

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.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any statements made or opinions expressed by contributors.]

The Hospital generally, and the magazine in particular, has, in the course of the month, suffered a severe loss. Incidentally, any badminton player who had any hope of winning a tournament here would have had those hopes raised to a possibility by the lamented departure of our late Sub-Editor, Mr Archie Macdonell, for the more retired sylvan glades of Bowhill.

We regret to state that, owing to a lapse from the strict and narrow paths which the "powers that be" insist shall be trod by those who sport the blue brassard, our editorial staff awoke one morning to find itself *sur le tapis*. A few days later we were inexpressibly pained to discover that one half of us was destined to leave these precincts. We are sure that one and all will miss his delightful sense of humour and unfailing cheery smile. It would be unjust to pass without reference to his skill with the shuttlecock, for we are sure many moons will wane ere we have the privilege of watching a more skilled or graceful exponent in the badminton court. Alas! poor Archie! but he is with us still inasmuch as we are able to offer for perusal an article by him.

We would like to direct the attention of readers to articles in this issue from the pens of Miss Violet Loraine and Mr George Robey to whom we tender our sincere thanks for their contributions. These two artistes, who by their cheering gaiety and spontaneous humour have done more than any others to lighten the hearts of London in these times of strain, are also indefatigable in their efforts to cheer or help the wounded. One rarely hears of a war charity which has not received the invaluable assistance of Mr Robey's support, and once again we beg to offer our appreciation of his willing response.

When one considers the eternal drain on the time of artistes of this sort, and sees that they could yet spare a few minutes to interest us, does it not make some of our patients feel a sense of shame that they do not spare a few seconds in an endeavour to write something to interest and amuse the readers of *The Hydra*? Why must every editorial beg for contributions?

Our thanks are also offered to Miss Margie Callandar Rule, yet another outside contributor, for so kindly offering us once again further delightful contributions.

We also publish poems received anonymously under the initials "L. D." May we *beg* for further contributions, please, "L. D."?

OLD AND NEW.

When we used to fight the French,
Many centuries age,
Our bowmen used the goose-quill
And stout long-bow.

But now we fight the Teuton;
And with grey goose-quill
Our journalistic experts
Draw the long-bow still.

SOME SENSELESS SENTENCES.

By [Mr GEORGE ROBEY](#).

Not *really* senseless, I hope - but it looks all right as a title! So let it go at that, shall we? (Carried unanimously.) As I haven't the slightest notion what I am supposed to be writing about for this excellent Hospital Magazine, I think I'd better tell you a story instead. This is the story of the Boer War days; but it strikes me as one of the funniest I have ever heard or told, In a north country town was a certain music hall at which "trial" matinees were given - and they *were* a trial to the audience because new and unknown turns were allowed to go on and test their luck. People used to go to these shows for the sake of giving the performers the "bird"; and a lasso was often operated from the gallery, which caught the unlucky artistes round the neck and lugged then off the stage. "Come and see the lasso at work !" shrieked the advertisements.

To this hall one day during the Boer War came a good old patriotic vocalist - Union Jack, service uniform, sword, medals, and all complete. Lots of noise in the band, and on the singer strode, struck an attitude, and began. The whole song was a mass of slushy so-called patriotism. First verse - "Britain's unconquerable sons, glorious, victorious," and so on. Ominous sounds from the gallery. The patriotic vocalist glanced upwards and snootiness his ballad. Second verse - hat snatched off - "God bless Lord Kitchener and dear old Bobs, and save the old Homeland." Sounds form above - "Rubbish ! Gar-r-r ! Get Off! Shut up! Cut it out!"

Another indignant glance from persevering vocalist. Third verse - "May Britain ever hold her own, and Britain's flag wave free, unbeaten to the end, one mighty race-" And then a regular torrent of abuse and booing from above, cat-calls, whistles, shrieks, hisses: amid the racket the singer making his exit. In the prompt corner lounged the stage manager, pipe in mouth, and he cast one look at the patriotic warbler of ballads, as much to say, "You asked for it, you know! What did I tell you?"

The patriotic one tore off his service coat, wrenched off his cap, flung down his rifle, sword and the Union Jack. Then he strode back to the centre of the stage, glared at the yelling audience for a minute in bitter hatred, then shouted, "I hope to - the blinking Boers win!" Will that do?

THEN AND NOW.

Oh! The sighing and suing
And the billing and the cooing
With old-world Amaryllis, darling wench!
But now we have the suing
And the Billing and the booing
With a modern sort of Darling on the bench.

EVOLVING EDINBURGH

(Continued).

No.3. – EDINBURGH'S PLACE NAMES.

People have been asking me lately when this Edinburgh of mine is really going to get up steam and start evolving in earnest, but - Nature doesn't make jumps, and I intend to work away at the foundations again for one more number at least.

Let us see what the place-names can teach us.

The oldest place-name in the Edinburgh region are Celtic; to be more exact, they are Gaelic, through it must have been hundred of years since Gaelic was the speech of this part of the country.

In East Lothian (Haddingtonshire) the names are mainly Anglo-Saxon - indeed more so than in any other county in Britain; but as we go farther west, and especially as we begin to get into higher country, the names become increasingly Gaelic.

The oldest names of a country are, as a rule, those of its rivers. Most people lining near a river do not give it a specific name, but simply speak of it as the river or the water (just as the ordinary man of to-days talks about "the war," and leaves it to the newspaper writers and other picturesque people to write about "the Great War," "the World War," etc, etc).

Thus the rivers which flow down from the Pentlands through the Lothian plain, and out into the Firth of Forth, are simply called Avon or Almond (both from the Gaelic *abhainn* or *amhainn*, a river; compare Welsh *anon*, Latin *amnis*), or else Esk (which is the Gaelic *uisge*, meaning water, a word more generally known under the form *whisky*, the latter really shortened form of *uisge beithe* or *usquebaugh*; literally, water of life - that is, the stuff that puts life into you.) It is common in Scotland to talk about a river as the water, whereas in the English lake District the name is rather applied to a lake (e.g., Derwentwater, Hawes Water, Ullswater).

