equivalent of war.

R.B.W.

## **OBSESSION.**

Beloved, dare I confess  
That this big world  
To me is less than nothingness.  
That almost I would faint with Pain,  
And yearn to feel your arms again.

Beloved, I will not tell  
Of tears held back  
That in mine eyes deep dwell.  
But just this even let me whisper this -  
I'd barter Soul and Body for your kiss.

M. CALLANDER-RULE.

## **GERMANY BEFORE THE WAR. II.**

Our luggage examined, another leaf from my booklet of tickets removed, we continued our journey to Essen. The country now began to assume a more definitely business-like aspect, and very soon we were rushing through Munchen-Gladbach, a very un-interesting town to all appearances, and on through the great manufacturing towns of Crefeld, Duisberg, and last, but by no means least, Mulheim, that great iron foundry on the borders of Westphalia. Here were soon noticed mountains of coal dust, with immense shafts and towering chimneys, telling of some great coal mines, for which that part of Prussia is justly famous.

At last the outskirts of Essen are reached, and a half an hour later, with much snorting and puffing, the great train rolls into the Hof-Bahnhof. Never shall I forget the rushing and bustling of that platform; the porters in their quaint blue smocks, lounging about, treating your frantic signals for help with calm indifference; the crush of stout, wieldy Fraus with their fat unhealthy-looking families; the lofty, high-domed station with its windows of stained glass like some cathedral, its welcome absence of uninteresting posters and inevitable advertisements. In the general stampede to get on to the platform, I will remember falling headlong out of the carriage, down the three high steps, in so doing severely injuring my shins and by no means improving my temper. At last I was on German soil, and, with some pride, I shouted out to the nearest porter my first command in the native tongue; but picture my consternation when I discovered that he simply refused to understand my German, because my pronunciation of it was unknown to him; and, indeed, many times later on I

experienced the same difficulty. I was just despairing of ever making the man understand, when some kindly fellow-traveller, a Frenchman, came to my assistance and at least got my luggage collected from my carriage and guard's van on to the platform, leaving me free to look for my English friend with whom I was to stay during my visit to the town. He arrived upon the scene some three-quarters of an hour later, by which time I had almost given up all hope, and very thankful I was to place myself in his hands. I never indeed welcomed an English face so heartily as his, when I caught sight of him towering above the mass of short fat Germans swarming all around. We soon were out of the station, and as my rooms were quite near, it was decided that my luggage should be transported thither by hand. My first impressions of Essen were not particularly enthusiastic, and later on I had no cause to change them overmuch.

The railway station, or Bahnhof, faces along side of a large square, opposite which is a rather fine café known as the Kaiserhof, and here, indeed, I spent many a happy hour afterdays. It has many very fine apartments in it, the finest being perhaps the Teppich-Saal, which is on the first floor, a long narrow room with great windows overlooking this square. From out of this square runs the principal strasse, which is narrow, cobble-paved, with cafes, bier-gartens, and shops on both sides. This street ends in the rather fine Kaiser-platz, in the centre of which stands a hideous statue to one of the Kaisers, and on the far side of which the glorious old Munster-Kircke, adjoining a belt of public gardens. There is really very little to be seen in Essen, except perhaps the Koenigs-Strasse, a rather fine street with avenues of trees on either side bordering a narrow stream of running water; in this part of the town are the houses of the city magnates, houses of ugly architecture but commodious, and richly furnished within; whilst near by are the Hof-garten, the public gardens of the town, in the centre of which is a rather uninteresting concert hall, where many well-conducted concerts are given. Essen also possesses an Opera-Haus, a Rathaus, and a rather fine group of ultra-modern public buildings. To the north of the city lie the miles of works for which the town is famous, the works to which the town owes its birth and very existence, for indeed there is no one living in Essen but is in some way connected with the great foundry. The surrounding country is quite lovely, being very wooded, and all the woods are kept in perfect order, with armies of men to keep all the paths clean even from fallen leaves, yet in no way interfering with their natural beauty.

I do not think I am ever likely to forget my first lunch in Germany. I was feeling most horribly tired after my journey, but refused to have a meal in my room as I was all excitement to get out into the town. Accordingly, my friend piloted me to a small café hidden from the average feeder, and supposed to be quite ultra-select, at least so I was told, but I soon had reason to think otherwise. Before entering the café, and indeed before entering Germany, I had been told that whatever else I did I must drink the famous Munchen beer, as no one ever dreamed of drinking water in the Vaterland. My lunch was ordered for me, but to this day I haven't the

slightest idea what it was, for I did not even see it - I had hastily left the café before it arrived. As I have before remarked, I was most horribly tired, very heady, and feeling generally seedy, yet at least I was prepared to enjoy my food; but picture my horror when on looking at a party of fat, greasy Germans sitting at the next table, I discovered them to be eating great lumps of fat pork with plates of thick pea soup, washed down by heavy draughts of beer. I simply had to retire.

