

The Hydra: journal of the Craiglockhart War Hospital

No. 9 August 18th 1917

Contents	Page
▪ Editorial	2
▪ Notes And News	3
▪ Minutes Of The last General Meeting	5
▪ "Rats"	6
▪ Notes form Bowhill	10
▪ The Chronicles Of A V.O.S. (Very Old Subaltern)	11
▪ The Road To Armentieres	13
▪ Concerts	13
▪ Arrivals	15
▪ Departures	15

EDITORIAL.

THE MAGAZINE: ITS RAISON D'ETRE

When Private Time made his first appearance at Colonel Eternity's Orderly Room on the charge of "refusing to stand still on parade," he was given E.F.P. (eternal field punishment). Unfortunately, however, Ixion had booked the only wheel in existence, and it was up to the S.M. to find a substitute.

"By the thousand stars of the Colonel, we've got to get him round something round," he remarked to the Q.M.S.; and as the only round thing in the store, for which no one seemed to have any use, was the Earth, they started Time round that. So the poor fellow was tied down to the world, and is still jolted about in Eternity under his old nickname of "Marking Time."

But even Time became tired occasionally. Like many other soldier he got "fed-up" with himself. But how could he rest? The S.M. had appointed a policeman to watch that Time kept marking. But the policeman also grew weary, and at length his glance lighted on an inn. It was, and is, called "The Small Hours," and is open from 1.30 a.m. to 4.30 a.m. And so, ever since Time began his great punishment, the policeman, under cover of darkness - his name, by the way, is Private Watch, so called because he looks after Time - steals into "The Small Hours," and puts away many a glass of his favourite Hippocrene. *Time, in his absence, stands still, and has a rest. And hence arise many of our troubles.*

While "The Small Hours" is open, the world is out of joint. Time has stopped; the unhappy creatures of the earth are in difficulties. For the blessed, sleep solves these; for many, there appears to be no solution. Haggard-eyed and weary they wait, till the policeman comes out, and Time starts on again.

The unhappy people have striven hard to solve this difficulty. Our grandmothers counted sheep passing through a gate. We try the walk along the corridor, or the "Get-me-Steve" slang of O. Henry. All appear to be vain. So we ask for Aspirin, and are refused.

But a way has been found. Knights of the Bedchamber, your vigils are at an end! Not long ago a magazine called *The Hydra* came into being. Its main idea was to contain things written while the policeman was in "The Small Hours." Then others started to read what had been written, and immediately fell asleep. Forgotten were their maladies, even to the very worst, which, in our opinion, is *Hydra-phobia*.

When men lay out a golf-course, buy a pipe, or engage a cook, they do so with a purpose. When men start a magazine they do so because - because - we offer a "ticket" for the answer.

But the owner of a golf-course does not pay people to come and play on his course. Quite the other way. The cook is not kept simply to taste the soup. He usually - another prize for who

can tell what the cook *does* do with the soup. Certainly he doesn't merely taste it – if that! You don't get some one else to fill your pipe and smoke it at you. *Yet you allow others to fill your own magazine?* It is wrong. Choose your own blend, whether of strong full-flavoured stories, mild criticisms, or light aromatic verse. Stuff that in, and smoke that!

*** There are three hand-written annotations on this page:

At the right hand margin of paragraph 1-5: *Not all mine.*

At the foot of the page and in round brackets – pointing to the phrase 'Quite the other way.' is written: *(The Edin. Club overcharges us.)*

And to the right of this, also in round brackets: *(Our soup is hopeless.)*

NOTES AND NEWS.

Golf.

The golfing enthusiasts have been seen going out regularly in spite of the Scotch weather which has visited us lately, and some phenomenal drives have been recorded (or, perhaps, imagined), under cover of the thick mist. Our usual Thursday match against the Merchants of Edinburgh Club had to be cancelled at the last moment owing to heavy rain. A Medal Competition is to be played on 13th inst., and it is hoped that other competitions may follow.

