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THE AUTHOR 1938

IT PASSED TOO QUICKLY

An Autobiography

By

AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR DAVID MUNRO

K C B, C I E, M B, C H B, I R C S E,
M A, L L D

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I

CHILDHOOD

I HAVE seen fairies, though never a one to offer me a magic wish. But I am still on the look-out. What could I wish for that I have not got? Another chance at life? Useless to wish for the impossible.¹

I liked "Dear Brutus", but, given the same circumstances, I'd play my same part again on the stage of life. Suppose, though, I had the offer of having been born a hundred years ago or a hundred years hence?

This may not be so silly as it sounds. If the astro-physicists are right, time is curved—there is no difference between to-day, to-morrow, and dead yesterday.

Some might plump for to-morrow out of curiosity, others would choose the good old times. I should refuse to play! We who have entered our seventh decade—I must own to being one—have seen in our time an epitome of the past, have tasted the future in advance. Who of my forefathers knew changes to equal those of the last two generations?

Needs must that changes come, but if the next generation is to be speeded up at the present rate, I for one would not change places with either of my children! Yes, I have only two, though I was born a Victorian. Nor would I like to find myself transported to the "good old days". Somehow I can't picture myself a Dickens character. I admit I should like to have ridden to hounds in the days before wire and tarmacked roads. On the other hand, there is something to be said for motoring home at the end of a long day along a good road. I've got a trailer to hitch on to the car, and I'm sure my good old hunter's tired legs appreciate being carried stableward. And when we reach home I can have a whisky-and-soda—much better for me than an eighteenth-century ration of port—and finish the evening at the cinema, instead of possibly under the table!¹

I remember being wheeled about in a perambulator. There is nothing very startling about that. It is a remembered

experience common to infant mortals of many generations past, and likely still to come—for I doubt whether even in this petrol age—soon possibly to be superseded by an age of synthetic fuel from the air!¹—the baby carriage will be superseded by the baby auto-car or aeroplane

But the pram has changed. The Victorian perambulator was a much more cumbersome affair than the modern twenty-guinea baby carriage, so airy, rubber-tyred, and beautifully sprung. I don't care!¹ Our prams were roomy enough. They had to be!¹

Like Kings and Queens we sat side by side in state. I never did, because, although the youngest of twelve, my parents neglected to provide me with a partner. Nowadays babies, if there are any of nearly contemporary age in the same family, suck thumbs at each other from opposite ends of a conveyance made for one!¹

"God gave us memory that we might have roses in December" wrote J. M. Barrie in his Rectorial Address to the University of St. Andrews. Where he was Rector I now stand in his shoes, and my first memory is of roses. June roses—arched over a pergola, and looked at from beneath by a child in a perambulator. I was the child. It was not till years later that I saw April roses. What a wealth of them! That was in Peshawar, so close to "Gulistan", "the Garden of Roses".

"Seen from a Perambulator"—how's that for a title? Not much to write about, it may be said!¹ Yet an infant's perceptions make up in the vividness of their few remembered details for the narrowness of their orbit and the haziness of their background. Actually, I think the arch of roses is the only memory I can swear to as having been seen from my pram, though I have a hazy recollection of a Newfoundland dog—I rode on its back. It belonged to George du Maurier, who drew it often for *Punch*.

Other objects of my perambulator world that my infant eyes were wont to fall on did not become familiar till later. I had to walk before I could stick pins into our cork tree, to climb before I could sit on the lowest bough of the "Tree of Learning". Such was the name given by my brothers and sisters to a favourite retreat in an old chestnut tree—or was it a sycamore?

I had to learn to skate, or at least to stagger holding on to a chair, in order to gain the freedom of our lake—it was really

a pond! Those were the days of hard winters! I had skates strapped on to my little feet before I was six years old—the kind with a wooden frame, a straight blade, and a screw which had to be twisted into the boot-heel. Unfrozen, the lake was taboo, unless I was accompanied by nurse. Its wooded island—magic to a child—would have been, in the country of Lilliput, a “jewel set within an inland sea.” Actually it was about three yards across, its wood a couple of birch trees. One approach to its waters was through the forest, carpeted in the spring with anemones and bluebells—and the horrid smelly garlic—which flowered to the sound of cawing rooks. The forest was a small wood.

I lived from my birth in June 1878 till March 1886 at Boreham Wood, in a long low house, porticoed, verandahed, limewashed—or was it stuccoed?—and creepered. I can never see wistaria and japonica without a twinge of memory. I think it was pre-Victorian. If not it certainly came into existence before the smug-ugly mid-Victorian period, for it was a gracious and lovely house. The line of the broad sloping fluted roof of the long verandah at the back lent to it a semi-tropical look, as did the glass conservatories on either side of the front portico.

Was it planned by someone who had lived in Virginia in the old slave days? When I read in American stories of the Civil War descriptions of planters’ houses in the Southern States, I think of my first home and wish that Lee had not been brought to surrender at Appomattox, and pay a tribute of stirred emotion to “Stonewall” Jackson. When I “cross over the river to sit in the shade of the trees” shall I, perchance, meet that childhood’s hero?

The stabling and yards—with a clock-tower, no less—were on a colonial scale. They were mostly used as playgrounds, workshops, and gymnasium.

The house was roomy. It had to be, for my father, besides having a large family, was a schoolmaster. There were not many schools of that kind in those days. His became a prep school later, but in my perambulator days, and for some years afterwards, it was a boarding school for boys of all ages—there were no day boys. We had boys as young as seven and as old as nineteen—some of the latter a rough lot, especially a contingent that came from the West Indies. Business and Commerce was their main outlet. I early learned to know a bully. Yet it wasn’t a Dotheboys Hall. I suppose “Hillside”, for that

was the school's name, could be called a small public school of a kind that has now died with the rise of the lesser public schools, and the growth of secondary education. When I was a boy I was told that there were only eight "pukka" public schools—Eton, Harrow, Charterhouse, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster, and I forget the other two¹. Of the school staff I can only remember two masters, not ushers, but University graduates, a mistress, Miss Stables, who presumably taught languages—or was it music, or both?²—and the black-haired, amorous matron, Miss Douglas.

An inside feature of this rambling house, with odd stairs and corridors at uneven levels, was a stone-flagged hall with a stone staircase leading to a balcony from which opened out corridors and bedrooms. One could get out on to the "leads"—in other words, the roof—can it have been really leaded?

What a fuss there was when a boy named Arthur Spence fell down the stone stairs in the middle of the night and cut his head open¹. The legend is that he was a sleepwalker and was trying to slide down the balustrade. It was a fine broad stairway. I used to imagine myself Umslopogaas (we were brought up on "Allan Quatermain") defending it with an axe, and shouting as my enemies dropped dead in their tracks.

Some former owner, I expect, kept trappers and hunters in our stables. We had a pony and chaise, but that was before I was born. Nowadays I am qualified to give an opinion on hunting country, and I should say that in the 'eighties the country round Elstree was in most parts up to the Shires standard of pasture, fair fences and brooks, and, of course, no wire. I believe the Salisbury family used to hunt it, and that it was once part of the Old Berkeley (with whom I have hunted many a day), and that the South Herts come there even now.

All round our house were fields and copses, the former cowslip-bearing and the latter lovely with primroses and bluebells in the spring, and thorn fences summer-scented with the may. A flat countryside, but not entirely. Our house stood at the foot of a slope, and just beyond was Furze Hill, through which the Elstree railway tunnel runs. Not far off on the Stanmore side was Brockley Hill, and on the other side Shenley, which we could see from the bottom of our cricket field, stands high. But the Sunday pilgrimage to Radlett church—I toddling behind—when we made it, was a flat walk over fields and stiles of peaceful England.

One should never revisit the scenes of one's childhood unless one is attacked by a gloomy urge to exclaim with Wordsworth

"How shrunk the glory of the scene!"

The forest has dwindled to a copse, from the cricket field and the paddock beyond to the pond that was our lake is hardly a drive and a mashie shot, not a journey to the edge of the world

An arterial road now runs through my birthplace. The lake is filled up, and ribbon development has destroyed the old landmarks, but, oddly enough, the cedar tree my grandfather planted has been spared. It stands in a suburban garden plot.

The red-may tree has gone. Daily, and nightly too, motor-cars stream over the spot where once it grew. Their drivers hoot. No vision comes to them of a little boy just promoted from frocks to breeches, who learned his A B C under its shade, traditionally, at his mother's knee. I can see the book, "Reading without Tears", a blue-bound volume, in her hands.

The pink chestnut has vanished, but not without offspring. A cutting from it grows in my garden now. Fifty years hence it should be a fine tree. Will it ever, I wonder, drop a blossom on a descendant of one of those who played beneath its parent's shade? Unlikely! Who lives for more than a few years in a modern house—five bedrooms, two reception rooms, and usual offices? Old Father Chestnut was not so cramped—there was hardly a house within his sight. What tales he could have told! Fifty and more schoolboys, and a family of twelve, played round about his bole. Ladies in crinolines and bustles strolled beneath his shade. He probably could not see them for their parasols. He had many companions, oak, sycamore, and elm, not to mention the cork tree and the crab, whose apples were forbidden fruit. I ate of it, and suffered.

In summer they looked down, those trees, upon a changeful scene of flowers

"And sucked from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

"And gathering fresher overhead,
Rocked the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, "

I always like those stanzas from "In Memoriam" because they bring back to me early summer dawns, and the scene is always in the garden of my perambulator land

One can never get away from wheels After the first short excursions in the pram comes the first exciting drive further afield in a carriage Was mine to a picnic, or on a visit to grandfather, who lived at Totteridge? I can't remember now Then the first long journey in a train, little nose pressed to window! Later—much later—the first bicycle In grown-up days I owned the first motor-car to be imported to Calcutta I was proud of its number—"1"

Picnics! Distant picnics meant pony-chaises I was too young to go to "out" cricket matches, but have a clear picture of seeing the team start, packed together in a wagonette I can only remember pony-chaises—or rather one pony-chaise—for picnics I suppose I went with my parents, probably on my mother's knee, and the rest went some other way, perhaps they walked! Picnics, to me a journey to another world, cannot have been far from home, they were, in fact, nearly always to woods near St Albans Oddly enough, my chief recollections of them are physiological of being uncomfortable and told to wait, or being taken—unwillingly and unnecessarily—to the dark recesses of a wood This physiological need was a feature of long train journeys then the inventor of corridor and lavatory carriages was a public benefactor London to Edinburgh—first stop York! This was a journey I made with my father when I was a small boy The train had hardly stopped before there was a crowd, mostly men of course, scurrying across the platform It must have been a funny sight, but no one in the race was in a condition to appreciate the funny side of it I joined in, and was out-distanced by the greybeards!

I spent my sixth Christmas, in 1884, at York with an aunt, and shall never forget the excitement of my first long journey, leading to endless questionings and clamourings to be allowed to look out of the window What a filthy tunnel the Inner Circle Underground was in the 'eighties! Smoke and sulphur—I wonder we weren't all gassed!

Bicycles! The hill that flattened out just past our front gate, and watching my elder brothers coast down it on old-fashioned high bicycles! That was a thrill! By the time I learned to ride, the "safety" had come in There is no need to ask of

anyone who rode the "penny farthing" why its successor was called the "safety" Once up in the saddle the rider was high above the ground as though he were mounted on a horse, but getting up on the "penny" wasn't so easy—lucky if it were done in a dozen hops Family tradition has it that the most daring of my brothers once coasted down the hill standing on the saddle, and hurt himself more than usual in the resulting crash by landing on a heap of stones I saw one of his spectacular crashes—it happened just opposite our gate The front wheel hit a stone, and my brother was decanted from his seat Sudden braking used to produce the same result These tricky machines bolted downhill very easily, and if allowed to gather sway the pedals soon took control, and once the rider lost them he was about as helpless as a novice on the Cresta Run!

There used to be a toy called the "kalcidoscope" I believe they are still made, but it is years since I saw one When held to the light and turned round it showed lovely, ever-changing patterns in bright colours, fit to fill a child's eye with delight, and only equalled by the transformation scene at the end of the pantomime One saw the bits, one could not fix the fleeting pattern! So to the four-year-old only the coloured fragments of memory remain! Christmas! A fire burning in the stone-flagged hall! A family party! A servant appearing through a green baize door! Details are lost—I would come out badly at the "Kim" game

Winter and summer stand out sharply contrasted, but the spring and autumn of the years are faint The roses remain, but the season of their budding is lost A skating landscape is clear, but the glory of autumn foliage is overlaid by the snows that themselves so quickly vanished One could not, of course, forget the cowslips and the bluebells The bluebells in the woods my wondering eyes first saw were the richest in the world My experienced eyes have since learned to distinguish colour by its wave-length, but not to forget how the waves of light rippled a purple sheen over those thick carpets of blue My nurse used to say my eyes were blue to match This was, I suppose, meant as a compliment As an offset she used to tell me that my mouth was so wide that even God Almighty couldn't have made it wider without putting my ears back! My ears, she would add, needed hiding anyway! My hair, she would admit, was fine and golden—it is fine and thick still, and were she alive she might admire its silvery-whiteness I wore it down my back till I was four, as was the fashion.

Where she and I used to gather cowslips and make them into balls, there has now arisen a film studio within sight of the railway bridge where she used to hold me up to be "smoked" by the trains. Watching trains was a tireless occupation.

I saw a lot of nurse. Nearly seven years separated me from my youngest but elder sister. Two in between had died in infancy. The figure of infantile mortality has sunk greatly since I was born, and to-day the survivors of the perambulator stand a much better expectation of life than I did. Was it some tougher fibre in myself, or some more favourable circumstance, that caused me to survive the combined and contemporary invasion of whooping-cough and chicken-pox which attacked three of us and killed my two elders? Whatever it was, my little lungs resisted the fatal pneumonia. So I was left alone in the nursery. I saw little of my parents. At regular intervals I was brought into the presence of my mother. She was generally writing letters—apart from the times when she gave me elementary instruction in letters and religion, the latter with a capital "R". A harassed woman. She had to write letters to innumerable parents. The life of the school was fading to its inevitable close, for the day of that type of school was over—and then there were the children! The effort of bearing twelve children in about as many years may be exaggerated, but I think a course of Marie Stopes might have saved her life. She died when I was seven.

The introductions to my father's presence were far more amusing. Dinner-parties! Being brought down from the nursery at bed-time. Allowed, in a glittering company, or so it seemed, to sip his glass of port. A favoured Benjamin, and my brothers and sisters never let me forget it! At an afternoon tea-party on March 1st I wore a frock—and little frilly girlish drawers! I remember the occasion clearly, and I could not have been more than two and two-thirds years old—at any rate under four, because I exchanged frocks for sailor-suits on my fourth birthday (June 23rd, 1882). The date is easy, for it was St. David's Day and my Christian name is David. So the year was almost certainly 1882. My appearance in the drawing-room was probably by my mother's order, though it is my father whom I remember showing off his "little David", my father at whose side I used to trot, one small hand in one of his, around the big kitchen garden—I loved the tall feathery asparagus kept for seed.

I wish I could remember more exact details of that drawing-room scene. A number—an abundance as it seemed—of ladies! They overflowed the chairs they sat in—yet the crinoline must have yielded to the “bustle” by then. Was it a tea-party, or a mass invasion of callers? Much bric-à-brac, a grand piano, somebody sang. I was petted. A light airy room. I can see now the light streaming through french windows.

Somebody looked at the clock—a signal for my removal probably—and nurse came in. The pink-faced gilt clock was brought over by Louis XVIII when he came to England in exile and lived in Hartwell House. In the chapel attached to that house, where her half-sister was the mistress, my mother was married in 1862. I suppose she got the clock “in” (as we say in Scotland) a wedding-gift. Ex-King Louis amassed clocks as a child collects marbles. There must have been several to spare at Hartwell. A married sister of mine has that one, and I a companion, an ormolu and alabaster affair. It still keeps wonderful time, those eighteenth-century French clock-makers knew their craft.

By living an almost exclusively nursery life I may have escaped some of these “complexes” that psychologists talk so much about. If one escapes their beginnings in infancy, it appears one is safe from the graver forms of conflicting emotion to which the nervously unstable are subject—and who of us is absolutely stable? I admit to having been afraid of the dark, till I became a chattering schoolboy. I suspect this to be a primitive survival, but if the fear was fostered by nursery tales of bogeys and burglars, and given rein to by my uncensored childish reading of fairy-tales which sometimes terrified me into sleeplessness, it failed to leave a lasting mark.

I have not many irrational symptoms or fears which could be resolved by probing into my babyhood's subconscious mind. I have one or two! There are few emotionally alive people immune from some kind of idiosyncrasy in the way of antipathy or fear, and I am not apart from the common ruck when I confess to always having been scared of lock-jaw. I used to be apprehensive for days after getting the slightest scratch. I am not now, and I've tried to do some amateur auto-psycho-analysis in order to explain this in the light of modern theory. I dare say it may have started from nursery or servants' hall tales—the horrible stories told with gusto and in detail of what

happened to little boys who cut themselves between the thumb and first finger—a superstition based on fact. How they died in convulsions and terrible agony! I link these tales with the teasings of my elders, who used to tickle me under the armpits, to see, as they would say ghoulishly, if they could send me into convulsions. “Convulsions” was a word that frequently cropped up in Victorian households. Babies died in them—from croup and what not—and somehow I fancy they got connected in my mind with lock-jaw. A medical training later did little to help me forget.

I don’t think I am unduly psycho-neurotic, unless an emotional passion for music be a sign.

And cows! I used to imagine them all bulls! To cross a field alone was a fearsome adventure. I think I owe this to an elder sister who would rather go miles out of her way than cross a field with cattle in it if the cattle looked at all lively. In her braver moments she would creep round the hedge, resisting a temptation to run as the opposite stile was neared. From habit I cock a shy eye at Highland cattle when I see them on their native moors. They are so fierce to look at, so mild to meet. This habit must be due to the persistence of childish fears, because I was ever passionately fond of animals, big and small. I have mourned one horse and two dogs—one of them dead these many years—more than any of my relations. Not that I was indifferent to my parents. When told of my mother’s death I cried into an aspidistra, or some form of potted greenery, standing in the hall of a house to which I had been removed to get me out of the way. Some months before, when it was thought that she was dying, the family had been summoned in the middle of the night. This death-bed rehearsal, I remember, left me calm. I was too young.

I very much preferred my father. For one thing, I knew him better. I was grown-up before he died. Even in the dawn of my emotions and intelligence he was my favourite. Was it because he petted me when mother was stern, or because I had what the Freudian school call an “Oedipus-complex”, by which I understand is meant that an unconsciously imagined lack of attention from its mother—infants are egoists—rankles so much that love turns to jealousy, giving rise to God knows what sort of odd and unexplained vagaries of behaviour in after-life. I’ve done a number of odd things in my life, but if a psychologist ever tells me my behaviour is due to an Oedipus-complex I shall be inclined to say “Bunk!”

The explanation is far simpler. I did not know my mother long enough to understand her, except in rare moments of tenderness, as other than a disciplinarian. Goodness knows, she had to be, with a large family and an unruly lot of school-boys to manage! To these responsibilities she brought an obsessional temperament and a fervour for religion. Often an uncomfortable combination! Such men and women are not driven—they drive themselves. I do not believe, from what I have heard, that she ever relaxed into an idle moment. I wonder did she lie still even in bed? Most of the burdens of a failing concern fell on a woman in failing health. No wonder she died too young!

Except for some quality of “drive”—and perhaps some balance of intelligence and ability inherited from my mother—I derive most of my temperamental qualities from my father. He, who in a gloomy era was born a Presbyterian Scot and should have been a Calvinist, was in fact a lovable hedonist—it was my English mother who had the Covenanting spirit. No man of affairs, my father had a quick intelligence and charm, and what a pretty ball he hit off the tee! In his old age, pretending to be blind, he was even more deadly with his mashie. Striding over the links, his long white beard blowing over either shoulder, and shading his eyes under a hand—“God bless my soul!” he would exclaim. “Can that be my ball on the green?”, knowing quite well that it was! Grasping his putter firmly, “I’m the worst putter in the world” he would declare, and ram his ball right into the back of the tin. At the age of seventy he beat me level at North Berwick, and I was then supposed to play from a scratch handicap.

I loved him, and many and many a mile I’ve wearied my little legs, faint yet pursuing, following his long stride over the Sussex Downs. He taught me all the names of the commoner flowers. I think he shunned disagreeable issues and took the line of least resistance—a trait which I have inherited, though I fight when cornered. His worries accumulated, with a budget that refused to balance and a brood in various stages of education. We lived in what was then a green countryside, the jerry-builders had not begun to ramp, and there was no Greater London. To this day the locality is largely unspoiled, considering its proximity to town.

I can remember the daily exodus of the satchel brigade to school. My brothers went as day boys to Westminster, St Paul’s, and Merchant Taylors’, my sisters to the North London

Collegiate School for Ladies at Finchley, run by the famous Miss Buss, who is immortalized in the rhyme

“ Miss Buss and Miss Beale ¹
 Love's darts do not feel ,
 They leave them to us,
 Poor Beale and poor Buss ”

They all went from Elstree Station, not a quarter of a mile away

During the day I was the only stay-at-home in the family Not old enough to go into school, my knowledge of school affairs came by hearsay I occasionally spoke to some of the youngest boys, and there was one whom I adored from a distance

Hearing somehow or other that the object of my attachment was being bullied, I planned revenge Lying in wait in a narrow passage leading from the schoolroom to the playground, I hit the bully on the head with a cricket stump After the resultant fuss it was difficult, I remember, for my five-year-old mind to grasp that such behaviour was both cowardly and mean, and, oddly enough, I cannot remember that I was punished for it, as I certainly ought to have been In fact, I hoped for another chance just as when, in a childish rage, I once kicked a sister on the shin I can see now her stocking pulled down to show the mark, the shocked group, and myself breaking away from a restraining hand in order to plant another kick on the same place Little beast that I was, I was punished for that—not corporally, but by being kept in a dormitory to repent at unled leisure

I only recollect one full-dress chasusement There was a double-barrelled twelve-bore gun that used to stand in a corner of the nursery—why, I cannot think¹ One day I pointed it at my mother I was to learn, once and for all, that guns, even when unloaded, must never be aimed at people “Go to our bedroom and wait till your father comes!” I went—very apprehensive It seemed years before my father came “Take down your knickers!” In a few moments I was turned over the parental knee and getting it on the bare behind with the parental slipper It hurt, and I howled I can almost swear that he told me he did it more in sorrow than in anger, and that it hurt him more than it hurt me! These were stock Victorian clichés One never gets away from clichés, but the Victorians were fonder of moralizing

¹ Cheltenham

than the moderns! Chiefly, I remember the sense of injustice that rankled in my five-year-old mind. How was I to know that pointing guns was a crime? I wished I might die, *then* my father and mother would be sorry!

Once I nearly got whacked for addressing one of our masters, named Mr Ven, by his surname without the prefix "Mr"—as I had often heard my father do. Impertinence, it seemed, was also a crime. So I had *some* discipline, though, looking back, I realize not nearly enough. Faults of character, uncorrected then, are now ingrained.

I stood most in awe of my eldest brother, Hugh. Fifteen years separated our ages. He was like George Nathaniel Curzon, a most superior *person*. The simile held, for my brother was at Oxford, at the House. He had won one of the biggest classical scholarships offered by the public schools—from Westminster to Christ Church. I never walk through Dean's Yard without thinking of my father's pride on that occasion. No sooner had he heard the news than he dashed off a telegram to his only brother in Scotland, "See Psalm —, v —." I haven't got a Cruden's Concordance, so I haven't given the reference. But Bible references were current coin in those days, and I dare say my uncle knew without looking it up that this was my father's inexpensive way of telegraphing "He hath trampled his enemies under his feet."

Hugh made less than full use of his gifts, partly, I think, from laziness, but chiefly because he was an aristocrat in the classic sense—he read Horace in the original to the day of his death—and such men are not good mixers, or ever popular. It is a case of "caviare to the general." Brilliant in conversation, he was dangerous in temper, as are most of my breed. There is a fountain that stands in Christ Church Quad, and when his fellow-undergraduates on the night of a convivial "rag" decided to take him down a peg by giving him a ducking he shot at them through the door. Luckily no one was hit, and they left him alone after that. Stopgap for my father in his trouble after my mother's death, he did his best at the age of twenty-three to be head-master of a struggling prep school. A pious Aeneas, but with his heart not in it, his hankering was for medicine, yet when freed from the task of saving the school he was tempted by the offer of a world trip as coach and mentor to three youths destined for Big Business or the Army—all expenses paid and a liberal fee. Thus he acquired capital, and by judicious investment he earned enough all his life to keep

himself and my youngest sister in comfort without needing to work—a fatal competence!

But late in life he achieved his heart's desire—to study medicine. He went to Guy's, and was content with an L S A, supplemented by an M D (Hons) of Louvain University. I have heard him say that he was the only honours graduate of both Oxford and Louvain. He flirted with hydro-therapy (learnt at Aix-les-Bains), with dietetics, and for some years before and after 1918 with psycho-therapy, but he never practised medicine seriously. In fact, for a term of years when he lived with a sister in Italy he was more interested in apprenticing himself to the art of sculpture than in applying his knowledge of medicine. It may have been just as well, for he did not possess the scientific mind, and lack of training in the sciences that are fundamental to medicine made him a prey to crank theories and cures—or at any rate uncritical of them.

I owe to him more than I have ever repaid. His were the arguments which gave me a chance of higher education and sent me to a Scottish University at the age of fourteen. The family funds were so low that the only outlet suggested for me was to go into a shop. A parent of one of the boys was a Director of Marshall & Snellgrove's—there was an opening! Would I have risen from the ruck, I wonder, from shopwalker to management?

Another old Elstree boy was on the Livery of the Worshipful Company of Skinners, and my eldest brother had the foresight to get me apprenticed to him—and the generosity to pay the fee. As a result, when in sore need, I obtained a Skinners' scholarship to Edinburgh University—being fortunate enough to have the necessary qualification of holding an open bursary. I am now a Warden of that great Company, thereby a Governor of Tonbridge School, free of the fellowship of the Court, host and sharer in their famous hospitality.

Hugh lies within sound of the waves that break on our Southern shores.

Have I subconsciously plagiarized Mrs Hemans?—"The Graves of a Household", "They grew in beauty side by side", etc. We didn't, but I had to learn that poem by heart! George Bell was one of my godfathers. He published a small volume of verse, "Poetry for Boys", selected and arranged by my father. No one could omit Mrs Hemans from a Victorian anthology, but did she really write poetry? Do the ultra-moderns write poetry? Neither, I think! The pendulum has

swung from treacly rhyme to tortured verbiage. Midway comes a W B Yeats writing "I will go down to Innisfree" and later a Rupert Brooke

To continue the story of graves—my second brother, Bob, a cheerful and sporting soul, who threw up a post in the City to go rubber-planting in Malaya, lies somewhere beneath that eastern soil. As a narrator he was abnormally tedious, but his singing of a comic song to his own accompaniment was almost professional. He had, in fact, intended to be a professional pianist, and would have been but for a shooting accident to a finger.

Three of us, dead in infancy, lie near my mother in Elstree churchyard—Mrs Hemans would have called them "unfolded flowers".

My third brother, Kenneth, was a dare-devil, and possessed of a devil. He was an athlete. I once saw him win race after race—one of them a high-bicycle race—in school sports at St Paul's. He had a real sense, and some talent, for literature. He made something of ecclesiastical law, but little of adapting himself to life. He might have done great things, for he was quick and able, but something went wrong early. How difficult it is in a large family to detect and correct embryo weaknesses! He lies somewhere in London, but I don't know where.

Our fourth eldest, whom I hardly knew, had all the talents, musical and artistic, and by all accounts the temperament of a film star. She married, and was killed by a fall from a horse not long before her first baby was due. She lies in an Argentinian grave.

The rest of us live. The sixth, who as a girl used to look every night for burglars under the bed, is an old lady retired from active life, but mellowed by a native sense of humour and a knowledge of young minds gained by many years of keeping house for a bachelor brother in the school, which, after my father retired, was taken over by his seventh child. He was a twin—most unidentical from his twin sister, who is married and grows flowers and things in Cornwall. He, who is the last of our schoolmaster line, is himself retired. He had a knack with boys, due, I think, to a simple mind—I saw him not so long ago reading one of Marryat's tales!

And that is the family!

Should I add that I have a son—a Regular Gunner officer—and a daughter, who, like my wife and myself, is a graduate of St Andrews University, and is now married?

There is only one public event of my childhood that I distinctly remember—the death of General Gordon. I can see now the black-edged newspaper at the breakfast-table. Why can I recall this incident so clearly? Not only, I think, because Gordon's death shocked the world, but because of the outcry against his alleged betrayer, Gladstone, who was our family hero, for we were ardent Liberals. The death of our undistinguished next-door neighbour, Mr Matthews, is just as clear. It was my first experience of death at close quarters. "Why have the blinds to be drawn?" I remember asking in an awed voice, that I felt awe I definitely remember!

Holidays! I only remember one summer holiday in my early childhood. I was five when we went to Walton-on-the-Naze in August. I revisited the place for the first time fifty-five years later, and was able to recognize several landmarks. There first I paddled and made sand-castles. There is a tin-type photograph extant, if I could find it, of myself holding my father's hand, taken on the esplanade, with a bathing-hut on wheels as a background—the kind of bathing-hut that used to be dragged into the sea by a cart-horse, lest the bare legs of the Victorian ladies, and their discreetly robed figures, should be seen at too close a range by masculine eyes.

A party, made up, belike, from the boarding-house in which we were staying, but certainly containing some of us, went to Harwich to see over a man-of-war. We were rowed to the ship in a dinghy that plied for hire. I very nearly didn't go. I had wet my bed, and as a punishment it had been decided to leave me behind, but someone—perhaps my father—begged me off. I can't remember the visit, but on the way back an incident occurred which is indelibly engraved on my memory. For the return trip to the shore we were overloaded, the boatman had taken aboard a number of extra visitors to the ship. There was so little freeboard that the gunwale was practically flush with the water. A slight sea sprang up, though not till we were fairly near the shore. We began to ship water. The distance between the ship and the shore was at least a quarter of a mile. It was my first experience of mass panic. We were in danger of sinking! My mother snatched me to her arms. Several of the company prayed aloud, but had, I think, the sense not to move. We sank, but luckily within a few yards of the beach, so we were all saved, and only the boatman got into trouble. As for me, I do not remember being much scared, but I think I must have been

Not because I remember the incident so clearly—I must have heard the story repeated so often that I would remember it anyhow—but because to this day I am not too happy in small boats in a rough sea. A reasonable psychological explanation—Freud without the sex!