To a visitor fresh to Germany, many are the little unpleasantnesses he must be prepared for. To begin with his bed - surely anything more uncomfortable than a German bed could not possibly be imagined. I, personally, never could get accustomed to it, and indeed in hot weather I can think of nothing more terrifying. To lie on a feather bed with no pillow for your head and then to have another feather bed exactly the same size and weight on top of you, with no nice sheets and blankets to securely tuck you in, is not my idea of comfort, *pas du tous!* I must say I cannot understand how some of the very rubicund German Herren manage to get any comfort at all, with the heavy bolster-like covering resting on their by no means modest corporations. Then again, in England here, one is told so much about the amazing power of the German military officer, yet I wonder is one ever prepared for the arrogance of the police officer. I certainly shall not forget my first experience of that no doubt admirable, but most certainly obtrusive gentleman. The morning after my arrival, somewhere about 6 a.m., I was rudely awakened from my heavy slumbers, the result of my long journey, by a loud knocking at my bedroom door, and a voice in guttural German demanded admittance. How I cursed my folly in locking the door the previous night, since it now necessitated my getting up to unlock it. I, however, waited a minute, endeavouring to collect my wandering senses, and hoping that perchance the person outside would have discovered his mistake and retire; but no such thing, for a very fusillade of knocking caused me to hurriedly *aufstegen* and stagger to the door. I unlocked it, and in by no means a pleasant temper stood ready to receive my most unwelcome visitor. But the next instant my reasonable fury had hastily died a natural death, and a certain feeling of awe akin to fear took its place, for into the room marched a small party of very gorgeously habited Germans, with the most unpleasant faces, fierce, brutish; men that in my ignorance I mistook for soldiers. Following them was my Hausfrau, looking, to my mind, very timid, quite altogether nervous for my welfare. At the moment I cursed the Fates that had ever suggested Germany to me. But I was soon to find that my fears were groundless. It was merely the police, come to catechise me as to my reasons for being in Essen. My German was now to a severe test, and, indeed, I soon found it quite unequal to the demands put upon it; but with the help of my kindly Hausfrau, who could speak a little English, I was able to answer the numberless questions put to me, to sign the various official papers, and at last to satisfactorily assure the officer in charge that I was not a spy, that I was there merely to see their wonderful town, and to take advantage of the exceptional facilities for art and music which Essen could hold out to a poor, ignorant Englishman. It was really quite amusing to notice the change in the young officer's behaviour

when I mentioned the all-powerful name of Krupp! from being arrogant, rude, and suspicious, he at one became servile, fawning, and polite - beastly so. And during my whole stay in Essen, the fact that I was known to the Krupps, that in small way I was under their patronage, gave me every freedom, nay, I was even shown a certain amount of respect, of welcome!

CANTAB.

*[To be continued.]*

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Our readers will note that this month *The Hydra* does not appear inside its usual cover. It has been found necessary to drop the use of the cover as part of the economy policy. However, we cannot drop it without recording our thanks to the designer, Mr Berrington, and whilst thanking him we take this opportunity of recording our regret at having to discontinue using what was a most valuable asset of the Magazine - a pleasing and artistic cover.

## **A DAY'S FISHING.**

Some eighteen or twenty years ago I was staying with my brother in one of the Western Islands. We had been fishing or shooting together each day, and very pleasant days they were.

On the morning of the day I propose to tell you about, we had arranged each to go to a different fishing ground.

Off I started with my ghillie, locally known as Captain Donald. We had a great climb to the top of the hill - this took us about an hour; then a walk of a mile or so across the heather brought us to a loch where I caught many small trout in a very short space of time. I then gave this up and started fishing down the burn which ran out of the loch. Here the fish ran much heavier, and I had some excellent fun with both brown and sea trout.

Now, before I left the lodge, my brother asked me to send Captain Donald to the inn to get some whisky, as we had run out of that most necessary commodity. So, after lunch, I packed him off with an empty game bag and some money for a four-mile tramp over the hill to the inn.

I fished on and caught a great many trout. My basket was getting very heavy indeed, and the time passed so quickly that I had failed to realise how late it actually was. The light was beginning to go by this time, and there was no sign of my Captain Donald.

I next counted my fish - 119 brown trout and 11 sea trout or finnock. [ED. NOTE. - We do not vouch for the accuracy of these figures.] Then having packed up my traps, I set off over the hill in search of my man, who, by the way, was an exceptionally decent fellow, as well as a very genuine teetotaller. After a little I saw him coming towards me running over the heather. He seemed a bit excited but perfectly sober when I met him. I forgot what excuse he made for the delay, but I forgave him, and we started off up the hill, Donald leading and I following. Very shortly Donald began to show signs of distress, and kept repeating, "If only I could get my second breath I'd be all right", so I relieved him of all the gear except the game bag containing the whisky.