Bowls Club.

Whitehouse Grange v. Craiglockhart.

Our Bowls Club endeavoured to play a return match on the 8th inst., with Whitehouse Grange on the latter's green, but owing to the inclement weather it was impossible to play more than about half the number of ends; nevertheless a most enjoyable evening was spent and refreshments were very kindly provided by our hosts.

The President extended an open invitation to members of Craiglockhart to use their green on any afternoon, and those members interested in the game would do well to take advantage of this offer, as the green is one of the best in the country.

Field Club.

On Monday we had a paper dealing with the perceptive faculties of plants and their various responses to the stimuli of light, heat, moisture, gravity, contact, and even smell. The lecturer then touched on the similarity of plant-respiration and digestion with our own; on their secret power of utilising light-energy for building up foods from crude elements; on their remarkable contrivances for effecting cross-fertilisation, and the dispersal of seeds. We were brought to regard the plant world from a new and almost startling point of view. Biology is no longer content to observe the adaptation of a plant to its environment in its struggle for existence, but begins to demand: In what way is the plant *conscious* of its environment, and whence its anxiety to survive? The lecture carried us to the farthest point of modern research; at which point, physiology fails, and it is time to send out "feelers" of metaphysical guessing.

The following Monday, 6th August, Capt. Hyland gave an attractive paper on "Geology in Flanders." His most useful and thorough investigation of the structure and disposition of the strata met with in mining, illustrated by blackboard sketches, was greatly appreciated. The lecturer recounted his valuable experiences over the earth's crust in that part, and a comparison of the geological formations of that country with that of the southern reaches across the "Silver Stream" was made. Our president, Major Bryce, took part in the criticisms and debate which followed.

On the 10th inst. a dozen stalwarts proceeded by the mid-day train from Slateford to Balerno, whence they struck out for the hills. The route lay by Threipmuir Reservoir and Bavelaw Castle (at which point there were two desertions), then *via* the Green Cleuch, and round the flank of the Black Hill to Loganlee Waterfall: this little cascade comes down very prettily in a small amphitheatre formed by horizontal layers of old red sandstone and conglomerate. Then round we swung into "Habbie's Howe," and soon were "discussing" scones and jam and fresh eggs in the shepherd's cottage at the head of the reservoir. The homeward stretch by Glencorse Reservoir, and then over the hill to Bonaly and Colinton, was done at a good pace, as we had no late passes and couldn't face the C.O.'s wrath. Botanically, of course, heather was the feature of the excursion. Two wanderers from Shropshire saw no small resemblance between the Pentlands and the Longmynd range, on the Welsh border. Possibly the prettiest view of all (and one within an hour's walking distance of the hospital) is that from the hill path looking down on to Glencorse Reservoir, where it lies amid a ring of trees and encircled by the steep grassy hills.

*** There are two hand written annotations in this section:

The lecturer is annotated with an underline.

wanderers from Shropshire is annotated with an underline

Model Yacht Club.

At the last general meeting, an interesting addition to the now numerous branches of the club was formed, in the shape of a model yacht and mechanical boat section. Several models are already well under way and should be ready to leave the slips in time for autumn Regatta, if the concentration of the constructors is any criterion. Capt. R.G. Sillars is secretary of this section, 2nd Lieut. J.S. Gibb is commodore.

Handsome prizes are offered for winning boats of both classes in the Regatta.

MINUTES OF THE LAST GENERAL MEETING.

The usual Monthly General Meeting of Officers was held on 3rd August 1917. Major Bingham explained that Capt. Nathan, the Chairman, having left the hospital, a new Chairman was required for the meeting. Major Bingham was then duly elected.

The minutes of the last general meeting were read by the Secretary and confirmed.

The Treasurer made a financial statement, which, after some comment on the reserve fund, was adopted unanimously.