The first milestone in my childhood is marked by the removal of the school to the seaside at Littlehampton. I remember thinking then, “Now I will put away childish things”, repeating priggishly to myself a phrase I must have heard read either in church or at family prayers.

It is a long time since I have been in a house where family prayers are read daily, as they were in our house in my young days. I can’t remember that we had them in the holidays. One of the last times I prayed in a dining-room was in 1894 at the house of my step-grandmother, then aged well over ninety, and the old lady was wearing horn spectacles. We had to read the verses turn and turn about—servants included. The butler—a mere chit of seventy-odd—had been in her service many years. She was by no means an easy mistress to serve, but he stayed on in the hope, I believe, of a promised legacy which could not, he must have thought, be long in coming. But she survived him.

Years later, in 1907, on a very different occasion, and in the far country of India, I was present at another ceremony of house prayers. The scene was an American Baptist Missionary Settlement in a leper colony, at a place called Asansol in Bengal. I had been sent there to enquire into a petition for Government support towards an improved water-supply. About eight o’clock in the evening, when I was feeling peckish and looking forward to something to eat, the missionary-in-chief asked, “Would you mind joining the company in prayer?” Faint-heartedly I submitted, and he started. Knees on the floor, elbows on a chair, and head in hands, I listened to his droning. It seemed that in this sinful world there were few institutions that did not need our prayers. By nine o’clock he had reached individuals—and finally “the stranger who is in our midst, that he may be guided”, he prayed, “to advise aright the Government of Bengal in the matter of our water-supply”—or was it a drainage system? Afterwards, with reddened knees, I washed down with tea eggs poached in a chafing-dish. The missionaries were good, earnest people.

My Sunday church-going began before I was old enough to understand anything much more than that I was on no

account to fidget which of course I did! Our vicar was old I do not know that his sermons were long as sermons went in those days, but they seemed interminable It takes me all my time now to listen with attention to a sermon, but I do not often give myself the chance My first walk across the fields to church is clear Not long ago I walked by those same fields, spared by the jerry-builder yet, to visit my mother's grave and as I passed along I could see in memory's eye the hedgerow bank—it towered above me then—white with the blossom of "Stellaria", blue with "Speedwell—Veronica," as my father taught me to call it So it must have been at Whitsun that I first toddled to church—and I certainly had not then resolved to put away childish things!

If indeed I ever have put them away There are some possessions one treats as toys, however old one grows Who is there that does not treasure a favourite knife, a favourite pencil, a special cigarette-case? We may not burst into tears when they get lost, as I did when I lost a yellow monkey made out of wisps of fur It cost about a penny, and I got it "in" a present the Christmas I spent in York The pink Carrara marble skull—about the size of a marble—which came from the Italian Exhibition of—was it 1884? How I treasured it?

Which reminds me of bones! There was in the school a West Indian little boy of about my own age with whom I used to play We called him "Billy Bones" I think I was the dominant partner, for, on getting my first cricket bat and ball and stumps on my fourth birthday, I called upon "Billy Bones" to play with me, dictating the terms, which were "Bags I first ins—and there's no outs!"

A final memory of the home where I spent the first seven and a half years of my life is of a hay-rick on fire at night, and being taken out to see the blaze It seems appropriate to record it, if only to draw the contrast between the slow passage of childhood's years and these years of my age, which pass as quickly as though they went up in flames Those incidents of early years are blurred in parts by the drifting smoke of forgetfulness, yet in flashes of memory one looks into the heart of the fire No great figures are illumined I never saw Queen Victoria Neither Gladstone nor Disraeli patted me on the head George Bell, the publisher, was one of my godfathers I used to believe, erroneously, that the eminent physiologist, Schafer, was another He was much about the house, and later I got to know him well

I knew nothing of the family's financial troubles, for during my mother's last illness I had been sent away to a small dame school kept by an aunt in Chislehurst, near the Napoleon monument. I remember playing on the common there, wooden sword in hand, and myself the central—as I was the solitary—figure in imaginary exploits. For my hero at the moment—and he still is—I took Leonidas of Sparta defending the Pass at Thermopylae. I drew a picture of him in a letter I sent to my father. I began to read voraciously, I think that I had read the most of Sir Walter Scott's Waverley novels before I was ten. My aunt made delicious apple charlottes.

I quarrelled with a fellow-pupil and had my first stand-up fight. I won it. We fought over cousin Leonora—my aunt's daughter, who lived in the house. I have never seen her since, and I used to pull her hair, but I was fond of her. She was, I think, the first Eve to incite my wayward emotions. Since that date I have not fought for any Eve. It might have been better if I had, for sex has led me into other irrational and more far-reaching entanglements, none of them capable of solution in two minutes with fists.

The next phase of life opens with living by the sea, not merely going to the seaside for holidays. The sea! How could I ever forget the first sight of its restless surface from the Littlehampton parade, the first keen sniff of salt March air, ozone and acrid scent of iodine from decaying seaweed! I had been getting more and more excited on the journey, and, as we approached the coast, rushed from one side of the coach to the other in order to look out of the window. Disappointment! Nothing but flat green fields to be seen, and presently a river with muddy banks! Not a cliff! The railway station and little town were not within sight of the sea, between them and it were fields and a common. The common sloped up to an esplanade on the edge of the beach. Owing to the ramp up, a close sight of the sea was denied till one was right on the esplanade. For my first glance I ran the last fifty yards, breathless with excitement! Another disappointment! Not the lovely murmuring sea, but the featureless shingly beach! I had expected sand and rocky coves. It is odd how places that one comes later to love may be a disappointment at first view. I remember feeling the same about my first glimpse of St Andrews golf links.

A quarter of a mile back from the esplanade, between the

common and the town, there faced seawards a row of houses, the oldest built in Regency style. In one of these my father's school renewed itself, this time as a prep school for small boys, and, as I have told, my eldest brother was dragged from his career (he had just left Oxford) to take charge while my father went away for a voyage to the West Indies. Poor man, his mainstay and life's partner dead, and bankruptcy staring him in the face—he needed a holiday.

The school survived, with several changes of housing, and in its schoolroom—one room sufficed for all the pupils of my time—I got practically all the schooling I ever had. At least I got a good enough grounding to get me through the entrance examination to a Scottish University at the age of fourteen—some two or three years younger than the average age of entrants from the Scottish secondary schools. We had one master who had stuck to the sinking ship. Mr Cooper was a Jack-of-all-trades and proficient at most. A graduate of Aberdeen, he wrote Latin prose in the style for which that University was then famous, and he could teach it. As a Grecian he was not so good, but he made up for that defect by the thoroughness with which he put us through our paces in the three “R’s.” Mathematics in schools is now taught beyond a stage I ever reached, even at a University, but then I only just scraped through my degree in Maths. Nevertheless, from all I hear, many of the brighter products of our modern schools, to whom the binomial theorem is an elementary exercise, do not shape too well at commercial arithmetic if their fate happens to push them into a business life. We at least knew the rule of three, and could do simple proportion sums.

Beyond that I do not go—the rate at which baths, fitted from taps A and B, empty themselves through waste-pipe C still remains a mystery to me. But Euclid, Book I, is firm in my mind, and there are bits of Virgil I can never forget. The combats of Turnus, the unhappy fate of Nisus and Euryalus, the first landing of Aeneas on Italian soil—thanks to Mr Cooper, those scenes lived—for me at any rate! Particularly the last—I think of it whenever I see a little cove—one sometimes does—embowered by wooded cliffs, with water clear to its shingly bottom.

Lessons out-of-doors in that glorious summer of 1887! We sat with our books in a shallow sun-baked hollow on the common between the houses and the sea.

I think there is a Butlin's Fun Fair there now. The place is, in any case, unrecognizable as the little South Coast fishing-village we migrated to in 1886. Built up almost to the foot of the downs, a rash of bungalows has broken out all along the foreshore. Hideous! The common, the river, and the downs—the last two reserved in term-time for ecstatic whole holidays. The summer picnic up the river in boats past Arundel to South Woods cliffs near Amberley was an annual event, connected in my mind with meadow-sweet, willow herb, purple loosestrife, peacock butterflies, ginger-beer, beech woods, and chalk cliffs to be climbed. It was a lovely moment when we shipped oars and the boat glided quietly on the flow of a full tide to push its bows in among the bulrushes. Rugs and hampers were laid out on the short crisp turf—and how we stuffed! Greedy little pigs!

In the evening light we rowed down easily on the ebb, to come home tired and happy! Spring and winter walks on clear brisk days, over the downs or along the shore! These whole holidays were all the better for being generally unexpected. "Get your caps on—no lessons to-day." No lunch, but back to a high tea! We generally picked up sides, even on our ordinary afternoon walks, and fought a running battle, taking prisoners, using sticks when we had them, and practising the four guards of parry to the cut taught us by our drill sergeant—an ex-Naval Petty Officer. Spinning-tops were for spring walks, as were catapults. But bird-stalking was more a ploy for the Easter holidays. I am glad to say I was a bad shot. But I once had a catapult duel—every punctilio observed—at ten paces. My adversary was a good shot. I was struck on an eyelid by a buck-shot—a lucky escape from blindness. I forget what lies we told to explain my injury.

With boys there is ever something that is "all the rage." In our day tops, marbles, "touch-me-if-you-can", prisoner's base, and natural history, from the keeping of caterpillars to the collection of newts from ponds. Our butterfly-nets and killing-bottles, our trays of eggs, gained, alas! by robbing nests, were as treasured possessions in summer and spring respectively as were our stamp collections in winter. Apart from suiting itself to temporal phases of season, there appears to be some primitive urge in the normal boy to run true to form in his hobbies—but it may be only obedience to custom!

Subordinate always these hobbies were to the organized games which were part of official school life. I am lucky in

that I inherited a facility—no more than that—for playing ball games. Cricket and football were serious pursuits to me then, as were tennis, golf, and finally polo, in later days. How we kept our averages, inked on the shoulder of the bat, still more the batting or bowling averages of our heroes! I think I knew every county cricketer of my boyhood by his initials! There is a photograph of W G Grace in my dressing-room now. He is standing arm-in-arm with my father. They both had the same type of beard, which makes them look alike. Their acquaintance began on the golf links. One summer we had a whole holiday to see a day of Sussex *v* Gloucester on the Hove ground. That was the first time I saw W G bat, he was not in for long. I remember more clearly the heat of the baked ground we sat on, and the ginger-beer and ham sandwiches we had for lunch. But never could I forget the flashing grace of “Ranji” (K S Ranjitsinhji)—his dark hand picking up a hard drive to cover and returning it to the wicket-keeper so quickly that it seemed to be done in one action. That was after W G’s days. On a still later day I talked for a few moments with another hero, C B Fry, his brother, W B, was best man at my wedding. On a ground not so far from Hove, on a day of thundery heat, I made 52 not out in a club match. I mention it, for the occasion was Queen Victoria’s Diamond Jubilee. The British Fleet was at Portsmouth, and I could hear the sound of their guns firing Royal Salutes! Well, I have lived to see George V’s Jubilee.

What else comes to my mind as I review in fragments the panorama of those prep school years? Learning to play golf on that then unspoiled and undulating common by the sea—my wife still has the mashie my father gave me on my twelfth Christmas Day. The common is now flattened out and is covered with booths and what nots! They haven’t even left the old windmill as a landmark. We got our daily bread from the windmill then. Not that I should be too uppish about seaside entertainments—I loved the beach nigger-minstrels of the “nineties”!

Again, I remember an abortive attempt to learn German in a small class started by an elder sister, who was quite incompetent to teach it. I remembered that “Regenschirm” was the word for an umbrella, but till recently, when I put myself to learn some German, that was about the only relic of memory that I retained from that class. Except Lulu’s golden hair! It was a mixed class—and I was early fond of girls!

Jumping from one breakwater post to the next That I remember particularly, because it was dangerous Sooner or later one was bound to miss one's footing, as to this day my shins bear witness But it was in doing that, and in my first few stand-up fights, that I first found myself not to be a funk—*provided* I had an audience What a difference it makes to dare in company! I am no solitary adventurer—though not, I think, capable of coming back and saying I had done something brave that I had not done—but I am a funk alone I remember once throwing a stone at a much bigger boy There was no one else there, and when he advanced menacingly I ran away But I was ashamed, and, to be fair to myself, I don't think I would run now

I know that as a boy I was a moral coward The opinion of one's fellows counted for so much I once had a fight with a much bigger boy He knocked me out, and his blow split my lower lip to the chin I bear the scar yet, and have not forgotten the doctor putting silver-wire stitches into the cut I did not "sneak", but the other boys thought I had (the position of the son of the head-master in a small school is difficult and precarious) So I was sent to Coventry (as the expression of those days went) I remember sobbing myself to sleep and thinking that this was a disgrace I could never, never, never get over How keenly one feels childish set-backs! How easily are engendered the fears which make of the child a moral coward—and the child is father of the man!

I was never punished enough—I really believe this The biggest punishment we ever had at school was to write out a hundred lines I once stole half a crown from my father's desk The loss was found out and traced to me (I bought a toy boat with the money), and all my father did was to say to me sadly "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son Absalom!" He ought to have given me twenty of the best on the behind Many a school-boy decries his masters, and to curry favour with my best friends at school I early learned to fall in with an undermining of loyalty to my own father I have been loyal since in my Service to the Crown, but the seeds of easy disloyalty, sown early in my mind, have borne bad fruit from time to time

In matters of sex our school was singularly free from experiment or experience I learned certain tricks as a boy of seven, and then forgot them, as there was no one in the school to spread the habits. Later I became the normal monkey. As a matter

of fact, my first awakening to physical sensations of sex at the age of thirteen so alarmed me that I called for one of my sisters to ask what had happened. I was in bed in an attic, and she was next door. She reassured me, but she was puzzled—she does not, indeed, know now the nature of my experience.

That is the sort of small boy I was when at the age of fourteen—and in an Eton suit and collar—I went up to St Andrews University.

II

THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES

“The University spirit is a living force in the lives of men”

“ but dearer far the little town,
The drifting surf, the wintry year,
The College of the Scarlet Gown
St Andrews by the Northern Sea,
That is a haunted town to me ”

THESE lines, written by Andrew Lang, have found an echo in the heart of every “alumnus”—and since 1892, when women first came to the University, of every “alumna”—of St Andrews. That “Alma Mater” reared a student poet of her own, but R. F. Murray died before his gifts reached maturity. The appeal of his poetry is intimate to few, those chiefly St Andrews students and graduates. Some of his verses, set to music by the late John Farmer, are sung whenever St Andrews men and women gather together—“After Many Days”, “Beloved Peeler”, and “The Voice that Sings”. I heard them tried out on the piano for the first time by John Farmer himself, in the house of his father-in-law, Professor Burnet.

“ Blue, blue is the sea to-day,
Blue fringed with white
Warmly St Andrews Bay
Sleeps in the light ”

are not amongst the best of R. F. Murray’s lines, but I often see through my mind’s eye the picture they recall. The light was sleeping, but not warmly, as I first set foot in St Andrews one dark and blustery October night. Fourteen years old, and finished with my schooldays in Sussex, I had whispered a secret and sentimental farewell to my desk in the school-room before setting out on the first stage to a University career. My father took me up. We had to start via Brighton to catch the morning Scottish express from King’s Cross, and even then could only reach St. Andrews the same day. Leuchars

Junction was our ultimate railway point—how well I was to know its windswept platforms!

We found a four-wheeled cab. I think it had been ordered—not in 1892 by telephone—by a fellow-traveller who kindly offered us a lift. His name was well known in academic Scotland—Ludovic Grant. Next day he met me on the links. I was all eagerness to explore the Mecca of Golf. He was kind, and asked me to play with him. Many years later I knew in Simla his brother, Sir Hamilton Grant—better known on the North-West Frontier as “Tony”, and I met his sister several times when she was head-mistress of St Leonard’s School—the first girls’ public school.

An ancient University (1411), a famous golf links, and St Leonard’s School are the chief institutions of St Andrews. Add the relics in stone of a historic past, a quaint fishing-quarter leaning over a cobbled pier, some old Scottish families, a sprinkling of retired professors and Service men, in one of the loveliest settings on this earth, and you have St Andrews as it was then, and almost as it stands unchanged to-day.

Lumbering along from Leuchars in a one-horse “machine” with my father and Ludovic Grant, I strained tired eyes into the darkness. Nearly half a century later I was to fly to Leuchars and to make St Andrews by the same road, this time in an open carriage drawn by students in their scarlet gowns, on my official entry as Rector of the University. On my first entry the flickering light of two oil-lamps gave only glimpses of stone dyke and grassy bank.

How often is the excitement of arrival followed by disappointment! Rushing to the window next morning, there was nothing to be seen but the back of a row of houses! I could hardly swallow my breakfast before rushing down to the links. Another disappointment! Where were the expected sand-hills and bunkers? I looked for mountains, and saw a flat expanse of turf. I soon found the bunkers to be mostly sunk, and most cunningly disposed. To my mind, the old course of St Andrews is still unrivalled, and set on what a stage! In all these years that have passed, as I told the present generation of students in my Rectorial Address, spring has never returned without bringing to me a vision of St Andrews from the links. The sky is the pale blue of March, the larks are singing in the bents, there is a pungent tang of seaweed on wet sand, and beyond the dunes, seen as in a mirage, the old grey city stands upon her rock. This vision has toured the

world with me, from the arid mountains of the Indian frontier, from the deserts of Iraq, to the steamy lowlands of Bengal. To the north St Andrews Bay surges, not always "blue fringed with white", but often storm-tossed and grey, and in the eternal background the Sidlaw Hills showing their "long last streak of snow"

It does not seem forty years since we—my friends and I—used to walk to our turning-point on the West Sands, to the remains of a shipwreck long vanished, since I climbed the Spindle Rock in happy company, or on a fine spring day went out to Magus Muir by Lady Catherine's Walk. She was a Whyte-Melville, a name well known to fox-hunters. There stands at Magus Muir a monument to the men who in 1679 dragged Archbishop Sharp from his coach and slew him. He deserved death, but not that death. Covenanters they were, and an ancestor of my wife was present, though he took no part in the murder. When they gave him the torture of the "boot" before his execution, it was said that he bore it stoically in silence and even smiled. The murderers became martyrs. Their monument was the goal of our Sunday afternoon walks through woods of larch and fir. The larches there have long been felled. Sometimes in memory I see them still, and their shoots are always emerald green and tufted pink.

The monument at Magus Muir is not the only one in or about St Andrews to commemorate martyrs, some of whom were students. In 1528 Patrick Hamilton was burned at the stake beneath the shadow of his College Tower—he was pre-Reformation but was suspected of the "new learning".

James Graham, first Marquess of Montrose—and "many loved his moments of glad grace"—was a St Andrews student. He won the University Prize for Archery—the Silver Arrow—as did his fellow-student and lifelong adversary, the Marquess of Argyll. In 1650 the Covenanters hanged Montrose, hanged the man who wrote

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all."

Well, he lost all but fame and honour

The history of Scotland was for hundreds of years the history of St Andrews and its University, under the rule of prelates or religious reformers. All of them were "bonny fechtors"—

as are the Scots in general—for a faith, or, as it is the fashion now to call it, an “ideology”, and all of them were bloody men

Of notable St Andrews students, the Admirable Crichton is always held up as a pattern, an infant prodigy at his books, and so clever that he never succeeded in doing anything but become famous for the variety of his accomplishments. He died violently at the age of twenty-five.

When I think of St Andrews I most often see the sunshine gleaming on her—sunshine and the glitter of the sea—but her usual garb was cold and grey, as ours was warm and scarlet. Keen winds blew from off the North Sea—“the thin and biting spray drove down the melancholy street”. Wrapped in their gowns, youths in their teens hurried to early class or lecture, their porridge scarcely swallowed. Memory’s pictures are mostly of winter, as is but natural, for when first I passed through the portals of higher learning the academic year in Scotland was not divided into terms. The “session” lasted from early in October to the degree exams at the end of March. The summer was one long vacation, though not a holiday for most. All of us were poor—many very poor—and it was quite usual for students to get employment in the summer which would help to pay the winter’s fees, private teaching, or even working on the land. I never personally knew a student come up with a sack of oatmeal and a barrel of salt fish—enough essential food to keep the larder going till the New Year, when on a few days’ holiday the stock could be renewed to last till the end of the session, but this was not uncommon in Scotland sixty years ago. I can’t swear to the salt fish, but I believe that my father, when he went up to Edinburgh University to matriculate, took with him a sack of oatmeal. Even in my day there were some whose landlords’ bills must have been infinitesimal. St Andrews was then about the smallest University in Britain, though next to Oxford and Cambridge—and only a few years behind—the oldest.

There were but some two hundred matriculated students. It was, as R. F. Murray wrote, “merely the shadow of a mighty name”. Yet then he wrote “Thou shalt have many where thou now hast few”, and his prophecy has come true. Apart from these two hundred there were the few students of University College, Dundee, then only affiliated, and in a far from filial spirit, to its older sister south of the Tay. Now Dundee, with its flourishing engineering, medical, and law classes, is an

integral part of St Andrews University, but geography is still a bar to complete union. Country St Andrews and industrial Dundee are but twelve miles apart, but owing to the river Tay are in fact far more separate. When, after the Tay Bridge disaster in 1879 the new railway bridge was built, road traffic was horse-drawn, slow and scanty, the internal-combustion engine in the womb of Time. Nevertheless, I wonder that it was not given to the imagination of the builders to foresee a day when road traffic would repay the expense of making a carriage-way alongside the railway track. As it is, to get from Dundee to St Andrews by road one must make a long circuit by Perth, or else wait for the ferry-boat, which in its turn takes half an hour to cross the broad waters between Dundee and Newport. So classes have to be duplicated, and the scarlet gowns of St Andrews mix seldom with the scarlet gowns of Dundee.

In October 1892 how proud I was of my new scarlet gown of warm flannel, with its deep purple velvet yoke and collar, bought from Mr Brown in South Street. That this colour of gown has survived in this particular place for centuries is the relic of a freedom retained. St Andrews has more than a spiritual link with the Renaissance and with the Universities of the Middle Ages, with Bologna, for example, in Italy, and the scarlet gown is a material symbol. They were gay, those mediaeval Universities! The gowns of the students had to be cut to shapes denoting differences in social standing of the wearers, but the choice of colour was free. Alas for the more sober days of the Reformation! Coloured gowns smacked of vestments and Popery, so a decent black was prescribed. Oxford and Cambridge submitted, but St Andrews remained defiant, with a disciplined disobedience which kept for her the scarlet privilege. I was proud of my gown, and thrilled by the bright blue tassel that sprang from a button adorning the centre of my "trencher"—we do not call them "mortar-boards" in Scotland.

Blue for a "bejant" or first-year man—the word is said to derive from "*bec jaune*" (the French equivalent of our "green-horn" being apparently "yellow-beak"). Now there are "bejantines", the female of the species! Second-year men are "*semis*". Are the girls "*semolinas*", I wonder? They wear red tassels. "Tertians" or third-year students wear black tassels, as does any student or graduate who stays on after a fourth year. The fourth-year students wear yellow tassels.

They are "Magistrands", about to be made "Magister Artium by laying on of hands". The course for the Arts degree was four years in those days. Senior to them were the "Divines", who left the United College of St Salvator and St Leonard's and stayed on to study divinity at St Mary's College. They wore black gowns. How awe-inspiring to a "bejant" mind were these creatures, like prefects to a boy in his first term at a public school. Naturally, for they were older, nearly every one of them having taken his M A before he became a divinity student. The senior "divines"—about to be B D s—were incredibly old, often a hoary twenty-five. God-like to youth, before they became "mcenisters" their behaviour borrowed not a little from the pagan Gods. In other words, some of these senior men who were so powerful in student affairs did their best to sow their wild oats before the time came for them to reform.

Mr Lloyd George had not then made drink dear. It was within the means even of a poor Scottish student. (One does not blame L I -G.)

I married "on"—as they say in Scotland—a girl whose family lived in Campbeltown, where once there were twenty-four distilleries and now there are almost none (this sounds like a nursery rhyme). Distillery workers got a free ration of spirit on Saturday as part of their wages. The streets on a Saturday night were often not fit for decent folk to walk in, and the children went ragged and bare-footed. Those days are gone for ever. Looking back, who can fail to pay tribute to the great social improvements of the last two generations? Much as I could wish whisky were cheaper—for I like it—it is well that one can no longer get drunk for a shilling.

A half-tumbler of whisky cost threepence in 1892. Sitting in an inn at the foot of the long slope of the coast-road from St Andrews to Crail, I once saw a carter driving a manure cart. His horse stopped automatically at the door—this was a well-known port of call. The carter came in. He raised a finger. The barmaid knew the sign. She poured whisky into a half-size tumbler, filling it almost to the brim. Taking the "carafe",¹ the carter sprinkled a few drops of water from it. Most fell on the counter, some fell in his drink. He drained it at a gulp, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, put down threepence and nodded. Then he went out. No word was spoken.

¹ One of the many words the Scots have borrowed from the French—the alliance is still strong.

and no greeting passed The Scots take their pleasures silently

My first "Gaudeamus"—as the Scots call a University "smoker"—was in the commercial room of the "Cross Keys" at St Andrews in 1892 The fare was hot mutton pies—delicious! For those who liked drink—mostly the senior men—a bottle of stout and a half-bottle of whisky (price, I think, 3s) stood by their plates

Stout and mutton pies make a good foundation, but I shouted my first student choruses on ginger-beer!! To begin with, and during my first four student years, I was a member of the Temperance Association, in other words "T T" Never since! I was introduced to my wife-to-be at a T T evening *Conversazione* in 1896 A "conversazione"! What a dull entertainment by modern standards! But when young we got a lot of fun out of simple pleasures Modern youth is more sophisticated Now, though far from being a teetotaller, I can do without a drink if I have to

What temperamental, or maybe biochemical, characteristics go to form the drink or drug addict, Science has not yet discovered, nor how far the factors are hereditary For anyone possessing that kind of physiological make-up the Scottish Universities of my time were full of danger

There is a lot to be said in favour of regarding self-indulgence as a cardinal sin, and I wish my parentage had brought me more of a Calvinistic upbringing For discipline from without fortifies discipline from within in weaker vessels—hedonists like myself But if some of our fleshly appetites were indulged, in sexual affairs a sterner code existed Scottish boys were, and I think still are, more tied by taboos of sex than Southrons A gloomy punishment was held out for transgressors My heart quaked when I was told by some ghoul of the awful fate awaiting the lad who masturbates I saw the doors of the lunatic asylum gaping for me, but *why* was it a sin against the Holy Ghost? Unfortunately I had never then studied closely the habits of monkeys!

Girls! They always excited me, but never until I became a medical student did I connect my emotions towards them to any extent with the physical side of sex Had someone opened my eyes more clearly to the physiology and psychology of the emotions I should have been saved some experiences I could have done without One can't buy experience cheap if one has to learn from the start by the experimental method

But in student days love was sublime and romantic I began by being such a very good young man that during my first three years I wore a blue ribbon and taught in Sunday School—mostly children from the harbour quarter Their fathers caught fish and their children smelled of it

The Church of England, to which I belong, is an “outsider” in Presbyterian Scotland They call us “Scotch Episcopalians”

My career as a Sunday School teacher was brief, it ended in 1895 When I knew not the answer—and it was often—to the questions of my class, I made it up

“How tall was the Golden Calf?”

“Oh, about as high as the College Tower!”

“Then how long is a cubit?”

“Oh, about as long as your arm ”

An inspector, or senior teacher, may have overheard some of my wilder romances, for I have a hazy impression that I was not encouraged to continue teaching What I do remember is that I minded not at all, because a girl I was temporarily keen on—and I fancy her presence as a co-teacher was my original lure—had gone to live in Dundee She was older than I, as was not a girl who used to sit in front of me in church, into whose hair I used to insert chips I had cut from the pew—not the action of a good young man!

The year I came up to St Andrews was that which first saw the doors of the Scottish Universities thrown open to women, which incidentally was how I met Isabel (daughter of Dr John Cunningham of Campbeltown), who afterwards became my wife We were fellow-students, though she did not follow her three brothers—two of them already my friends—to the University till 1896

In the quadrangle of the United College I first met her as a girl in a red gown Thirty years later our daughter too wore it Eleven women came up in 1892, of whom six lived in a house named College Gate—embryo beginning of future residential halls for undergraduates What happened to these pioneers? The obituary of Annie Lloyd Evans filled half a column in the *Times* As head of Furzedown Training College for teachers she made her mark on the educational world Margaret Hannan Watson has only just retired from the headmistress-ship of one of the most successful girls’ schools in Glasgow Most went in for teaching, for it was then about the only career open to them, unless marriage—the scorn of



THE AUTHOR AND HIS WILL AS BEQUESTS AT ST ANDREWS
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feminists—be dubbed a career! And marry about half of them did, including the beauty of the bunch, who married a man in the I C S. Lovely red-haired Katie Chambers—I thought her the loveliest girl I had ever seen, and in this opinion was one with the majority. How tired she must have got with being serenaded—but it didn't turn her head!

The first University Hall of residence for women was started in 1896. My wife was one of its first inmates, my daughter a much later resident. Dame Louisa Innes Lumsden, Gilton pioneer, was the first Warden, a notable woman! She and her cousin of a next generation, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Trenchard, had much in common, including a deep voice. Both commanded loyalty, the former had my wife's, the latter mine.

Residential Halls for men, run on the lines of Oxford and Cambridge colleges, are an innovation, if happenings in the nineteen-twenties can be called innovations. In them, with the help of the Harkness money from America, the present Principal, Sir James Irvine, materialized his dreams in stone.

In my time those students who did not live in their own homes in the town, or travel daily from Dundee, lived in rooms—"digs" in England and Edinburgh, "bunks" then and now in St. Andrews. The lodgings would be shared by two or three. My first co-bunker, Alexander Leighton, is now a distinguished educationalist, an LL.D., and my colleague on the University Court.