Now I hadn't the faintest notion of the way home except back by the burn I had fished down, and this meant a very long and circuitous route; however, we struck a sheep track, and Donald then murmured something incoherent about "cairns on the sky-line". I realised then that the man was hopelessly drunk, probably for the first time in his life. This latter fact didn't help me though, and it was getting dark and we had many miles to go right up and down the other side of a high hill. Incidentally, I had promised my brother that if he would put off dinner till 9 p.m. I should be in time. Well, I tied a piece of string to Donald and attached it to myself, so that I shouldn't lose him in the dark, and we started off stumbling uphill. I could just see the cairn on the top, and made for this. On reaching it I heard a crash of a bottle on the stones. Evidently Donald had had a last nip and thrown away the empty bottle. In another minute he fell down quite helpless. I relieved him of the bag containing the whisky, and then got him to his feet, put my arm round him, and dragged him along. I knew my destination must be somewhere down the hill. We then encountered a small but nasty bog, and how we ever got across alive, I don't know; however, we managed it. Then I sat down for a rest, kicking Donald all the time to keep him awake. I was very hungry and thirsty, but thought it wisest to leave the whisky alone. After resting for a bit I started off again, lugging old Donald along with me. He was really in a most pitiable state by this time. Eventually we came to a burn, into which Donald promptly fell face downwards. Now it was quite the blackest night I have ever been out in, and I had very great difficulty in fishing him out. I was soaked to the skin, and covered with peat stain right up to my thighs. I was wearing a kilt at the time.

After my efforts at life-saving, I thought I should have to give up further attempts at getting my man home, so dragged him up the hill face a little bit to a small shelf, where I laid him down, covering him with my oilskin. Then packed a row of big stones alongside him to prevent his rolling off the shelf down into the burn again.

Now here I was on a wild Highland hill in the pitchest black of a very dark and stormy night, and hadn't the vaguest notion of my whereabouts. I decided to follow the burn to the sea, which I heard roaring against the rocks in the distance. It was a very wild night. Once I reached the shore, I knew that if I turned to my left I should eventually reach the lodge. I

started off downhill, leaving Donald sound asleep. It was eerie work stumbling along alone, listening to the rumbling of the burn and the roar of the sea.

However, eventually I came to a very sudden halt near the sea coast. I knew this to be a wild, rocky, and precipitous part of the island. I suddenly thought that I was on the very edge of a low precipice, and that I could just see against the sky the tops of spruce trees which were growing at the bottom of the precipice. I sat down to think what on earth I could do, and, while so ruminating, thought longingly of the bottle of whisky I had. However, I imagined that I was in a tight place, and it appeared wisest to leave the stuff alone. I suppose I made some sort of noise, for suddenly I heard a dog bark; then a regular chorus of barking and growling burst out, cheering my soul, for it told me that some sort of habitation must be close at hand.

I thought then that the best thing to do would be to crawl on my hands and knees to the edge of the precipice and see if there was any possibility of getting down. On putting out my hand I touched what I thought to be the tops of the spruce trees and to my joy found that all the time I had been sitting within two feet of a wattled fence which had been made by driving hazel sticks into the ground and twisting heather between the sticks. I was soon over this, tramping across a piece of roughly cultivated ground, while all the time a number of collies were growling and snapping at my heels. Eventually, I came to a small farm-house, where I got no answer to repeated banging on the door. Incidentally, I heard afterwards that a number of shepherds had been sleeping in the house, but had been too frightened to even shout out to me, much less open the door, thinking I was a ghost of some sort.

However, I trudged along the shore, where a road of sorts was in the making. Eventually, at 2 a.m., I reached the lodge. They had kept dinner hot for me, and I can assure you I did justice to it. The whisky I had carried all the way was delightful beyond words. I then had a bath, and tumbled into bed.

Next morning my brother told me that by midnight he had become anxious and had sent stalkers and ghillies with lanterns all over the hill to find us; they returned about 7 a.m., having seen neither of us, but that upon coming to the door they found my oilskin hanging on the door handle, and also a white handkerchief that I had tied on the heather beside Donald, so that I could find him again by daylight.

After breakfast I set out to Donald's croft. Upon seeing his mother she informed me, "He was fine, but no' just awfu' weel; he would have been doing quite weel on the hull with yourself if he could jist have had his second braith."

Poor Donald was hors-de-combat for several days after this, and I have heard since that he has never broken out again.

H.H.A.

## **ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

MATHEMATICIAN. - No, we have not yet learned how to apply the binomial theorem to working out handicaps. Perhaps the billiards secretary could help you.

GOLFER. - We agree that it is hard to keep one's temper when learning. Instead of counting ten before you speak, try counting the number of strokes you make before you hit the ball.

WRONG 'UN'. - Sorry we cannot print your articles. After all this is *The Hydra*.

ARTISTE. - No, fair friend, I cannot introduce you to the new stage manager.

SQUEAK. - No, we do not know who the handsome Highland subaltern was who had his photograph taken on Sunday last in a kilt and flowing moustache. This sort of thing is not "thollierated."

## **OVERHEARD.**

### **THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE.**

CRITIC AND SCENE-SHIFTER. - What did you think of the Show last night?

SCENE-SHIFTER. - What did I think of the Show last night? Well, if you very much want to know, I think it was just what was wanted, something bright and cheery to brighten up the usually somewhat unresponsive audience.

CRITIC. - Well, I did not think much of it. The whole thing was perfectly absurd - no plot to speak of, and er - !

SCENE-SHIFTER. - Yes, I know what you think, and there are heaps more like you, very ready to criticise and pull to pieces, yet if you were asked to reproduce your criticisms on the platform next week you would bring up a whole bag full of excuses, and still try to cram your destructive opinion down other people's throats and completely funk to uphold your so-called constructive ideas on what should have been done.