The Chairman then spoke of the balance in hand of the Club, and invited suggestions as to altering the subscriptions. After some discussion the following resolution was passed:- "That the weekly subscriptions be altered from 2s to 1s.6d."

It was resolved that a copy of *The Hydra* be presented to each officer in the hospital.

It was resolved that the M.E. Golf Club be approached with a view to having the subscriptions altered to one of a lump sum per month, to be paid out of the Club funds.

The Chairman then spoke of the good work done by the late Chairman, Capt. Nathan, and proposed that a vote of thanks be accorded to Capt. Nathan, and that a letter be written him by the Secretary expressing great appreciation of his services. Carried unanimously.

Owing to several members of the Committee shortly leaving, the election of new members took place, and resulted as follows:-

To form Central Committee.

Chairman Major Bingham

Treasurer Mr Mayes

Secretary Capt. Foster

House Steward Mr W.V. Turner

Laundry & Library " Quayle

To form, with Central Committee, General Committee.

Tobacco Mr Hathorne
Golf Capt. Webb
Cricket Mr Kershaw
Tennis Capt. Evans
Photography " Sampson
Magazine Mr Owen
Bowls & Croquet " Davison
Field Club " Chase
Yacht Club Capt. Sillars
Billiards Mr P. Turner
Agriculture " Bird
Entertainments " Pockett

A vote of thanks was returned to the retiring officers. A vote of thanks was proposed to the Auditors, Mr Watt and Mr Mortleman. Carried unanimously.

Proposed by Capt. Gilling, that a vote of thanks be accorded to Mr Goddard, and that a letter be written him expressing appreciation of his services while house steward. Carried unanimously.

Proposed by Capt. Sillars, that a Model Yacht Club be started. Carried.

Capt. Sillars was elected Secretary of the Model Yacht Club.

Proposed that wood be purchased by the Club for the use of those who wished to take up carpentry.

After some discussion, the following amendment was put forward:- "That the Club purchase wood to be retailed to those who wish to use it." Carried.

Resolved that a copy of the *London Gazette* be purchased daily and placed in the Lounge.

The Chairman declared the meeting closed.

Hon. Sec.

"RATS"

"Blimey!" exclaimed the Marling Spike, a name the ex-sailor man was known by to his intimates. "Rats! you ain't never seen no rats, you ain't. Lumme, I can tell you some things about rats wot 'ud make yer go goosey all over," and pushing his mug carelessly along in the

direction of the barrel at the end of the table, he took something out of his mouth, looked at it, and replaced it.

"France is the place for rats, me boys, ha, ha!" and he laughed a guttural confirmation to his remark.

"Why, from the time as we landed in France they wouldn't even say au revoir to us. Whether they followed us whirever we went, or whether they wuz noo ones or no', I can't say, but as I said afore, whirever us went, them rats was there as well.

"Fellers couldn't turn up on parade sometimes 'cos the rats 'ad a-eaten parts of their kits. One feller, well, you remember Charlie wiv the moostarsh, 'e lorst a pair of breeches one night, all through saddle soaping the straps afore turnin' in. Anythin' wiv soap on it was bound to go. Soap itself 'ad ter be kep' in big tins under a padlock and chain, with a sentry over it - and then it 'ud go. Larst of all, it came ter sich a pitch that the Quarters 'e giv' up drawing soap altogether, and started drawin' horse shoes and brandin' irons instead.

"One billet where us was - well they called it a billet - 'twas reelly a barn. We was all snugged down for the night one night, when the door gradually begun ter open, and in came a great big rat. 'E'd got tusks, 'e'ad, and well it weren't quite as big as a donkey, but 'e'd 'ave made a rabbit look sniffigant, as ther sayin' is. Bill, 'im of the curry-comb, wot tore the feller's eye out, well 'im, he was sittin' on th' edge of 'is bed at the time, and suddenly feelin' a drafft, so ter speak, 'e looks up. That there rat looked at Bill, and seein' at a glance 'e'adn't got no curry-comb 'andy, made a rush in, and acrorst one of the beds.