Could the walls of those old "bunks" but speak! What could they not tell of youthful hopes and enthusiasms, of nights exhausted in talk—such nights as R. F. Murray remembered when he wrote

" Oh for the nights when we used to sit
By the firelight's glow and flicker,
With the lamps turned low and our pipes all lit,
And the air fast growing thicker "

My first pipe sent me all too quickly into fresher air. I marked but recently the spot in the Castle moat where I lay till the spasms of nausea were past. And our talk generally ended in fresh air. Forth we would sally—

" Out by the Cameron, in by the Grange,
And to bed as the moon descended "

Our bunks were not very grand. I dare say Council houses of to-day have better accommodation, especially in the way

of sanitation and baths. My bath for years was a "duck-pond" on the floor of a small bedroom. When my landlady's daughter called me in the morning she would pour a canful of cold water into the bath. Manfully I would step in, hating the icy feel of the wet sponge on the nape of my neck. I think I got a canful of hot water on Saturday nights!

In our living-rooms there were the usual Victorian furnishings of the pampas grass and aspidistra variety so dear to the hearts of landladies, and ghastly engravings—"Abraham sacrificing Isaac", and perhaps a portrait of Norman Macleod or some other famous minister of religion. And, of course, the mantelpiece was usually crowded with photographs in frames—mostly our own—and the landlady's small china ornaments. Always, I think, a horseshoe sofa! The man with whom I bunked for nearly all my time was a pianist, so in our bunk there was a lured piano, and what a row we used to make on it till all hours of night. I wonder our neighbours did not complain more, but then they too were mostly students!

Arts, Science, and Divinity were the three faculties then in St. Andrews, and the majority of students were reading for an M.A., with a view either to teaching or to going on to Divinity. For the ordinary M.A. the examiners had to be satisfied in seven subjects, of which one had to be Classical, Greek or Humanity (as the Scots term Latin), one Scientific, Mathematics or Natural Philosophy (as the Scots term Physics), and one Philosophical, either Logic and Metaphysics or Moral Philosophy. Other subjects were optional. For an Honours degree only five subjects were needed, but with honours in one of those three basic divisions. Personally I never even thought of honours. I was three years younger than the average Scottish boy coming to a University, and much worse grounded, except in Classics. It took me all my time to pass the Prelim, which is a far stiffer exam than the Oxford "Responsions" or the Cambridge "Little-go". I sat for and passed the M.A. and first B.Sc. in nine subjects, in the compulsory Latin, Mathematics, and Logic, and by option in Greek and English Literature, for my early tastes were classical and literary, and in Botany, Zoology, Chemistry, and Physics (coached by the girl who became my wife—she was a good mathematician). I took the last four subjects because passing them would give me my first M.B.

By the time I was sixteen years old I had realized that for me Science was going to be a major interest in life, and had

begun to dream of Medicine, though I had no hopes of my father being able to afford putting me through the course. Still, there was no harm in qualifying myself as far as I could, and in that I had foresight. I had spent five years at St Andrews and was nineteen years old before I had my M A and first M B on the B Sc standard, for if my hopes of Medicine failed I could take my second B Sc, and with an M A, B Sc trust to earning a living by teaching. Horrid thought!

Then two things happened. The first was the gift to St Andrews by the Marquess of Bute, Rector of the University, of money for the building of a school to teach what are called the pre-clinical medical subjects, Anatomy, Physiology, and Materia Medica.

Thus, by staying on another year at St Andrews, I could take my classes for the second M B. Could this be afforded? It was doubtful. Then the second stroke of luck happened. I obtained a scholarship of £50 for four years from the Skinners Company, of which I am now a Warden. Not only could I stay on, but it opened the way to my finishing the medical course. This could have been done at Dundee, where the Royal Infirmary had just opened its doors to teaching final medical subjects. I chose, however, the famous Medical School of Edinburgh rather than the new and unknown of Dundee.

Sometimes I wish I had stuck to the one and so much loved University for the whole of my medical education. But I am harking forward. How was it that I thought £50 a year almost munificent?

I do not think many people now alive realize how cheaply the Scottish student of my generation was able to live.

In all my years at St Andrews—1892 to 1898—I doubt if my landlady's bill for board and lodging much exceeded a pound a week. It was sometimes less. It is true she had only to provide midday dinner on Saturdays and Sundays. On other days we ate the "Common Dines" in the Students' Union—at a composite fee of £5 for the whole session. Twenty-five shillings a week covered my board and lodging when the University was in session—and holidays were long.

Tuition fees were three guineas for each class taken out, seldom for me more than three classes each academic year. Golf was free but for the cost of clubs and balls. One could buy a driver from Tom Morris, Forgan, or Auchterlonie for 3s 6d, and the best gutty ball—the "Silvertown", but I never rose to them—cost 1s. A fourpenny remade was more my

mark Subscriptions to Athletic clubs were a few shillings a year (5s to the University Golf Club), and most entertainments on a similar scale I thought 7s 6d an enormous price to pay for the Annual University Dance The T T Conversazione at which I met my wife for the first time (on November 27th, 1896) was one-and-sixpence-worth!

I can't remember what one paid for laundry, but it must have been very cheap Clothes cost me little I had two brothers whose cast-off suits came in most useful, but I remember once paying £2 for a new brown suit I wish I spent as little now on drink as I did then, and as for tobacco—I began to smoke about the age of seventeen—the best of the famous Edinburgh mixtures cost sixpence an ounce—my ration for a week—till I became a medical student Travelling home on holiday to the south of England was a big item in my father's budget for me, but I had generous brothers who often paid the fare Other travelling there was none, unless to Dundee occasionally, somewhere about a shilling's worth I except bicycling tours—I bought a bicycle in 1897 out of a small legacy left by a step-grandmother

I doubt if during the time I was at College I spent over £50 a year All of that did not come out of my father's pocket, for whilst at St Andrews I held a bursary of, I think, £15 a year But my father had to keep me in the long holidays I do remember that if I had as much as half a crown in my pocket all my student days I felt rich!

If we were underpaid, so to speak, we were not overworked—certainly not in the Arts classes I was to learn what work meant when I became a medical student, though even then a medical student's day was not stuffed so full as it is now—not by a half!

At St Andrews the Arts classes, each lasting an hour, were from 9 a.m. till 2 p.m. Those who aspired to Honours Mathematics had to attend the professor's house at eight in the morning They had a legitimate grievance, for at that hour of the Northern winter the cold dawn is still on its way That, as far as I remember—except for Botany in the summer—was the only eight o'clock class As most of us only took three classes, there were two intervals in the morning free One was supposed to read in the Library, or at any rate to do some work. I used to spend them in the Union, learning to play billiards! Misspent hours?

A day that might be any of my days starts by my rushing

from my bunk. The porridge and milk are swallowed—why can't the English cook porridge?—but as often as not the floury roll or “bap”, warm from the baker's, is left unbuttered, and the tea untasted. No time!

I am in North Street. My first glance is at the College Tower. Two minutes to nine, and my first class begins at nine! I tuck my notebooks under my arm, wrap my gown about me, and run. I am in time for roll-call. The class ends five minutes before the hour. We stand in the Quad and chatter, grouped on steps that lead to classrooms, then, as the bell rings, go to our next class or have an hour off.

At two, I am ready for “Common Dines”. We assemble in Hall at the Union. Latin graces are sung. Their composers would probably not have thought the fare worth chanting a grace for. Not that it was insufficient or uneatable, though I except the cutlets of shark (the beast was cast up dead on the West Sands) served once, but only once, as a second course.

There were three courses: rich and greasy soup, meat, nearly always overdone and often stewed to rags, with vegetables which generally included strong-tasting swedes. But the potatoes were good! It seems to me that only in Scotland and Ireland do cooks know how to boil a potato! Pudding—definitely heavy! As a meal it was penny-plain, but it suited our plain pockets, cost few pennies, and was our one substantial meal of the day. Sir Peter Redford Scott Lang, the Regius Professor of Mathematics, in starting “Common Dines” revived an ancient custom. It lives still. “Peter”, through no fault of his, failed to teach me Mathematics. I doubt whether in his forty-two years' tenure of the chair he ever had a worse student! But he was a friend to all of us, and not the least of our debts to him was our midday dinner!

The final grace sung, I rise, quite definitely sated, but itching for exercise. The winter afternoons are short. I rush to my bunk, throw off my gown, and seize my three clubs, a driver, iron, and a putter—no need for a bag to hold them—and hurry to the links. Perhaps I pick up a partner, maybe I play by myself. There is no time for a whole round! I'm improving—perhaps some day I'll be scratch! (The ambition was realized.)

Back to tea as the light fails.

Bread—I never liked the Scottish water loaf—butter and jam (how fond the Scots are of apple jelly!) We had nothing else to our tea.

Then to our books! Notes have to be conned, perhaps written up. An essay or a Greek prose to be written. Cocoa, bread and cheese at nine o'clock. Then back to work, or more likely out to visit another bunk, unless first visited. And then talk—or song!

Could I live on that diet now? No, it would be devastating. So would the Sunday midday dinner of the St Andrews landlady!

The entertainments of professors were in a different category. The luncheons, for instance, in the house of Mackintosh, Professor of Zoology. They were non-alcoholic, for he was a staunch teetotaler, but the table groaned. After lunch we would be led upstairs to his private museum. "That's a fine specimen, Mr. Munro", he would say, pointing to a bottle containing an echinoderm or what not. He was a celebrated zoologist of an older school—he himself was then old—that classified by form more than by function, an anatomist, in other words, more than a physiologist. His special study was marine zoology, and he started in 1884 a marine laboratory down by the little fishing harbour. The work he began goes on yet in the Gatty Marine Laboratory.

Our professors, seen in retrospect, were both awe-inspiring and remarkable, neutral-tinted personalities were rare. Or is it just that we were very young, and are the students of to-day as impressed by their professors as we were? I think not. The stage professor, with his eccentricities, his independence, and his Scottish speech, began to die out with the death of the nineteenth century. You can't tell some modern professors from stockbrokers!

Mackintosh—I have just mentioned him—was a figure. Next to the Invertebratae, he had two enthusiasms—Temperance and the Volunteers. I can see him now wearing the uniform of a Lieutenant in the Fifth Volunteer Artillery, standing stiff on parade, tall, straight as a poker—he always stood like that anyway—his long square-cut white beard flowing over his chest. He was apple-cheeked, blue-eyed, Scots-tongued, and, I think, a bachelor. I saw him in London some time about 1925, just before he died. He was then ninety-six, and unattended had come a night journey from Scotland. He was still erect.

Mackintosh was the kind of man one could not take a liberty with, yet he was liked and respected. I cannot remember that we had a nickname for him. Behind the backs of some pro-

fessors we were irreverent. We spoke of them familiarly by names such as "Sandy" and "Peter", especially if they had foibles we could mimic, and if we liked them. Some there were aloof like Mackintosh, or, like Professor Purdie, of so rare a character that familiarity seemed inappropriate.

Purdie was loved and revered. If anyone sits at the Throne of Grace, he does! Ex-cowboy become famous research chemist, he laid in me—or tried to lay—the foundations of scientific method. I wish I knew the details of his varied and adventurous life. I believe that as a delicate youth—suspected of tuberculous taint—he emigrated to the Argentine. Hence the cowboy stage, when he was said to have killed his man. But how from cowboy to professor? No one would put him down as a gun-man. He had the figure of a horseman, tall and lean, but the broad brow of the thinker, the slight stoop of the scholar, the careless dress of the scientist—brown tweeds, as I remember—and the gentle smile of the saint. Meeting me in the street the day after I had passed my degree examination in Chemistry, he shook his head sadly. "You know so little," he said, "it must have been my colleague let you through!" In all degree exams there were two examiners, internal and external. The internal was the professor. Purdie's colleague on that occasion was the well-known chemist Newth. He asked me the composition of ink, and I happened to know something about it. There's a lot of luck in exams!

A fine portrait of Purdie hangs in the Senatus Room at St Andrews. I sit opposite to it when I preside at a Court meeting.

"Sandy" Roberts held the Chair of Humanity. Eminent, but archaic, for he sat on the committee that produced the revised version of the Bible, he was one of the first Latinists of his day. He wore a venerable straggly beard, the kind that birds would fly to and might be left in peace to nest in. On his lecture-platform he shuffled to and fro in carpet slippers. He had a habit of mislaying his glasses, and a favourite gesture of wiping his nose on a forefinger swept upwards. When first I entered his class I was at a double disadvantage—the handicap of extreme youth and the fact that I had learned Latin with the English pronunciation. Worse, though a Scot, I spoke with an English tongue, and could not, and cannot, pronounce my "r"s—far less roll them—and Sandy spoke the Doric. The first time I stood up in his class I was asked to read and construe a passage from Virgil's "Aeneid". I read a couple of

hexameters, the last spondee, I remember, being the word "currunt", which I pronounced "cuwwunt" (I still know it means "they run") Sandy ceased to shuffle. He raised his hand, wiping his nose with it by the way. "Stop!" he cried. "Losh, man, whit an awfu' accent!" I collapsed.

Two elderly maiden relatives kept house for him in College Gate. A tea-party there was rather an ordeal.

It was in my first year that John Burnet, one of the best Classical scholars and teachers at the turn of the century, came from Oxford to the Chair of Greek—in succession to Lewis Campbell. Dark, almost saturnine, big-featured and portly, genial and suave in manner, one felt the mind behind the mask. Artist and dramatist at heart, he could "put across" to his class the tragedy in Sophocles, the fun in Aristophanes, the poetry in Pindar. His was the only Honours class I ever took. No one would ever have dared to "rag" in it. His habit of mind was keen and Attic, but his habit of body was lazy and indulgent of self—in this a hedonist like his favourite Hellenes.

Professor Meiklejohn called himself, I suppose, an educationist, for he held the Chair of Education. If only the meek can inherit the earth, his chances of inheritance were small! He was a fiery rebel, a stout-hearted Liberal who had once contested Dundee and would contest anything! I'll swear his blue eyes flashed when he beat the golf ball, and he beat it often each time he played. He was conspicuous in his weekly foursome—a short figure, grey side-whiskers almost to each shoulder, dressed in baggy trousers and a rough tweed coat cut high in the lapels. He compiled text-books, and his *Histories* and *Geographies* are still used in schools, published till recently by the firm in which he was a partner. It is said that his impish sense of humour caused him to make a misstatement in one of them—the invention of a non-existent island, or something of that kind—to see if it would be challenged, and that it never was! One year he began his opening lecture—looking over the top of his glasses—by remarking, "How many of you here have the misfortune to be born on the wrong side of the Tweed?"

Professor Ritchie succeeded the excitable Jones in the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics. A gentle philosopher and the kindest of men, he took the personal trouble to coach a childish and backward pupil—myself. His mild brown eyes would twinkle behind his glasses as he discoursed to me on Locke or Kant. This was at his own house before breakfast. I believe

him to be the first professor in St Andrews to introduce the Oxford habit of having his pupils to breakfast. Whatever he ate, it never did him much good! Even his beard seemed thin for want of nourishment, and in his bathing-suit he appeared no more than what the Scots would call a "ruckle of banes"—all the bony points sticking out. He didn't live long.

Stanley Butler taught us Natural Philosophy—*anglice* Physics—with lucidity. Bespectacled and neat-handed, he always brought off his class experiments—or nearly always! If by rare chance something went wrong he would exclaim "Demmit" in an irritated yet precise voice. In fact, we called him "Demmit", but not with cordial affection, for he was aloof, and spent a great deal of his time at the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. He came to his class one morning late, blood dripping from a hand. "I have—er—just been disproving", he remarked in his dry prim voice, "the statement that a dog's bark is worse than his bite".

Professor McCormick was one of the most inspiring of my teachers. If I know almost by heart some of the "purple passages" in English literature, it is due to having heard them read by that emotional and restless Irishman. That was a period—Swinburne, and yes! Yeats was writing—of lyrical expression. McCormick was appointed Chairman of the Carnegie Trust. His departure was a blow to the University—then. He has a worthy successor—now!

Pettigrew was Professor of Physiology, and held, I think, a Regius Chair, dating back to years before a Medical School was thought of. He was an old man. A philosopher, as every good biologist must be (my friend, the late John Haldane, was a shining example), he wrote a book, "Design in Nature", which I've never read. I am told it was in a sort of way rival to Darwin's "Origin of Species". His chief claim to fame is as a pioneer in aviation. From long study of the form and movements of sea-gulls, doubtless observed from his house on the "Scores" overlooking the sea, he designed a flying-machine. More, the old man had the courage to try it out from his garden on the edge of the cliff. He fell about a hundred feet, and was lucky only to break a thigh. Had the internal-combustion engine then been invented, I am told that his contraption would have flown—he might have preceded the Wrights and Blériot. Unfortunately, it didn't fly. If his designs and models exist, they ought to be in the Museum at the Imperial College of Science.

Alas! He refused to lecture in Physiology. This, for me, was a misfortune—though I expect his teaching would have been out of date!

Eventually the University Court sat up and began to take notice. They intimated to the professor that if he continued to do no teaching, a reduction in his salary would have to be made. Then Pettigrew sat up! Not that he wanted money—his wife had plenty—but he was not to be shorn of academic status! He collected a few senior boys from Clifton Bank Boys' School, and brought them to his house. Doubtless he talked physiology to them. The situation was summed up in *College Echoes*, the University Students' Magazine

" There once was a famous M.D.
Who had neither a class nor a fee
Said the wily old buffer, ' I think I must suffer
A little children to come unto me ' "

I do not know what the outcome was, or for how long Clifton Bank boys were to be seen scampering up Butt's Wynd!

Butt's Wynd is a footpath between the United College and the Students' Union. Walking from North Street to the Scores, a road which winds along the cliffs, Pettigrew's house was on the corner of Butt's Wynd, overlooking the sea. Many a time I have saluted the old man, of whom my chief remembrance is a shagginess of clothes, white beard and whiskers, when I met him in this lane.

Musgrove, who came from the extra-mural school in Edinburgh to teach Anatomy in St. Andrews, married Pettigrew's widow. Handsome Musgrove, and as charming as his looks! How simple he made his subject seem, for he was a born systematic teacher. I was one of the small band of five who were his first pupils. He was then a lecturer, or reader as it would now be called. Later the lectureship became a chair, and he got it.

Robertson taught Botany, and well he taught it. Tall and lithe, energetic and young, though his brown peaked beard made him look older, he was the most generous of men. My daughter, whom he taught thirty years later, has told me the same, and we were both sorry to hear of his death a few years ago.

The Lomonds! My memory goes back to the summer of 1894, to the class excursion, personally led, and personally fed, by Robertson himself. A wagonette was roomy enough to hold

the whole class, and he had chartered one. Leaving in the early morning, we drove to Falkland Road to climb the Big Lomond. I remember the steepness of the first ascent from the northern side. I remember the smell of thyme as we stood in a group round the lecturer whilst he demonstrated to us the *Drosera* something-or-other, or fly-trap plant, with a half-digested fly entangled in its leaves. It grew in profusion on that slope.

But chiefly I remember the sumptuous meal of ham and eggs he stood us— I was a growing boy!

From professors to their chief—Sir James Donaldson, Principal and Vice-Chancellor, but “Jeems” to all of us. For each he had a kindly smile. He never failed to stop me in the street if I were alone, to ask how I was getting on. During the course of a session he would manage to entertain practically every student to dinner in University House. He, his wife, and son were known as “He”, “She”, and “It”! “It” was quite elderly, his father “Jeems” was then an old man nearing his end, and was supposed—quite erroneously—to be more or less of a cipher. The Principal was a Classic, and before he was appointed academic head of the University, had spent most of his life as head of one of the bigger Scottish schools. He was a shrewd administrator and a fine writer—as I discovered recently when I came across his “Addresses to St. Andrews University”. I once saw him in sterner mood, when I was hauled before the Senatus for a breach of discipline, and nearly “rusticated”. I and some others had spread cayenne pepper on the desks of the Latin classroom on a day when the assistant, Mr. Craigie—now Sir William Craigie, professor of English in the University of Chicago—was to lecture. Not that we disliked Craigie, but we didn’t approve of the way his tie always rode over the top of his collar, an error in dress which was nicknamed the “Craigie tie”, and we were itching for a “rag”. As soon as he appeared, we beat the desks with our hands in continuous applause. With unexpectedly successful results! Clouds of pepper rose in the air, the whole class was overtaken by sneezing, and the lecturer so completely disabled that he had to retire. Alas! it gave him bronchitis or something, and such a serious view was taken of the misdemeanor that the conspirators had to own up. We got off with a severe reprimand.

From the academic to the titular heads

The Duke of Argyll was Chancellor of the University, a life appointment now held by Lord Baldwin. The Duke died in 1900, and was near the end of his term when I remember him, small but imperious, chin up, a figure of immense dignity, striding behind the Mace-bearers. The occasion was the installation in 1895 of the Marquess of Bute as Rector (for the second time). The Rector, elected by undergraduate vote, is the second head of the University and Chairman of the Court, the University's administrative body.

In the procession that day the Duke preceded the Marquess, who was monastically cowed, a tall bulky figure in heavy scarlet and purple robes (they derive from the Cardinal's robes of Laurence of Lindores—the first Rector in 1411—he who was Papal Legate to the kingdom of Scotland). I know the weight of those robes, for, though I took little note of them then, I have donned them officially since. They are too loose and too long for me, and I am tall as men go.

But the most famous men in my contemporary St Andrews were not members of the University. Andrew Lang was a celebrity! The Edinburgh Academy schoolboy, the "Bejant" at St Andrews University, and later the brilliant Balliol scholar, was irresistibly drawn back to his first Alma Mater.

"All these hath Oxford, all are dear, but dearer far the little town," he wrote with passion of St Andrews, its atmosphere, and its history. He had made his reputation as journalist, poet, critic, anthropologist, and historian. "Lyrics of Old France", translations (with Butler) of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey", "Magic and Religion", "The Mystery of Mary Stuart", "John Knox and the Reformation", and "The Blue Fairy Tale Book" are but a few examples of his versatile genius. About his "Letters of Literature"—and other literary essays—someone said of him that "he carried the humour and subacidity of discrimination which marked his criticism of fellow folk-lorists into the discussion of purely literary subjects." He had made St Andrews his home, in a house overlooking the links and the Bay, and was only forty-eight when I first set eyes on him. Youth is at sea in its judgment of age, and I thought him past mark of tooth! An old friend of mine once met a little girl in the street. It was the child's seventh birthday. My friend, who was about the same age then as I am now, stopped her. Said the child, "It's my birthday—I'm seven." Said Mrs. McFadyen, "It is my birthday too—I'm twenty-five." "*Only* twenty-five, and you look a *hundred*!"

But Andrew Lang was picturesque. Shoulders a little bent, grey head poking forward as his long legs carried him with loping stride along the street, even strangers would nudge one another. "That's Andrew Lang!" they would whisper.

I first met him through acting with his wife in performances staged by the University Amateur Dramatic Society. Later I dined more than once at his house.

In the Andrew Langs' house I heard for the first time brilliant after-dinner talk—of the light kind. I can remember none of it now, only being slightly shocked at hearing my host say in the presence of ladies, "Oh, wasn't he the boy with the big bottom who bowled?" Even in late Victorian times it was considered indelicate to mention the portion of anatomy on which one sits.

But allusions were not lost in *that* house. Not like a house where I dined recently! There were daffodils in a table-centre bowl. "They've come before the swallows dared," said I to my hostess. "Why?" said she.

Matheson Lang was a student with me, and a member of the St. Andrews Dramatic, and I once acted with him. Even in our student amateur theatrical days he was keen, but it is doubtful if he would then have been picked as a winner. Indeed, some years later, when he was doing his apprenticeship with Benson in Shakespeare, I met him in Edinburgh, and he told me that it was only his determination to succeed in the stage career he had marked out for himself since boyhood that kept him going through the hard work and drudgery of training.

I am not sure that Tom Morris, to the world in general, was not even a greater celebrity than Andrew Lang. Assuming the difference between professional and amateur, he was to golf what W. G. Grace was to cricket—its "Grand Old Man."

Shrewd, keen brown eyes looked from a brown wrinkled face—beneath it a snow-white beard, thick and trimmed. I never saw him without a rough round tweed cap on his head. Shortish, but strongly made, his clothes hung a little on a figure gnarled and slightly bent with age. He was a subject of the "kingdom of Fife" from somewhere down the coast, Elie or Anstruther way, and having started life as assistant to Finlayson, the club-maker and professional, became himself the most famous of club-makers and professional golfers. I believe he had something to do with improving the make of the gutty ball. He had outlived rising stars, and Time had softened for

him the death of his son. "Young Tom" had bid fair to out-shine all rivals, saving perhaps Hugh Kirkcaldy. Both these lives had been cut short by the hand of Tubercle, then a far more dread disease than it is now. Hugh's brother "Andra" escaped its clutches and survived to a ripe—his appearance, too, was ripe—old age. Few professional golfers had more individuality than Andrew Kirkcaldy. In St Andrews many of his caustic comments are still remembered.

"Old Tom" used to spend a large part of his day wandering about the links, communing with the ghosts of the past maybe, but I think he regarded himself as official caretaker. He had the eye of a lynx for golfers who neglected to replace divots, as for those who drove from off the tee with an iron club—a criminal offence, except, of course, at the short holes. My wife-to-be, with whom I used regularly to play on a Saturday morning in mixed sixsomes (Saturday was always a whole holiday in the University), was an offender. It was many years before she learned to use a wooden club. If Tom Morris was looking on, she used to borrow a driver and make pretence to use it.

"Yon's an awfu' curious wye ye have o' haudin' your hands", he remarked to her once after watching her play off the tee. Actually she had anticipated by many years the modern locked grip!

My only exchange of words with old Tom was more acrimonious. From a good drive over the corner of the Station yard my ball struck him. It was his fault—he had no business to be lurking under the wall out of sight of the tee. But he was very angry.

He it was who, when the question of Sunday golf was mooted—I cannot think who can have dared such sacrilege—brushed it aside with "The links need a Sabbath rest, if the gowfers dinna."

Lieutenant Freddy Tait, of the Black Watch, so soon to lose his life on the veldt, was one of the best-known figures on the links in my day. There has probably never since been a finer amateur golfer, not even excepting Bobby Jones. Freddy was our idol. Boys are imitative. I used to go out behind him in the endeavour to copy his swing. I never got it, but to this day, when off my drive, I bring up a mental image of Freddy. Sometimes it is effective! He was reputed to have driven a gutty ball over 300 yards—wind and a frosty ground favouring—a fact proved impossible according to the laws of dynamics.

by his own father, the Professor of Natural Philosophy (Physics) in the University of Edinburgh

The portrait of Freddy that hangs in the Royal and Ancient Club hardly does him justice, though at least he is holding a cleek. He was great with his cleek (a forgotten weapon now), and before he was killed in the South African War is said to have written home that he could have played cleek shots all the way from Cape Town to Ladysmith

Students saw little of public personages. I never set eyes on Queen Victoria, or Mr Gladstone, who was our family's political hero. I often saw Asquith when he was member for East Fife, and retain a memory of him standing on the last green, surrounded by his children. "Margot" was dancing a "pas seul", bareheaded, to the music of a barrel organ playing beside Tom Morris's shop. If Tom had seen her he would have turned her off!

But we were too interested in our own "ploys" to care much about great personages or happenings in the outer world. Thinking, as one must come to think sooner or later, of the "vanished lightness" of youth, I cannot remember that we were ever dull (I am still seldom bored), not even on Sundays.

The Scottish Sabbath has a name for dreariness. There is certainly little cheer in the sound of kirk bells. John Knox saw to that, and to there being a full measure of kirk. Between church-goings the men-folk used to take a sedate stroll wearing their Sunday suits, which at their best are sober, at their worst funereal. Light literature was provided by *Life and Work*, a pink-covered magazine issued by some Scottish Missionary Guild.

Long rambles in the country were the next thing to being sinful, but they were our saving on Sundays. If we went out by the West Sands or the East Cliffs we'd come back with our trouser-ends sandy, if we went inland by burnside and wood we'd be muddled. We'd be ready for tea, and, sinful or no, would read something more exciting than Sunday books.

For our week-day recreation (apart from our "bunk" sociabilities) we had games and sports, Clubs and Societies with their various activities, walks, bicycle rides, dances (much looked forward to), and the Volunteers. I ate a lot of fresh air in St Andrews, and have since got most of my fun in life out of sports and games. At games I count myself lucky to be neither a rabbit nor a tiger, neither a duffer nor a star. How

can the rabbits, poor things, be expected to keep their interest up when they know they will never be any good? I except those golfers who begin late in life—nothing seems to deter them

Golfers, and in fact I think all games players, are of three kinds. I refer only to their skill, not to their temperament or intelligence, which also play a great part in success in games as in any other occupation. A chick breaks its shell. A grain of corn happens to be the first thing to meet its eye! Instinctively it makes a peck—and never misses! So the born Henry Cotton—the finest kind of golfer, who swings in the right way without ever having to think about it.

Then there is the boy who easily acquires a style of his own, and the habits, once acquired, become subconscious. He may go off his game, but he should never have to think about what he is doing. I am in that second class.

Lastly there is the man who has to be taught, and, if late in life, often laboriously. His swing is never pushed back into the subconscious. If he goes off his game—and it takes little to put him off it—he has to think of about half a hundred movements that he may be doing wrong. And goes home to tell his wife that his lunch upset him—or to kick the cat!

Rabbits may often be discouraged, but tigers are apt to meet the fate that lurks for experts, and to find their lives obsessed by clubs, bats, and balls. It is all very well at school, though even there proficiency at games can be too highly prized. It is wise to remember that the soul of man is seen naked in a bunker, where even the best of us may cease to be human! I have no complaint. The cricket scores I made are forgotten, but not how the shadows lengthened as the light mellowed towards close of play, nor the click of ball on bat that grows sharper in the evening air.

I can remember the thrill of getting the High Hole at Eden in two against a gale of wind, but not whether I beat my opponent in the match. A scar on my chin reminds me of the afternoon when I brought off a lovely tackle on the wing three-quarter of the Panmure Fifteen at the cost of his boot in my face. "Threes" were "halves" then, and "halves" "quarters", with no differentiation into "scrum" and "fly".

Golf, cricket, tennis, football, hockey, and polo—I have played them all with zest, though naturally not all at St. Andrews, where I was in the University teams for rugby—as full-back in a very bad year—tennis, and golf. Shorts and

a jersey for rugger, flannels and a racquet for tennis. Simple equipment, but I wonder how I afforded a twelve-and-sixpenny racquet! We played golf in our ordinary clothes—no nonsense about plus-fours and golf shoes and leather jackets. The fares for out-matches were a consideration. I couldn't always go. We played the other three Scottish Universities—Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow—but I think the matches were played on the respective home courses in alternate years. Perth and Montrose were other teams we played. I remember beating my man on the North Inch (or was it South Inch?) at Perth, but have no recollection of a return match.