The Water of Leith, which flows through Colinton Dell below our Hospital, and is spanned by bridges galore at Slateford, is probably named after the town of Leith at its mouth, and that again, quite probably, from the "lythe" or sloping ground between Edinburgh and the next port (compare Leith Hill in Surrey, and the Long Lythe (slope) at Selborne, in Hampshire).

"Craig" is a Celtic word; there are any amount of craigs in the neighbourhood, and besides Craiglockhart, we have at least three local hospitals containing the word, notably Craigleith, but also recently Craiglea and Craigend, not to speak of Craighouse on Easter Craiglockhart Hill.

As I have suggested in a former article, the "Edin" part of Edin-burgh may quite well be a remnant of the primitive name (M)aidun, but, while "Dun" means stronghold, it is impossible to be sure of the significance of the "Mai." Anyway, despite all that the history-books say, "Edwin's Burgh" it is not.

"Auld reekie" was the designation applied by the fishers out on the firth or the shepherds on the hills, when they saw the smoke overhanging our little metropolis (compare the name of the capital of Iceland, Reykjavik, meaning reekie wick, smoky creek).

Edinburgh has passed through a classic stage; witness her Grecian buildings - the Art Galleries at the foot of the Mound, the High School, and the unfinished Parthenon (Waterloo Monument) on Carlton Hill. So viewed, she was call Edina in Latin, and, more generally, "the Athens of the North." This later appellation, however, bore reference not so much to her Hellenic monuments as to her more fundamental natural resemblances, the Castle Rock corresponding to the Acropolis, the port of Leith to the Piraeus, and so forth.)

The name Lothian used to be ascribed to an eponymous King Loth, but is much more likely to be the same as the place Loth in Sutherland-shire, which comes from an old Gaelic word meaning marshy ground. (The name would thus be applied originally to the low-lying swampy tracts, as in the Corstorphine valley and other places where lochs existed even in historical times.)

Gaelic names are especially common in the more upland parts, as in the neighbourhood of the Pentland Hills. Thus Balerno means either Barley or Alder Stead, and Currie is probably "the Corrie" (Corrie=a cauldron-shaped hollow in the hillside). The names of the Pentland summits are often Gaelic, e.g., Cairketton (falsely written Kirk Yetton by R.L. Stevenson) and Carnethy. It is generally supposed that the Pentland range is called after the Pettr or pict, who are said to have taken refuge in these hills when the Anglian Northumbrians became masters of the plain. Quite probably, however, the range has taken its name from the local hamlet of Pentland (the Pentland Firth between the mainland and the Orkneys is ascribed with more probability to the Picts).

As already said, Celtic names in East Lothian are comparatively rare; exceptions are Aberlady (*aber*=river-mouth) and Garvald (which is almost pure Gaelic, and means rough stream).

Anglo-Saxon or Gothic terms (which used to be called "Teutonic" before the war!) are, of course, the commonest of all. Thus Musselburgh is the place where mussels are collected off the rocks. Queensferry is where the good Queen Margaret was wont to have herself ferried across on her way to and from Dunfermline. Slateford is the first place below Colinton where the river-banks become low enough to allow of a practicable ford (the syllable *slate* may refer to slate-rock, or may be from the Scandinavian *slatt*, meaning level). Holyrood is the abbey of the Holy Rood or Cross (i.e., Sainte Croix, Santa Croce).

The broad Scotch tongue in which our national bard wrote, and which is still spoken more or less by the country people about here, is, of course, pretty pure Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon (it is, in fact, the descendant of Northern English or Old Northumbrian as spoken in Scotland). Edinburgh is a highly genteel place ("east-windy and west-endy" it has been called), and it sometimes finds the vernacular a trifle too vulgar for its refined taste. Thus what appears as the Kirk Brae out at Liberton becomes Church Hill in suburban Morningside.

A good example of this devernacularising of Scotch names is to be found a few miles westward, near Kirkliston. Here we have the little estate now called Foxhall, but printed on the old maps as Tod's Haugh; the change is partly a translation and partly a whittling down, irrespective of sense, to suit English ears (*tod* means a fox in Scotch, and *haugh* a water-meadow).

Sometimes a Saxon affix gets stuck on to an older Celtic word; thus Edinburgh itself (where the burgh is pure Saxon), or Kirkliston (which means the kirk of the old barony of Liston, the latter term being possibly Gaelic, *lios teann*, strong enclosure, strong garth).

The various inlets or islands in the Firth are all Celtic (thus Inch Garvie= rough island), but along the coast there are also a certain number of places whose appellations take us back to Viking times. Thus the Firth itself is simply Scandinavian *fjord*, and the various *nesses* or capes (such as Bo'ness, Bridgeness, Blackness) have all been so named by the Norse invaders.

Speaking very generally, we may say that Scandinavian names are chiefly to be found on the coast, Saxon names on the plain, and Celtic in the more hilly districts.

Among all these memorials from the hoary Gothic past, a name such as that of Portobello, our local Margate, makes one sit up and think violently. The occurrence of this phenomenon in nomenclature is, however, easily explained. A sailor, who had taken part in Admiral Vernon's storming of Porto Bello in South America (1739), built himself a cottage by the beach here, and the name he gave it became, naturally enough, transferred to the village which later grew up in the vicinity.

I cannot venture to discuss here the multitudinous street-names of Edinburgh itself. The older ones, such as High Street and Grassmarket, explain themselves. The Canongate was the *gait* or road along which the Holyrood canons (not cannons, though they were, no doubt, big enough guns in their way) used to go up and down.

Besides *gaits*, there are many *wynd*s and *closets* in the Old Town. The English word *gate*, when applied to the gate of a town, was *port* in Scotch (taken from the French), e.g., West Port, Bristo Port, Netherbow Port. The first two of these ports still exist in name, although the town walls which they pierced have all but disappeared.