CRITIC. - Well, don't rub it in old chap; but take that skit, "A Bit Canned". I ask you, whatever was there in it?

SCENE-SHIFTER. - More than meets the eye, my boy. The cast of that little Show, with perhaps one exception, were not afraid to illustrate their criticism of "A Bit Kiss" produced the week before; and what was the result? One of the best laughs heard in the Craiglockhart



theatre for a long time. Yes, and what's more, the whole thing, lock, stock, and barrel, was worked up and produced in less than fifteen hours before the curtain was timed to rise.

CRITIC. - Well, under the circumstances, it was not so b-!

SCENE-SHIFTER. - Not so fast, dear lad, you are trying to climb down now, but that won't wash; it only increases your offence of harsh and thoughtless criticism, you should have found out the facts before airing your opinions.

CRITIC. - Yes, perhaps I was overhasty. I will eat my remarks and give a turn, week after next.

SCENE-SHIFTER. - Now that's what I call playing the game, and jolly good luck to you, and may many others like yourself do the same thing, and so help to bring out some of the hidden lights. The entertainments manager will be along here shortly, will you leave your name and room number? Ah! Thanks very much; well, cheer-oh! I have to get this scenery recast for the coming Show, or else have my blooming head lopped off.

"LIME-LIGHT."

## CONCERTS.

The concerts last month were, indeed, worthy of favourable criticisms, for each week we were lucky enough to have excellent fare submitted to our "oft-time" sensitive palate. Thanks, however, to the organiser of our weekly concerts, we enjoyed, with much relish, all April's Saturday evenings; also the concert of 30th March, which, naturally, has not yet been reviewed in these illustrious pages.

Mr Eric Masters, a very old favourite, once more entertained us magnificently with his fine manly songs, beautifully rendered, and it grieves me very much to say that rumour hath it that he is going away from Edinburgh.

If rumour be true, this Hospital will lose a very good and generous friend, a man who has always been kind enough to come and sing for us whenever he has had a free evening, no matter how arduous his military duties may have been during the week; and so, if he is going away, may I here voice the unanimous feelings of all members of Craiglockhart War Hospital by offering him our united thanks for all he has done to entertain us, and wish him the very best of luck wherever he may go.

Mr Maclean made the blood surge through our "sleepy" veins, as though we were once again fit and well, by giving us the unaccountable joy and feeling of elation produced by his able playing of the pipes. (I saw at least two Scotch nurses break into a double, from the dining-

room to the concert hall, when they heard the strains of the pipes on the stage. What a bagpipe will do !!! or cause to be done !!!!)

Then we had our good friend, Miss Maud Campbell. The name alone is sufficient to quicken the pulses of all music lovers, for of all the sopranos who grace our little stage there are very few to equal her, and to paraphrase a well-known quotation, "To *hear* her is to love her". Her voice is so beautifully modulated, her tone so exquisitely true, her presence so charmingly fascinating, and her personality so wonderfully sweet, that we care not what she sings so long as she keeps on singing.

Another tremendous favourite was Mr Herbert Thorpe, of the Allington-Charsley Opera Company. The first time he came, may I say, reduced to a mere mortal by being camouflaged as a "Gentleman in Khaki" instead of being in full evening dress, with flowing locks, he "brought the house down" and "took the roof off" by his superb singing. The tremendous applause which greeted his first song showed this splendid tenor that even "nervy" subs. appreciate to the full a real good singer when they hear him; and I think he must have been gratified with his reception, for he was good enough to sing five times.

"Cavatina", from "Faust", and "La Donna e mobile", from "Rigoletto", were magnificently sung, and heartily enjoyed.

Captain Bassett, by special request, again gave us some imitations of well-known comedians singing, "All dressed up", in their own particular style, which were received with even more enthusiasm, if possible, than when he gave them at a former concert. And that's saying a good deal. He is a born mimic, and would make a fortune as a "red-nosed" comedian if the worst came to the worst, and he had to "work for his living"!!! Captain Bassett, later in the evening, once again proved his wonderful powers of impersonation by giving us some clever character studies from Dickens.

His first was Micawber, and was remarkably well done; it would indeed have pleased Charles Collett to have been in the audience.

His second was Uriah Heep, and the difference between his fawning politeness and the venomous hatred expressed when Mr Copperfield had left him, showed Captain Bassett's histrionic capabilities off to their best advantage.

The third and last character sketch was that of Mr Squeers opening school. Once again the change was complete, and one could hardly recognise the same man.

It is indeed gratifying to know that we have such a versatile member of the Hospital, and I look forward with great pleasure to seeing Captain Bassett performing again in the near future.

The following week we had an excellent little play, written about Edinburgh and the folk thereof during the time of the Jacobite rising, full particulars of which appear in a separate report.

On the 13th of April an excellent evening's amusement was afforded to us, principally, I think, because it was all couched in a light vein, but the surprise of the concert was undoubtedly the intoxicating sweetness of Miss Nancy M'Millan's voice. Seldom have we heard such bird-like notes flowing forth from a very chic, diminutive, little golden-haired lady, with an ease and volubility equalled only by a nightingale or canary. Her high notes particularly struck one as being unusually rare, and proved by their excellence and purity of timbre that the possessor of such a voice must have been remarkably well trained, exceptionally well endowed. And so, bravo, Miss M'Millan! Come again soon, please.