For five shillings I became a life-member of the University Golf Club. The annual subscription was half a crown! The Club gave a dance (two bob sub, I think), but so did most of the Clubs and Societies. Not the Debating Society, where I made my first speech! On what topic, I wonder? My only other Society was the Dramatic, which ran a very popular dance.

With the exception of golf, the games were covered by a subscription to the Athletic Union—also only a few shillings, for we had nothing then in the way of pavilions, and just one rough playing-field. Now the University playing-fields compare with any.

My cricket wholly, and tennis mostly, was reserved for the long summer holidays in the English south, but when summer sessions started in St Andrews, tennis came in. The first University grass courts—lovely turf—were actually in the grounds of the United College, within sight of the Quad. The first summer session was in 1894. I attended it to take out the class of Botany, and, with the exception of the two years 1896 and 1897, came up every year till 1898, when I left. The summer session was short, from the third week in April till the end of June. In the first summers there was no organized tennis, in 1894 I joined some public courts at Kilrymont. When I came up again in 1898 a 'Varsity team was in existence—or was 1898 the first year of it? Anyway I got into it—into the men's six easily, but not so easily into the mixed team—yes, we had a mixed team! The choice of the first two couples was obvious—and of the third girl, but not of her partner. In the end, four had to play off for it. The final was between Principal Sir James Irvine, then research student and assistant in Professor Purdie's chemistry laboratory, and myself. I won it. I often see both the Principal and my partner of those

bygone days—no longer a girl. My wife and she have been friends these forty-five years.

An out-match in Cupar remains in memory. She and I put up a Homeric fight. In the gathering dusk we lost the decisive set 16—18.

In that month Clifton Bank held their school sports, and very generously put up a prize for a quarter-mile race open to students. I won a pair of hair-brushes (2nd prize) in the indifferent time of 56 seconds.

Though not exactly a game, the "Battery" provided plenty of physical exercise—more controlled than the "gym", which I used to frequent on wet afternoons, to box and play about on bars. I was never able to do a proper "pull up" on the horizontal bar, or a "long-arm balance" on the parallel bars, but I was rather dashing on the trapeze.

The "Battery" was the University contingent of the Fife Volunteer Artillery, a precursor of the O.T.C. The written exam I passed would, I am sure, give me Certificate "A" to-day. It would be described, I imagine, before the days of "medium" units, as "heavy" Garrison Artillery. Our practice guns were old sixty-four pounders, muzzle-loaders mounted on concrete platforms on the edge of the cliffs near the Castle and overlooking the harbour. We used to pile our shells behind the guns against the wall that surrounds the ancient Cathedral of St. Andrews, now mostly a picturesque ruin. The wall was—and is—high, but the tower of St. Regulus rises high above it, landmark for many miles around.

There were four guns, only two of them safe to fire, but we only fired them once a year. This was on Inspection Day, when, after the parade and march-past, we fired common shell (filled with sand) at a floating target some thousand yards away in the Bay. I very seldom saw it hit, but I got a badge of proficiency as a gun-layer. Those old guns used to be laid with hand-spikes, loaded by a ramrod, and fired by someone—Number Four of a crew of seven—pulling a lanyard from six paces. The lanyard was attached to a long pin which fitted into a hole in the breech, and pulling it made a spark—how, I wonder!

The University contingent used to go every year to practise and fire on the ranges with Regular and other Volunteer units in camp at Buddon, by Carnoustie. I went one year—in 1895. We slept eight in a bell-tent, and I found out what it means to be a "dog's body", do sentry and orderly duty, and fetch

the meals! Our team won no prizes that year. I may have been partly to blame. On one occasion, as Number Six, whilst carrying a shell in my arms, I tripped on the edge of the gun platform. The shell fell on its nose! The rest of the crew broke into a profuse perspiration and turned pale—quite unnecessarily, as the fuse-pin was still in the percussion cap. But there was an awful story of a Gunner who had once taken out the pin before bringing up the shell—then dropped the shell. He went sky-high, and half the crew were casualties.

My clumsiness brought a bad mark, anyway! So I was never promoted—never even became a Bombardier. As a Gunner I enlisted at the age of sixteen—I think our Sergeant-Major added a year or two—and a Gunner I remained.

Our Sergeant-Major Brockie! A first-rate ex-Regular! He got a commission in the last war—at no young age—and I heard that he retired and died as a Major. Our officers were keen, as keen on the Battery as on their professional chairs, but I fancy Captain “Peter” Scott Lang and Lieutenant Mackintosh would have been lost on parade without the Sergeant-Major. Brockie taught us boxing (those who like myself liked it), drilled us like a Guardsman, and was our sole musketry instructor, for, though artillerymen, we had to learn company drill, and to fire with small arms on the range. The range was on the sand-dunes bordering the links and the sea. Our weapon was the old Snider carbine—I believe it was a smooth-bore. It took a large cartridge with a heavy lead bullet—and it kicked! At the price of a bruised shoulder, I became a marksman—longest range 500 yards!—after a series of gusty Saturday mornings lying on my belly in the sand-hills, with the peewits crying above me.

After Inspection Day came “Battery Sunday”—the Sunday following, in fact. We were paraded in the Quad, and marched into the College Chapel, “Peter” and Mackintosh with their swords at the “carry.” I wish I had my uniform now, blue with red piping, with a tight-to-the-neck silver-buttoned tunic, and a red stripe down the trousers. A policeman’s shape and colour of helmet had a silvered knob on top and a linked chain chin-strap. A white leather belt with frog for the side-arm—the Snider bayonet was a hefty weapon. How we pipeclayed those belts for inspection! What a chest I threw in my uniform, and how full-out I sang “Onward, Christian soldiers” and “God Save the Queen”, hoping, but

unavailingly, that I would catch *her* eye in the congregation Alas! we had no band

If I count my public service from the year I enlisted in the Volunteers, I have now forty-six years' service, most of it in the Fighting Forces War—how different then to now—touched us even then The Tirah campaign, close forerunner to the Boer War, had just finished in 1898 There comes back to me a performance of the "Mikado" in the Volunteer Hall by a touring D'Oyly Carte company Captain Maury Meiklejohn of the Gordon Highlanders, son of our professor, walked in We all knew about him Had he not led in the charge that won the heights of Dargai when Piper Findlater, both legs shot from under him, still skirled the "Cock o' the North" to play them on! We turned our heads as the hero entered, and worshipped from afar Some two years later, at Elandslaagte, he was to lose an arm and win the V C In the manner of his death he deserved a bar to it This was shortly before the last war, at a parade in Hyde Park His horse took fright and bolted One-armed, he could not hold it A nurse-maid with a child in a pram stood in his path To avoid knocking them over, he tried to jump the Park railings near Knightsbridge Barracks A tablet to his memory marks the spot

I cannot say that we students had many opportunities for sport Fishing, yes! but shooting, no! It was beyond our means I had done a little rough rabbit-shooting with farmers, but never really used a shot-gun till I got to India Yet the first attempt I ever made to shoot duck was in St Andrews

H P Ponsonby—is he alive or dead, I wonder?—was one of the few Englishmen studying at St Andrews with me, not that he studied much Owing to my early upbringing I had more in common with an Englishman than with a Scot He was an Army type—son of a retired Colonel We were great friends, he the more daring In September 1896 we had both come up a week or two before the session began, in order to cram for exams in which we had failed in March (one got a second chance in September) Said he to me one day, "Let's hire bicycles, ride all night, and climb Ben Lomond in time to see the sunrise!"

To me this sounded a grand idea The distance from St Andrews to the Trossachs is about ninety miles, but what is that to youth in search of adventure! How we were to get

from the Trossachs to Ben Lomond we hardly considered Bicycle to the foot of Ben Lomond and walk, I suppose!

We hired our bicycles, and started in the dark at about six o'clock on a clammy evening. Cupar was reached according to plan. Perth was our next objective. But we had neglected to reckon with the hills, the roads—no tarmac in those days—and we hadn't thought about food, also, we lost our way. The twenty-odd miles from Cupar to Perth took us some three hours. Ten o'clock, we were behind schedule, and we were hungry! We raided the railway refreshment room, and set forth again fortified. We were aiming at Callander. Oh! that long, long hill out of Perth—all roads from Perth climb! We lost our way on the moors, but we pedalled doggedly. I began to tire. The first sign was that I began to see double. My eyes are not quite equally balanced, and the strain of converging them continually on the patch of light thrown on the road by a feeble oil-lamp proved too much. One's weakest muscles go first when one is tired.

In the end I ran into a hedge and fell off. We had to take a rest. A grey dawn broke. We were far from Callander, and suddenly discovered that we were ravenous. That is the only occasion on which I have eaten raw turnips with relish. We struggled on. It began to rain, and it rained incessantly. We reached Callander, we reached the Trossachs, but not till the afternoon, and we were spent.

Where could we find lodging? The Trossachs Hotel, like many Highland hotels, is a luxury house, but there was nowhere else to go. We were disreputable objects, soaked to the skin. I remember that I wore a greenish Norfolk jacket, that my sodden linen collar was dyed to the same colour, and that we had no change of clothes. I should never have had the nerve to go there, but Ponsonby said, "Come on." They took us in. Luckily he had enough money. We ate in our bedroom, and slept like logs. Next day we had a look at Loch Katrine, and then decided to turn back. We had tried to achieve the impossible!

Auchterarder and Stirling, we decided, should be our return route. It turned cold, a biting wind swept over the north side of the Ochils—and then our sorely tried bicycles jibbed. The chain of mine broke. Shivering, we spent hours in a blacksmith's shop at Auchterarder, but the repair was beyond him. We had enough money to take the train, but not enough money, till our next remittance came, to pay the extra charges de-

manded by the man from whom we hired our bicycles. Recently I passed that shop near the West Port in St Andrews. The present proprietor sells cakes—more perishable!

Shooting duck was another half-baked idea mooted by Ponsonby, a few days before our cycling attempt. Although we did not possess sporting guns, he could refill, he said, "Battery" Snider cartridges with powder and buck-shot. Whether he would have succeeded or not in the end I do not know, only that he found it too difficult, and we sallied forth on a duck-shoot armed with carbines and the regulation ammunition—and I wonder how he got that!

It had been a lovely day, of the kind that dying summer sometimes throws into the lap of autumn. The haze of late afternoon had deepened into dusk on the sweep of the sands at Eden's mouth. There we expected to find the duck fighting. We trudged three miles across the links and country to crouch on the edge of the flats. On no account, Ponsonby said, must we move. In the silence the sound of the surf in the Bay came to me like the inarticulate murmur of far-away voices. My position began to cramp, and it was rapidly becoming too dark to see more than a few hundred yards around. If there were any duck, they were not fighting. There was a "Hst!" from Ponsonby. He pointed to some dark objects bobbing on the water, and I am ashamed to confess that the first shot I ever fired at a bird was at a sitting duck, with enormous odds, however, against my hitting the target, for we weren't on a rifle-range. The duck were reasonably safe, but we scared them.

I got some partridge-shooting whilst I was still a student, then in Edinburgh. But the first duck I ever brought down was in India. I can hear now the "plop" he made as he fell. He was a lovely mallard, and I felt sorry.

Close to St Andrews, across the mouth of Eden, lies Tentsmuir, a flat stretch of moor and pine, of reeds and shallow pools, not only a haunt of the duck, but a nesting-ground for many species of other birds. The keen ornithologists—it has astonished me to find so many modern boys and girls interested and eager in the study of bird life and habits—used to roam Tentsmuir in the spring on bird'-nesting expeditions. For a time, I believe, that stretch of land was ear-marked for a bird sanctuary. But mechanical birds arrived! Louder than ever before in its history, Tentsmuir hears the rush of mighty wings as the aircraft sweep over it. If enemy aircraft arrive, I

hope that A A guns will be more successful in hitting them than Ponsonby and I were with the living birds of a generation gone

To me the name Tentsmuir will ever recall stretches of frozen mere, the ring of skates, and the look of a wintry sky brooding on silver-frosted tufts of grass

Forty-three years ago I lost a chip of bone from my hip—the scar is there yet—when I fell upon the ice, tripped up by my wife's hockey stick¹

Though shooting was a sport beyond our means or opportunities, fishing was easy. One did not have to pay through the nose for half a mile of water¹

A rod on the Spey for the best of the salmon season could not be wielded for nothing, even in those days, but the burns and the small rivers of Scotland were free to all. A trout-rod, a line, a cast, and some flies—or even the humble worm—were all that was needed. Personally, I fished so seldom that when I did I borrowed a rod, and as for a creel, I never needed one, for I never caught enough fish. In fact, I never caught but the one trout in my life, though not for want of trying¹

The undulating hills which taper to the coast south of St Andrews are low, and there is little to break their line. Except for patches of wood, the country stands bleak and bare. The burns run to the sea in little hidden glens, wooded, flowered, and lovely.

I know one stretch of the Kenly burn well, though I have not seen it for over forty years.

Arnold Meiklejohn and I used to take train to Stravithie, walk till we struck the glen about a mile away, and fish the water down to Boarhills. I don't think it can have been a very good water, for even "Tickle", who was a fisherman, rarely landed a trout.

For me, I wandered along the bank, lulled into day-dreams by the voices of the stream, with my attention less on the ripple or pool I was supposed to be fishing than on the veiled green of budding trees, patches of pale primroses, splashes of yellow from enamelled celandines. "Now burgeons all the mazy quick and thick by ashen roots the violets blow"

There was nothing wrong with the flies on my cast, a March Brown, a Greenwell Glory, a Woodcock and Hair Lug, but everything wrong, I suspect, with the way I cast them. I used my rod like a flail, and stood too near the bank.

But I did once land a trout from the Ardle. In my last April at St. Andrews, a party of three went a-fishing to Kirkmichael, and there I caught the only trout that ever blundered into my bait. I sent it to *her*, packed in moss. I was so excited when I hooked him that I struck lustily, whipping him out of the water into the branches of an overhanging tree. I had to climb the tree and creep along a bough in order to disentangle my line, but I was determined to retrieve my catch. The branch held, and I got my prize without falling in.

My waders were full of water when I got back to our inn. The senior of our party suggested that the best way to empty water out of waders was to lie down and raise the legs above the head. Without thinking, I was fool enough to try. How they laughed as I spluttered!

But I had the laugh of them later. Being our last evening, we celebrated. I was the most abstemious, and after the other two had gone, rather unsteadily, to bed, received the undivided attention of a most attractive damsel, the maid-of-all-work at the inn, who, after serving supper, had joined our company—not, I fancy, uninvited! There was no more to it than a knee used as a seat, some kisses exchanged! But there might have been—she was of an on-coming disposition!

A sorry trio started next morning, in a fine rain, to bicycle over forty miles to St. Andrews, via Blairgowrie and the Newport ferry across the Tay. The roads were none too good either (no motor-cars had come to demand a tarmacked surface, though I saw my first car in that very year 1898, an open bus plying between Waverley and Haymarket Stations in Edinburgh, a penny for the run). One of us, who had been unable to face breakfast, was also unable to face his bicycle. He was pushed into a dilapidated sort of four-wheeler calling itself the Blairgowrie Coach, along with his bicycle. The floor was covered with musty straw. The last we saw of him he was being sick out of the window. I never knew how he got on from Blairgowrie—by train, maybe!

Golf and football are games, shooting and fishing are sports. Is dancing a sport? Or is it only, to quote my friend the physiologist Martin Flack—"physical exercise under pleasant conditions"?

To us a dance was something much more than that. It was a thrilling event looked forward to for weeks. *The University Dance*, the *Dramatic Society Dance*, the *Golf Club's Dance*, the *women's University Hall Dance*, and—some of the most

delightful of all, because unexpected—a few private dances in the houses of the professors. These made up our list, a short one, I suppose, by modern standards.

There were no impromptu dances. I certainly never became blasé, as, it seems, do many youths of to-day. Could one manage to get hold of an advance programme—and one sometimes could—then one would stop *her* in the Quad and book as many as one dared to ask for, or she would give. Does anybody keep old dance programmes now, I wonder, as sentimental relics?

Quadrilles and Lancers have vanished from ballrooms. We loved the Lancers. The “Mikado” and the “Geisha” were great favourites. We used to make up our own particular sets, and romp like lambs in spring, only more noisily! Eightsome and foursome reels in proper Scottish fashion, polkas and pas-de-ques, and the latest innovation, “The Washington Post”—we enjoyed them all, but Queen of them all was the waltz. My 1898 dance programmes are lost or were destroyed long ago. I would be willing to bet that two-thirds of the dances were waltzes. Waltzes that live yet—the “Blue Danube”, and all the others of Johann Strauss, the Eton Boating Song, “Myosotis”, “Estudiantina”, “Nights of Gladness”—I could reel out a string of names.

We waltzed them too—none of your two-step business. The evening ended with a “Galop”—nearly always “John Peel” with the horns tooting. We danced it faster and faster till our breath was spent and the men’s starched collars were limp.

Holidays! For me they were mostly a contrast, North *v* South! On my arrival home for the long holiday after my first session in St Andrews had ended, I felt that I had come back to a different country with softer air, and softer scenery. The English speech seemed strange.

Yet there was my father’s school, most of the boys the same as six months previously. Only myself had grown older, though my family did not seem seriously to notice this. My father still practised mashie shots. I was given a small top bedroom as a study, and used to work of a morning at a holiday task—turning Pope’s “Eclogues” into Latin verse, but more often gazing at the sea, or sitting on the beach with Lulu and Maudie, that summer’s girls.

But there was room in the long hot days for bathing, cricket, and tennis, time in the warm evenings for sitting on the beach—not unaccompanied by girl—amongst the crowd that

listened to the "nigger minstrels", or later "Pierrots" (followed by "Open-Air Theatre", now "Butlin's"—ghastly!)

The Pierrots had a pitch in a little grassy hollow on Little-hampton common within a hundred yards of the sea

Village cricket matches! Lunch in a marquee! Lamb, mint sauce, pickles, and cold gooseberry pie, in quantities to sate a boyish appetite! But if one was in the middle of an innings when the lunch-bell rang, however important one felt sitting down in one's pads, one didn't survive many balls after lunch

Coming home with the team, our carpet bags packed in a wagonette! Driving off in the dusk along the dusty roads—

" While now we sang old songs that pealed
From knoll to knoll, where, couched at ease,
The white kine glimmered, and the tics
Laid their dark arms about the field "

Moonlight following twilight! I remember the horses blowing as they breasted a hill, and looking backward, how white the chalky Sussex lane gleamed winding behind us in the moonlight—how mysterious and still in the valley the softly shadowed woods and hedges breathing scents of May Romantic now, and how contrasted to me then, were those times when, books and lessons left behind in the North, I spent my summers in the South

One fine summer I played in over forty cricket matches and in three tennis tournaments. My partner and I got into the finals of the mixed doubles at Bognor Tennis Tournament that year. Somewhere in a box there lies a silver-plated egg-boiler, my share of the loot. It used to sit on my breakfast table in India

We lost the final to Miss Stawell-Brown and E. R. Allen. The Allens, once first-class, were past their heyday then, and suspected of having taken to pot-hunting at second-rate tournaments. They were fat and short-tempered, and it was rather fun to hear them cursing one another. They were identical twins. At the Chichester Tournament I was drawn against E. R. in the handicap singles—he owing me 30 and giving 15. Spotting him, as I thought, standing by the refreshment tent "Are you E. R. Allen?" I asked politely. "No", he replied shortly, "I'm C. G."

I walked round the tent, and at the back of it met an Allen "E. R. Allen?" I queried

"I've just told you", he replied, this time very shortly, "I'm C G Look here! My brother's initials are E R, and he parts his hair on the right—*R* for *right*, see! And he wears a brown leather watch-guard, mine's black!"

I wandered off Presently I saw an Allen again I approached cautiously He had a cap on his head, so I could not see on which side his hair was parted I looked at his blazer pocket Which of them wore a brown watch-guard? I couldn't remember "Are you?" I began, then fled In the afternoon I played—and lost—my match with E R, though I took the first set whilst C G was watching He jeered at his brother "Fancy being beaten by *that*!" Their manners were definitely bad

Those hot days by the sea! It may be true that bathing puts the eye out, but a swim is worth a blob! I contrast those days with winter evenings by the Northern sea and cosy teas by lamplight, with talk of the match that ended on the last green, the decisive football try or hockey goal Tired were our limbs or bruised our bodies in the easy-chairs That was good, but the most ecstatic moments of that kind I have ever known were to come when I was elderly—after a good day's hunting, six hours in the saddle, followed by a hot bath and a whisky-and-soda

My holidays were not all in the South, for one thing, I could not afford it

I spent more than one semi-holiday in Scotland, half a holiday and half work, when I came up from England a month or more early in order to read for impending exams The first, in 1893, before my second session, was in a farmhouse at Cameron Bridge near Leven in Fife I studied Blackie's "Elementary Dynamics" lying in a hayloft, and read Shakespeare avidly with my back against a wheat-stook I played cricket with the village boys, and solitary golf on Leven and Lundin Links—a good course yet! I went picnics with the daughters of the house, to gather blaeberreries on the Lomonds On one of these outings I was unable to help discovering that Annie wore flannel drawers, which I thought common! Another of the social habits of the farm defeated me—I was never able to eat mince collops and potatoes skilfully with a two-pronged fork, and I simply could not bring myself to convey the mixture to my mouth on a knife! I made myself very unpopular—and deservedly so—by buying a revolver, for which I think I paid 7s 6d, and some cartridges and going

about trying to shoot cats. Boys are cruel. Here am I now with a weakness for animals, but it had not developed at the age of fifteen.

I spent one summer holiday—1894—with an uncle in Dollar. There was a deep pool in the River Devon (one of the best trout streams in Scotland, but I was no fisherman), below the Vicar's Bridge. I used to stand on the parapet to screw my courage to the dive. It was a high dive, though no higher than from the top platform in a swimming-bath, and nothing like the dive from the Step Rock at St. Andrews into the Witches' Pool. Has diving been responsible, I often wonder, for a deaf ear, due to Menière's Disease, from which I suffer now?

My father was born in Dollar, educated at the well-known school there, Dollar Academy, and afterwards at Edinburgh University. He was destined for a Free Kirk pulpit, but revolted. With a knapsack on his back he left Edinburgh and foot-slogged the road to London. It is said that Scotland's chief export to England is Scotsmen! My father was a great "hiker." As a student he had trudged the Low Countries, and almost to the end of his life was a fast and tireless walker. As a small boy I used to have to trot in order to keep up with him. He would take me for long walks over the Sussex Downs—walks that tired my little legs, for he used to keep up the pace to the end of the day. On his first pilgrimage South in search of work he had walked from Edinburgh as far as Totteridge in Herts. The time was summer, and he was thirsty. He saw a pub, at the door of which stood a bench in the shade of a big tree—an invitation to rest and drink which he could not refuse. He removed his knapsack, sat down to stretch his legs, and ordered beer. On the opposite side of the road was a notice. Having finished his beer, he strolled across to look. "Usher wanted" was what he read. Here was his chance—he went in. This is the story I always heard, but not from his own lips, of how he became a schoolmaster. He married the youngest daughter of the head-master—my mother.

In his later years he made sentimental journeys to revisit the scenes of his boyhood. A favourite stance of his in Dollar was on the bridge that spans the burn. There he would meditate as he listened to the ripple of the water, his face turned upstream towards the hills. Or he would sit on a flat-topped boulder in mid-stream, and there I have sat with him. One had to jump from stepping-stone to stepping-stone to reach it. I loved that! The boulder is still there. Like the hills from

which it came, it is of the order of things that are not "Gone with the Wind"

From that seat I, too, have looked up into the hills—southward at Castle Campbell frowning above me in the mountain cleft Known in history as Castle Gloom—for it is ever in shadow—this half-ruin stands at a point where its two encircling streams, "Sorrow" and "Care", join to foam in sheer waterfalls through a wooded glen, to issue as the Dollar Burn Or I have looked westward at sunset along the steep escarpment of the Ochils There is more grandeur in those hills than in mightier mountains They rise so abruptly from Devon valley—their hill-foots in their shadow—and make man seem so small

On visiting Innsbruck some years ago, I was strongly reminded of Dollar The mountains seemed in the same mysterious way to lean over the town In the great square—then named the Dollfussplatz—everything seemed hushed People were taking their evening stroll, but from where I sat at my café table their footsteps sounded muffled, their voices murmurous and far away The cheerful babble of the River Inn was hushed As the dusk deepened, the mountains towered gigantic I had the queerest feeling that Innsbruck had come to a standstill, waiting for something to happen Something did happen—Hitler!

The best of my Scottish holidays was spent in Campbeltown, on the invitation of the fellow-student who was to become my brother-in-law I remember the first time when, after a terrible tossing on the way down from Gourock via the Kyles of Bute, the Cock of Arran, and Kilbrannan Sound, the old steamer *Kinloch* passed the sentinel island of Davaar, rounded Trench Point, and passed into the calm water of Campbeltown Loch There at the head of the loch came into view the roofs and steeples of the little grey town nestling among its low green hills, and on the port bow the rugged heathery mass of Ben Gullion (I cannot spell the mountain's name in the Gaelic way) I have seen this view often, but generally out of the tail of an eye fixed on the pier for the first sign of greeting!

That was a golfing holiday—and few better links than Machrihanish to enjoy it on, or in a lovelier setting I mind—as they say in Scotland—on a bright September day once standing on the first tee waiting my turn to drive At my feet the dew lay thick on the grass The sea was calm and blue, a misty "blue fringed with white" where, as I looked north-

wards, the breakers met the sands of Machrihanish Bay Under the rays of a morning sun, the sweeping curve of yellow beach shone against its background of links, a medley of sand-dunes covered with green grey bent Beyond in the hills there gleamed a glory of purple heather, flashes of yellow gorse I could see the ancient Pictish fort on the hill of Ronachan outlined against the sky Some twenty miles away the island of Gigha, like a crouching beast, lay dark upon the Northern sea More to the west the distant masses of Islay and Jura could be distinguished only by their shapes from blue of sea and sky For once the Paps of Jura stood clear, their summits uncapped by cloud

When first I went to stay in the Western Highlands I thought Sunday in the house of my "in-laws-to-be" an odd sort of day, though by that time I was used to the gloom of a Scottish Sabbath

A desultory breakfast—the family was big even for those days—family prayers, and kirk at 11 15 How many doctrinal sermons I have listened to—*firstly*, my brethren, *secondly*, and so on, the minister working himself up to *eighthly* and *finally* as he thumped the pulpit! One heard a lot about the "Great God" But there was meat in those sermons

We would return home about one o'clock to tea, scones, cookies, buns and jam, preparatory to the next service, held an hour later This was to suit the farmers, who drove to town in their gigs over lonely miles of road They came from distant farms and heathery hills overlooking the islands and the sea They would bait their horses at a hostelry, have their snack, and take their second dose of "releegion"

Family and guests were absolved from a second dose, though my father- and mother-in-law used to go to the second service he, being a busy doctor, could never get to the first

The family dinner was at four in the afternoon What an hour—I ask you!

Tea with a snack followed, at an interval ruinously short for weak digestions, and there was supper at nine I seem to remember cocoa, shortbread, and German biscuits I have no idea why they were called "German"

My uncle, in Dollar, used to sup on porridge

Outside events were slow to reach us students in St Andrews then Motor-cars were in their babyhood, wireless sets unborn Tennyson's death touched us, though book-loving Scots felt more the gap left by Robert Louis Stevenson

A famous murder trial, the Ardlamont case, caused much more stir, I think, than any other contemporary public event, with the exception of the Afridi campaign, and the Boer War. Did Monson really shoot young Hambro on purpose?

I believe I bought my very first evening paper to read the evidence, perhaps because I was already beginning to be interested in medicine (in this edition was printed a diagram of the victim's skull showing a hole over the site of what I heard for the first time named the "lateral sinus"), perhaps on account of Comrie Thomson's brilliant advocacy for the defence—the verdict was "Not proven". Or perhaps because it was the first murder in my experience to obtain such publicity, though as boys at school we had been thrilled by the exploits of "Jack the Ripper", which we were strictly forbidden to read about. Of course we did, and not a few of us were frightened.

When I gaze down the vistas of memory to that St Andrews of long ago, where the bygone years lurk in the grey stones, what other pictures do I see?

St Andrews Bay—the rollers breaking under a grey sky, myself walking with comrades on the West Sands, our faces stung by driven sand and spray. Chief friend of mine since forty-five years, when first we began to bunk together, partner of many a walk, the Rev Canon Waring (D D St And), died recently. When one reaches the seventh decade one's friends slip away at an alarming rate. The chief curse of age is losing friends.

St Andrews Bay—a summer night, with only an opal streak of sky between the sunset and the dawn. A P Oppé was my companion, a brilliant boy in his early teens, Greek scholar and art critic. Lately retired from Whitehall, he has now more leisure to write books on Italian Renaissance painters.

It was about midnight and still only half dusk when we stole a fisherman's skiff from the little harbour and rowed it out to sea. By five in the morning we were back, by six we were abed, having scaled a wall and raided a kitchen garden—the only strawberries from St Leonard's School I ever tasted.

St Andrews Bay—another night of June spent sailing in a herring-boat. The pale silver of the sea turned to purple, green, and gold with the rising of the sun. It never grew too dark to see the ghostly outline of the coast, the towers of the old city. Margaret Lees was my companion, suitably chaperoned by her parents (she is now married to a Frenchman). I

adored her, and she had a figure that would put ideas into the mind of a fish!

St Andrews Bay—on a spring morning when the wind blew keen across the links, three eager youths wait on the first tee for three shy girls, their partners in a regular Saturday morning sixsome! Of the three, two married their partners. In 1897 I won the University mixed foursomes with mine. Forty years later she is still my most frequent golf partner. In those old days I could spot her half a mile away as she came down the hill they call Jacob's Ladder leading to the links, and the larks used to sing more blithely as I saw her coming.

Do I say, "*O mihi praeteritos referat si Jupiter annos*"? No! I don't want my past years back. We feel happiness then, we know it *now*—and knowledge is better than emotion—or isn't it?