The New Town bears eloquent witness in its street nomenclature to the loyalty of the inhabitants of this part of North Britain over a century ago. Thus the main street of the New Town was named George Street, after the good Hanoverian monarch George IV., whose status adorns it to this day, and he is naturally flanked by Queen Street, on the one hand (his queen was Caroline), and by the grand boulevard named after his two young Princes on the other. Names such as Frederick Street and Hanover Street continue the tradition. The streets in the more modern suburbs present a regular jumble of names, some referring to the districts swallowed up in town extension, some to lord provosts, some to bailies or corporation officials, some to tenement builders, famous generals, world-shaking battles, or the like.

In conclusion, let me suggest a useful problem upon which to practise "concentration." What is the difference between, say, a "terrace," a "place," and a "gardens," as illustrated in Edinburgh street terminology? It takes some thinking out.

A.J.B.

"APPLIED SHAKESPEARE."

With apologies to J.M.J.

C.O. - "I pray thee give me leave!" (The Merchant of Venice.)

PIERROTS. - "A kind good-night to all!" (Macbeth.)

QUARTERMASTER. - "I am considering of my present store." (The Merchant of Venice.)

SISTER. - "How have you slept?" (Richard III.)

V.A.D. (O.C. MEDICINES.) - "There's for thy pains!" (Twelfth Night.)

PRES. MED. BD. - "Nay, let me see thee walk!" (Taming of the Shrew.)

NIGHT SISTER. - "Wilt thou go to bed?" (Twelfth Night.)

PATIENTS. - "Bind up my wounds - have mercy!" (Richard III.)

MASSEUSE. - "Ay, there's the rub!" (Hamlet)

KITCHEN. - "Where's the rascal cook?" (Taming of the Shrew.)

L.D.

SISTER MARY'S SOLACE.

(Copyright.)

Like many another Highland lass, Sister Mary was a credit to her country. She was the light and joy of her old father, the honest miller, and the comfort of her mother, both of whom, by dint of mutual toil, had educated their girl to their best, and finally brought her out a trained nurse. And Mary was a credit to her training.

It was the time of evening. A mystic silence lay over the desert, as the whole Arabian populace bent prostrate in prayer; and then the Sand-storm broke, its furious gusts of hot wind and driving dust as blasts of a furnace. The gathering clouds, like great big bales of black cotton on the Nile, burst into thunder and lightening, such thunder and lightning as only the Tropics know.

The camels and goats crouch motionless; the natives are huddled together; while the dread dreaded darkness comes on, lit only by the red artillery of the wildfire, when, crash! - the hospital is struck, its beam-end ablaze.

The dusky figures of the camp-followers flit up, hurriedly placing chaplets of laurel round their necks; but before the sparks and scorching matchwood, cowards! they turn tail - their hearts melted to fat. But, as a Salamander, through the heat emerges one form, her fair face illumined with a glow divine; and dash in and on to the flames she goes, like the true

daughter of Roderick Dhu she was, throwing blanket after blanket over and upon the Devil that was seeking to devour her helpless English tommies and poor Scotch Jocks. And she swallowed Him up.

But her brow, like the snawdrift, is it still? Her neck like the Swan? Her face of the fairest? Alas! The glowing cheeks, once like ripe rowans, are withered and wizened, and now as the Blae and the Blackberry; her plump pink arms, shrivelled and brown; and the strong, tender hands but claws. Her sparkling eyes, lambent once as the mountain Rill, are dull and glazed.

And her affianced officer lover? No more is Mary "Mary" to him. An expert with his plane, he has "looped-the-loop" and done a "side-slip" into Palestine. His tiny rosebud, worn in secret neath her snowy apron - it's pale petals, too, are singed and fallen, and only the thorns - the cruel thorns - are left to Mary.

The months have passed. Like a wounded creature loving its hidden lair, secretly and silently she creeps away - away from the land of the lotus to that quiet Cornery of Scotland which smiles sweetest to her - away to the nest of her birth by the Brook and the Hawthorn, within Perthshire Highlands. And to the old miller and his wife their war-bitten daughter is still their bonnie lassie.

Her daily passing wants are few, they are simple; she duly gets her "Pension" - permanent - and assessed in shillings per week; but her "Nest-egg" for the future, her "Gratuity" - that gratuity which so many of her past patients had received as additional "solace" or capitalised *solatium* for injuries, big and small, sustained on service? "No, dear Madam, Nurses are ineligible for Wound Gratuity." But then her patients, they were as oak trees, and she, a Woman - was she but the tender ivy clinging to the oak, clinging only to be cut? And to her whose artless smile had made one ward as a green Oasis in the Desert, whose life breathed out her noble motto, "To do justly and to love Mercy" - to her was meted out -

Once more an application for the needed Nest-egg; once more its blank refusal.

But at last, now at last, from a hand full of Mercy and Compassion, our Sister Mary has got her "Solace"; and the empty nest needs no feathering -

For the Miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care is free;
On the Banks of Allan Water,
There a corpse lies she.

A. NICHOL BRUCE, R. Scots.

FRAGMENT.

O dear dead Dreams - those woven tinselled words
That garbled from thine unclean, lying mouth,
That clung about thine evil sensuous frame
Like cloying vapours from a subtle South.

O gall-kissed lips, that seemed as if on fire
Or drunk with nectar and ambrosial wine,
O eyes, mist drenched with dewes of Love
And Passion, purple as they mirrored mine.

Close down the lids upon those tired eyes,
Shut out the light of life that passes by.
The ash of life I've gulped in mouthfuls down,
Leave me to rest awhile until I die.

M.C.R.

A MESSAGE FROM MISS VIOLET LORAINÉ.

From London to Midlothian is a far cry, but over the footlights of the Cheviots comes my message of love and admiration to you - brave heroes.

"Sometimes - when life seems sad, and things look blue,
(Except the sky)

Be sure - though far away - I think of you."