Mr Wells, too, was a new-comer to the platform, although we have every reason to be very grateful to him in other walks of hospital life. He has a fine baritone voice, and pleased us all very much by his natural manner and natural way of singing, looking quite at home the whole time, an art most difficult to cultivate. His song, "Underneath the Stars", was easily the best, although I heard one or two patients saying they thought his rendering of "Tommy, Lad" the best of his four. At any rate, there couldn't have been much wrong with any of his songs, for every time he appeared he had come back to sing an encore in response to the loud and prolonged applause.

Miss Grieve delighted us once again by appearing as a violin soloist, and the great pity to me is that this lady doesn't give us the benefit of her great talent a little more frequently.

Miss Grieve plays so splendidly, and always looks so charming (a great asset, I'm told, in hospitals), that I wish the management would use their persuasive powers a little more and induce this very staunch friend of ours to let us have the benefit of hearing her more frequently, for there's an old saying that "you can't have too much of a good thing". So, Mr Manager, please take note - "We want some more" of Miss Grieve's violin playing.

A very successful and delighted concert was brought to a close by an exceedingly clever sketch, entitled "A Bit Canned". By the title, one can know immediately that it is a skit on "A Bit Kiss", produced here on the previous Saturday. Again, full particulars of this clever but harmless little satire appears elsewhere in this magazine. I should like to mention here how very disappointed we were that the author of this clever little skit was unable to take the leading part as originally intended, having just received orders to report at once in London. In conclusion, I would like to mention that I saw her afterwards, and the lady who enjoyed the skit as much as any one in the "House" was the very charming and sporting author of "A Bit Kiss".

CAST.

CYRUS Q. SHAKEY (Cocktail Boy)	Mr TONY JOHNSON.
CYRUS Q. QUICKLIME (Oatcake King)	Mr De MONTALT.
General X.Y. BREAKWATER	Mr O'REILLY.
HILDA JAY OPTICS and MAISIE V. MANHATTAN	Miss LORLETTE VIORAINÉ.

ERAD.

**CLASSICAL MUSICAL CONCERT, 1st APRIL 1918.**

It would indeed be impertinence on my part were I attempt to do as I have been asked, that is, to write a criticism of this concert. I went into the theatre and sat still and enjoyed myself. The artistes who so very kindly contributed to this success were Miss Denne Parker (soprano), Miss Copland (violin), Miss Goldie-Scott, and Mr D.A. Palmer-Stone. We were given songs in English, French, Russian, and Italian, and I can only conclude by thanking the ladies who so kindly gave their services at such short notice, and Mr D.A. Palmer-Stone, who arranged the concert in six days, sparing no trouble or work to make it, what it undoubtedly was, one of the most enjoyable evenings spent at Craiglockhart.

**SPECIAL SCOTCH CONCERT, 6th APRIL 1918.**

This concert was arranged by a very kind friend of the Hospital, Mrs Prentice Nimmo. The first part of the programme was varied, though the Scotch element was predominant. Miss Gray, who sang again and again to repeated encores, was the outstanding success of the evening. After the interval a little play, entitled "A Bit Kiss," most ably written and produced by Mrs Prentice Nimmo, was acted. The most notable successes in the play were those of Miss Prentice Nimmo in the part of "Mistress Jean Maxwell (afterwards Duchess of Gordon)," and Mr Burrell as "Archie." Miss Nimmo, acting with great charm and wonderful elocution, took the house by storm,

Mr Burrell as "Archie" ably supplied the humorous element.

In conclusion, I must thank all who took part, and especially Mrs Prentice Nimmo, for her untiring efforts to provide a really good and enjoyable concert.

CAST.

MARGARETTA JEAN.	Miss J. WARWICH.
CHRISTINA M'PHERSON.	Miss BAKER.
PEG MIDDLEMAS (owner of oyster cellar).	Miss KERSE.
1ST LADY.	Miss WATSON.
2ND LADY.	Miss M. MARR.
Mme. LOUISE MALTRAVERS.	Miss M. PATERSON.
Mistress JEAN MAXWELL (afterwards DUCHESS OF GORDON).	Miss A. PRENTICE NIMMO.
His Grace The DUKE OF GORDON.	Capt. J.H. BASSETT.
Captain BAILEY.	Mr D.A. PALMER-STONE.

1ST GENTLEMAN.  
1ST YOUTH.  
2ND YOUTH.  
ARCHIE.

Mr HENDERSON.  
Mr G. GLAZIER.  
Mr THOMAS.  
Mr BURRELL.

CONCLUSION. - No record of concerts would be complete without recognition of the work of Mr C.A.G. Marchand, our late stage manager. He was always working on the stage, and knew more about it than anyone else in the Hospital. Not only were his efforts on the stage, but weekly criticisms from his pen used to adorn the pages of this magazine. And so farewell and good luck, Marchand.

His successor is Mr Glaizer, Room 102. I hear he is on the look-out for volunteers for scene-shifting, so now you people who grouse about there being nothing interesting for you to do take notice and offer your services.