I was just turned twenty when, with my first professional examination behind me, I went to Edinburgh to finish my medical course.

The contrast between the two Universities startled and, to begin with, disappointed. If a University must be in a city, no more beautiful, no more academic and—if I may use the word—exciting University city than Edinburgh exists in the wide world (not even including Aberdeen). I wrote "the wide world", but meant the British Isles, and was being insular when I wrote Rome, Padua, Florence, Heidelberg, Jena, are lovely cities. But the kind of University I had come to know in St Andrews is lost in a big city. I missed the friendly pilgrimages from "bunk" to "bunk", the compactness of our orbit—it wasn't twenty minutes' walk from one end of St Andrews to the other, or from the circumference to the centre and only a step from lecture to lecture, from lecture to Union, from Union to links. In St Andrews most of the faces were "weel kent", we knew each other, and we knew by sight most of the people in the town. Edinburgh is one of the largest Universities in Britain, and to the end of my time there I knew few students outside a little clique of medicals of about my own year, whilst outside the gates of the University the city teemed with strange faces—"Rat-faces" I would call them in the superiority of my chosen caste!

Would Oxford or Cambridge, if transported to Ealing, keep a monastic and academic atmosphere? And how much do their lovely old colleges owe to their surroundings? So St.

Andrews—the Oxford of the North, and if she is the Oxford, Aberdeen is the Cambridge—would lose her distinctive charm if she were planted in Glasgow. It is my fancy that if she were taken from the sound of the sea, from the cry of the gulls on the cliffs, from the aristocratic ghosts of her mighty past, she would pine. In Edinburgh I missed the sea, still close, but only seen in glimpses and visited seldom. I had not been away from the sea since I was eight years old. I have never been more than a seaside visitor since. I missed, too, the close proximity of golf links, to which I had become accustomed since I was twelve. Living was more expensive in Edinburgh than in St Andrews, not so much in board and lodging, but there was a greater variety of things to do, and it cost something—every little something was a tax on a student's pocket—to get from place to place. Admittedly we mostly walked or bicycled, but trams often tempted! They were underground-cable trams in those days, and the noise of the continuous cable went on till midnight. I can hear it now. Moreover, as we grow older in adolescence our standard of living rises—we want more!

With these differences, student life in Edinburgh was but a continuation of life in St Andrews, except for work. The medical student has to learn a vast collection of apparently unrelated facts. He may not have to think about them much, indeed he is taught to reason about them far too little, but he must memorize them. That is the skeleton of science, but the art has to be learned by seeing how these facts are applied to the diagnosis and treatment of disease in living beings. In other words, the medical student has to spend hours and hours in ward and out-patient department, watching how his masters and teachers exercise their art. Under their supervision he has to fledge his wings, to try his prentice hand—a mixed metaphor! Those poor hospital patients, how sick they must become of endless students taking notes—and asking futile questions!

The “bunks” of St Andrews were the “digs” of Edinburgh. For plutocrats there were one or two residential halls—Blackie House was the first—but the vast majority of us, I included, lived in digs. Marchmont Road and Warrender Park Road on the south side of the “Meadows” (a public park) was the “Quartier Latin” for medical students. I had digs in both of them, shared with two future brothers-in-law, the one a medical, the other a law student. Hardly a student, for he had taken

his S S C and was employed in a law office. The medical student died soon after qualification; the ex-lawyer lives yet "Bejant" Cunningham, the first bursar of my year at St Andrews, to use a well-worn cliché, swept all before him there. He went to Germany before he came to law. Edinburgh is a great place for eminently respectable legal firms, and stiff with learned Writers to the Signet. There are many S S C's and B L's and LL B's, but W S's are select. J R served his term with a firm of Edinburgh solicitors, found the law as dry as dust and with as much fire in it as ashes. Shortly after I went to India he threw up law, burned his boats, and adventured to India as a Professor of English Literature in an Indian College. He was dragged out of that into the Indian Educational Service, became a Director of Public Instruction and Member of the Legislative Assembly of his Province. He spent his last months of service as a member of the Indian Public Services Commission. He was decorated—and one of the honours I hope he prizes is an LL D of St Andrews—but he was ever too much of a critic and recluse to take the high place that his sound common sense and ability entitled him to. For him "the best was the enemy of the good", he knew the good, he could not "thole" the second-rate. He had not donned this defensive armour when he, his brother, and I digged together. He still retained the St Andrews enthusiasm for open air and talk, and a passion to extract from contemporary literature and the theatre what the poets, the novelists, the dramatists, and the essayists had to teach of life. Sipping life at second-hand through the art of others is to sip a subtle drug. To those who understand and appreciate, the counterfeit emotions aroused are so easily sterilized. They suffice—why come to real grips with life?

We three—later two, for "Spuds", the medical student, went back to St Andrews University in his last year to finish his medical course in Dundee and become, I think, the first St Andrews M B, Ch B—lived in several digs. I can't think how our landladies put up with us. They were accustomed presumably (except our first landlady) to successive batches of medical students, who as a class are—or were in my day—a nuisance to respectable folk. We came in at all hours of the night, we were untidy, undisciplined, rowdy, and sometimes of a week-end intemperate, in other words, at the hobble-dehoy stage of "seeing life".

As in St Andrews, so in Edinburgh, our landladies, except

at week-ends, saw little of us during the day. They gave us breakfast and an evening meal. Yes, the tea and supper of St Andrews became in Edinburgh a hot dinner. A modest meal of two courses, and I have ever since quivered, like the substance itself, at the sight of pink blancmange. This was a speciality of Mrs Dawes, my first landlady. She had a figure to match her jellies and blancmanges. She tolerated two of her lodgers, but of the third, myself, she highly disapproved. "I know not why, I cannot tell, I do not like thee, Dr Fell" I think that was her way with me. There are one-sided antipathies as inexplicable as are one-sided affections. Perhaps my English accent offended, or it may have been her daughter Edith, who was the apple of her eye, and closely guarded. Was it that she suspected me of what were called in those days "dishonourable intentions", or was it that I wasn't attentive enough?

J R discovered a beverage called "Prestonpans Ale", obtainable at one penny a bottle—"swipes", but actually beer. When we were flush we used to drink a bottle of this thin chemical with our dinner. Neither Mrs Dawes, at No 3 Marchmont Road, nor her successor, Mrs Spence, at No 92 in the same road, nor our third landlady, Miss Lumsden (a dear), at 60 Warrender Park Road, could have complained of our more than occasional intemperance.

On Friday nights, with a holiday week-end in front of us, we would sally forth to the "Bodega", near the Waverley Station, where hot rum punch with lemon was sold at twopence a glass. We hadn't many twopences between us, so the evening would end in nothing more riotous than a swagger down Princes Street, some ragging, and some singing as we wound our way home. If punch were mixed with beer, the results were sometimes more disastrous—certainly felt so on the morning after. In this state I would throw what I meant to be provocative glances at exciting girls. The standard of looks was high in the girls that paraded Princes Street of an evening. I never provoked any reply but once, and then the acquaintance was a disappointment, besides plunging me for some days into a state of remorse—and apprehension.

I am reminded of an evening not many years ago spent in Paris. I was then with an Air Force delegation. Two of us went to the "Folies Bergères"—and a very good show too! Sitting in the big foyer during an interval I was accosted by a girl who asked if I would like to take her home. I shook my

head as I pointed to my grey hairs "Ah", said she with sarcasm, "*jeune marié, je suppose!*", which pleased me so much that I stood her a drink!

I think that Edinburgh landladies rather liked to boast of the wickedness of their lodgers—especially the medicals!

At eight o'clock in the morning—dark in winter—they rapped on our doors I used to shiver myself into a cold bath, which to a landlady was another incomprehensible madness Porridge and rolls, and then across the Middle Meadow Walk, passing under the Arches—made from some part of a whale's skeleton No warm scarlet gown shielded me from the east wind. Though broken by the granite masses of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag, the blast across the open spaces of the Meadows used to blow right through me I have never felt cold so keenly before or since My first class was generally at 9 a m—for instance, the lectures on Systematic Surgery, which I remember best, probably because Francis Caird was one of the best teachers I ever sat under, and if a warm head and cold feet make a receptive mind, I fulfilled the conditions For the first part of a lecture my feet were often so icy that they hurt It is said that, owing to the difficulties of ventilating the House of Commons, Members of Parliament sit with hot heads and cold feet Perhaps this is a factor in the success of our democratic system! John Chiene held the Chair of Surgery, but there were several "extral-mural lecturers"—as they were called—whose teaching was recognized by the University for examination purposes I chose Caird for Surgery, and never regretted it Incidentally, his was the only large class in which I ever obtained first place in a class examination

Our lectures in those days were between 9 and 11, and again in the afternoon till 4, with perhaps a practical class, e.g. Histology, from 4 to 5 Between 11 and 1 we spent our time in the Royal Infirmary, attending out-patients, listening to clinical lectures by the bedside, or watching operations—and post-mortems! Often we went back to the Infirmary after our evening meal to attend tutorial classes, or to take case-notes with the help of the resident house-surgeon—or physician—when he was going his evening rounds From 1 to 2 we had a free hour, the first part of which was generally devoted to a cheap lunch, bought in my case from the counter at the Union Milk, meat pies, scones and butter, rock cakes, are the choices I remember, and whatever permutations or combinations I made of them, it rarely cost me more than eightpence After

lunch, one read the papers or talked till it was time for the next class

In my last year I had a private room to lunch in, for I had become an official of the Union. I remember officiating as Mr Speaker in one of the debates we had with the Oxford Union—debates carried on with Parliamentary procedure faithfully imitated.

Had I not been really interested in my chosen profession, I should have missed the intimacy of St Andrews, the quietness of its beauty, and the appealing charm of its buildings, so old, so quiet, and so beautiful. I went back as often as I could, and by the cheapest route, that of the bicyclist. Crossing the Forth by the Burntisland Ferry, the distance—a matter of little over forty miles to St Andrews—was nothing to an energetic young man in ordinary weather, but hard work against a due-northerly gale in March 1899. I went to keep a lover's tryst at St Michael's Inn near Leuchars, where in a pine wood (now levelled), the year before, I had first uttered aloud the words "I love you"—received in shattering silence! The tryst was not to be a tête-à-tête. The table was to be laid for six—our old golf sixsome. But I failed to keep that appointment. Snow swept south from the Sidlaw Hills. At Kirkcaldy the hills were clear as though cut out of cardboard—blue streaked with white. Before I reached Cupar the snow was whirling—as the wind whistled—in my teeth. I pedalled doggedly, but could make little headway. Dusk was falling as I reached the inn. The others, tired of waiting for me, had finished their tea and gone back to St Andrews. I took the road to Edinburgh in the dark. On the way back, cramp got me in the calf-muscles. I had ridden over sixty miles, and was dog-tired. I did the last part of the journey by train. The fare was only a shilling, I remember.

The principal figures in the Edinburgh University of my time—1898 to 1901—with a few exceptions, made no great impression on me. For one thing, I was by then, so to speak, a blasé student—older and less impressionable, and for another, the University was too big for individual students to come into close touch with professors, as in St Andrews, just as the city was too big for us to know and recognize public characters, unless on special occasions. The first time, for instance, that I saw Kitchener, whom I was to come across next in India, was when he got an LL.D. in the McEwan Hall. They called him "The Sirdar" then. Who was a Sirdar,

I wondered, and was told he was some kind of Egyptian official!

There were few figures easily recognizable by all, like Andrew Lang in St Andrews, no "Christopher North" of the Edinburgh in my father's day

My father has told me that once as a boy he pulled Christopher North's coat-tails—though in fact I believe he wore a Highland plaid—in Princes Street, in order to make the great man turn round so that he could see his face! "Christopher North" was John Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy over a century ago, better known as the mainstay of *Blackwood's*. There is still a Blackwood, who writes me the most charming letters when he rejects my offered contributions—I was once successful!

But we had Professor Blackie—a picturesque literary figure who always wore a flowing cloak, and there was one old man, whose name I have forgotten, who stalked about Edinburgh in full Highland dress. I rather wish the kilt would return. I am entitled to wear it too!

In the Edinburgh Medical School—the only Faculty, naturally, that I had much contact with—were men, now gone, each of whom added something to the history of a famous school. Sir William Turner, who afterwards became Principal, was supposed to be an anatomist worthy in the line of succession to the Monros (of my own clan), Primus, Secundus, Tertius. Personally, I preferred the teaching of little R. J. A. Berry—the extra-mural anatomy lecturer—but then he was, and is, a friend of mine. I see him yet, though there was a big gap in our acquaintance whilst he was professor in Melbourne and I travelling about the Tropics. "Oh, Mr P," he was wont to exclaim to a very dense member of his class, "go out now for a breath of fresh air, and don't forget—take a dose of calomel to-night." Berry looked like an impish hydrocephalic monkey, with his small body, keen dark face, and enormous head of hair standing up on end. The resemblance has grown no less now that the face is a bit wizened, the hair grizzled. He is my idea of "Allan Quatermain".

I was taught Physiology by William Rutherford. His class called him "Bilirubin", from the name of one of the constituents of bile, on which he had made, I believe, some original research. He had a broad, squat figure, a rolling gait and a rolling voice—and he made his pupils work, partly by cramming in extra lectures. He died just after I passed my second

professional exam, and was succeeded by a friend of my father, E. Sharpey Schafer, the great histologist, on whose knee I had often sat when I was a child at Elstree. Schafer was then at U C H Medical School in London. I kept up with him till his death. He had the name of being a hard examiner, which, except to those who knew him, gave rise to the idea that he was a hard man. But I have seen him at North Berwick with the children, on his hands and knees under a table, playing at being a bear in a cave.

Anatomy, Physiology, and *Materia Medica* were the subjects for the second professional (Chemistry, Physics, Botany, and Zoology being the first professional subjects). *Materia Medica*, or Pharmacology, was taught by Sir Thomas Fraser. I believe he was good, but I never heard him except at bedside clinics in his wards in the Royal Infirmary. The fact is, I was never taught *Materia Medica* at all. I hesitate to mention it, even at this late date, lest the General Medical Council should pounce and take from me my M.B.—not that it would matter much now, to me or anyone else, if they did!

I was supposed to have attended a course of lectures in this subject in St Andrews—a course which would be, and was, recognized by Edinburgh for examination purposes. I did, in fact, attend this course, and doubtless produced a certificate to that effect, but I certainly could have learned nothing of pharmacology in it, because the lecturer, though knowing something about the subject, could only make a pretence at teaching it. But he had a fund of good stories, mostly about South Africa.

He had, to use a vulgar term, “sucked-in” the University authorities, and when he was found out, had to make a bolt for it. But this is a skeleton in the cupboard of St Andrews University, not to be laid bare.

I thought, when I came to Edinburgh, that rather than spend money on another course of lectures I would mug the subject up out of a book. And I did, out of Hale-White’s “*Materia Medica*.” Not so long ago the author, Sir William Hale-White, gave me a presentation copy of the latest edition. I had told him the story!

Pharmacology is taught more scientifically now, and would, I think, be difficult to learn from the book, but then it was largely a matter of memorizing the properties, preparations, and their dosage, of the substances mentioned in the “*British Pharmacopoeia*.”

The subjects for the third professional were Pathology, Medical Jurisprudence, and Public Health. Greenfield held the University Chair of Pathology. As a pathologist I think he was a generation ahead of his time, and how he would have pleased my late colleague, Sir Walter Fletcher! As a teacher he was at times hard to follow, partly owing to a diffident manner and an unimpressive delivery, but mainly, I suspect, because he regarded us all as budding research students and more intelligent than most of us were, than I was for instance. I know I found him difficult to take notes from. That would have rather pleased him, had he known! In speech sarcastic—but was this due to a little twist he gave to his lips?—in heart he was kind. Perhaps he had an “inferiority complex”! I like his son, who is an eminent pathologist in London, if for no other reason—but I have other reasons—than that he resembles his father so much.

Sir Henry Littlejohn was our medical Jurist. More than notable, he was celebrated, mostly, I suspect, for his quick wit and his jokes, though he knew his subject inside-out. Judges and advocates had to keep their attention on the stretch when he was on the witness stand. I think he missed his profession, and should have been on the stage, for he was a born actor and mimic. The chief noise heard in his class was the ripple of laughter. Slim, dapper, perky, animated, he strutted about his lecture-platform as though it were a theatre stage. I cannot clearly recall the features of his face, for they were ever-changing. I know he was grey and old, I think over seventy (this was before retiring ages for professors were fixed), but he had the vitality of youth. He was acting all the time he was lecturing. I remember that he told us in pantomime the whole story of the famous Madeline Smith trial. At one moment he was the beautiful young woman denying indignantly the accusation, at another, the lover creeping through the window, at another, Lord Inglis (“that great man” he always called him) making the speech for the defence, the defence which got her off in a trial which ended in a “Not Proven” verdict.

“And she had to rely on me greatly, gentlemen”, I can hear Littlejohn saying, “even for the chamber-pot in the retiring-room!”

One morning he was late for his lecture. He had been called to a case of suspected abortion. He brought with him to the class the specimen, which had been discovered in a lavatory,

in order to discuss the points with us. He described the probable sequence of events. "This poor, poor woman", he said, and as he said it, gathered his square-cut black frock-coat—yes, doctors dressed like that then!—round him as though he held a bundle beneath it, went to the corner of the platform, threw down the imaginary bundle, and pulled an imaginary plug, "that is what she was driven to!"

He told innumerable stories, and innumerable stories were told about him, but this is just where my memory fails. My memory for stories is, in any case, bad. I have more of a visual than an auditory memory, and there were far too many Littlejohn stories. If there had been only a few, I should probably have remembered at least one of them!

After the third professional, the last fence to get over was the final—the clinical subjects. Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery, including Gynaecology. For these there was a wealth of teachers in the wards of the Infirmary, and for the systematic lecturers, several extra-mural men besides the professors who held the University chairs.

So there was a choice, though for the M.B. as a whole a certain proportion—I forget what—of classes had to have been taken with the University-appointed professor. Old John Chiene was Professor of Surgery. I remember but one of his favourite dicta, delivered in the Doric "Gentlemen", he would say, holding up one finger, "use your fingers, and dinna forget to examine the rectum!"

Little Caird, who taught me, besides expounding to his class, oh! so patiently, the rudiments of surgical theory and practice, taught us our duty to our patients. The only times I ever saw him lose his temper with a student were on account of brusqueness to, or careless handling of, a patient.

When he did his private practice I don't know, or anything about it, except that he kept late nights and was always accessible to the poor—for nothing. He also sits, I hope, at the Throne of Grace, if he doesn't, nobody will. He was at his best with out-patients.

We had a tradition to keep up in Edinburgh—that of Joe Bell, the prototype of Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes". I suspect that the physicians and surgeons on the staff of the Infirmary, who took out-patients in their turns, used to vie with one another in seeing who could show the acutest sense of observation. I remember a man being ushered into the theatre. Caird was taking out-patients that day.

"Ah, my man!", he said. "An old soldier Served in India!"

Then, turning to us students "These combinations of syphilis and malaria are very intractable" He had spotted the man for a soldier by his bearing, his disease by the rash from which he was clearly suffering, that he had been in India and had suffered from malaria by his complexion The Sherlock Holmes touch!

Joseph Bell was, in fact, alive at the time, and, though he had ceased to hold beds in the Infirmary, was still on the consulting staff I remember him being pointed out to me one day as he entered the hospital gates, but not what he looked like

In Medicine, Grainger Stewart had just died, and John Wylie was officiating in the chair—he got it later A typical, bluff and hearty heavy-weight—literally and metaphorically—general practitioner, he was a shrewd and successful teacher I remember one of his sayings "In examining a swelling of the abdomen, gentlemen", he would say—and his own was rather an out-size—keep in mind four f's—fat, fluid, flatus, and foeces, and if the patient is a woman, a fifth—foetus!"

But we did not go to Wylie for up-to-date specialist teaching I learned all my Neurology from Byrom Bramwell—whose ability has been inherited, and exhibited in London, by his son How lucid he was! And not afraid to admit a mistake! A case came to the post-mortem room Before the skull was opened, Bramwell gave us a lecture on what he expected would be found—more than a lecture, a reasoned argument, with a wealth of clinical observations to support it

"You will find, gentlemen, a tumour in the"—whatever it was—"region of the brain!" The pathologist opened the skull. We craned forward There was no tumour There was something, an abscess, I think, but not where Bramwell had located it Bramwell only laughed

I had my ophthalmology from Berry, my skins from Norman Walker, my ears, noses and throats from McBride, whose son is a friend of mine, and my mental diseases at Craiglockhart Asylum—delicately now called "Mental Hospital"—from Sir Thomas Clouston, whose chief claim to fame in my eyes is that his son Storer Clouston wrote "The Lunatic at Large", a winning mirth-raiser, and those two spy stories "The Man from the Clouds" and "The Spy in Black", two of the best

thrillers of the last war. They were published in *Blackwood's*. I wish I could write a thriller.

The Chair of Midwifery was held by Sir William Simpson, familiarly known, and always referred to, as "Stinkie". We students in our libellous way used to believe that his appointment was an example of that nepotism for which Edinburgh had a bad name. "Why", we used to say, "because grandfather Simpson invented chloroform—or was the first to appreciate its practical use—should son, and then grandson, hold the same chair?" Actually, I believe he was a very good teacher. Personally, I went to the extra-mural Milne-Murray, of axis-traction forceps fame, who was a first-class teacher. But I was examined in my final by "Stinkie". I can see him now, frock-coat, Dundreary whiskers and all, with hands primly folded outwards in front of his waistcoat, rocking gently backwards and forwards on feet close together, and asking interminable questions in a monotonous voice. I suppose those sort of mannerisms were in the fashion for Victorian obstetricians. He asked me the causes of "vomiting of pregnancy". To each of my answers he said, "Yes, yes—and—ah—anything else?" I know I got to over thirty possible causes—not bad going—and then gave up. I believe he had thirty-seven listed. He passed me.

What sort of medical education did I get in Edinburgh? All the better for the St Andrews M.A. which preceded. An all-round education, however sketchy, is a good background to the study of Medicine. The Classics, English Literature, Philosophy, Mathematics, all help. Students at the London Hospital Schools are at a disadvantage unless they have studied first in a University such as Oxford or Cambridge. Straight from school they are hurled into Bart's, Guy's, or wherever it may be. They are lucky if they all get good teachers in the fundamental physical and biological sciences, for it stands to reason that in all these scattered schools of London University there are not enough first-raters in every subject to go round, whereas when it is a case of one well-paid chair for a whole University, the best man can be attracted.

The fundamental subjects, taught in the first two years of the medical curriculum, are the basis of scientific medicine. If they are not well taught, and further, if the student is allowed to regard them, as he often is, as drudgery, an examination obstacle to be got over before he comes to the "real clinical stuff", the beds, and further still, if the student has no back-

ground of higher education, he will end up as a rule-of-thumb doctor

Doctors as a rule have very little time to read, but the rule-of-thumb man will not even have learned to read intelligently

On the whole, I was well taught. There was a tendency at that period in the Scottish schools to cram students with lecture-notes. To take full notes of what the professor said was the best passport to success in the ensuing exam. This is bad, it was not then, or ever, a fault of the English schools.

If I were a professor now I would never attempt to cover the whole of my subject in lectures. I would take one bit of it and discuss it thoroughly, for the rest, tell my students what to read.

But we were thoroughly well grounded in clinical medicine and surgery, in the methodical examination of hospital patients, in systematic notes on case-sheets. We were, in fact, better off than the modern medical student, for whom Medicine has become so specialized that he has difficulty in seeing the wood for the trees, and cannot possibly learn all he is supposed to know without taking post-graduate courses. In my day of simpler and less scientific Medicine, I used to look in the booksellers' windows in Forrest Road. Text-books and monographs, atlases, and all sorts of keys to learning were displayed. "Good gracious!" I used to think. "Have I got to learn all that?" Common sense came to my aid!

As for our teachers, they did at any rate spend most of their day teaching, which is more than can be said for a number of the Harley Street consultants who hold teaching appointments in London.

Edinburgh Royal Infirmary was one of the biggest hospitals in the Kingdom—over 1200 beds. Having no rivals either in that large city or in the country round, it could command a unique selection of clinical material. I do not know who built it—on the pavilion system—not so long before I trod its corridors. It was conveniently arranged both for administration and teaching, and renowned for training of its nursing staff. We just took the place for granted. I never knew till later how good it was. The Infirmary as it is now has been much added to and modernized, but I have not been inside it for nearly forty years.

Edinburgh Medical School has trained many men of mark,

but very few who were contemporaries of mine. One of them was tried for murder, but I take it that is notoriety, not fame! Alastair Forbes Mackay, an intimate friend, achieved the fame of an unknown hero's grave when he perished in one of Shackleton's South Polar Expeditions in 1913, I think—a better soldier than doctor. Caleb W. Saleeby was reckoned one of the brighter spirits of my year, but I do not suppose that his semi-biological, semi-philosophical articles have ever been taken seriously. Of the medical students of my time Auckland Geddes became the most famous, but I didn't even know him by sight. Crichton-Miller, still a friend of mine, who was President of the Union when I was Assistant Secretary, has steered a straight course through the difficult shoals of psychoanalysis, and is a prominent medical psychologist. Rather him than me!!

On the whole, we were an undistinguished lot, but one can't expect a batch of winners in every year—or three—even in a selected group!!

So little were the undergraduates part of the corporate body in Edinburgh, that I never took any interest in the prominent figures of the University as we did in St Andrews. I have no idea who was Chancellor or who was Rector. Outside the medical faculty, I knew of Butcher as a Greek scholar, of Ludovic Grant as a great professor in the Law Faculty. And once I gazed at Law Lords sitting in Parliament House—notable and weighty figures, who lent majesty to their solemn deliberations and judgments on points of law. I imagined “Weir of Hermiston” of that ilk.

I worked—not too hard—at Edinburgh, but it was not from work that I extracted the most of life, or the most vivid of my memories. A colleague of mine once told me that he thought every moment spent away from work wasted. If a man, he said, is not continually thinking of his problems, he will do no good at them. I had to work in Edinburgh, from what would now be called “economic pressure.” I held scholarships, but supplies from outside sources were doubtful. The school at home was not doing much more than pay its way. My father had got to the age of seeking rest in retirement. A brother was to take on the school, which was moving into a new house—a venture that might, or might not, come off. My brothers were self-supporting, but supports to no one else but themselves, with the exception of my eldest brother. My other two sur-

viving sisters were unmarried Both of them were earning a living, the one as Matron of the school, the other by nursing, soon to be replaced by a career of marriage, if marriage is a career!

So I had to work, and my colleague of to-day may be right, for if I had worked harder, and thought of work alone, I might have added something to the sum of human knowledge, and might certainly have achieved distinction in my M B, Ch B But I didn't—there were no stars against my name in the pass lists! I was never ploughed, anyway! And I would not have exchanged then—nor would I exchange now—a double star for the memories and experience I got from my outside pursuits and occupations in Edinburgh, for the evenings when a band of us roamed the streets, or sat in one another's rooms and talked—interminably, as in St Andrews, but much of the talk medical “shop”

I dare say many a medical student, learning about the effects of drugs, has been led from curiosity to personal experiment—a dangerous practice which led to “addiction” in one of my closest friends It was he who induced me on one of those evenings to try the effects of “*Cannabis Indica*”, the Eastern “hashish”, or, when smoked in a pipe, “*bhang*”,—alleged to produce intoxicating visions of Paradise At Duncan & Flockhart's—most respectable of chemists—we bought half an ounce of the official tincture We split the bottle, each of us thereby taking sixteen times the official maximum dose Nothing happened Tinctures, i.e. alcoholic solutions, if kept in stock for any length of time—and Tinct *Cannabis Indica* is rarely employed medicinally—lose their strength and become inert It is very different with Extracts, which are semi-solid concentrates of the active principles of the drug, and it was to the Extract that we turned next

Again we took a dose well in excess of the official maximum It cost us threepence, and was the cheapest intoxication I have ever indulged in This time we had no reason to complain of the effects A small symposium of our fellow-students was present in our digs to see what happened The drug was slow in taking effect, about half an hour, probably because we had eaten fairly recently—the time was about 8 p.m. I was sitting in an armchair near the fire Quite suddenly the room and its occupants receded to a vast distance It was like looking at a scene through the wrong end of a telescope I was very frightened, but only for a moment The room came back

again, and I began to feel an extraordinary hilarity. I thought of the funniest sayings. So brilliant did they appear to me that I simply had to shake with laughter. But before I could get one of them into speech it was forgotten and I had thought of another! As a result, I seemed to the sober onlookers merely a giggling idiot. This prolongation of time, mentioned in all the text-books, was to my mind the most remarkable effect of the drug. Time *seemed* long because the mental processes were so remarkably accelerated. For the same reason, every muscular movement seemed to take so long to make that it became an infinite weariness. I remember that I got up and walked across the room, meaning to play the piano. My legs seemed an intolerable burden, and my fingers, when I tried to play, weighted with lead. I walked back. The journey took me not a week or a month or a year, but an eternity. For once in my life I really got some meaning of the word "eternity." My fellow-experimenter was taken differently and lugubrously—how differing are the individual idiosyncrasies to drugs, of which alcohol is a common sample! He sat and wept. I suppose this first stage may have been but five or ten minutes. It was long enough for the others first to think that we were "pulling their legs" and then to consider that they had endured our foolishness long enough. One of them threw a roll of bandage at my head (we had been practising surgical bandaging earlier in the evening) and told me to shut up. At that moment with me the hallucinations began. I caught the missile. I *knew* it was a roll of bandage, but it seemed to be a pot of Keiller's marmalade! I remember as clearly as though it were yesterday the details of that and succeeding hallucinations or visions. I knew all the time that they were unreal. Do recovered lunatics, I wonder, remember so clearly their hallucinations or delusions? I had no hallucination of hearing, only of vision. My companion in crime, if I remember, was less imaginative. In fact, behaved like an ordinary "drunk."

By this time the symposium was alarmed. A doctor was suggested, but in the end a friend who was just in the throes of his finals was summoned. He ordered an emetic. A scared landlady produced a tin of mustard. The brew was prepared. I swallowed my potion like a lamb. I thought it was sherry, though I knew it was mustard and hot water. Did it taste like sherry? I can't remember!!