Think of you, and long to see you - to tell you all, by word of mouth, how proud I and all Britain's women are of you and our splendid men.

I would have you look in the hearts of your womankind, and there you would find a very especial corner for you - pride, gratitude, and the most yearning, motherlike love that was ever implanted in the heart of woman.

Sure of our men, our hearts beating high with hope, which we know full well is justified, nothing can daunt the spirits of even the least of us.

Like the small boy (dug out from the debris of a house after a recent air raid) with a very swollen face, when asked if it were painful, said, with a most nonchalant air, while gulping, "I'm just suckin' a bit of toffee."

Well, we're not all sucking toffee, but we are putting our teeth together and keeping a stern upper lip. Britain's women must prove worthy of the valour of her men.

"Tails up," for our motto, which does imply "heads down" in our case. No! "heads up" as well, and very high too, when we think of those wonderful, almost superhuman men of ours.

Well! We women cannot go to war and fight, as you have done, but we *are* doing our best.

The land girl's tank may be the ploughshare, her sword may be the pruning-hook, yet she is fighting the enemy all along the line.

So we are comrades all, meeting the most diabolical foe that ever trod God's earth, as one, shoulder to shoulder, we stand for liberty.

Tis you, and such as you, who have made possible a happier Britain in days to come, a time of liberty and freedom for her people, a life full of possibilities for the little children, and those yet to be.

In days to come, Britons, yet unborn, shall look back to these dark days of struggle with hearts full of pride and thankfulness.

Be of good cheer, my comrades, the dawn is near, your noble sacrifices have not been made in vain.

Through you, and such as you, the sun of Liberty shall shine o'er the world as it never shone before. So I greet you, and God bless you all.

[VIOLET LORAINE.](#)

BILLIARDS.

By Hon. REGINALD CRACKEM.

(Copyright.)

The Persians, so far as my memory serves me, invented billiards, and one of their poets won a limerick competition with the lines -

"And he that left the balls in double baulk.

He knows about it all, he knows, he knows"

- a couplet that speaks more for the astuteness of the hero than for the poet's knowledge of limericks.

Now that I begin to recall it, however, I can distinctly remember that the Persians played on horseback, and, as by no stretch of the imagination can a horse be expected to stand still

during a break of 25,000 anchor cannons, I must reluctantly conclude that the game fancied by this sporting race was either polo or a form of equestrian ludo - not, as I had fondly hoped, billiards.

My family has always been famous for its billiards. One ancestor, Sir Hubert de Crakkem, was surprised by the Armada in the middle of a game for high stakes, and won great notoriety by refusing to stay to finish the match. This was, perhaps, prudent, as his opponent was several hundred points up, and contrasts well with Mr Drake, secretary of the Plymouth bowling club, who stayed to win five doubloons instead of rejoining his ship.

Another of my forebears, Brother Caiaphas Crashem, was one of the earliest martyrs, being publicly burnt at the cue for potting the white four times running in the winter of 1384.

Again, my grandfather, Sir Roger de Vibart Crackem, was the only man in England who invariably had two lackeys to form a rest, while he exploited the two-handed push stroke that ultimately resulted in his resignation from the Devonshire Club under such painful circumstances. While playing a stroke which was a cross between a long jenny and a six cushion cannon, he overpushed himself and slipped on a skunk-skin mat, forcing a complete set of brand-new false teeth down his throat. The cloth was cut for three and a half feet, while the red ball sprang off the table, went through the door, which was standing open, and knocked away a glass of old brandy from the lips of the secretary of the club, who was standing outside. To complete the disaster, my grandfather's favourite cue snapped across. In the words of the poet -

"I never saw a man who looked
So wistfully at his cue."

As the secretary demanded the price of his liqueur brandy, my grandfather very rightly resigned, having earned the sobriquet in the West End of "Push-stroke Paul."

You will understand, therefore, that I have billiards in my blood, and I was informed by my old nurse that I was born with a piece of chalk in my mouth, and the first recognisable words I uttered were "Burroughes and Watts." At the age of five I scored a long jenny, and at twelve was expelled from my preparatory school for playing in a local public-house. At the ages of thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen I was expelled, for the same reason, from various schools, and at sixteen registered my first losing hazard. By the time I reached twenty-one, I was recognised as a master-cueist, and, as my young sister is an invariable mis-cueist, we go half-way towards forming the cueist family in the delightful game of Happy Families.

The most hazardous hazard I have ever attempted was when I endeavoured to screw a couple of thousand out of my governor the other day. The screw didn't work, as he didn't produce any cheque. Then I put on running side, and he followed with a running kick. Altogether, it was a losing hazard.

I played a most extraordinary game the other day against Gerald Spookmans. It was a sticky wicket, and the balls were coming pretty sharply from the leg. The score was 96 all and Gerald's honour. He hit a screamer right down the middle, while I shied a bit and lay under the right-hand bank - or cushion, as the technical term is. Gerald then played a perfect late-cut into the top right-hand pocket, but I equalised with a backhand drive off the red. Gerry then scored a try on the touch-line but failed to convert, and I holed a 15-yard putt for the hole and match amid tremendous enthusiasm. Judge of my disgust when I found Gerry had lodged a protest on the ground of my bumping and boring, and I was disqualified by the Committee of the M.C.C. The truth is, Gerry is awfully jealous of me for beating him three times running at Queens, at snakes and ladders. He has no reason to grouse, really, because, after all, snakes and ladders is my game - or, should I say, are my games. Gerry's a good chap, but no sportsman.

"DEAR ARCHIE"

EPITAPH ON THE TOMB OF A LIAR.

Beneath this sod there rests a youth,
Who never was a friend to Truth:
Yet strange 'twill seem to mortal eyes,
Though dead he is, yet still he lies.

L.D.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SONIA WORST.

By SEVENTY-SEVEN.