GONG.

## **CLUB NOTES.**

### **Angling Club.**

Up to the time of writing this, the weather conditions have been far too cold for successful fishing, very little fly has been seen on the water. As I write it is snowing, everything is quite white. Until the snow water has quite cleared away, anglers will have little chance of success.

Mr Southern, a keen fisherman, has the honour of being the first member of our Club to land a fish, a half-pounder, in excellent condition. He has also hooked one of about 1 1/2 lbs., both these in the Water of Leith, close to Slateford Village.

Unfortunately, the larger fish got away, the overhanging trees making it impossible to play him. Better luck next time.

Permission to fish has been obtained on the following Reservoirs:-

Torduff. Apply to Engineers of Water Trust for permits.

Harperrigg. Apply to Engineers of Water Trust for permits.

Glencorse. Apply to Engineers of Water Trust for permits.

Crosswood. Apply to Engineers of Water Trust for permits.

The Threipmuir Angling Association have very kindly given us the use of one boat (boat No.2) on Threipmuir Reservoir each Wednesday in May from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., 2 rods only to fish

from the boat at one time. Fly fishing only is permitted. The services of the club boatman will also be at our disposal unless he is required by one of their club members.

This is extremely kind of the association, and I sincerely hope that full use will be made of this excellent opportunity. The fishing is good on Threipmuir.

Harperrigg may also be fished from the shore by making application to Mr W.H. Hamilton, W.S., 11 Hill Street, Edinburgh.

A charge of 2s.6d per day is made by the Water Trust for boat hire.

A charge of 2s.6d. per day is made by Mr Hamilton for each person fishing on Threipmuir.

All charges are used for restocking reservoirs. The Water of Leith is quite good fishing. This may be fished free up to Balerno, where a short stretch is preserved. Above this stretch, I understand, the fishing is again free.

For fuller details as to how to get to the various reservoirs, etc., see our notice board.

As I go to Bowhill in a few days, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking every one for their extreme, thoughtfulness and kindness towards me since I have been at Craiglockhart, and more particularly during the past fortnight.

Good luck to the Fishing Club and Tight Lines.

NORMAN H. MACLEAN.

### **Golf.**

Golf still continues to flourish, the local course being each day thickly populated with "blue banders", each striving to make his opponent the poorer by the price of tea for two or a "Silver King". Talking of balls, why does "John" persist in buying expensive balls of a "soft" variety? Seeing that after two of his well-known dig shots with a mashie the ball has depreciated 80 per cent. in value and would be bought second-hand by a member of a blind school only.

One of our most enthusiastic beginners was, until recently, always to be found within sound of the click of ivory balls, whereas nowadays he pursues an elusive rubber-cored one (of sorts) with really astounding success; he certainly derives much amusement from his new game, and his always cheery laughs has, if possible, increased in volume.

The match against the Merchants of Edinburgh Golfing Society duly took place on 25th March, and unexpectedly proved to be a victory for the Hospital by four matches to three. Owing to the congested state of the course (it being Saturday), it was arranged to play three singles and four foursomes. Brooks, Courtenay, and Davie all won their singles, and Dixon and Burt won their foursome, but Rae and Gardner, Watson and Henderson, and "Padre" Griffiths and Fairbarns lost.

For the Stroke Competition on 4th April there was a large entry and the weather being fine, good cards were returned. The best returns were:-

S. Drewitt, 88 less 20 = 68.

Capt. J.M. Davie, 78 less 5 = 73.

J. M'Minn, 100 less 24 = 76.

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

Drewitt's card was an exceptional one, being made up of one round of 50 and one of 38. Think of it, 38 for a 20-handicap man!

The 9 hole "knock-out" still drags on its weary existence; how is it that fellows who spend quite an amount of time on the course cannot find time to play off their rounds? If the Committee ever have pluck to start another knock-out competition, they think of inviting entries from fellows awaiting surgical operations, guaranteeing them byes in the first round, with the assurance that they will be playing golf again long before the second round nears completion. As it is, the winner should be Burt, who, having just arrived from France with a be-shrapnelled finger, was awarded an 8 handicap. At the time of writing, the third round has been reached, Burt's wound has healed, and consequently he is playing well down to our scratch mark.

These notes must not close (please, Mr Editor) without reference to the loss the Club has sustained through the departure of Capt. Davie. He gave a great deal of his time to arranging competitions and persuading new arrivals to learn the royal and ancient game. It will be a very long time ere we get such a painstaking secretary. His game improved greatly during his stay here, and his chip shots and putting often "put the wind up" the writer of these notes.

Will new arrivals please add their names, and pre-war handicaps, to the list on the notice board, and if they desire a partner come along to Room 1; the Club does not possess any decent clubs for loaning purposes, but one can generally find a second-hand set for the price of two or three days' pay.

### **Swimming And Water Polo.**

*Secretary* - Capt. J.H. BASSETT, Room 85.