The next scene was in the bathroom, the patterned wall-

paper of which was to me a tropical jungle (I had never seen one then) under the full moon with tigers lurking in the trees. We were then given hot coffee and led out for a walk, to me a journey to the end of the world. I was then put to bed, with a pulse, as I was told later, so fast as to be just countable. I fell asleep at once, oblivious of the watch which was kept over me, and woke up with a slight headache but ready for breakfast. During the next morning, sitting in the class of Medical Jurisprudence, just for one transitory moment I saw Sir Henry Littlejohn as an elephant! That was the drug's last kick. This experience cured me of over-curiosity about the effects of drugs.

What *were* our chief pursuits and occupations?

For myself, I ran true to a lifelong form of doing something active out of doors whenever possible. Golf was not so easy to get in Edinburgh as in St Andrews during my two and a half years. I played only twice for the University—at Gullane, one of my favourite links, and at Mortonhall, but at one time or another I sampled most of the links within easy reach. The Braids—quite often—North Berwick, and New Luffness. (I was playing there when I got the news that I had passed my final M B, Ch B. A boy came out on the links with the telegram, which had been addressed to the Clubhouse. My partner got a similar wire. Poor "Beery" Porter, he was killed in Flanders, not as a doctor but as a gunner-officer.) Barnton, Duddingston, and Murrayfield—the last being one of the few links on which I have done a hole in one, after a full drive too. I was playing with my wife at the time, 1911. We were home on leave from India, and I was taking an Edinburgh F R C S.

During two summers—I was much too busy with final exams in my last, the early summer of 1901—I joined the Grange tennis club at the head of Marchmont Road, but played very little. The star player there was Rowan, a South African, who captained the University team. And I turned out to play rugby in inter-ward hospital matches, not being nearly good enough for either First or Second Fifteens. The University side of my final year had eight international caps in it. Duncan, a Merchiston boy, was full-back. The three-quarter line was Fell, a New Zealander with a wonderful swerving run, Welsh and Timms, both noted fast track runners, and Allison, an Irish international. Of the rest, there were two men in the scrum whom I knew well, Flett and

Bullmore The latter, an Australian, succeeded me in office in the Union I had to give up the work in the Union in my last year, as I was working both for my finals and for the entrance exam to the Indian Medical Service, so I never became more than Assistant Secretary Nor was I an official of the Students' Representative Council, as I had been in St Andrews

In those days I got more exercise out of walking and running than out of games There were few walks in the Pentlands that I did not know, the favourite excursion being to take train to Balerno and do a round walk through the hills to Colinton by way of Threipmuir and Glencorse reservoirs I have only now to shut my eyes to see the line of the hills above Swanston Farm, the boyhood home of R L Stevenson, with a streak of snow in the cleft above it As in St Andrews, I and my future brother-in-law continued the fresh-air habit of getting the mental cobwebs blown away before going to bed At some time, generally after ten o'clock at night, we would don shorts and sweaters and set out for a run, up Blackford Hill mostly, sometimes further afield to Arthur's Seat or to the Braids—not then covered with a rash of modern suburban villas, h and c and usual offices

The ridge of the Braid Hills in deep snow! On a night of full moon we dragged a toboggan to the top and raced down a steep slope into the darkness Unfortunately our paths crossed a golf green built out from the hillside! We leapt into the air, a jump of the kind I have since made on skis in Switzerland Bump! came our behinds on the toboggan Crash! We sat through a quarter-inch plank J R was concussed right up his spine through his tail I was luckier

To reach the top of Arthur's Seat up the chimney from Salisbury Crags is not really a mountaineer's climb, but in the half-dark of a moonlit night the ascent tastes to the young of romance and adventure! On such a night we same two paused for a breather In the gully all was dark, but above and around us the precipitous crags were silhouetted against a luminous sky We might have been climbing Everest Far below us all was mysterious and dim, veiled by wreathing mists Edinburgh might not have been there Again, one summer's night we bicycled to Hawthornden In the stream that runs through its deep den—or glen—is a dark pool The air was murmurous with the ripple of waters, and scented with the may that

gleamed softly on the bushes Hence the name Hawthornden
Our bodies gleamed as we swam

The breezy Forth¹ Sailing with Alastair Forbes Mackay was an adventure¹ He in those days had not started on the career of Polar adventure which cost him his life, but everything he did he attempted boldly How he would have enjoyed the war of 1914-1918 But he was more than bold, he was foolhardy to take me with him as his only hand in an open boat He told me what to do, and I did it, but we were so nearly capsized one breezy day that Alastair lost his watch overboard

I am of no use in a boat I shared the usual boy's passion for sailing (and making) model yachts, but since my childish experience of nearly being drowned I have always been a bit frightened of open boats In fact, I think that I can count on one hand the places from which I have embarked on the sea in a sailing-boat (1) At the age of five, on the Broads inland from Harwich (2) At the age of ten or thereabouts, in the inevitable *Skylark* of every South Coast seaside resort, for an hour's sail from Littlehampton pier (My father had no liking, either, for boats, and though I lived by the sea in Littlehampton I was discouraged from venturing *on* it, a factor, possibly, in my "phobia"¹) (3) At the age of seventeen, on those midsummer nights in St Andrews Bay (4) At the age of twenty-one, with Alastair in the Forth (5) At the age of thirty-six, when some member of the Yacht Club gave my wife and myself a sail in Bombay Harbour We were waiting to set out in the great convoy which in October 1914 was to take me and thousands of others to the War—the biggest convoy, I believe, that ever left a British port I have yet a paper showing the names of over fifty ships and their places in the array

I don't mind rivers, and was quite unmoved when once capsized from a sailing canoe into the Avon at Warwick¹

One needed all the fresh air one could get in Edinburgh—not that the city is ill-ventilated, for her streets are corridors for "snell" draughts, but because, when finished with lecture-rooms and hospital wards, there was so much reading to be done in one's digs Alas¹ I was no serious student, and took more and more to outside reading Necessary work done, goodness knows when I would get to bed, having burned oil—or rather gas—far beyond midnight

In a time when there were no films, no wireless, and the

output of literature was confined to a comparatively few well-known novelists, poets, and essayists, the impact on our lives of Art and Literature was spasmodic and leisurcly. One had time to pick and choose, but, on the other hand, not as to-day, a welter to pick and choose from. In fact, what we did read of our favourite authors appeared at intervals long enough to keep us on tiptoe, and when we got a new book we savoured it thoroughly.

What a rush there was for a new Kipling, how long the waiting-list for a new Mrs Humphry Ward, Maurice Hewlett and, later, Conrad! In adventure and romance, Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, and Conan Doyle had replaced the Dumas, Marryat, Stevenson, and Rider Haggard of our youth (There sit on my bookshelves, often re-read, almost every book that Robert Louis Stevenson and Joseph Conrad ever wrote.) Richard Jefferies was a taste individual to myself. I strained my eyes in a summer twilight to get to the end of the "Prisoner of Zenda", and longed to be a Rudolf Rassendyll. "The Forest Lovers" caught me up into a new world. J. R., who happened on it whilst travelling, became so absorbed that he passed without noticing the station where he should have got out.

A dramatized version of the "Prisoner of Zenda" seen at the Edinburgh Lyceum, with George Alexander in the part of the hero, sent me out into the dark street clasping a walking-stick and wishing it were a sword!

I believe that "Kim" was a big contributing factor in making me choose to seek a career in India.

Does anyone read Tennyson now? If given a cue, I can repeat line after line of "In Memoriam", though I never learnt it by heart. W. B. Yeats was writing even then, but I did not come across him till later.

The stage was just as strong an influence as books, and how memorable our rare evenings at the theatre! What matter if the pit, or, as often as not, the gallery, was uncomfortable. I think I can remember all the chief actors and actresses I saw in my student days. Nowadays I often have to say, "Let me think! So-and-so—have I ever seen him?" And my wife says, "Of course you have, in Such-and-such, two years ago, don't you remember? It was on Alice's silver-wedding day!"

Often I don't remember. But I shall never forget falling under the spell of Irving and Ellen Terry in "The Merchant

of Venice", being moved to tears by Charles Wyndham in "David Garrick", feeling the grip of tragedy—at second-hand—from Mrs Pat Campbell in "The Second Mrs Tanqueray" George Alexander, John Hare, the Vanbrughs, Martin Harvey, Forbes-Robertson, Charles Hawtrey, Dan Leno, make a galaxy of stars—to mention at random a few of many—in the theatrical firmament They played on the emotions of the youth who heard them, as a master on a fiddle They sent me out into the street aping, as the case might be, a polished man of the world, a knight in armour, a naughty adventurer, or just exhausted by laughter

But to me Opera was best of all Ah for the days of the old Carl Rosa touring company! J R and I would sit on a wooden rail in the wings of the amphitheatre at the Edinburgh Lyceum, at the cost of a bob, and be quite comfortable Some of us would sit there every night through an opera week, or, if we couldn't raise a shilling every night, we stood in a queue for a sixpenceworth of gallery Incidentally, the gallery has been my favourite place at Covent Garden! I liked Grand Opera best, but Gilbert and Sullivan, given by a D'Oyly Carte touring company, was a second favourite Light musical comedy—the "Geisha" was one of the first and best—came third

I can hear Hayden Coffin's rich tenor dwelling with drawn-out unctuousness on "How can I live, if thou art not beside me?", or words to that effect! We lapped it up! All those musical plays—if they can be called plays, later they degenerated into farce—had at least one number lineally descended from the sentimental drawing-room song of the eighteen-eighties, of which Maud Valerie White was a later exponent For myself, I retain a peculiarly sentimental affection for "The Greek Slave", which I thought a cut above the others, and for "The Belle of New York", which had character of its own, and "The Arcadians"—but that was later, a "home-from-India-on-leave" reminiscence

I don't know where I got my passion for Grand Opera, preferably for heavily scored Wagner Partly perhaps because I don't mind noise I have seen notable performances of "Tristan and Isolde" (my first favourite), both at Covent Garden and in Germany The first I ever saw was not notable, and I think I was slightly bored When the love-potion had worked and Isolde clung to Tristan in their first kiss, I was moved, even at first hearing, by the sensuous beauty of the

music, but put off by the fact that the kiss was a physical feat. Tristan was stout, Isolde's bosom was enormous. When, after an effort, his lips reached hers, it was like two pouter pigeons pecking at one another.

Once I was enabled, by my position as an official of the Edinburgh University Union, to ask some members of the Carl Rosa to tea there. Afterwards they were kind enough to sing for us. Ella Russell sang Elizabeth's address to the Hall of Song from "Tannhauser", and Marie Alexander—an attractive woman, who had modelled her "Carmen" on Zélie de Lusanne, but with only moderate success—sang "The Night hath a Thousand Eyes". In return for our tea-party I was asked to sit in a stage-box at a performance of "Faust", and allowed—heavenly privilege!—to talk to the principal singers between the acts, and to offer a bunch of flowers.

Since then I have come across men and women in most of the professions, but very few who were on the stage.

These nights were as good as holidays. Holidays! Since my first years at St Andrews when all summer was a holiday, I have seldom to this day had a holiday lasting longer than two months, and very few of that length, with the exception of one furlough from India. In the last twenty years I have counted myself lucky to get a month in the year off work. No complaints! Long holidays, as one gets older, are apt to be boring. In my Edinburgh years, apart from the few days off at Christmas and Easter, I got two periods of three months' summer holiday—in 1899 and 1900. (In 1901 I was cramming for the August entrance exam to the I.M.S.) On both occasions I went home to Sussex, to the cricket, tennis, bathing, and idling by the sea. In July 1900 I went first for a month to Jersey, where my elder brother Hugh had a house, with my sister Janet as chatelaine. "Les Marais" stood in Grouville, a few miles out from St Helier and close to the mediaeval mass of Chateau de Mont Orgueil that frowns towards the sea from a jutting promontory. Only the Royal Jersey golf links—with some of the oldest matured seaside turf in the British Isles—separated us from the sea. Jan and I used to undress amongst the sand-dunes for our bathe.

This was before motor-cars and tarmacked roads. I do not know what Jersey is like now, but it would be difficult to spoil that lovely isle, unless some Town Council has built villas and bungalows on the slopes of Boulay and Rozelle.

Bays, bays that were miniature jewels. One day Jan and I did a circuit of the island on bicycles, an easy ride of thirty-five miles, lunching, I remember, as we lay in bracken, on egg sandwiches and freshly plucked tomatoes, compared to which the tomatoes of to-day have to my palate a mass-produced flavour. There was a girl standing at a gate. She had a flower in her mouth. I thought I could have fallen in love with her.

Brother Hugh, unfortunately, was in an acute phase of a medical fad, and living on an anti-uric-acid diet, invented by a doctor named Haig. Every eatable or drinkable that the body could manufacture uric acid from, or Haig thought it could—was to be avoided. What are called “purin bodies” were particularly noisome. In practice this knocked out tea, coffee, and every kind of red meat. Kidneys and bacon for breakfast! Pure poison!

Aching gaps were to be filled by fruit and vegetables, in bulk, and luckily the garden of “*Les Marais*” produced them in abundance. Eggs, milk, and cheese were encouraged, so actually we did not fare badly. Sitting out of doors of a fine summer evening, we dined in an arbour off, say, vegetable cutlets—which my sister made and spiced very palatably—fresh green peas, and mint sauce, a milk pudding with stewed fruit, and a Welsh rarebit. We drank cider and topped-up with strawberries—eaten with pepper and claret—and a glass of home-made black-currant gin, a good cordial I have never tasted since. There is no end to what the synthetic chemist can do, but he has not yet made uric acid out of alcohol! I expect our diet would have done us a lot of good had we been gouty, but we weren’t! The worst of these crank doctors is that they think a regimen that is good for one disease must be good for all. In pursuit of their own idea they can distort any fact to fit their preconceived conclusions. To Haig, and to my brother at that time, an anti-uric-acid diet was the panacea for all ailments, a whole system of medicine which ought to be an official doctrine. As if there could ever be an official brand of medicine!

When I got back to Edinburgh I asked Schafer what he, as a physiologist, thought of the rôle of uric acid in the body. Was it so deadly? He said that biochemistry was not his strong suit, but he thought that a lot of what Haig claimed was probably bilge! Scientific opinion has confirmed this remark.

When in Edinburgh, I spent my short Easter and Christmas holidays either stopping where I was, playing golf and exploring the Pentlands, or in flying visits home. Travelling holds certainties of discomfort, as exemplified in sitting up all night in a third-class carriage between Edinburgh and London but who minds these certainties when he is young? Two Christmases I spent in Campbeltown. The second time I came back engaged.

Some of my first love-letters were written from Oban. George Gibson was then one of the best-known physicians and liveliest of teachers. I worked in his wards, and he evidently thought well of me, for when a friend of his in Oban had to go off to the South of France for ten days, and was unable to find a locum tenens, George Gibson sent for me. "Would you like to earn a few guineas?" he asked. "Would I not?" He sent me off to Oban, with strict injunctions that I was not to give away the fact that I was unqualified. "You're as good as qualified", he said—the final exams were on in a few months. Incidentally, when the finals were just about to begin, I found to my horror that I had contracted German measles. This was awful! If on account of sickness I could not go up for my final, then I should have to wait a whole year, unless I could get a "special" in September. George Gibson turned up trumps. After examining me, he smiled. "I suppose you have been playing a bit of golf lately?" I agreed. "Oh, well, we'll call it sunburn", he said, pointing to the rash on my face, and ignoring the glands at the back of my neck. I bless his easy conscience, and like to think I did not let him down. Perhaps he knew I wouldn't. But my German measles put my fiancée in a quandary. I had met her when she was on her way through from Campbeltown to England to take up a teaching appointment in a school. Opportunity favouring, kisses were exchanged. What about the school? Should she tell the headmistress that she had run the risk of being infected? She didn't, and nothing happened.

I didn't let George Gibson down in Oban, but I had some nasty moments. The first patient who walked into the surgery—the first patient I ever had—sat himself down and asked, "Are ye the doctor? Ye look ower young!" I explained that the doctor was on holiday. "Weel," he announced, "A'm needin' seven teeth out." He opened his mouth, and, pointing to the decayed stump of a molar—"Ye may try that yin", he said. I had never extracted a tooth in my life, though I had

received some elementary instruction in dentistry. Taking a forceps, I proceeded to put theory into practice—no nonsense about anaesthetics! With unexpected success! “Ye may go on”, said the countryman. I went on. I took them all out. I think they must have been loose, they were so easy!

A much worse moment was when the doctor’s wife, who had not accompanied her husband to the South of France, woke me up in the middle of the night. An important patient had started to have a baby, quite unexpectedly, for the fact that no confinements were impending and that it was a slack season of the year had been the chief reasons for this doctor allowing himself to leave the practice. She saw me to the door. “Could I do it?” she asked mutely with her eyes. She was obviously worried. Reading her thoughts, I said with an assurance I was far from feeling that I could do it on my head. A four-wheeler closed cab had been sent from the “big hoose”, as the coachman called it. I had seven miles to drive, and the country was under snow, deep in the glens. On that night when I brought into the world a little girl, who is now forty if she lives, Queen Victoria lay dying.

Things were not going too well when I arrived at the house, and I allowed them to drift. At length the nurse said, “Aren’t you going to put on forceps, doctor?” I was afraid of exposing my ignorance, but I agreed as though I had been just about to take that very action. Another case of putting theory into practice! The only times I had previously applied forceps myself were on a dummy! Theory again worked in practice. I got the forceps applied at the first shot, and then proceeded to follow my teacher’s instructions in “exercising gentle traction”. The nurse looked puzzled till I jumped to the idea that I should have to pull a little harder. In the end I had to pull a damned sight harder, and wasn’t I glad when the baby was safely born!

Breakfast with the family was a cheerful meal but for the evasive answers I had to make to their well-meant personal questions. “When had I qualified?” etc etc. I don’t know how many lies I told. The doctor’s wife was pleased to see me back!

I was consulted a few days later by a honeymoon couple, but that is an indelicate story. I hope I gave them the right advice. It wasn’t in the text-books.

About that time I was recovering from my disappointment

at not being able to get to the South African War. After the black week of defeats in February 1900, envious of some of my friends who had enlisted as mounted infantrymen, and who on misty mornings used to practise dismounted attacks on the height of Arthur's Seat, I wanted to join up. Even then I had a hankering for what was to become a ruling passion, the back of a horse, and I was by temperament more a soldier than a doctor. Family opposition and financial obstacles forbade. I was too near the end of my medical course to take a gamble on interrupting it.

It takes someone of my generation fully to recapture, as did Noel Coward in "Cavalcade", the spirit of the turn of the century, the face of society at the time of Queen Victoria's death, and the atmosphere of the Boer War. My generation has been unlucky enough, such of it as survives, to see one minor and two major wars. At any rate, we have had the opportunity of noting contrasts!

Mafeking night! Do many now remember that exhibition of mass hysteria, or Albert Chevalier's song

"On Mafeking night we all got tight,
And Pa had his whiskers shaved!"

I shared in the shouting, but not in the revelling, except to the extent of a bottle of beer. Edinburgh was at her best that summer's eve. The light lingered late on the Forth and the hills beyond. (Do undergraduates nowadays sing as we sang? I doubt it. We sang at Graduations, we sang at lectures, we sang in our bunks, we sang in the streets. We were for ever singing. This is more true of St. Andrews than of Edinburgh. Indeed, St. Andrews has been named "The Singing University".)

We meandered with the crowd. My companion was a girl. She sat on my shoulder at intervals for as long as I could bear it. A gay, irresponsible nurse and chance acquaintance, met first at an "externe" midwifery case in the slums—the "Pleasance". I used to be sorry for the poor women who had to put up with students and nurses under instruction! She had S.A. well marked, but was no more than a friend—then! "I learned about women from 'er". To this day I can never cross the Forth Bridge without casting an eye at a spot on the edge of Cramond Woods, where I lay with her one long hot afternoon that summer. Then I generally look up the estuary towards Stirling, and recall an older memory—a day when

my father took me, a boy of eight, for a sail from Alloa to Queensferry and back

The Forth Bridge was nearing completion. The piers were built, but not the links of the cantilever joining them. Looking up from the deck of the steamer, workmen on the girders seemed no bigger than flies.

I have often wondered how I should have fared had I gone to the South African War—fallen victim probably to enteric fever, though I have since survived two attacks of that once so dreaded disease that killed more men in South Africa than did all the bullets of the enemy.

Those were pre-inoculation days, though the work of Almroth Wright and Leishman was near fruition. Before that war was over I was studying under both of them in the Army Medical School at Netley. I was, in fact, one of the first to offer myself as an experimental subject for inoculation. Within two hours I was laid flat. Almroth Wright came himself to sit by my bedside. Observing my state, he did not cheer me by remarking that his experimental dosage was obviously too strong. He had got the strain of the bacillus, it appeared, from a virulent outbreak of typhoid in Paris. One of the two other volunteers was for a time seriously ill. I recovered quickly.

There have been black periods in all our wars. February 1900 gave us Magersfontein and the defeats at Tugela, Spion Kop, and the Modder River. The attempts to retrieve Ladysmith and Mafeking had failed, and failed disastrously. We students found it difficult to concentrate our attention on Pathology as expounded by Professor Greenfield. I did not know till later how much I had missed.

"Bobs" and Kitchener went out, and began the series of victories which led to the orgy of "Mafeking night."

This reminds me—I don't know why—of Queen Victoria and of the Diamond Jubilee pageant. Actually, I remember the 1887 Jubilee, though chiefly because it was a hot summer. We did our lessons outside on the common between the house and the sea, and the grass was so dried up that it caught fire in the bonfire celebration.

I had a short week-end holiday just before the final exams were due to begin. For that reason I would naturally remember it, and for the fact that it was in a spell of lovely summer weather, but chiefly I recall that holiday because all four of us who went are still alive, not so common an event at our respective and respectable ages.

There was a Miss Oswald who owned a small cottage which she would lend generously to student friends in need of a holiday. She afterwards married Jack Dowden, the surgeon, whom later, in 1911, I assisted in his class of Operative Surgery when I came back to Edinburgh to study for an F R C S. The cottage was near the shores of St Mary's Loch in the Moorfoot Hills beyond Peebles, in the county of Selkirk, and was set well off the road, its only approach a grassy track in the midst of the bare moorland, with open views of hill and loch. We rode to it by Innerleithen. One thought nothing then of forty miles odd on a bicycle.

We had to take our own provisions and do our own service and cooking, for the place was kept locked and empty when unvisited. The idea was that we should feed mainly on freshly caught trout, for one of us, E A Walker, was—and is—an expert fisherman. E A, who followed me into the I M S, was captured at Kut-el-Amara in 1916, but survived to be Director of Medical Services to the Army in India. E A could catch a trout in a trickle of water, so our hopes were fulfilled and we were fed. Needless to say, I caught no trout. I do not think that either I or J R (I was engaged to his sister by then, though he didn't know it) even tried. J M Dupont, then Secretary of the University Union—I have not seen him for forty years, but hear of him as a Tuberculosis expert—caught a hedgehog. I had heard that hedgehog stuffed with green nettles made good eating, but as cooked by myself it came to the table indescribably nauseous. I was voted a bad cook. We were sorry—at any rate I was—to leave on the Monday. I look back on those two days as a sort of breathing-space of quiet remembrance. We lay out on the grass on golden evenings, wrapped in the silence of the folded hills that were mirrored in the calm surface of the loch.

I went back to exams, and took my M B, Ch B. The results of the exams came out within a week of my twenty-third birthday. I was offered by Caird a house-appointment, which I could not afford to take. I had, in fact, already decided that for a poor young man with a budding spirit of adventure the fighting Services offered a good career. At first I thought of the Navy, being influenced by a Fleet-Surgeon Hume who had visited Edinburgh on a recruiting lecture-tour. Beauchamp Williams, the Ettles Scholar of my year, was going to try for the I M S, as was my close friend James Woods (killed in May 1915 by a direct hit from a shell in France).

Why should I not try too? they suggested, and I yielded to their persuasion the more easily as tales of India had always fascinated me. But could I get in? The I M S, though then a little past the height of its fame, was still competed for heavily.

In August we three went to London to sit for the exam. Beauchamp Williams, who retired after the last war and for a short time before he died was a Labour M P, passed in second, James Woods sixth, and myself eighth, in a batch of twenty-five.

There followed four months' training at Netley. Our batch had the place to itself, as at that period of the war the entrance examination to the R A M C had been temporarily stopped. I think that the War Office were recruiting from civil surgeons in South Africa.

We were taught Military Surgery and Hospital Administration by Stevenson and Webb, Tropical Medicine and Hygiene by Macleod and Horrocks, and I got a new outlook on medicine from Almroth Wright and his assistant Leishman. The former became Sir Almroth Wright, F R S, of Mary's, the latter, then a Major, Lieutenant-General Sir William Leishman, F R S, D -G of the Army Medical Services. They taught us Bacteriology, Tropical Pathology, and Parasitology, and gave the most stimulating course of instruction I ever received in my life.

Leishman was always cheerful and generous. When I sat next him at dinner in mess he would always stand me a glass of port, as far as I remember, we only drank "The King" on guest-nights!

He was an accomplished pianist, and taught me some step-dances with which to liven up my performance in "S O P Faust", a pantomime to the writing of which I contributed. Markham Carter of my batch, afterwards prominent for his part in calling attention to the failure of medical arrangements at the start in 1914-1915 of the Mesopotamian campaign, was the chief contributor to the success of that show, which played to full houses for two nights—to the staff and then families, the inhabitants of Netley village, and the patients in the Royal Victoria Army Hospital, practically all of them invalids from South Africa. We were then called "S O P s", or "Surgeons on probation", commissions not being given till the end of the course of training—and not always then, for the probation

was real. The cast of the pantomime were all S O P s, and what a lovely Marguerite Locke, also my year at Edinburgh, made. He was dead of enteric within the year. I was Mephistopheles, and had a step-dance with her—I mean him—to a tune out of “Floradora.” Leishman at the piano was the orchestra! In our dialogue we took liberty, amounting to licence, with the personal peculiarities of our professors. I remember that before bringing back Faust’s youth I pretended to take a capsule of his blood, in the method of Almroth Wright. The capsule was an enormous thermometer,—an advertisement for Stephens’ Blue Black Ink, and full of it, which somehow we had managed to obtain. And I can see Almroth Wright now, in the second row, laughing heartily.

The old R A M C Mess at Netley, now removed to Millbank, was supposed to be one of the best equipped and furnished messes in the British Army. I have never seen finer heads as trophies.

In addition to a smattering of King’s Regulations and Military Law, we learned at Netley the manners and customs of the Army. We started our day before breakfast on the parade ground. Major Whiston, surgeon in a Guards regiment, drilled us. I obtained a certificate of proficiency in company drill.

I did not pass out of Netley so high as I went in. Too much sitting up at night talking to James Woods, too much ragging in the mess, and too much attention to games—I captained the hockey team—were distractions. Having got in, and feeling safe for life, I relaxed my efforts, moreover, I was engaged!

Before we went to Netley, James Woods and I paid a flying visit to Edinburgh, to graduate M B, Ch B.

The last of Edinburgh I was to see for some years was on a stormy summer evening of flying cloud. Princes Street lay in shadow. Frowning high above it the Castle gloomed, save where windows reflected fitful sunset light.

How Edinburgh Castle dominates the city! Sitting only a few years back in the Mirabelle Gardens at Salzburg, I had a curious feeling of disorientation. I almost thought I was back in Edinburgh in Princes Street Gardens. For as the Castle is to Edinburgh, so is the Festenberg to Salzburg.

If you want to know a man’s faults, go to those who love him. They will not tell you, but *they know*. I know some of mine, perhaps because I love myself too much. What sort of

a young man was he who, after passing out of Netley, set sail for India in March 1902?

- (1) Deficient in the sixth-form standards of a public school—but then I had never been at a public school if I did not miscount at golf, it was not so much because it “wasn’t done” as that it would have spoiled golf as a game
- (2) Talkative—but I have read that loquacity is generally honest, if it be often shallow. When a man is very silent he is either a great thinker, a great fool, or a great rogue. I think that I escape condemnation on those three counts!¹
- (3) Suffering from what is now known as an “inferiority complex”—probably from being the youngest of a large family, dominated by elders, and then thrown at the age of fourteen amongst older, rougher, and better-educated Scottish boys. Till I entered Medicine I took a very low place in my classes.

I found my level later, found that there were some things I was not a fool at, some people whom it paid better to stand up to and fight, but the “complex” was there, and I was—and probably am—too anxious to please, and too fearful sometimes to resist the means, to listen to “the still small voice”. In fact, I was more deceitful than I allowed to appear, for I have genial and easy manners that give the appearance of frankness, and a quick, if superficial, intelligence.

- (4) Over-sexed, though not, at any rate consciously, recognizing the symptoms. Not a “womanizer”, for I was early too frightened by the awful tales and examples of what might happen from lightly-entered-into intimacies. Not then, or ever, tempted to run lustfully after strange goddesses. I am of the temperament that loves warmly but is attracted chiefly by what the physiologists would call the “secondary sexual characteristics” in women—baldly, and in colloquial language, “S A”. Such a make-up has led me into one or two situations which, with a little more moral courage, I might have got out of more easily. I don’t suppose I am unique in that!¹ But “what a tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive!”
- (5) Romantic, with a taste for poetry and music, with senses alive for beauty, in woman, horse, or country, and the

faculty for retaining its atmosphere, which, taken with a scientific turn of mind, makes a dangerous combination of characteristics. Yet it is possible to be a day-dreamer and practical too! If I have been dishonest to myself and false to others in my human relationships, I have always had, and always will have, a passion for scientific truth. I would never fake my data to fit my conclusions.

(6) Adventurous, yet timid

I have done a number of dangerous things in my life, and enjoyed doing them, especially when I found that what one was frightened of one generally did best. So I have enjoyed them best *after* they were done, especially the moral victories.

But I have often had to screw myself up to the point of action, and, I suspect, with one eye on the gallery.

So it was a partly shy, partly over-confident, largely ignorant but companionable young man who set sail for the East. He had a taste for adventure without too much risk, and a vast deal of interest in human beings.

Both were to be satisfied.