Sonia, - If you'll "Meet me to-night in dreamland," "I'll sing thee songs of Araby" "By the light of the silvery moon" "Where my caravan has rested" "Till the sands of the desert grow cold"! Now, "If you were the only girl in the world" I'd call you "Mother Machree," "Because" "The roses have made me remember" "The girl in the clogs and shawl," but she's "Been out with Charley Brown" "Until" "The dawn," when "They parted on the shore," "By the Blue Lagoon," "On a cold and frosty morning."

Would you "Be cross, Arabella," if "I'll go half way home with you" in "The taximeter car," and "Really one never knows, does one," if "A pair of silk stockings" has "A speckled band"?

Still, "It's a long, long trail" "Under the Deodar" "To the end of the world with you" and "Carolina Brown"! "Two's company," eh? "What a catch" if "The Bing Boys are here!" "He'd have to get out and get under" to "Wind up the watch on the Rhine," with "Michael Cassidy" and "Kathleen Mavourneen" "Roamin' in the gloamin'" "In the good old summer time!"

But "When its night-time down in Dixieland," "Baby mine," "There is a tavern in the town," so "Drink to me only with thine eyes" cos "The great red dawn is breaking" and "I'm longing for someone to love me" "Way down South."

"Who were you with last night?" "The Spaniard that blighted my life"!!!

Well, "It doesn't matter" "For we all came into the world with nothing," so "Come round on Sunday" and "We'll all have a holiday in the summer time" "On the sands of Dee"; and "In the evening by the moonlight, dear Louise" will you "Make me the king of you heart"?

"Queen of Angels!" "nobody knows when I am lonely." Even "Iolanthe" says, "Our hands have met but not our hearts" cos "I parted my hair in the middle!"

"Never mind!" "In the valley where the blue birds sing" "Let's have a game o' ring o' roses" with "Ragtime cowboy Joe" and "My Cinema star," and although "She has a hole in her stocking" "Another little drink wouldn't do us any harm," "Watching the trains come in."

"Christians awake!" "I hear you calling me," so I'll "Take a pair of sparkling eyes" to my "Beautiful garden of roses," and "Would you care" "If I should plant a tiny seed of love" "In the sweet bye-and-bye"?

"Beloved, it is morn," "Your eyes have told me so!"

"Do you remember the last waltz" with "The Prodigal Son" "Down at the Rose and Crown" "In the green room"?

Gee! But it was "Some night, some waltz, some girl," and "My Dreams" are for "Just a little rocking chair and you." ("Hold your hand out, naughty boy!")

In "My little grey home in the west" "I wonder if you'll miss me sometimes" when Stuart is blowing his "Smoke clouds" and "Sailing merrily on"?

"Good-bye!" "The radiant morn hath passed away," "Tis Eventide" and "The moon hath raised her lamp above." So "Whilst London sleeps" we'll have "Just a little love, a little kiss," then please "Put me in my little bed" in "the little shirt that mother made for me," and, "Thora," "In friendship's name," "Say au revoir" to "Burlington Bertie."

NEIT AKRIT (BY THE GODS BELOVED)

I fear thee, Neit Akrit, for thou art fair:
Thy wondrous hair,
Thine eyes, thy lips, are maddeningly sweet,
Thy little feet
Were made to trample on man's short-lived bliss,
And good to kiss
Are those white limbs, smooth turned and strongly knit.
I fear thee, Neit Arkit!

I hate thee, Neit Akrit, - for all thy heart
Craves for a part
In that mad farce which others here have played;
Where you have made
Men fools - and worse - and dragged in muddy shame
The highest name,
My powers are ill-matched to a woman's wit -
I hate thee, Neit Akrit!

I love thee, Neit Akrit - I cannot fight
Against thy might -
For, oh! Thy form is wonderfully wrought
And I am caught
Within those strong white arms - nor do I ask
(For I am weak)
To break the spell wherein my Fate is writ -
I love thee, Neit Akrit!

L.D.

THE HOSPITAL CHAPEL.

A Room in the basement has been set aside for this purpose. The redecoration is going ahead. The walls are to be distempered a buff colour and the woodwork painted white.

The work is being done by officers in the hospital. There will be more work for carpenters and artists to do when the rougher work is completed, and later the help of the sisters and nurses will be needed too.

If help continues to be given as willingly as it has already been given we shall make a really beautiful place of it. The preliminary cost will be about £5. Any gifts towards the cost will be gratefully received by the Church of England chaplain.

It is hoped that the chapel, though fitted up in a simple way as a Church of England chapel, will be used by all who wish to do so.

R.B. WINSER, C.F., C. of E.

SOME THOUGHTS.

Life is one huge interrogation mark. "Why" is ever on our lips.

Life without love is impossible - those who do not love do not even exist.

Joy and sorrow are twin brothers - they are inseparable - a big joy usually contains a big sorrow, and vice versa.

Humour is the salt of life - without it a nation would totter and fall.

Laughter is like bubbling water - God's medicine for thirsty souls.

Understanding is the basis of friendship - friendship without understanding spells disaster.

Tears - Nature's balm for bleeding wounds.

Discontent - the soul's craving for wider outlet.

MARGIE CALLANAR RULE.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

The sun sets deep in the smoke-clouds,

Lurid and darkly red,

It gleams with a murky glimmer,

On a world both shattered and dead;

On a world of smoke-blackened ruins,

And bodies shrouded in gloom,

And there broods over all a deep silence -
A silence like that of the tomb.

But oft through this fearful stillness
There breaks a more fearful sound -
The cries of the fallen in anguish
As dying, they lie on the ground;
The cries of a grief-stricken woman,
Homeless, distraught, and wild,
The sweet, loving voice of a mother
Trying to comfort her child.

The crack of machine gun and rifle,
The crash of the cannon's roar,
Sending forth death - and this message,
"The World - at War."

The sun sets over the moorland,
And, far as the eye can view,
The heather-clad hills in the distance
Seem to melt into misty blue.