"Ole Mike, 'im, yes 'im wot used ter write to all them gals, wuz just a-gettin' orf inter 'is fust beauty sleep, when sumfin ran right acrorst 'is face.

"With a 'eart-piercing shriek, as ther sayin' is, 'e suddenly sat up, an' stopped Bill's hob-nailed boot with 'is nose as it flew past at the rat.

"Ole Mike sprung out o' bed and rushed at Bill. 'Is fust idea was murder. Bill's one thort wuz escape, an' in jumpin' out uv the way uv the madman, knocked over the only candle in the barn.

"Mike couldn't move next mornin', and down at th' 'orspital they said he must 'a' 'it sumfin wiv 'is fut, for 'is toes wuz like bernarners, and all beetrooty.

"We all used ter go and see 'im in 'orspital, 'cos us all liked Ole Mike, but it was a terrifying sight to see 'im a-lyin' there on 'is back with 'is leg up in the air, and a great big fut through a loop 'angin' from the ceelin'. Three weeks later Ole Mike came back to us and us all pushed orf to another village, with what wuz left of 'im.

"We wuz quartered agin in a 'aff demolished 'ouse in the cellars. An' there wuz more rats. Ole Charlie'e put up a barrage of tin roun' the 'ed of 'is bed. An'them rats came out at night, climbed up on the edge of the tin screen, and looked down on 'im. 'E 'appened ter look up and

hopen 'is eyes, and there they wuz, five uv 'em a-lookin' right inter' 'is face. 'E broke out all in a cold sweat, as the sayin' is, closed his eyes very quiet like, and gradually slunk down under 'is blanket, pullin' it up over 'is 'ed. 'E couldn't 'uv got down any further than where his back first was, when sumfin stirred in his lap, and then suddinly ran three diffrent ways at oncest. With a fearful scream, like a woman 'avin' 'er throat cut, the blanket shot up in the air, and Charlie sprung into ther middle uv ther room.

""What's matter, Charlie?" shouted Bill.

""Matter?" growled Charlie, 'I can stick sumfin, but them rats 'oldin' a mothers' meetin' all aroun' my legs under the balnket, ain't no cop, an' not arf.' 'E were a bit of ole Lunnon, wuz Charlie.

""Rats," says I, puttin' it that way like, 'why there ain't no rats 'ere.'

""No more there ain't, Ole Spike," he yells back familiar like, 'they're jus' takin' your iron ration out uv the winder.' An' 'e larfed.

"I looked aroun', an sure 'nuff, ther wuz me 'avvysack just dispearin' out uv the winder wot ain't 'ad no glass in it. Bully ain't much good to rats unless it's lorst it's tin westkit fust, but the biscuits - yus, an' ther bag wot you keeps 'em in - I never seed again. When Bill appeared on sick parade one mornin' wiv 'is face all covered with muddy rat feet marks was the time. Ole Castorile, as we used ter call the medical orficer (to ourselves of course), looked at 'im and wint suddenly purple wiv rage. Ter fink any one should dare come afore him in such a dirty state was too much for 'im. He arsked 'im if 'e noo where 'e wuz, an' wot ther - well, you know - 'ell meant by it?

""It's the rats, sir," said Ole Bill.

""Rats?" gasped ole Castorile.

""Yes, sir. I kep' the marks for you to see.

""D'yer take me fer a fool," yelled the M.O. 'Think I never seed rats' feet before?' An' 'e put Ole Bill down to be barfed. Oh, 'e wuz wild, an' wen 'e wuz wild it wuz all up wiv every one. Every feller wot he saw after, he arsked 'im if 'e had any rats' marks on 'im. But to make sure , 'e ordered every feller wot turned up on that there parade to be barfed. Barfed, mind you. Not to barf, but to be barfed. The result wuz everybody had to have a fatigue party out, and the langwitch was orful. Many ole scores was wiped out by them who 'ad ter do the washin'. Ole Charlie, wot 'ad a grudge against a feller wot 'ad pinched 'is button-stick, put it in real thick, and as 'e was one of the scrubbers as was told orf to barf some uv 'em, 'e chose to scrub this 'ere feller and 'e took 'is skin off uv 'im.