III

FIRST YEAR IN INDIA

ON the 19th of April, 1902, my batch of "Indian Medical Service" officers crossed the threshold of India by the "Apollo Bunder" quay

Hope and excitement went to my first landing in the East! How different my feelings when, after years of service in the "land of regrets", Bombay lights were seen astern for the last time. Homeward-bound at last. No more dusty hot weather and mosquitoes, no more family partings. London, music and theatres! Bluebells and opening beeches in the spring! But—never again to see the line of Himalayan snows, to taste the sparkle of a cold-weather morning. If I have a nostalgia for India nowadays it is for the feel of a Punjab cold-weather morning, with its breath of an air like champagne, and the line of the snows faintly visible in the distance. Mixed feelings—"partir c'est mourir un peu"

Not so the first greetings, fresh and unsophisticated—the first waft of the East—a hot scented breeze—caught hours before landfall was due, before a muddiness had tinged the deep-sea blue

Night fell, moist and sticky

During the small hours the throb of the screw had ceased, and at dawn there was an excited rush of pyjama-clad figures to the upper decks, and there, displayed in the garish light of an Oriental morning, was the panorama of Bombay

Of subsequent voyages only a few incidents remain in memory, but the pattern of the first is clear. Gib, Marseilles, Port Said, and the Suez Canal to Aden, later becomes an unexciting route, but who can forget his first glimpse of them? A happy first voyage mine. The old *Peninsular*, lit by oil-lamps and aired in the saloons by hand-pulled punkahs, was comfortable in an old-fashioned way. I learned to play the new game "Bridge". A company of innocents, we speculated on the wonderful careers before us

Landing to stretch our legs at Port Said, we explored the

recesses of Simon Artz a little timorously Port Said, reputed a sink of iniquity, was supposed to be dangerous to roam about in after dark—perhaps it was then During the last part of the voyage we wondered where we were going to when we reached India

We soon knew Within a few hours of landing, four of us, of whom I am the sole survivor, were on the Punjab mail—our destination Ambala I ate my first mango in Watson's Hotel before beginning a hot and dreary journey up-country At about noon the following day I was sitting on the doorstep of the compartment—Indian trains travel leisurely—my eyes fascinated by a fortress standing on the far side of a sand-banked river I heard a voice behind me say, "The Jumna—the walls of Delhi—and there's the Ridge!"

Delhi was not then the winter capital of India

There were seven Delhis, if I remember rightly, before King George V announced at the Durbar of 1911 that Delhi was again the capital of India

Could the shades of the Great Moghuls revisit their ancient capitals? Humayon would find a golf course round his stately tomb In the Purana Kila, once his fortress, perhaps on the spot where former Empresses had ringed their eyes with kohl, he might find a modern girl using her lip-stick Shah Jehan, mourning the loss of his Peacock Throne, would find British troops in his palace fort on the bank of the Jumna, and unveiled women at evening receptions in his great audience chamber—the Diwan-i-Am Only that wonder of the world's mosques, the Jumma Masjid, would still be found by Aurangzeb, inviolate save from the eyes of aircraft

Motor-cars stream through the Kashmir Gate over the ground where John Nicholson rushed to lose his life when the last Moghuls were driven from Delhi

In April 1902 Delhi was a place of little importance To Europeans it was either the headquarters of a Civil District or a second-class cantonment

My first night in India under a roof was spent in Ambala, also my last, almost exactly nineteen years later—and most of the first year of my married life Kipling in "Kim" has set a scene in the Ambala of 1902

Bugles and lances, gaiters and spurs, scarlet and khaki, glitter of glass in the gay crowd which thronged the Sirhind Club of an evening and drank their vermouths (at three annas a glass). Flowers in profusion stocked the gardens Flowering

trees and shrubs bordered the well-kept roads. Spit and polish of whitewashed stones marked the edges of the Mall and its adjacent tan ride. Polo was played on two grounds covered with real grass.

It was Rawal Pindi—Pindi, the biggest cantonment in Northern India—on a smaller scale¹. Then something happened to the water-supply. It was said that the Dharmasala earthquake of 1905 had diverted the course of an underground river and so dried up the wells.

In 1921, when I was last there, the garrison had shrunk almost to nothing, H Q. and one squadron R A F were practically the only British troops. There wouldn't have been enough water for cavalry horses, or to fill the radiators of their mechanized successors. The grass had withered from the golf course and the polo grounds. The slightest breeze brought swirling clouds of arid dust. The glories of the Club, as of the gardens, had departed.

In 1902 there was a Prisoners of War Camp for Boers out on the open plain or "maidan" beyond the British Infantry lines. I have often wondered why Ambala was picked on. Certainly there was little chance of escape for the prisoners, but they might have had a better all-round climate chosen for them. Perhaps they were sent to the hills in mid-summer. The prisoners looked quite happy behind their wire entanglements. I bought a picture-postcard designed by one of them.

I had an introduction to the Commandant from a brother officer of his in the Gordon Highlanders (Captain Maury Meiklejohn, V C).

The Commandant asked me to dinner—my first sit-down-to-table-dinner in India, and the first time I donned white mess-kit. The hot weather being well on its way, we dined out of doors. I remember sitting on a long chair under a heavy-scented tree, drinking in the balmy air and thinking, "India isn't too bad a place!" I hadn't lived through a hot weather then!

Posting orders came. A few hours later I was on the way alone to Dera Ismail Khan. "Dreary Dismal Khan" it was called. There was no competition to serve in a station where the July temperature reached—and over-reached—120° F. Jacobabad used to be the top-marker, but D I K was always sure of a place—usually about third—in the temperature race.

At Lahore an officer got into my compartment. From the labels on his kit I gathered that he was a Major in a Sikh

regiment We got talking He had been seeing his wife up to the hills—to Murree he told me—for the hot weather I asked him the best hotel to stop at in Dera Ismail Khan

He stared at me—suspiciously As I found later, he didn't like having his leg pulled "There's a dâk bungalow" (rest-house), "if that's what you mean" he said

"What is a dâk bungalow?" I asked He stared again, and longer Then he burst out laughing, realizing that I really *was* a greenhorn

"I can give you a room in my bungalow", he offered, with the hospitality that one learns to expect--and to give—in India

I accepted

D I K is only just in India proper, being on the Frontier side of Indus, but situate with due respect to the vagaries of that great river whose bank in some years crept close to the cantonment For communication with the railway the river had to be crossed In the cold weather, when the stream ran low in channels, one could cross by a bridge of boats—built anew each October

From Darya Khan, the nearest railway station, two-wheeled chariots known as "tongas" used to ply The half-starved ponies were fierce When the driver wasn't using his whip he used to yell at them, and they covered most of the ten miles of sandy ill-kept road at a gallop

In the hot weather, with the melting of the Himalayan snows, Indus spanned over a mile from bank to bank The current was swift, the crossing long, and could be rough and dangerous If the snows melted early, the boat bridges might be swept away before the Public Works officials had time to remove the boats

I have a soft spot in my heart for Dera Ismail Khan, my first station, with its large straggling, shady compounds and its high, flat-roofed bungalows built of dried mud mixed with chopped straw

The architects knew how to build for the climate Walls several feet thick, with deep verandahs, surrounded high central rooms, lighted only by small clerestory windows near the roof The few archways in the verandahs were provided with bamboo curtains ("chicks") to shut out the sun and heat

In the hot weather every opening was thrown wide to let in the cool evening air to ventilate the rooms At sun-up all were closed As a result, if one walked in at midday one's room

felt like an ice-house after the scorching heat without. And in January, with the temperature near freezing-point, how warm the room, and how cheerful on the mud hearth the blaze of a log fire!

My first stay in D I K was very temporary. I had just time to call on the various messes when I was moved on—this time to Miranshah in Waziristan. The exigencies of the Service must be obeyed, but I think the authorities used to overdo the frequency of postings of junior officers. I had four moves during my first six months in India, and for the whole period of my military service was seldom more than a short time in the same station. D I K to Miranshah. Miranshah to Bannu. Bannu to D I K again. D I K to Rawal Pindi to join the Guides on the march to Delhi! That was my first six months. Civilians seldom realize that military officers spend their whole service with a telegram—like a sword of Damocles—hanging over them. “Proceed forthwith to report at X—and when they reach X being asked, “Who the hell are you?”

Amusing for a young bachelor, not so funny for the married man, or for his wife, who has to pack. One lived in boxes in India. Expensive, “three moves is as bad as a fire”, it is said.

I doubt, too, if it was very sound policy to bring out young men—unsalted to the East—at the beginning of the hot weather, especially to the plains or to the N W Frontier. Conditions are healthier now. The risk of enteric, rife when I went out, with a frightening mortality rate, is now negligible, thanks largely to Wright and Leishman! Dysentery and malaria are less prevalent and less dangerous. I was attacked by both, not to mention by mild cholera, during my first year. By December I weighed about eight stone, and I am a tall man. And by then two of our batch were dead.

Dera Ismail Khan to Bannu in a tonga! Eight p.m. till early morning, with a short rest in the middle of the night at Pezu, where the howling demons of the wind were rushing down from the Sheikh Budin hills. Sleep was impossible in the back seat of the lurching chariot—though I am sure my servant slept as he sat in front beside a long-haired driver in rags. We changed ponies every ten miles or so, and he was urging them with voice or whip most of the way—about a hundred miles.

Waziristan! I was to spend two years in and out of that land of wild and lawless Frontier tribes.

The green and fertile oasis of Bannu was my starting-point, but months elapsed before I saw more of Bannu than the rest-house, where, tired as a dog, I slept the clock round

No one cared, for none of the Brigade Staff there knew that a solitary officer was passing through

Next morning, taking the Tochi Valley road, I passed into the foot-hills of Waziristan. That No-Man's-Land between Afghanistan and India has ever been a source of trouble. In 1902 the Mahsud-Waziri Blockade Operations—for by this term a minor war was named officially for political purposes by a Curzonian euphemism—was just over

Motor-roads were yet to come, and the British Raj, with but a few scattered Frontier posts—Miranshah was one—on which to base its ward and watch, had much ado to keep the peace, even with local Militia levies

The country was dangerous, as I realized when we came to where the valley closed in, and our tonga was joined by a cavalry escort. Though I did not know it, the heights on either side were picketed by infantry

I made my professional debut in the East that day, in attending a tribesman "hoist with his own petard". Armed with an ancient "jezail"—a long-barrelled flint-lock musket—he had thought to keep a family blood-feud going, and lain in wait behind a rock for his enemy. Unfortunately for him, the barrel, bound with strips of copper wire, was not strong enough to stand the charge of powder and shot rammed into it. When he let it off, it burst near the stock, blowing a considerable hole, not in his enemy's but in his own head. He wasn't dead when I saw him, but I don't think he would have survived, even if I hadn't dressed his wound.

This happened at Fort Idak, a stage where we changed ponies, some ten miles from my destination. There were no British troops in Waziristan, and an Indian Army subaltern was in command of the post. Subalterns did three months' solitary outpost duty then—if they could stick the loneliness! He it was who dragged me out of my tonga, learning somehow that I was a doctor.

Thus, when I had finished with my patient, I found that my tonga had preceded me to Miranshah.

Could I ride? the subaltern asked. I said I could. "All right", said he. "I'll give you a mount and a couple of sowars (Indian cavalry troopers) as escort. I *wouldn't* dawdle by the way, if I were you!" I didn't dawdle.

It is no excuse that my mount was a wild-eyed country-bred—all legs and mane and tail and no quarters or shoulders—the fact is, that I was not then a very experienced horseman.

The animal bolted and took complete charge till he reached Miranshah.

The first sight of Miranshah aroused feelings of desolation. (I wonder did Aircraftman T. E. Lawrence—Lawrence of Arabia—feel the same when *he* went there?) Not a tree in sight, only barren rocky hills, a stony plain where it wasn't "putt" (mud), and an invisible river. The mud walls of the fort toned in with the general dreariness. Even the hills within sight were not on the grand scale of the mountains further up the valley.

I thought I might have to spend years in the place. Had I not been appointed Medical Officer to the 5th Regiment of Punjab Infantry of the Punjab Frontier Force, which had only recently gone there? I did not realize how temporary were the appointments to regiments in the early days of one's service. Actually, I only stayed ten days in Miranshah before going further up the valley to Datta Khel to relieve a brother officer who had gone down with dysentery. Cocky little Deas, he was worrying less about his dysentery than about whether he would get the Frontier medal for the recently finished Mahsud-Waziri Operations.

The 5th P.I. (later the 58th Vaughan's Rifles, and now merged in the 12th Frontier Regiment) garrisoned Fort Miranshah, and the regiment was commanded by Colonel Fred White, a dark, large, lazy, genial bachelor—I am almost sure he was a bachelor, but not so sure that his sister was the song-writer Maud Valerie White, as it was commonly supposed. The month was May, the weather was hot, and my recollection is that little was seen of "Uncle Fred" till sundown and short-drink-time, and a great deal of him till a late hour at the Bridge-table, where I continued my unlucky career at cards—I am a consistent loser, though up to the average as a player of the hands. The medical officer preceding me—he shall be nameless but for his birthplace, Glasgow—had been banned from the Bridge-table after saying one night to his partner, "A thoct ye knew when A coughed A meant no trumps!"

Though during the short time I was under his command I never saw "Uncle Fred" take violent exercise, he had the reputation of being a fine Frontier soldier.

Our chief exercise in Miranshah was "Sticky", a game

invented by the gunners. In its first crude form it began by some inventive officer putting gun targets at either end of a tennis court to act as back walls and so to keep the ball in play—a combination, in fact, of lawn tennis and squash racquets. Later, side walls were added. A high mud wall completely surrounded the Miranshah court. It had a tower in the centre, just above the net on one side. Whilst play was going on a sentry was posted there to keep a look-out, for the court was about a mile from the wire entanglements of Miranshah and it was considered unsafe to go so far without a guard, as on one occasion some officers returning from “sticky” or hockey had been attacked by tribesmen.

Datta Khel, at the head of the Tochi Valley some thirty miles beyond Miranshah, was a perimeter fort of much the same kind as Miranshah. The 2nd Punjab Infantry, the 56th, now part of the 13th Frontier Regiment, were stationed there. Of the journey made on a May morning, when dust haze hid the outline of distant mountains, I remember a half-way halt at a little oasis named Boya. We came on it suddenly as we rounded a sharp curve on a short steep downward slope to the Tochi River. There were limpid pools and running irrigation channels through terraced rice-fields, the young green of apricot leaf was startling. The flat roofs of a clustered village peeped out of the foliage. A sentinel watch-tower looked over the river to the small fort of Boya, held then by a company of the 5th P I. It is now a “khassadar”, or Northern Waziristan Militia post. We changed ponies and went on, to reach a stony plain encircled by mountains. I got my first sight of Datta Khel in the distance, and my heart sank. This was beyond the edge of the world! How many years should I have to spend there?

In a few weeks I found compensations, as when I looked northward to Shui Dar, ten-thousand-foot mountain of Afghanistan, and scarce ten miles away, its summit ridges clothed with pine, or south to the barren mountains whence the river sprang. The mountains of Waziristan have a rich barrenness. Acres of grey, powder-blue, yellow ochre, crimson and red, are colour-spashed among their rocks. Salts of iron, mercury, and arsenic was my first thought, prompted by smatterings of remembered chemistry. Mineral deposits they are, but I probably haven't got the names of the minerals right. Up to some seven thousand feet the hills are bare, then there is scrub, juniper, and higher still the pines, with

little running streams that dry up in their courses save for rain, or dive underground to escape the powerful sun, the fiery blasts that sweep from off the heated rocks in summer. In winter comes the snow to feed them.

Further compensations! I bought my first pony. I was twenty-four, and Anthony was certainly more than half my age, an old Waler (Australian) polo pony. On his back I made my first essays at hitting a polo ball.

A straw-and-tan track encircled the fort at Datta Khel. I used to take Anthony round every morning after reveille. There was one deep nullah or gully which used to try my novice horsemanship highly. There were a few low jumps at the side of the course. Polo ponies are not expected to jump, and at any but the very smallest Anthony used to shy off. Whenever he shied I fell off. I associate those early mornings with discordant noises, buglers being taught to bugle, and the regimental band practising bits of a new piece.

Besides Anthony, I acquired at second-hand from the invalided Deas a twelve-bore gun, a 303 Lee-Metford carbine, which proved a good weapon for the four-footed game of Northern India, and my first dog, Pincher, a mongrel fox-terrier. I lived in a mud hut in the main street of the fort—if one can give the name of street to the rocky soil of the plain with the roughnesses smoothed and margins delineated by whitewashed stones.

"Teacher" commanded the 2nd P I, a dark-grizzled, bronzed little man with a big moustache. His real name was Lieut-Colonel Rodwell. He may have been a p s c (passed Staff College), though I don't think the Staff College had been founded then. If so, it must have been very difficult for Indian Army Officers to get to it, there was no Quetta Staff College. He certainly had recently been holding some appointment away from the regiment—I rather fancy the command of the Musketry School at Patchmurree in Central India—and as certainly had contracted or been born with a habit of imparting information gratis, hence his nickname of "Teacher" throughout the Punjab Frontier Force.

The "Piffers", the name by which the Frontier Force was known, were a picked body of men. From constant practice, what they did not know about mountain warfare was not worth knowing, and they were very jealous of their reputation.

In rotation between the stations of Dera Ghazi Khan, Dera Ismael Khan, Bannu, Kohat, Peshawar, Risalpur (a brand-new



THE AUTHOR ON HIS FIRST PONY ANTHONY 1905

cavalry cantonment in 1902), and Mardan (then the permanent station of the Guides), and in outposts up the river valleys of the Gumal, the Tochi, and the Kurram, in the Khyber Pass, on the Sumana Ridge and in the Malakand, Piffer officers spent their whole service, and reckoned that service the best time of their lives. They would not have exchanged that barren land for the Garden of Eden—though some of their wives might have.

In the reorganization of the Indian Army after the South African War, and still more after the 1914-1918 War, Piffer regiments began to be shifted down country, so as to give others a taste of Frontier warfare. I wonder was it a wise reform? I think it was Kitchener's doing. The Kitchener-Curzon controversy which rent India was then just beginning. I have a faded photograph of "K of K" inspecting our Frontier post as Sarwakai.

At Datta Khel a Piffer officer asked me how I liked the Frontier. "Never seen such a bloody hole" was my unfortunate reply, of which the effects did not immediately become apparent. I did not realize what tender susceptibilities had been offended, or how deeply. I would say "Good morning" to an officer in the mess, and if I got an answer at all it would be ungracious. I put down this noticeable coldness to bad manners. The boycott came to a head after a guest-night. I had gone to bed, and was reading by the light of a hurricane-lamp placed on a table outside the mosquito curtain when a band of officers appeared. It was a very hot night and my bed was on the roof. They had come to try me by a subalterns' "rag" court-martial. The charge was "that I had stolen regimental necessities inasmuch as, when I had joined, my remarks about the Frontier had removed the Colonel's breath." I was found guilty. The sentence was three rounds with bare fists, my opponent a cavalry subaltern in the old 1st Punjab Cavalry. One round sufficed. I was sober, and I saw red. So was he, more or less, but had "drink taken". I have no idea where I hit him, or how, but I knocked him off the roof. I said I hoped his neck was broken, but we were all a little frightened. As it happened, he had fallen on to the roof of a verandah instead of all the way to the ground, and was hardly even bruised. We made up the quarrel, and I kept my mouth shut about the incident, much to everyone's relief, and from that day was received into the brotherhood. I had become a "Piffer"!

This occurred in Bannu, for I had been only a few weeks in Datta Khel when I got dysentery myself and was transferred. There was a medical theory that intestinal complaints did badly at high altitudes. Datta Khel was between 3000 and 4000 feet up—hardly at a high altitude! However, I was transferred to the steaming heat of Bannu. That oasis at the junction of the Kurran and Tochi rivers is ever green, except for the wide beds of the rivers, which in dry, i.e. in most seasons are mere trickles in a stony waste. But limpid irrigation channels flow through Bannu cantonment, and the compounds are fertile. In the compound of a bungalow I shared with an officer of the 4th Sikhs (name forgotten) I could pick green figs or pomegranates fresh from the bush. Living in an adjoining bungalow was another officer in that regiment, who had been a baby-faced “bejant” with me at St Andrews University, Bob Scott—his father was a well-known divine in Montrose. Big, and still of a round and ruddy countenance and soft of voice, he tried, whilst we were in Bannu together, to sell me a tame panther! I resisted. When last I heard of him, a few years ago, he had retired and had been living in a small yacht for years—the crew his wife and son. It saved rent, he said. I hailed his yacht from the shore of Campbeltown Loch, but could make no one hear. Perhaps they were asleep. So after Bannu we never met again.

I was ill most of my time in Bannu—a matter of a month to six weeks—recovering from dysentery, dining by myself every evening, by doctor's orders, on a monotonous fare of chicken soup and custard pudding, so I remember little about the garrison. The names of the regiments composing the Bannu Brigade—with outposts up to where at Gumatti the Tochi River debouches from the hills—remain in memory, but the names of their commanding officers are forgotten, and I have no idea who the Brigadier was. As a matter of fact, most of the senior officers were on leave during that peak of the hot weather, and the famous Piffer Mess, which was shared by the whole Brigade, was nearly empty. Only a handful of officers dined out under the trees to the swish of the swinging punkah, in the light of lamps banished to the outer rim of the “chabootrah” or raised stone platform on which the tables were set. The outdoor platform, common to all Indian messes, is a protection against snakes. The lamps have to be distant—how impenetrable seemed the wall of darkness outside their pools of light!—partly to be away from the wind of the punkah.

and partly because they attract a plague of insects in infinite variety¹

The last time I saw that mess, once so furnished with sports trophies, books, Eastern carpets, and silver gifts from retiring Colonels or regiments on transfer, its rooms were almost bare. In the big ante-room, on New Year's Eve 1920, an officer of 20 Squadron R A F jumped a pony over a sofa, the *only* article of furniture in the room¹. But in 1902 it was in its glory.

From Bannu I was sent to D I K again, to a cavalry regiment.

An August day in the D I K of 1902¹. Up at reveille, unwillingly roused from the soundest sleep of the night in the transient coolness that precedes the dawn—a spurious coolness the thermometer, which had stood at 104° F in my room as I undressed last night, might have dropped into the eighties on the roof at sunrise. Mosquito net flung aside and morning tea drunk, I would fling on a pair of riding-breeches and set out for a canter through the palm and sisal groves to the edge of the cantonment, and beyond to where the waters of the mighty Indus curved through sandy flats to lap its banks.

Thence to dress properly, and to my morning sick parade.

The stage is set outside the regimental hospital of the 3rd Bengal Cavalry. The hospital appears as a long, low mud hut. The time is around eight o'clock, the air already hot.

A trestle table and a chair are set out in the shade of a large "peepul", a tree closely resembling a poplar (is there aught in the similarity of name?), but of vaster girth and spread. On the table are the Admission and Discharge Book and the Morning Sick Reports form—to go to the Adjutant later. My Sub-Assistant Surgeon stands by the table—he is waiting for me. The men reporting sick are seated in line on the dusty ground. They are not in uniform. They also wait.

The S A S. is a most valuable person. He is my assistant doctor, a member of the Indian Subordinate Medical Department. With three years' training in a provincial medical college—run by an officer of the Indian Medical Service—his education has been sketchy compared to the minimum allowed by the British General Medical Council before a doctor is let loose to kill or cure in this country. But he has invaluable assets: he is a willing slave, he knows his countrymen and can speak their tongues—which I cannot. I very soon could, for, as an incentive to learn, we I M S. officers were not allowed to draw the pay—additional to our pay of rank—for medical

charge of a regiment until we had passed the Lower standard Hindustani exam I was moved about so much that I did not get a chance for nearly a year

I arrive and sit at the table The first patient's name on the Morning Sick Report is called out

"Havildar (sergeant) Ajit Singh!"

A Sikh steps forward His black beard is parted symmetrically and curled up and round to the centre parting

"What hast thou, Ajit Singh?"

"Sahib, a strong fever has come upon me!"

This has been substantiated by the clinical thermometer—clearly a case for hospital In a column of the Sick Report I write down "hospital" In the Admission and Discharge Book I enter "24 A Ague" against his name All diseases had an official number and nomenclature, and practically all fevers were labelled Ague, by which was meant malaria

"Sawar" (trooper) "Ibrahim Khan!"

The next man is from the Punjabi-Mussulman (P M) squadron—a straggly-bearded hefty peasant

"I have pain in belly!" is his complaint

But the Sub-Assistant Surgeon, it appears, has given him "dawai" (medicine) and he is better I suspect that the hands pressed to stomach have been an excuse to get off parade I mark him M & D (Medicine and Duty)

The third patient, Sawar Gul Baz, is from the Pathan squadron, a fair-haired, green-eyed Afridi recruit He has fallen from his horse in riding-school I find him bruised but with no bones broken He too is marked "M & D"

And so on I may have a new recruit to examine for enlistment, but in half an hour or so the sick parade is over, and I enter the hospital to see the in-patients, numbering perhaps a dozen or more They are suffering from fever, bowel complaints, or horse accidents (The regimental hospitals of my day have "gone with the wind" in favour of one large combined hospital for the whole garrison It was about time, even then, that resources were pooled) My hospital is ill-equipped and ill-staffed The nursing is left to a native compounder and dresser—amateurs There is no X-ray plant to help my diagnosis of the accidents, though, to be fair, those were early days for X-ray plants, even in big hospitals There is no microscope to help me distinguish malaria from other fevers Nowadays no doctor in the world would take it for granted that a fever was malarial without the aid of the microscope.

"24 A Ague" at sight is a dead diagnosis and a dead nomenclature

Those days in India are gone, and with them the state of current medical knowledge which caused most cases of fever to be diagnosed 24 A Ague (we had to use the numbers given in the Official Nomenclature of Diseases) Ague was as common then as was P U O (Pyrexia of Unknown Origin) in later days. The fever statistics must have been very misleading. Microscopes were not officially provided in the equipment of an Indian regimental hospital in the days before the station hospital system was introduced into the Indian Army. But I had one of my own, and used it with some enthusiasm. A lot of excitement goes to the first finding of malarial parasites in a blood smear stained by oneself—or *Amoeba histolytica* in a fresh specimen, but there was disappointment when one realized how hard malarial parasites were to find, having expected to see them swarming in every smear. So malaria, one found, wasn't so common after all, and in a genuine case one might have to take a number of specimens—on different days, and at different times—before being rewarded with the thrill of discovery. Dust and heat were deterrents—how stains used to dry up in the hot weather! That I couldn't spot what I was out to look for under the microscope was often due to my amateur technique and badly prepared specimens. But it was fun, and looking back forms part of my personal romance—the romance of learning something for oneself. Yet, when all is said or done, it is not usually in our knowledge or accomplishments that we find romance, though that jewel may be wrested from the dry fields of science as is a diamond from a mine. Darwin and many others have done it—and to hosts whose names will never be known, science has spelt romance as well as knowledge. But the ordinary man lives by his emotions, and, looking back, I would not exchange the joy I have had all my life from just sitting on a horse—let alone riding him to hounds—for the gift of all tongues and all knowledge.

I had plenty of spare time in my first years of Service. After morning sick parade and hospital, the day was free. One could not inspect the lines, that is, the huts in which the troops, and in some instances their families, lived, lest one offend against customs of caste and religion. For the same reason, it was impossible to have any say in their diet. An M O could not, for instance, prevent a recruit from starving himself, as he

often did, in order to send money back to his village home. So, after my short morning's work was done, I would wander over to stables. I learned more in those days about horses than about men. Then there was the language to study; all those first months I was busy learning to speak and to write Hindustani. This would occupy an afternoon—plus a siesta in the heat after tiffin—till games and club-time came round.

I can't remember much about the officers of that cavalry regiment—or indeed of the officers in the other regiments garrisoning D I K that hot weather. I was with them for so short a time. I remember that the cavalrymen were supposed to be much divorced—or about to be divorced, but as there were no ladies in the station—they had all gone to the hills—there was a lack of first-hand evidence of this. Many of the officers were on leave, too. Some were shooting in Kashmir, some were in England, but some were certainly “poodle-faking” in Simla or Mussoorie. I think the term “poodle-faking” must have died out—I haven't heard it for years. It meant running after feminine society, plus dancing and tennis, in preference to the sterner joys of sport or mountain-climbing.

One poodle-faker came back from leave during my time in the mess—let me call him Captain A. During A's absence in the hills a new subaltern, Lieutenant B, had joined the regiment, and one of the senior officers, Major C, had left for good, and left not a very good reputation behind him. Captain A arrived in the evening, hot and dusty from a long tonga drive. There was just time for a bath and change for mess. But he couldn't find his mess-kit, though he hunted high and low for it. He cursed his bearer—he was rather a surly-tempered man—but eventually had to put on civilian evening dress. He arrived late, and apologized to the Mess President. At table he sat opposite the new subaltern, to whom he had been introduced. Looking across at B, A's gaze became fixed. “I say, B!” he burst out, “that's jolly like my mess waistcoat you're wearing!” “Can't be”, replied B. “I bought this mess-kit from Major C. He said he wouldn't need it any more now he had left the regiment. As it happens, it's a pretty good fit, don't you think?”

A was purple. “Good fit be damned—it's mine!” And it was.

Not a nice story, and not in the least typical of the Indian Army.

I started riding-school of a morning, not comparing very well in my progress with some of the recruits—many Indians are born horsemen. But I wasn't getting on badly till I started a boil on my behind. The temperature that week was soaring to the hundred and twenties—not good for boils.

I called in the M O of the 45th Sikhs—a dark Scot from the coast of Fife, near my beloved St Andrews. A real “canny” one, too, with a close face. His accent retained more than a trace of Fife.

He inspected my boil. It must be cut, and he had brought with him an abscess knife. I lay on my face, ready to bite the pillow, for there was no local anaesthetic available. I felt the prick of the knife-point, and I winced. The expected did not happen. The knife was withdrawn, and I heard a thoughtful voice ask, “Have ye seen the new edition of Manson's *Tropical Medicine*?” I nearly screamed, and a moment later had to set my teeth to avoid it when he started with great deliberation, as it appeared to me, to saw through my boil. I thought it was all over when I heard him say, “I'd better make a crucial incision”, i.e. a cut at right angles to the first one—and he did!

It was weeks before I could sit a horse, and just about then I got my first go of malaria. The shivers came on as I was having a drink at the club after tennis. Most of the night I tossed restlessly on what seemed a red-hot bed. I ordered my bearer to bring some soup and a bottle of claret. I have never much liked claret since. It was not good claret, of course. That could hardly be expected of wine that had travelled all that long distance from France—was it from France, I wonder?—and been stored in a mess go-down where the temperature rose to giddy heights, but anyway, claret is horrid stuff to be sick on, to the accompaniment, I remember, of the regimental band playing far off outside the mess.