Soft to the ear from the hillside
Comes the bleating of wandering sheep,
And a farm in the tree-covered valley
Lies nestling, buried in sleep.

The glow of the sunset's glory
Is fading mid crimson light,
And over the earth is falling
The shadowy cloak of night.

No sound can be heard of that conflict,
That conflict of bloody strife;
No sound but that of a murmur -
The mystic murmur of life.

Of a sudden there falls a stillness,
The murmur seems to cease,
Borne on the breeze comes a whisper,
"The World - at Peace."

S.R.G.S.

CLUB NOTES.

Railway Time Table.

Between Edinburgh (Princes Street Station) and Slateford (7 minutes' walk from Hospital).

Edin. To Slateford Slateford to Edin.

5.50a 1.35p[1] 6.54a 2.2p[1]

6.30 1.40 8.8. 2.53

6.55 1.45[2] 8.43 3.36[1]

7.25 2.10[1] 9.14[3] 4.11[2]

7.55 3.30 9.30 4.27[1]

8.0 4.35 10.19 4.36

8.50 5.45 10.28 5.43

9.22 6.5[3] 11.32[4] 6.42

11.15[1] 7.10 1.18 7.18

12.15 8.30 1.28[1] 8.10

1.10[2] 10.0 1.36 9.33

1.20[2]

[4]Wednesdays only. [1]Except Saturdays.

[2]Saturdays only. [3]Tues. and Wed.

Field Club

On 23rd May a party of twenty-four travelled by special motor to the Pumpherston Oil Works at Broxburn, being received by Mr Stewart, the geologist, who gave a short lecture on the shale and its products. He showed samples of all the oils produced, varying from petrol, Admiralty motor-boat spirit, ordinary ditto, light and medium burning oil, lighthouse oil, heavy burning and heavy motor ("crude oil") to the heavy oil containing paraffin wax.

The party visited the pithead and the crushers, where the shale is collected from most of the pits and rough distilled. The oil is then sent through a rather ancient pipe line to the refinery, where it is distilled to dryness. The ammonia tar from the original retorts is condensed and the remaining gas goes back to heat the retorts. The ammonia goes back to the land in the shape of ammonium sulphate, and the tar in railway tanks to the refinery where it heats the oil boilers.

In the refinery, where the visitors had to swear off smoking for the time being, the oils and spirits were seen being separated and cleaned by acid and caustic soda and heavy oil. The residue of the oil boilers is oil coke, which is found useful and decorative in Murrayfield and Morningside drawing-room grates.

The wax goes to the candle works, whence from 10 to 20 tons of candles of every size, from the three-foot church candle to the four-inch kitchen dip are turned out every day, mostly by girls, with the help of most ingenious machinery. The last of the kind offices of the Company was performed in their office, where the Managing Director assisted to remove any aridity there might have been within us due to the innumerable questions we had asked.

Mr Cuthbertson responded to a hearty vote of thanks moved him by inviting a return visit.

On 27th May forty members of the Field Club had the pleasure of a lecture from Professor Wallace, of the Agricultural College, on Horse-breeding.

Professor Wallace started by regretting the stoppage of racing. He claimed that racing was the natural test for speed and endurance, and that even if no public racing took place, clocking in studs was a necessary means of natural selection. He also pointed out that the war had stopped breeding, a thing that needed years of care, that not only did the Argentine, Germany, and the United States get thoroughbred stallions from this country, in the first place, but that they came here to replenish and freshen the stock, as we seemed to have the only perfect climate for it.

He showed a large selection of slides of the various breeds; the now historical hunter-racer of the thirties; the Clydesdale and the shire horse; the Suffolk Punch; the Arab, famous for hard work and endurance, Arab chargers in the South African War having survived when all the troop horses had been literally worked to death; the big shouldered trotting horse beloved of Americans; Prejevalski's horse, the link between the donkey and the horse in evolution, obtained with great difficulty from Tibet by Hagenbech (it is mulish in appearance and as muscular as a zebra); the Yorkshire coach horse; the Welsh pony, invaluable in the coal mine; the Highland pony of mountain battery fame; the Dartmoor pony; and the Shetland pony, ideal mount for children. He also showed us the Catalan jackass, responsible for all our ubiquitous and necessary but unloved mules, and, lastly, the zebra, whose cat-like superfluity of muscles and bucking propensities make it an india-rubbery and uncertain amount.

The lecturer concluded by presenting to the club a copy of his valuable work, "Farm Live Stock in Great Britain," and fully earned the hearty vote of thanks that was accorded him.

(Visit to Midlothian Colliery. No record.)

A PACKET OF BISCUITS.

The transport limber has just come back from the E.F.C., at Av- les C-, and soon the boxes are carried a few hundred yards up the communication trench and unpacked at the small counter which serves as a regimental canteen, at this quiet battalion headquarters in the line.

The men have been six on a loaf for some days, and the boxes have biscuits softer for the teeth and sweeter to taste than army biscuits.

In about two hours both boxes are empty, and the canteen manager is picking up the crackly bits of paper wrappings off the biscuits. But lots of them will be found in dug-outs in the front line, and in posts and saps in front for many days.

Those clean, neat packages carry a message with them. Unconsciously they tell the soldiers that there are still good things to eat, still neatness and cleanliness in Blighty away from all the mud and strife, still fair maidens all in white who do more than pack up biscuits.

A party of a score of officers, and one who probably knew more of baking than the rest of us mere men, were allowed to go and see these biscuits being made. We saw the dough rolled out and spread on an endless cloth, cut up into rounds and moved on with unhurrying speed to the ovens, where as they travelled forward, they were baked.

The rest of the processes consisted of cooling down, weighing, and packing. Everywhere was cleanliness and thoroughness.

The oat cake department was particularly interesting. So refreshing it is to see a *manu-*factory - something made and completed by one person.

All through the factory one got the feeling of a sense of satisfaction in baking a good thing.