"Th' 'ollerin' wot went up on that there scrubbin' parade was orful, an' the langwitch - well, it did yer 'eart good to yer it.

"Of course Ole Bill had a 'ell of a time arter, but time 'll wear away stones, as the sayin' is, an' so things quieted down arter a bit.

"I remember, talkin' o' rats, our ole R.S.M. comin' on parade one day very smilin', so we all noo as there was a storm comin', as they say in books.

"Oh, 'e were pleased with 'isself that mornin'.

"'E come up to th' adje an' slooted twice, all uv a grin. The adje looked at 'im an' then put 'is little roun' winder in 'is eye, an' 'ad another look. There was no mistake about it. The old R.S.M. was very fresh.

"'G'mornin', said the adje.

"'G'mornin', sir, replied the R.S.M. It's a bee-utiful mornin', 'smornin'.'

"The adje 'ad another look at 'im, an' then arsked 'im: 'You're very fresh this mornin', R.S.M., ain't you?'

"'Fresh, sir - well, yes, sir. Not as I feel very fresh like, 'cos I been busy all night.'

"'All night?' inquired the adje curiously.

"'Yes, sir; rattin'.'

"'Rattin'?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'But there ain't no rats in the place.'

"'No rats, sir? Why, they'm 'sbig as rabbits.'

"'Where? I ain't never 'eard tell of em.'

"'Why, down in my billet, sir.'

"'Are you certain they are rats?'

"'Well I don't mind tellin' you privately, sir,' -

"'Certainly, R.S.M.,' replied the adje, interruptin' like.

"'Well, I've got one in my pocket 'ere,' replied the R.S.M., edging up sideways, and gently opening the top of his coat pocket to give the adje a peep.

"'Perfectly hastoundin',' remarked the adje, takin' a look, an 'avin' another look at 'im through 'is winder. We'd better let the M.O. see it; bring it along.'

"An' orf they went to th' inspection room, there and then.

"The M.O. wus very busy gettin' out some ole reports for the colonel, which 'e 'ad no right to want, but being one o' them messy fussin' ole women wot don't know their job and, fearful lest somethin' might be left undone what didn't matter, gave everybody ten times more

work ter do than wus necessary. Well, the M.O., knowin' wot a ruddy ole fool 'e wus, but desirous of keepin' the keel trimmed, as they says in the navy, 'e wus very cross at being disturbed.

"'What is it now?' he arsked p'tulently.

"An' the adje told 'im all about it, an' then the M.O. had a look in the R.S.M.'s pocket.

"Corse there weren't no rat there at all, see?

"'My Gord!' exclaimed the doc. 'What a big 'un.'

"Then 'e tole the R.S.M. a big long rigmarole about different kinds o' rats there wus, an' 'ow this 'ere feller in 'is pocket wus the most pisunus of it's sort, an' as a preventive against rat bite, which 'e might get any minute, followed by an orful death, he would give him at once an injection under 'is skin.

"Whilst the doc wus gettin' the squirt ready, the R.S.M. told 'is experiences o' the night before. 'Ow they 'ad come in their scores an' formed up in column o' route all round 'is bed, 'ow they 'ad moved to the right in column uv fours acrost 'is bed, an' advanced in extended order all over the room - up the walls, 'long the roof, out the door, up the chimbley, over 'is face. There wus platoons of 'em, with platoon commanders, an' there must 'a bin an inspection on, for the one 'e 'ad caught, an' was in 'is pocket at the moment, seemed to be doing all the lookin' on, an' 'ad a face exactly like their colonel.

"Then 'e bared 'is arm like a man, looked t'other way, and never winced. The needle went in, and in less than five minutes 'e wer' fast asleep.