It has been decided, at last, to take advantage of the facilities we have and to organise a swimming section of the Club. By chance the task has fallen upon me. No doubt to some the idea of swimming in a bath is repugnant. However, to those not very keen on sea bathing there is nothing like bath swimming, and, of course, nothing need be said of the sprint swimmer. I can only ask members of the Club who can swim to kindly step forward and offer themselves as instructors. Also, may I ask any gentleman desirous of learning the art to communicate with me. Have no fear of being one of several in a class - I hope to be able to provide an instructor for each pupil.

In conclusion, I can only repeat - enrol now, please, both pupils and instructors.

### **Engineering Class.**

*Secretary* - M.J. RAE.

During the end of March and the first fortnight in April the Engineering Classes at the University were greatly curtailed owing to the Easter vacation.

A few of our officers, however, still continued their work in the drawing office and the workshop, this privilege due to the kind consideration of Professor Hudson Beare in keeping the doors of the engineering department open during the holidays.

Now that the summer term has commenced at the University, we are pleased to see that the University classes have been taken more advantage of than ever.

At the opening of the surveying class on the 17th April, about twenty of our officers were present at Professor Hudson Beare's opening lecture, and every day brings additional numbers.

This class meets three days a week, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, each day opening with a lecture. The practical work is done on Mondays and Wednesdays, and the drawing office work on Fridays.

The class has also been divided into two groups: - Group I. attending all day from 10 a.m., while Group II., solely for officers who are physically unable to stand the whole day, finish at 1.30 p.m.

The value of this class cannot be over-estimated, especially by those contemplating appointments in Forestry or Agriculture. No fees are attached to the class - another of the many considerations granted to our officers by Professor Hudson Beare - and it is hoped that still more officers will take advantage of this fine opportunity of improving their knowledge of surveying.

Arrangements are being made with the Edinburgh School Board to allow our officers again to attend the Tynecastle workshops for classes in mechanical engineering.

Before Christmas, the Edinburgh School Board and Mr Jack, head of the Tynecastle workshops, welcomed our officers to take up this branch of engineering, and their kindness was taken full advantage of. These classes have only been stopped, owing to the pressure of work at Tynecastle, for the last four months, but it is expected they will soon resume.

All interested in mechanical or civil engineering and desirous of taking out classes on these subjects should consult the engineering secretary.

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

*Secretary* - E.S. PFEIFFER.



During the past month the Club has been able to form classes at Tynecastle School and at Merchiston Board school, where various subjects have been taught.

Arrangements are being made to re-form the classes held in conjunction with the Boy Scouts, and it is hoped that officers will take up this important work which is considered of great national importance.

The chief scout has asked that as many officers as possible will register their names with the Scout Association, in order to take up Scout work either on their discharge from the Service or at the end of the war. Forms of registration may be obtained from the secretary.

### **Motor Engineering Classes.**

*Secretary* - E.F. QUMINTON.

Arrangements have been made with the authorities of the Heriot-Watt College for classes in Motor Engineering, and these are already in progress.

The classes meet on Mondays and Wednesdays from 10.15 a.m. to 12.15 p.m. for practical work in the laboratories, and on Fridays, 10.30 a.m. to 11.30 a.m., for a lecture.

A large number of officers have already taken advantage of these classes, and any motor enthusiasts, or those wishing to know everything about motoring, should hand in their names at once.

Officers contemplating appointments of national importance, which are not necessarily strictly military, are particularly advised to attend.

We are particularly indebted to Professor Stanfield and Mr White of the College for the interest they have taken in organising these classes.

### **Arts And Crafts.**

During the past month there has been a slightly increased number of officers who have spent useful time in the workshop. Why more of them do not utilise the opportunities offered, it is difficult to see. Those officers who cannot spend much time out of doors or at other work would find opportunities here of doing something which would prevent *that 'fed up' feeling which haunts the unemployed* - besides providing useful articles.

*Pottery Painting* (Mrs WATSON) has about three or four adherents, who are making rapid strides in their work. The instructress would be pleased to welcome a few more pupils, each of whom would have individual attention.

*Leather Work* (Mrs ALEXANDER). Several articles (bags, purses, music-cases, book-carriers, etc.) have been finished during the month, some of the officers showing marked ability in the work.

*Wood Carving* (Mrs ALEXANDER). Not much has been done in this direction, there being only one pupil.

*Model Yacht Building.* In this accomplishment things seem to have languished somewhat for want of a regular instructor in what is, after all, a difficult thing to attempt, yet, in spite of this, there are several model yachts under way.

It is very desirable that more officers should take up one or more of these pastimes. The painting is easy to those who can draw, the leather work and carving require no great skill, the occupations are pleasant, and the expense is just a few shillings for tools and leather or wood.

The ladies who come to teach us are patient and take no end of trouble to make things easy, and it is very important that the sporting way in which they turn up should receive abundant appreciation

Any information regarding the classes will be most gladly supplied by R.G. Arthur, Room 87 (A. and C. Secretary).

### **Billiards.**

As with golf so with billiards, knock-out competitions outlast your one month's "F.T.", or would do unless the writer spent half his time chasing tired entrants. As it is, we have to-day managed to complete a handicap with 33 competitors in 16 days. We feel quite proud of this achievement, if a little hoarse, but we digress. One day an enthusiast suggested a "flying" handicap to be played off in one evening, and so the popular "10 up" was born. The first was held with a flourish of trumpets and clink of sixpences (entrance money) on 28th March. The competitors, fifty in number, crowded round the tables and greeted each fluke with roars of applause. Anyhow, a thoroughly amusing evening was spent, the prizes being won by -

H. Low, 1st.

T. Scott, 2nd.

T. Thiollier, 3rd.

On 4th April there were forty-eight entrants (yes, most of 'em paid), the winners being -

R.R. Reid, 1st.