We, at any rate, who saw the cakes and biscuits being made under our eyes were glad indeed to make a very good tea from them at the end of a most interesting visit, and all came away feeling very grateful to Messrs McVitie & Price, and to Mr Ross and our guides in particular.

R.B.W.

Lawn Tennis.

Hon. Secy. - H.W.C. CHALCRAFT.

Leaving a stormy interview with Mr Editor I am taking advantage of this "windy" night (when the imaginary racket of "whizz-bangs" "emma gees," and the rest of the orchestra make sleep impossible) to make some sort of report of the doings of this popular section of the Officers' Club.

We commenced the season seriously handicapped by the shortage of nets and posts, but, thanks to grant made by the club, we have now three courts fully equipped.

It is a matter of regret that O'Donnell felt unable to carry out the secretarial duties, and the tennis players should feel indebted to him for the time he has spent, since he resigned office, in marking out the courts and getting together working parties to do rolling fatigue. As usual, most of the working parties have been composed of the P.B.I. It was ever thus, still we hadn't a sapper in charge.

An American tournament is now under way, the patients being partnered by nurses. At the present rate of progress the event looks as though it will last into the autumn, and my present difficulty is to decide finally whether the matches remaining unplayed in, say, October, shall be played off at "Old Maid" or "Tiddley-winks."

Please do not move on! And remember that one month's F.T. contains only twenty-five tennis days, also someone has told me that the summer up here does not run far into September.

Even at this stage it seems to me that some system of ball subscription will have to be arranged to ensure a decent supply; really one cannot expect the club to provide these at the rate we expend them - they have already paid bills amounting to almost £6 for tennis requisites - and one does not feel inclined to buy balls oneself at the present prohibitive prices for even one's best friend to lose. Some fellows think that 3s. subscription to the club should provide everything, but if they were to attend a committee meeting on a night when accounts were being passed, they would be surprised at the hundred and one things there are to spend the money on. £12 monthly for stationery (oh! those love letters), £3 for electric lamps, £1 here, 10s there - it simply held me spell-bound, and yet I could not honestly object to any one of the accounts being passed. So return to my point, I certainly think a ball subscription of at least 1s. 6d. weekly will be necessary - from tennis players only, of course. So return to the game. A singles tournament is in progress, and, would you believe me, the entrants number sixteen all told, and yet they say we live for sport! A casual knowledge of form leads me to fancy the chances of Major Wilson at owe 15.3, unless Hastings takes kindly to grass or Browne forgets his manners and romps home off the scratch mark. Isham, I am afraid, is rather a dark horse, and will probably play a jolly good game when he's not wanted to. Courtenay (owe 15.3) may make a show if his gammy finger allows him. He hasn't the style of Rose or the finish of R.N.D. Smith, but he's so beastly energetic, and seems to be all over the court at the same time. Good gracious, 3.15 a.m.!

Engineering Classes.

Secretary - M.J. RAE.

The surveying class, which was held at the Edinburgh University, has just finished, and we are very pleased to report that the officers from the Hospital who attended the class have done excellent work throughout the course, also scoring brilliantly in the final examination.

Honours certificates were gained by all our officers - four of them attaining 1st Class Honours - a most creditable result when we consider that their state of health is hardly conducive to study. The following officers passed with Honours: - Mr Hancock, Mr O'Donnell, Mr Price, Mr Rae, Mr Shearer, Mr Siddons. We regret that Mr Leys was unable to sit the final examination, owing to his being confined to hospital, as he, too, should have scored well.

Now that the surveying class has finished, we are pleased to note further scope has been given to our engineering enthusiasts through the formation of an electrical engineering class which is being held at the Heriot-Watt College. Full particulars concerning this class can be obtained from Major Roberts (Room 20).

The motor engineering class is as popular as ever under the supervision of Mr Swan.

It should be understood that the Edinburgh University still invites our officers to take up work in the mechanical workshop and drawing office.

Before closing this article it is well worth drawing attention again to the great benefit derived by our former patients who have become attached to the Officers' University and Technical Classes. These classes will not only lead to temporary employment, but, in many cases, to permanent appointments.

Arts And Crafts.

Secretary - W.G. SHEARER.

Attention is directed to the fact that new classes are being formed in the various branches of the above and afford a splendid opportunity for newcomers and others to make a start with us.

The classes embrace decorative pottery painting, pen painting, decorative leather-work, wool rug-making, wood block printing, wood carving and fretwork. Surely one of these holds some attraction for YOU? Put these odd half-hours to good use and help to make our show-case worth looking at !

The Secretary (room 3, annexe), will be delighted to give all those interested fullest particulars. Come along and have a chat with him.

We are sorry to record the departure of Mr G.R. Arthur who has so ably filled the post of the Secretary hitherto, and offer him our best thanks for his labours and hearty good wishes in his new sphere of activity.

The workshop is open daily to all interested. Here you may make useful articles or merely get those odd jobs done!

During the past month there has been a slight increase in the number of officers who frequent the workshop.

Wood Carving and Leather-Work would do with additional devotees. An enormous amount of pleasure is to be obtained from these pursuits, and there is always the additional satisfaction gained from the fact that the things made are of permanent utility to one's friends or self. Mrs Alexander has suspended her visits to teach these subjects until a small class is formed, when, no doubt, she will be good enough to come to us again.

Think it over, and if you have a spare hour or so per day consult the A. and C. Secretary, who will be only too pleased to help you to form a class and start work forthwith. As was mentioned in previous notes, the cost is small - the necessary carving tools can be obtained for about 5s., and the leather-work tools for somewhere round half-a-crown. After that you spent just what you choose on wood or leather, as the case may be.

Pottery Painting is the class which is at present doing best. Several officers have taken up this pastime and are doing well. An artistic temperament isn't essential to produce satisfactory work, though, of course, it is an advantage and enables the fortunate possessor to undertake more ambitious work. Even one who has never handled a paint-brush before can do decorative work at which no one will be more surprised than himself. The writer speaks from experience. Watch the show-case and let the work waiting for despatch speak for itself.