"Then they all went down to the R.S.M.'s billet, an' what d'ye think they found?

"Why, two large empty two-gallon rum jars, wot 'ad been issued fer the men a week before.

"An' the men 'ad never 'ad as much as a smell uv it, as the sayin' is.

"Wot 'appened arter that, no one ever 'eard, but we never saw that R.S.M. again, an', wot is more, we never went short of our rum issue arterwards wiv the one wot took 'is job."

NOTES FROM BOWHILL.

Concerts.

A very successful concert was given in the music room on 4th August. Capt. Harford created a furore with his rendering of "Bois Epais" and some other mediaeval songs.

Very amusing was the revue by Major Sandercock and others, entitled "Hullo, Shell-Shock," burlesquing life at Bowhill from the preliminary reception to the Board at Craiglockhart. "Major Spice," "Capt. Streams," and "Capt. Fireworks" made up the Board, "Capt. Spilson" introduced the patient, and Mr Payne gave a realistic portrayal of a shell-shock patient, named "Mr Washout". Altogether it was a very amusing show.

The concert held on 11th August was equally brilliant, the *piece de resistance* being a sketch by the Misses Lyall, Murray, and Kinloch, entitled "Between the Soup and the Savoury." All the ladies acted excellently. Capt. Harford, Mr Graham-Brown, and others sang delightfully, and Mr Laing recited "The Cremation of Sam McGee" with a keen sense of humour. The concert terminated with a skit on the sketch, "Between the Soup and the Savoury," by three officers, showing how it should have been played; but there was a lack of cohesion about the burlesque.

Billiards.

The handicap was won by Mr H.F. Payne (receive 40) from Mr Chapman, (scratch), by 17.

Tennis.

Owing to the deluge, only a few games have been played - chiefly at Philiphaugh, The Haining, and Manor Hill.

Fishing.

Capt. Harford's two-pounder inspired the other anglers to further effort, and Capt. Peppe, Mr Smart, and Mr Lytton hooked three large pike - 4 1/2 lbs., 3 lbs., and 2 1/2 lbs. - on Mr Scott-Anderson's loch. Trout are still shy, but Capt. Harford is patiently waiting to hook another two-pounder.

THE CHRONICLES OF A V.O.S. (Very old Subaltern.)

By "JACK POINT"

Chapter XV

A LECTURE ON MILITARY ETIQUETTE.

Now, there is a law existing in all well regulated battalions that when officers take their evening meal in the mess no "risky" stories are supposed to be told until the coffee has been

placed on the table. Of course, if the senior officer present chooses to infringe this or any other rule, he is at liberty to do so, no one can speak to him - he just has to fight it out with his own conscience; but let a mere "wart" try to copy him, and then just watch you senior subaltern jump down his throat. If the senior subaltern is such an one as Hammond, there ought to be precious little of that rashly loquacious "wart" left by the time the senior subaltern has finished with him. Hammond, as I have told you before - but this is such a rambling sort of book that I cannot expect you to remember what I said two chapters back - has a liver. A liver at twenty-four? you say. Well, even if he has not exactly a liver, he thinks he has got one, and the effect is precisely the same. At mess he sits bolt upright behind his plate, ears cocked, and the very slightest irregularity has no chance to escape him.

One fine evening, not long after the conversation with Peter which led him to introduce variations into company drill, Hammond thought he heard a well worn yarn of decidedly - well, a smoking-room story, to be brief - circulating quite near him. The course then on the table was fish. I was sitting opposite Hammond, and could observe the whole scene. He glared round like that rather over-worked war-horse, which is supposed to get so well pleased and excited at the smell of blood, and I followed his eye till it rested on Peter. Peter was the offender. Hammond's glare softened, his eyes shifted a thought to the left and met mine. I do not know what prompted me, but whatever it was it turned out for the best in the long run. I frowned, and jerked my head in Peter's direction. Wretched Hammond! In those next two seconds the girl of the past who might have claimed Peter for a brother must have had her hands pretty tight over my senior subaltern's mouth, but I am glad to say that he tore them off, cleared his throat, and spoke.