P.D.A. Courtenay, 2nd.

H. Low, 3rd.

But the results of these two competitions proved to the organisers that "flucker's glory" simply meant subscribing sixpences to help to pay the laundry bills of the more skilled players, so handicapping was resorted to. In demonstrating the success of this new arrangement "Tanks" Varley and Thiollier gained undying fame as partners. The former was taking full drives and giving the pockets a chance, what time Thioller juggled with the marking board (getting out of many a bad "lie" with marked success), and making new rules as fresh difficulties presented themselves. In this way Courtenay was completely

outmanoevered, and so lost a Harry Tateish game by two points. The eventual winners were

-

O. Price, 1st.

Hastings, 2nd.

Varley, 3rd.

Henderson, 4th.

At the conclusion of the evening Mr Varley celebrated his success by regaling his admirers with coffee and sandwiches. The duties of hostess were gracefully performed by Sister Anderson, the catering being in the hands of the well-known universal providers, H.M. Government.

On the 18th the winners were Murdoch, Thomson, and Varley - that man is getting too good! Please enter for the new handicap which is just being arranged; hurry up, Mr Printer, we badly want a cheap advert.

### **Badminton.**

Owing to various quaint rumours and uncertainties, occasioned by the visit of the A.D.M.S., competitions have been impracticable, but these will shortly be resumed - particularly as we are glad to see an ever increasing enthusiasm for the game, daily evident in the numbers on the court.

### **Tennis.**

We are endeavouring to reinstate the vanished accommodation of the hard courts, but, owing to the climatic conditions of Slateford, grass courts will not be available till May.

This, again, rests entirely in the hands of the weather.

### **Field Club.**

Lectures during the past month have been as follows:-

I. On Angling, by Mr MacLean. This was a very enjoyable, well thought-out and well expressed lecture, and designed as an introduction to the starting of the C.L. Angling Club, whose programme for the summer is elsewhere noted in this issue.

II. A lecture by Capt. Davie, M.C., on "Agricultural Prospects of the Settler in S.A." He described the three separate belts into which the country is divided, namely, the Shore District, the Karoo, and the High Veldt, each having its typical culture. There is plenty of room and good prospects, according to the lecturer, for British settlers after the war, in all these three regions.

A lecture by Capt. Brock and Mr Leys, illustrated by lime-light views, entitled "Edinburgh in Evolution". This was designed as a popular introduction to the subject of Regional Survey, by which it is proposed to secure a somewhat better co-ordination of the subjects studied by

the Field Club. The idea of Regional Survey is to make the learning of the sciences essentially concrete, by studying them in one's immediate environment.

Some interesting excursions have taken place this month, among which was one to the Wemyss coal mine in Fife, again under the leadership of Mr Scobbie; we were shown over the Wellesley Colliery by Mr Gray, the manager, and spent a most enjoyable and instructive day.

### **Poultry.**

Mr Marples informs us that during the past month over 100 eggs have been set. The laying has increased tremendously, the yield having risen within about six weeks from twenty-eight eggs a day to between seventy and eighty. The breeding pens are in process of being altered to give the fowls alternate runs. It is intended with successful hatching to go in for well over 200 chicks. At present there are about 120 hens, mostly Wyandottes and Leghorns, and during the coming season these two breeds alone will be kept.

### **Library.**

*Librarian* - Mr Rutter Thomas.

Books to suit all tastes.

Readers may obtain any book of Messrs M'Niven and Wallace's large collection by handing a note to the Librarian on or before each Wednesday noon, and the requisite book will be supplied on the following Friday.

The Librarian takes this opportunity of thanking the officers who have presented books to the Library and will be pleased to accept any books passed over by various officers. The Librarian regrets to state that six of Messrs M'Niven and Wallace's volumes have been long outstanding, and to facilitate immediate collection and return, will officers please return any of the books under notice should same be seen lying about the Hospital.

Doubtless the majority of the books have been left in rooms by discharged officers, and present occupants of such rooms could afford the Librarian assistance by returning same forth-with.

Each volume bears Messrs. M'Niven and Wallace's distinctive light blue label on the cover.

Library Hours.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday mornings at 10.30 - 11.

Tuesday and Saturday mornings at 9.45 - 10.15.

Every evening 7.30 - 8.0.

Library Statistics. 17th March - 16th April 1918. Inclusive.

	Fiction	Non-Fiction	McNiven & W.	Total Vols.	Increase or decrease per cent. on figure for Month ending 16/3/1918
Books in Library 16/4/1918	357	56	20	433	5.7 per cent increase
Additions from 17/3/18-16/4/18	19	0	0	19	4.38 per cent. incr. Total.
Books issued 17/3/18-16/4/18 incl.	243	4	32	279	28 per cent. increase.
					24.8 per cent. Total decr.