Turnery. Our expert manipulator of the lathe has, unfortunately, been removed to Bowhill. Still, he didn't take the machine, so there it is, ready for someone to come in and have a try.

Fretwork. We have a fretworker of the first rank at present working on a elaborate piece of furniture, and no doubt he would be only too pleased to give advice and help to beginners and others.

Rug-making. Less work doing here lately. See show-case to learn the kind of things that can be made.

Carpentry. Quite a lot of officers could find accommodation at the benches. Come and take a hand. The C.O. can always do with an additional chicken coop.

Mrs Watson, or her sister, with Miss Burn, is at the Hydro every Monday (at present) at 4.30, so that if any officer will go in and see one of them after tea on any Monday, he will be able to start pottery painting *toute suite*. These ladies are indefatigable in their efforts to help us. They take no end of trouble with their self-imposed task, and have thoroughly earned the gratitude of those who have taken up this absorbing subject.

Concerts.

Owing to a dance being held last Saturday, only three concerts were being given during the month, the first and third by the Pierrot Troupe and the other a ballad concert. All of these attained a very high standard of excellence, and the audiences derived a considerable amount of pleasure as a result of the efforts of the entertainments committee.

Whilst generally on the subject of concerts, by the way, I do not think it would be out of place to point out that neither the orchestral nor instrumental items are inserted to offer a cover for distinctly audible conversations on the part of patients. An instance of this was particularly noticeable during the rendering of a pianoforte solo of Sibelius' "Finlandia" by Mr Anderson Raby, when the sudden rest following the crescendo movement caught a patient plainly using the item as camouflage. It is, of course, unnecessary to point out that this kind of thing (and also people arriving or leaving in the middle of items) is not only very irritating to other members of the audience, who have come to enjoy music, but it is also very unkind and extremely disconcerting to the performer.

The concert on the 1st June was given by the Pierrot Troupe, and proved quite an interesting entertainment. The concerted items, especially the amusing rendering of "Widdicombe Fair," were, as usual, very well done. The "O/C Pierrots," Mr Stuart Chedburn's principle of introducing topical and personal verses into these items, lends an added interest to them. Humorous turns were given by Mr Foster and Mr E.O. Mason. Artistic renderings of "The Hawaiian Butterfly" and "Smoke Clouds" by Mr Chedburn were given, and ballads were sung by Mr J.N. Gidley, who gave "Homing" and the ever popular "Melisande in the Wood," and Mr G.J.M. Best in "The Trumpeter" and "Invictus," which were all deservedly encored. It would be unkind not to afford a special word of praise to the latter also, for his clever female impersonations. Mr Anderson Raby was encored for his excellent Pianoforte solo, "Finlandia," and showed that even pierrots can play classics by a delicate rendering of an Arabesque by Debussy. The orchestra, as usual, provided several items, which were much enjoyed.

The whole tone of the ballad concert, held on 8th June, was so extraordinarily good that it is difficult to single out for especial praise any of the artistes who so kindly gave their services. Miss Kerse gave "Softly awakes my Heart," from "Samson and Delilah," and the "Habanera," from "Carmen," amongst the five (or was it Six?) songs she was deservedly encored into singing. Capt. MacRobert demonstrated what a genuine artiste he is in "The Blind Ploughman" and "La Belle Marguerite," the first of his double encore. Miss Strachan sang charmingly "It is only a Tiny Garden," and two other songs. Mr Stuart Chedburn gave service's "Fellow-My-Lad" as an encore to his dramatic recitation of Clarence's soliloquy on sleep from "Richard III." The prologue and "So ben che deforme" from "Pagliacci" were finely sung by Mr Anderson Raby, and another encored item was Saint-Saen's "Le Cygne," played as a violin solo by Miss Gieve. Other items included well-rendered songs by Messrs Gidley, Brown, and A.E. Smith. The orchestra well merited the encore it received for the three dances from "Henry VIII.," the last of these, "The Torch Dance," being played with splendid verve and worked up to an extremely clear crescendo. They also gave us Elgar's "Salut d'Armour," Luigini's "Ballet Egyptien," and the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The Pierrot performance on the 15th once again maintained its high standard of excellence, and one feels it would be unjust to the rest to single out for mention any special item. After the interval the programme was filled by a sketch, "A Touch of Truth," which, if I remember rightly, ran for some considerable time in town as a curtain raiser to "Bunty pulls the Strings. "The two characters of the actor and his friend were taken by Mr Stuart Chedburn and Mr A.J. Brown. The former was, of course, in his natural element - an actor playing the part of an actor on the stage - and he filled it excellently. The other had the difficulty of portraying the trying character where one has to appear somewhat of a fool and yet never open one's part to ridicule, and he did so with a masterly hand and a skill positively amazing in an amateur. When I say that I believe the play was as well, if not even better, performed here as in town, I feel sure that no one who witnessed this performance would suggest I were guilty of exaggeration.

In conclusion, and just a word concerning the orchestral parts of the performances generally. Throughout the concerts the orchestra played with a skill and spirit which, in view of the rarity of rehearsal, was little short of wonderful. Our thanks are due, and warmly offered, to those charming and kindly ladies who are so willing to devote their time and talent to us, and they may rest assured that their efforts are duly appreciated. I, with, I know, many others, am hoping to be able to hear of a purely orchestral concert being arranged for one Saturday.

A word of praise is also due to Mr Anderson Raby for his strenuous work as a singer and as conductor of the orchestra, added to which he has acted as a masterly, efficient, and sympathetic accompanist throughout.

"QUID NOBULIS ARDUI."

Library.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF LIBRARY.

	Fiction	Non-Fiction	McNiven & W.	Total Vols.
Books in Library 16/6/18	374	57	20	451
Additions from 17/5/18 to 16/6/18 inclusive	6	1	0	7
Books issued 17/5/18 to 16/6/18 inclusive	235	14	48	297

R.G. HUDSON, Lieut., Librarian.