"I don't think that story will quite do for the mess, young fellow." The tone was more decided than the words, which is not saying much.

"Oh! mind your own business."

Of course had Peter troubled to turn his head and look Hammond in the face he would not have said this.

"If you can't behave yourself there will be trouble." Hammond never threatened vainly, and Peter ought to have remembered as much. *What* fools we are!

He actually told Hammond to go to the devil! Then it was that Hammond lost his temper - and rightly too.

It may seem a small thing to you for a young officer to tell a man six or seven years his senior to go to the devil, but then, please understand the words were said in public, and in answer to a perfectly rightful order.

You will now see how badly Peter had let himself in. He could not apologise - it was not in his nature to do so - and Hammond duly "ran him in." From senior subaltern to company commander and from company commander to colonel are two very short steps. Beyond

them lies a rather longer one to the brigadier, and if your "wart" takes this third step once too often he will stand in very imminent danger of becoming a *private soldier*. We have no use for "wash-outs" in the Fusiliers!

Peter took the first two of these steps with amazing rapidity on the following morning. I was in the orderly room when he arrived there, and heard it all.

Now, I don't want to cheat you out of anything in this story which might interest you, but I honestly don't think the operation known as "hair-combing" is either very interesting or in any way very nice to read about. And besides, Peter was quite a good boy at heart, so why should we hurt his feelings? Come, be sporting and cut out the scene! There, I knew you would!

(To be continued.)

THE ROAD TO ARMENTIERES.

My pal and I went marching up the road to Armentieres -
The lonely road, the weary road, the road o'mud and stone.
My pal and I went singing in the courage of our years,
And now I'm marching down the road alone.

I left my pal asleepin' by the road to Armentieres -
The happy sleep, the endless sleep, the sleep o' quiet ease.
And I must walk on weary roads, down all the lonely years,
For I left my pal asleepin' by the quiet poplar trees.

CONCERTS.

The concerts of August 4th and 11th were two of the best our stage has seen; but as we have not the space to deal adequately with them in detail, we hope to receive gentle treatment at our readers' hands if the major items seem to attain undue prominence in this review. On both occasions the orchestra allowed us the privilege, too rare in these ragged times to revue music, of hearing good works well played. We congratulate Captain Williams and his orchestra on the "Glow Worm" and "Chant sans Paroles" of the 4th inst., and "Il Trovatore" and "Ballet Egyptien" of the 11th. They were a blessed awakening from the syncope in which modern music is snoring to death. It was perhaps unfortunate that so

many of the songs touched on death; though, after all, the success of the evening would not have been complete without Mr Rowland Hole's "Constancy" or Mr Mortleman's "The Sailor's Grave." Mr Eyre's light touch of humour was very welcome. Miss Frances Watson and Miss Geddes both sang charmingly. Miss Geddes' second song, "When I am dying, lean over me," sobbed, as it were, with an intensity of feeling that lifted it beyond the need for applause. Even Tolstoy would have said "This is true Art".

The outstanding feature with which the concert finished was an operetta in one act called "The Lady Lawyer," by Mrs Walter Turner, Miss Goldie Scott, Mr Gage, and Mr Pearce. The music was good and the songs almost Gilbertian, and, as the caste are all well known to our Saturday Night audience, it is unnecessary to add that the singing was good too. Miss Goldie Scott and Mrs Turner gave the operetta a firm structure, and Mr Pearce was a very plaintive plaintiff, while Mr Gage kept every one amused by his light-hearted dancing and his free and easy "gags." The show was produced by Mr Pockett - *verb. sap.*

After such a signal success it was a pleasant surprise to find an equally fine entertainment awaiting us last Saturday. Mr Pearce and Mr Gage sang again with much success, and Mr Eyre again forgot his words, to the audience's intense amusement and delight. Mr Cottle introduced a new feature by his illuminated club swinging which was most effective and was much appreciated. Miss Geddes sang "Melisande in the Wood," and under the influence of her rich contralto the old myth seemed to live again before us. We were glad also to welcome Signaller Milner again, whose rollicking ballads cheered every one. We hope he will visit us again.

The first act of "Lucky Durham" was then produced, and produced well; the stage setting was very pretty, and the stage staff are to be congratulated upon their work. The play itself has a strong, brisk action, and there is much of a humorous character running through it. The caste were all good. Mrs Isaacson made a very sweet and charming Helen Vallerton, and Mrs Walter Turner was very good as "Meg," while, as Lady Mountfallon, Miss Goldie Scott gave a further example of versatility.

The laurels must go to Mr Isaacson, perhaps, who was all the strong, undemonstrative character "John Durham" had to be, who built a railway at nineteen and was a millionaire at twenty-three. Captain Sampson as "Lord Mountfallon," and Mr Pockett, as his son "Reggie," caused constant amusement. The latter is one of the best "cures" in the establishment. Mr Baylis was very steady and consistent as Mr Vallerton, "Helen's" father, and succeeded in expressing his convictions without appearing a bigot. Mr Robin's somewhat brief appearance as "Jarvis" - he brought in the tea - did not allow us to appreciate the histrionic powers we feel sure he possesses. Altogether it was a good show, and we are looking forward to the final acts at the next two concerts.

***There are hand written annotations in this section:

There is a line annotation on the left hand margin from the words '*On both...*' to '*...the success*'. Beside the line is Wilfred Owen's cypher.

Another line is drawn on the right hand side of the page from '*Miss Geddes both...*' until '*...true Art*.'

In paragraph 5, the sentence '*The latter is one of the best "cures" in the establishment*.' is underlined.

ARRIVALS.

Major:- F.C. Westland, R.E.

Captains:- H.R. Davidson, A.S.C.; D.Ballingall, R.A.M.C.

Lieuts.:- A.M. Foster, R.F.A.; J. Rigden, R.G.A.; T.H. Cameron, R.F.A.; F. Walker, H.L.I., att. R.F.C.; F. Brook, S.Lancs.; J.W. Handford, R.Fus.; H.H. Headen, A.C.C.; R.A.M. Bullock, R.I.R.

2nd Lieuts.:- W.K. M'Taggart, A. & S.H.; H.T. Smith, Devons, att. M.G.C.; M. Miller, D.L.I.; A.Aitken, R.G.A.; G. M'Diarmid, R.F.C.; R. Anderson, R.S.; L.F. Hubbard, Lond.; J. M'Dougall, R.F.C.; C. Davies, Worcesters.

DEPARTURES.

Major:- S.J. Montgomery, Welsh.

Captains:- G.D. D'Ath, R.E.; M.J. Kavanagh, M.G.C.; H.L. Nathan, London; H. Austin, D.C.L.I.; F. Hyland, R.E.

Lieuts:- F. Sherwood, Yorks.; G.C. Weston, S. Lancs.; G.L. Wells, R.G.A.; W.R. Goodman, R.E.; W.H. Dyson, R.E.; J.R. Henderson, R.E.; W. M'Alpine, R.A.M.C.

2nd Lieuts:- J.F. Burke, Lond.; W.C. Murdoch, Warwicks; J.P. Craig, R.S.; L. Hord, R.F.A.; G.N. Wade, Worcesters; W. Bidwell, Wilts.; H. Philips, Warwicks; A.K. Stirling, R.F.A.; A.G. Davies, Middlesex; C.H. Thornton, W. Som.; R. Matthews, M.G.C.; W.V.T. Allan, Berks.; A. Cruickshank, S. Rifles; L. Evans, R. Fus.; W. Scotchburn, S.L.I.