On one of the nights when I was still ill, my bearer came in excited. I think he had been drinking. He said there was a snake on the verandah—would I bring a gun? I did. He waved his arms, and looking up I saw by the dim light of a hurricane-lamp a curiously marked mass apparently coiled round a beam in the verandah roof. In my youth I had been fed by reading of Kipling and others on tales of deadly snakes that fell through ceiling cloths, so I jumped to conclusions. I shot at the mass. It was a wasps' nest! We retired precipitately. My bearer was stung, but I escaped.

September came The nights grew cooler, a sheet could be used, soon the time came to pull up a blanket in the early morning

The station woke up and was preparing to receive its ladies, when I received orders to proceed to Rawal Pindi, where I was to mobilize a section of a native cavalry field hospital (the forerunner of the field ambulance) It was to be attached to the Queen's Own Corps of Guides Cavalry, en route by road to the forthcoming Delhi Durbar

Pindi! I arrived on a morning of rain, the very first I had seen since my arrival in India, and the smell of wet, cool earth seemed heavenly, the sound of bugles music, and the station a metropolis of gaiety The R A M C mess where I stayed was, in fact, the acme of comfort, for it was one of the best messes in India

I did not myself mobilize the field hospital It was done for me by my second-in-command He collected the field panniers containing the drugs and equipment, and the mules to carry them He collected the tents, dhoolies (a kind of palanquin), flags, poles, etc., and the personnel, an Indian Sub-Assistant Surgeon named Kashi Ram and the "kahars" or bearers to carry the dhoolies My second-in-command was a Eurasian Assistant Surgeon, by name, I think, Loveday The Assistant Surgeon is another curious cog in the wheel of the medical services in India Eurasian (Anglo-Indian by modern terminology) or country-bred British, he does three years' training in the Military Medical College at Calcutta, serves, like the I M S officer, a period of years with the Army—in his case with the British Army—and is then allowed to seek a responsible place in a civil hospital (also run then by a "civil" I M S man) Loveday—if that was his name—knew all the forms to be filled up, and he inducted me competently into my first independent command!

A diversion!

The I M S is primarily military, but its greatest work has been done amongst the crowded millions of India's civil population In my day, the first three or four years of service had to be spent with a regiment of the Indian Army after which it was the ambition of most of us to be transferred to "civil"—in the province of our choice

The civil side forms a war reserve I never expected to be called back again to the Army—though we kept our Army

rank and were promoted in it, even in "civil"—but then, who anticipated 1914?

We in "civil" had the best of the professional practice of India, and were the pioneers of medical education and research. We were Harley Street and the Universities in one.

Barring the Sappers, we were the chief scientific corps in India. Museums, Jails, Botanical Gardens, Marine Survey-ships, and even the Mint, had I M S officers as Super-intendents, and we held all the teaching appointments in the medical schools.

The Civil Surgeon was the backbone of the system. Medical head of a district generally larger than most English counties, he was head administrator, surgeon, physician, pathologist, and anything else left over, to the Central Hospital at the District Headquarters town, and inspector of numerous scattered dispensaries. What a wealth of clinical material of all kinds! He governed the district jail, was the medico-legal expert, and did all the post-mortems for the police—nasty jobs they were in hot weather! So were executions! He ran the public health services, and many a pleasant day out I've had inspecting vaccination! No wonder we most of us looked forward to our transfer to "civil", though some preferred to spend most of their service in "military", a pleasant if a lazy life. Their aim was to obtain a permanent posting—to be, as it was called, "pukka" with a regiment. When I first went to India there were men who had served twenty years or more in the same regiment, and had become part of it though most of them, if they became colonels, were taken away to administrative work either in military or civil.

I marched with the Guides to join at Ambala (we spelt it Umballa then) the Northern Army concentrating there for the manœuvres that preceded the Curzon Durbar of 1902. The Guides started from Mardan, the permanent home of "God's Own Guides" almost since the Mutiny. Now the sanctity has been broken and the Guides move from station to station like other regiments.

The Guides, crack regiment, was the only unit in the Indian Army composed both of cavalry and infantry. They might have had guns too, but when they were formed by Lumsden at the time of the Mutiny, artillery was barred to Indians, and this policy persisted. Mountain batteries, small stuff, and suitable for Frontier warfare, yes! but nothing heavier.

During the march I crossed on foot or on horseback the

Jhelum, the Chenab, the Beas, the Ravi, and the Sutlej, the five waters which give to the Punjab its name

Our troopers swam the Beas, hanging on to their horses' tails, but the officers of the Queen's Own Corps of Guides, I with them, preferred a bridge

I joined the Guides on the camping-ground at Rawal Pindi. We marched early in the morning. The air struck chill through our thin khaki

Mounted drums and pipes of the Pathan squadron led Scottish Highlanders are not the only pipers in the world. The Frontiersmen play the "serenai", a rude reed pipe. It was to the sound of the "dol" (a native drum) and "serenai" that we marched, and to a tune that is now known wherever pipes are played—(does one *play* the pipe, *sound*, or *blow* them?)—the "Zukhmi Dil" or "Wounded Heart". The words to which the tune is set are ruder than the instruments that accompany it. I heard it for the first time that October morning.

Came the order "Trot!" The pipes were stilled. We trotted, and with the motion both horses and men were warmed.

We were on the Grand Trunk Road, the highway of Hindustan. How well Kipling caught its magic, and communicated it in "Kim."

I could repeat now the names of most camping-grounds between Rawal Pindi and Delhi in the order of our march south. Riwat—we shot pigeon there. Mandra—there was a temple. Gujar Khan—I had a go of malaria and shivered under four blankets on a camp-bed. Sohawa, Dina, Jhelum—I was still an invalid and did those last three marches in a bullock-ambulance. There the regiments crossed the first of the five rivers, but I was left behind to convalesce in the 16th Bengal Lancers' mess, rejoining by rail two days later to cross the Chenab at Wazirabad. Ghukka, Gujranwala—a huddled city like a rabbit-warren. Kamoke Muridki—a wide plain to gallop over, and the scene of many a cavalry manoeuvre. Shahdara—the tomb of the Emperor Jehangir Khan; and then Lahore. Missing out the intervening camps, lest the repetition of strange names becomes a catalogue—Amritsar, Jullundur, Ambala.

The stages were short, averaging ten to twelve miles a day, enough for marching infantry in heat and dust, though that great road throughout its twelve hundred miles of length is a shaded avenue. On either side is a double row of trees. Who

planted them, I wonder, those "neems", "sisals", "peepuls", "banyans"?

Cavalry used to trot and walk alternate miles, we would cover the stages at an average pace of seven miles an hour. Will cavalry ever again march from camping-ground to camping-ground in India? The baggage train of mules was never far behind. It would start before us at dawn, but we would pass it on the way, and our troopers would only have time to mark out the camp lines with lances stuck into the ground before the mules rolled up with the tents—and the drinks!

Sturdy little beasts! They ambled quickly, kicking up the dust, and the column would arrive enveloped in a cloud of it. The dhoolie-bearers of my field hospital came in a good second-best. The dhoolie, a modified palanquin, was the official Army stretcher for carrying sick and wounded. Comfortable, but heavy, it was slung on a bamboo pole, either end of which when it was being carried rested on the shoulders of the bearers, two in front and two behind. There used to be—and doubtless still is—a special caste of Indians called "kahars", from which the Army recruited its bearers. They were astoundingly strong, and could keep up a jog-trot for miles on end, carrying not only the dhoolie but the human burden in it, and as they went they chanted. What they sang I never knew, except that it was something offensive about the weight and other unspeakable qualities of their passengers.

Dhoolies made excellent beds. I have slept in one many a time.

Exhausted after a mild attack of cholera—I dare say it was only a violent ptomaine poisoning, but it was labelled cholera—I once slept a whole day in a dhoolie whilst the faithful kahars carried me thirty miles across a country track to Ambala, to the base hospital for the Delhi manœuvres of 1902. They ought not to have complained of my weight, for I was reduced by recurrent goes of malaria and dysentery. Oddly enough, I have never had malaria since—mosquitoes take one suck at my blood and drop off disgusted. So do sand-flies. I think I was one of the few who went through the Mesopotamia campaign from 1916 to 1918 without contracting sand-fly fever. In fact, barring one attack of enteric, one of paratyphoid, and two mild goes of dysentery, I was practically never sick for more than a day or two at a time, and that rarely, after the first year of India. I was "salted" early

Those days on the march What fun they were! Never since 1902 have I "nightly pitched my moving tent a day's march nearer"—anywhere!

Sundays excepted The seventh was a day of rest, the regiment halted

Though we were heading south, the days—but more particularly the nights—grew colder as the march went on We rose of a morning to the trumpets sounding an early reveille, for tents, even the mess-tents, had to be struck and sent off in advance with the baggage column

Sleeping lightly before dawn, one would be roused by the sound of the troopers hawking their throats—the Sikhs were the worst offenders

"Aī bhai!" (Oh, brother!) they would shout one to another in high-pitched raucous voices, "are you awake?"

A number of "bhais" would reply, and the whole camp would wake to a running interchange of back-chat

"Aī! Bishan Singh, where are you?" Then the mules would raise their voices

In the chilly half-light we officers, wearing "coats, warm, British" (the first pattern was a kind of khaki reefer jacket) or "poshtins" (an embroidered Afghan leather coat lined with sheepskin), would sit in the open at a rickety camp-table to swallow lukewarm tea and poached eggs Aluminium plates and cups retain heat but for a few minutes There would be a flash of green across the faintly smudged pink and dove-grey of the morning sky as a flock of green parrots wheeled screaming overhead—an acrid tang of dust, dung, and wood-smoke

"Boot and saddle!" "Prepare to mount" "Mount!" Once again the feel of a saddle between the knees!

The next camping-ground would be reached with the sun still climbing to its zenith There would be a conference, short but often heated, with the local supply merchant about the quality of grain and fodder to be requisitioned

Meanwhile the camp was being pitched The moving town went up like magic Soon the trumpets blew for "Stables"; for me that meant "morning sick parade"

By the time the camp was settled in, lunch was ready in the mess-tent The rest of the day was free

We would wander about in the quiet evenings, gun on arm. In the clumps of trees that dot the Punjab plains there were pigeons—we might come back with a brace or two Quail were not yet in, and partridge hard to come by

Once I shot a good head of black buck just off the Grand Trunk Road a few marches north of Ambala, but that was three years later, marching with the 19th Bengal Lancers. I was in a hurry to get to Ambala that time, for I was not long married and my wife awaited me

I doubt if the Punjab has changed in essentials. I expect the villages are still mud-warrens clustered round a well with a creaking Persian wheel, the villagers colourful and ragged as ever. I expect the roads are as rough, even though motor-buses now run, and the buses, I am sure, are mechanical wrecks holding together by a miracle.

The Grand Trunk Road remains, and surely has not lost the variety of its travellers, its mendicants and its traffic—horses, mules, camels, bullock-carts, and “ekkas”¹—even though motor transport has now been added. Still in the evening light its colonnade of trees throw long shadows on the parched earth. When the sun dies on the flat and cultivated country spread on either side beneath—for the Grand Trunk Road in the Punjab is mostly raised above the plain—mysterious fires twinkle in the darkness, the drift of their smoke mingling with the all-pervading dust.

The route we marched was old in history and strewn with its relics, for the Punjab has borne the brunt of many an invasion. Alexander the Great, Akbar the Moghul, had marched that way. So, in 1857, had the regiment I was with. In their famous march to Delhi Ridge in the Mutiny the Guides covered over five hundred miles from the Frontier to Delhi by forced marches in three weeks. This was in May. In the sweltering heat they had to march by night.

A human relic of that time came to visit us in person—a very old Sikh subahdar, who had been orderly to Hodson—Hodson of the strong back—Lumsden’s lieutenant when the Guides were raised. He had seen Hodson shoot the last-surviving Moghul princes. That day he retold to us his oft-told story.

It was a ruthless act, but the times were harsh. The long agony of the Ridge was over. Delhi had fallen, and by its Kashmir Gate John Nicholson too had fallen. The threat of his name in my day was still used in the North to quiet naughty children. The reigning Moghul was a prisoner, but the Mutiny was far from being quashed. The Emperor had two

¹ An ekka is a two-wheeled hooded vehicle with rope hammock floor and seat in one.

sons They must not escape, perhaps to form the nucleus of a new rebellion This Emperor must be the last of his line

The young princes had fled, but were known to be only a few miles south of Delhi Hodson appointed himself to the task of bringing them back With two orderlies—our teller of the tale was one—he rode through seven miles of country openly hostile The princes were found in hiding at the tomb of their ancestor, the great Humayon Hodson had them dragged out He had meant to take them prisoners, but a gathering crowd had become menacing and he had no force behind him—except his own force of character

He drew a pistol and shot them

For this act Hodson has been condemned by many, but by it he had extinguished the last Moghul spark

His erstwhile Sikh orderly had no doubts as to what Hodson should have done

"What else *could* he have done, sahibs?"

I can see the old man now—we were halted at Amritsar on a Sunday when he visited us His long white beard was carefully parted in the middle and curled over each ear An immense and snowy headdress—the strip unrolled must have been yards long—was wound about his head His "chitti capra" (best civilian clothes) were dazzlingly white, his "pajama" so narrow at the ankle that I wondered how he got into them

Amritsar is to the Sikhs a holy city In its Golden Temple is kept the "Granth Sahib" (the book of the Gurus—their Bible)

Ranjit Singh, great Sikh, and great defender of the land of the five rivers, also marched on the Grand Trunk Road Great Britain has every reason to respect his memory Chillianwallah was no bloodless victory for British arms

The Punjab is the cockpit of India It bristles with monuments of military history From almost any camping-ground on the Grand Trunk Road on an evening stroll one might come across an old fort, an old palace, an old temple, an ancient stone water reservoir or "tank"

"So old, so quiet, and so beautiful", some of these ruins overgrown with jungle, temples overshadowed by sacred peepul trees, tanks over-choked with water-lilies red and white

The past echoed to us as we marched towards Delhi "Delhi dur hai" runs an old Indian Proverb, meaning that Delhi is journey's end, however far the road Delhi was our

goal, and we reached it at last when, marching and manœuvres over, we joined the great gathering assembled for the Durbar

Curzon's Durbar was indeed a pageant! The princes of India almost bankrupted themselves to outdo each other in magnificence

Elephants loaded with gold trappings, riders of the Bikanir Camel Corps clothed from head to foot in chain mail, and walking amongst them a ragged syce (groom) carrying a string bag of oranges,—such are the contrasts of the East And how good the oranges of the Punjab! Green-skinned tangerines—I've sucked twenty at a thirsty sitting!

Gay were the days, by nights a "sound of revelry", pomp and polo, dinners and dances, massed bands and massed bravery The crowd at the Gymkhana Club at short-drink-time was twelve deep round the bar One evening an unknown wag of a subaltern induced a number of young officers to sign their drink "chits" (one never paid on the nail for anything in India) "Bishop of Lahore" Later, it is said, the horrified ecclesiastic had a bill from the club for seventy-two dozen of vermouth!

There were evenings when I left it to my pony to get me home—the Guides Camp was miles from the Gymkhana Club and from Delhi proper, though close to the Durbar amphitheatre

Curzon was undoubtedly a great Viceroy, yet it cannot be said that he was popular Surrounded by all the panoply of state as the carriage rolled round the vast Durbar amphitheatre, the great crowd all standing as he stepped to the dais, there was little cheering compared to that which greeted the Commander-in-Chief, who followed him Kitchener was an idol

The mounted trumpeters blew, there was a fanfare from the heralds The Viceroy rose to proclaim His Majesty's message Yet to my remembrance he was greeted without enthusiasm

The Army was sulky Curzon had recently penalized one of the crack cavalry regiments, as they thought unjustly, over the matter of an Indian found murdered on their lines The princes and people of India for the most part kept to a murmurous silence in their greeting They had found the personality of the Viceroy unsympathetic, and it is probable that the advocates of Indian nationalism, even then stirring, though Gandhi had not arisen, resented his autocracy His civil servants found him somewhat inhuman, and if it be true, as

was said, that he had a pedantic habit of writing "s i" on the margins of files, I don't wonder! "S i" stood for "split infinitive", and no senior official likes to have his English corrected

One incident gave me some personal insight into his character. In 1904 I was coming back by P & O to India from leave in England. Curzon was on the boat. We hard-up Indian Army officers were travelling second-class. So were a batch of miners and their wives. They were on their way to Travancore to the gold-mines, and one evening were enjoying an impromptu dance on deck.

Curzon chose that evening to visit us, in search, I think, of one of his A D C s (Akers-Douglas) who was playing Bridge in the second-class smoking-room, and I was one of the four at the card-table. A miner intercepted him. Not knowing a Viceroy from the common herd, he actually slapped Curzon on the back and offered to find him a partner! "Will you, won't you, join the dance?" in fact.

The invitation was declined—I am sure with dignity. Curzon came into the smoking-room. We stood up. He told us the story. He was amused, but—"Gentlemen," he said, "I hope none of you will tell the poor fellow the mistake he made."

Did we tell, once Curzon's back was turned? The presumptuous miner got stood more than one bottle of beer.

Whatever his foibles (we all have them), India never had an abler, straighter, better, more disinterested Viceroy. And he played the part! One great debt owed to him is his interest in preserving India's historical buildings. From my own observation in 1902 those magnificent monuments—Humayon's Tomb, Safdar Jang's Tomb, the tomb of Mohammed Tughlak, the very Taj Mahal itself (though I did not see that till later), were falling into decay. When I saw them again after the 1914-1918 War, they were restored and maintained. That was Curzon! He was probably much misunderstood, as was his more reserved and uncommunicative protagonist, K. of K.

I spoke to Kitchener twice, but the intercourse on both occasions was formal—a salute and a "How do you do, sir!"

The last time I saw him close at hand was at the mock battle of Panipat, the decisive engagement between the opposed Northern and Southern armies in our manœuvres. The umpires decided which side won, but to this day I do not know

their decision (incidentally my field hospital was captured that day)

It was fought on historic ground. There was a famous real battle of Panipat, and the site of that mud-walled town had been for centuries in the centre of the Punjab cockpit.

Kitchener had just arrived from South Africa to take over the Army command in India. That day he was watching an assault on the town. A voice behind me said, "The Boers would never have dug a trench there", pointing to a hill some four hundred yards away", they'd have had it at the foot of the slope. It isn't well enough concealed." At that, he moved past me, and his horse put foot in some brushwood covering a trench which was so well concealed that none of us had noticed it, though we were standing close by. The horse stumbled, but recovered. K. nearly fell off. He was an indifferent horseman.

I have forgotten the name of the Arab steed which was presented to him at the end of the Boer War—the gift of a grateful nation—but I have not forgotten the horse. I once rode it. K. broke his leg when in 1906 it shied under a bridge near Simla, and he sent it down from the hills to my regiment in Ambala to be schooled. Lieutenant Hunt—he was killed in France in 1915—burst into the mess one evening. "My God, the gift of a grateful nation is lost!" It was! It had broken stable and was careering about the country. What a search we made! About two days later an exhausted animal returned, luckily sound. More luck was to follow. K. wired down from Simla that he was passing through on an inspection tour. He would like to see his horse. The horse was paraded for him at the railway station. He mounted it and trotted half a mile or so along the road and back. The gift of a grateful nation was quiet as a lamb—the poor beast was still a bit tucked-up. K. dismounted. He congratulated the 19th Bengal Lancers.

Probably there will never be another pageant resembling the 1902 Durbar. No prince will be able to afford it.

And all the time of it I was with the Guides. There were but five officers, including myself, who marched and manœuvred to Delhi, but most of the regiment joined our Durbar Camp there for the ten days' festivities. I got to know them, but not so intimately as I knew the four who were my daily companions for months on the march. Three of them are dead. Fred Davies, who commanded on the march, com-

manded the regiment before he died (Colonel Adam, V C, a stern but lovable soldier of the best type, commanded the regiment at the Durbar) Major Davies was blue-eyed, red-faced, broad-shouldered, and cheerful—as was his wife. He always looked part of his horse. He once said to me, “Jump into your knees” It was an enlightening tip which marked a stage in my horsemanship. Red-haired, slim Lieutenant Trail was killed in France. He could jump on to the back of a cantering bare-backed horse as well as any circus-rider. Lieutenant Butler—“Bootles” to all of us—irrepressible and baby-faced, met his death a few years later at the hand of an assassin on the Frontier. We loved Bootles. On the march back Bootles got a bad cold on his chest. I prescribed rubbing with horse embrocation. “If you want something really strong,” I said, “put a few drops of embrocation on a piece of flannel and leave it on. But not for long!” I was awakened from sleep by a yell from Bootles’ tent. I went in. He was in agony, with a blister on his stomach. The flannel had slipped when he fell asleep.

Major “Ballbags” Baldwin, now a retired general, still lives. He was the hero of a cavalry charge in, I think, the Tirah campaign, during which he got a fearful slash on the head. Some said it had changed him a bit, but if so it must have been for the better, for I never met a nicer man—or a better lot than those my companions of the march.

We did not march all the way back, but only as far as Lahore, where we entrained—I most unhappy at leaving the Guides. It was on the march back, I remember, that something happened to the cook, and my bearer, Moolla Bux, stepped into the breach. Moolla Bux was with me for many years—he even survived the arrival of a wife in the ménage, which most bachelors’ servants do not.

Now the cold weather was near its end. I had spent most of it happily under canvas. My orders were to demobilize my field hospital where I had mobilized it, at Pindi. A week there—this time in the “Limetrees” Hotel, usually known as the “Limejuice”, and I was told to go back to Dera Ismail Khan.

General Scott-Reid was the Principal Medical Officer of the Northern Command, and his daughters were living in the hotel. We became friends and I tried to cajole him to keep me in Pindi, but that didn’t come off till later. So back I went to a D.I.K. very different and much gayer than the hot-

weather station I had left, and within a few weeks found myself in a Waziristan Frontier post again, this time up the Gumal Valley. Sarwakai is not, in fact, situate in the valley of the River Gumal, but some dozen or more miles away, guarding its flank. The fort lies some 3000 feet up in a dip of the rocky mountains close on the Afghan border. To reach it one must climb the steep escarpment that rises from the Indus plain. Mightiest mountain in that wall, the Tukt-i-Suleiman rises to over 10,000 feet, a landmark for many miles. Towards the plain it presents a face that is almost sheer precipice, and so it appears when outlined from the side stark against the sky. Rugged Gurni Sar, which guards the road to Sarwakai, is very near as high.

The garrison of the fort was small, just detachments of Bengal cavalry and a Sikh infantry regiment, and some Southern Waziristan militia. Also a few political civilians—not English. I do not know what a doctor was needed for. I do know that to get there I endured many hardships.

The hot weather was under way when I left D I K in a tonga, accompanied by Moolla Bux and burdened with much kit, amongst which my medical books weighed heavy.

We drove some sixty miles to Murtaza, a small fort at the foot of the mountain wall near where the River Gumal flows out of a cleft in the hills, and there we slept the night. It was filthily hot. I had not troubled to unpack my mosquito net, and regretted it. The arrangement was that I was to march to Sarwakai next morning, crossing on the way the man I was relieving, who would be on his way down to D I K. Thus one lot of pickets would serve for both of us, for the country was not considered settled enough for one or two men at a time to move about unless with escort or with the heights above their route picketed. My pony and syce were to follow in the monthly convoy that brought stores. We started off early in the morning. There was an eighteen-mile march in front of us, and several thousand feet of steep climbing. I entered the foot-hills, and here first met misfortune. After a mile or two I found in front of me the Gumal to be crossed, and the river was in spate, a roaring flood of crimson mud washed from red rocks—there must be a wealth of iron in those hills! My kit was on mules. The muleteer, who was also the guide, said that the stream, though swift, was not too deep to cross. So we ventured. All I know is that I still have one or two books bearing marks of the soaking they got that morning. After

that the guide lost the way, and the track narrowed, to end in a blind gully with precipitous sides—a regular chimney—and how the heat beat off the rocks! We retraced our steps, a matter of miles, and during the detour missed the party coming down. I had no food and my water-bottle had been lost at the crossing of the ford. The steep part of the climb—round the bluffs of Girnī Sar—was yet to come. I hardly know how I staggered to the top. My mouth was parched as a lime-kiln. I never had such a thirst before, or have had since. At the summit of the pass there was a party of Sikhs, and I have never been more pleased to see anybody. A bearded havildar was in charge. “Panī” (water), I gasped, and seeing my extremity he unslung a goatskin from below the belly of a mule and poured from it water into a brass tumbler—again and again. He had done me great condescension, for by giving me to drink—and out of his own vessel too—he had broken customs as strict as caste. These skins, or “chagals”, keep fluid marvellously cool, especially when moving, by reason of the evaporation from their outside surface.

The time was two o’clock, the party was the furthest out picket from Sarwakai, and they had practically given me up. The track by which I had come, the havildar said, had been picketed from Murtaza by militiamen, who had been withdrawn some hours before, and he himself from his side had been just about to give the order to retire.

I was tired, and lo! there was a mule for me to ride, so, feet rested and inner man refreshed, I ambled contentedly the five or six miles to Sarwakai. I had crossed the barrier wall from the plain and entered a rolling country of small stony hills, bare but for an occasional patch of scrub. There was no view behind to the plains, but before me was a great mountain.

“Kundigarh, sahib”, I was told, and “Sarwakai is on its slope”.

Having crossed a mud plain about the size of a polo ground, we turned the corner of a rocky spur, and I saw some hundred feet above me the fort of Sarwakai and the winding path leading up to it. I was to spend five months within its walls. The date was almost to a day the anniversary of my landing in India.

I had lived through my first year

IV

THE OLD LAND. 1903-1914

THE years prior to the last great war brought me, like many others, to different parts of India—Waziristan, the N W Frontier Province, the Punjab, and Bengal. In Waziristan I dwelt amongst barren hills and scrub-covered mountains, inhabited sparsely by ragged, fierce and lawless tribesmen, their richest possession a rifle. But they are men, those Pathans. In the N W Frontier Province and in the Punjab my surroundings were the plain, in the former, barren save for oases, in the latter, fertile and well populated, with rivers, wooded clumps, forests, and groves, but always within sight of high hills and snow-capped peaks save in the dusty haze of hot weather. In Bengal I lived in the urban or suburban districts of Calcutta, and later in that lovely sub-montane territory named the Duars, beneath the Everest Range.

On the Frontier, Sarwakai gave me six months of semi-monastic life behind the walls of a fort. Six months of Dera Ismail Khan followed, after that, a year of Rawal Pindi and a year of Ambala broke me in to the cheerful, sociable, sporting life of Indian cantonments.

In Bengal I mixed again with civilians in the town life of a big city, and with Indians of a gentler type.

And during those years I went to England twice, the first time—in 1904 to be exact—for six months' sick leave on convalescence from enteric fever, the next time, in 1911, on study leave, and in 1905 I got married.

"And looking back", wrote Joseph Conrad, "we see Romance, that subtle mirage that is life. It is the goodness of the years we have lived, of the old times when we did this and that, dwelt here and there." For one who, like myself, has knocked about, done this and that, dwelt here and there, the mirage holds many pictures, and my brightest have been painted in the land of mirages, in the colours of the East. And the years there were good, or seem to be now—for that

is Romance. So it is difficult to choose, to pick out from the bunch the years that were best, and best perhaps not to be chronographical. But sometimes I think that, of all my memories, those of my comparatively short time on the Frontier are the most vivid, perhaps because of the vivid colouring of that rugged country, perhaps because adventure was always round the corner, spiced with danger, but maybe it is only that I myself was young at the start of an Eastern career, and still at an impressionable age. I am not sure now that I have quite grown up.

So I go back to Sarwakai.

Life in a Frontier post has its incidents, even when there is no campaigning. The tribesmen, when not at war or busy with their constant blood-feuds, play at looting caravans or trying to steal Government rifles.

In a land of outlaws leaders were not lacking. In 1903 there was one raider of the Gumal who went by the name of "Moonlight"—perhaps for the same reason that Irish Fenians were named "Moonlighters."

In the cold weather, when the caravans of gypsies—they were known as "Pawindas"—came through the passes of Afghanistan into India, their camels laden with goods for sale—or it might be a convoy bringing stores to an outpost—he and his band would prepare an ambush. The country lent itself to ambush warfare. There was one spot in the Gumal particularly dreaded by these wandering merchants, the Pawindas, a dark defile where towering walls turned brightest day to gloom. They named it the Guleri Pass. The ambush technique was simple. The main body was posted behind boulders on one side, one bandit on the other. As soon as the prey came within range the signal was given for the one bandit to fire. There would be a stampede to cover on the side from which the shot came. Fatal! They were then exposed to the broadside fire of the main body.

To attack a military convoy was not so easy, except that it usually came once a month, and the flanking heights were picketed by regular Indian troops. All the more glory to the daring bandits if they brought it off!

The rifle-stealing technique was dangerously simple. It needed a dark night and two to play the game. One would creep close under the fort wall at some spot where it was low, and crouch behind a sentry post. The other, acting as decoy, would take up a position some little distance out, and by

throwing stones at the sentry goad him till he drew his fire. Then, if luck held good, the croucher would leap up and wrest from the sentry the temporarily harmless rifle. Then both thieves would decamp into the night with their trophy. The last to be heard of them might be a jeer "Aī' thou bat-eyed Sikh!"

Occasionally a raid would end badly for the raider—the sentry did not always miss! Just before I left Waziristan in 1904, two young Mahsuds—as one section of the tribes is named—raided one of the Gumal posts. The stone-thrower "copped" it. He lay dying from a wound in the main artery of the thigh. By the light of a hurricane-lamp his blood could be seen coming in slower and slower spurts. The Political Officer, who happened to be visiting the post and had rushed out, bent over him.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came to borrow five rupees", gasped the youth, and died smiling.

Those tribesmen had a sense of humour, an added attraction to their impudence and reckless bravery, but offset by treachery and a quick kindling anger which would pass into a lasting grudge. They washed seldom!

At Sarwakai I learned enough Pushtu to become later an interpreter. Apart from the money reward, this conferred the freedom of the hills, unescorted save for a curious kind of human "safe conduct"—a man known as a "badrugga". I don't know what badruggas were paid, or who paid them—the Political Department, I suppose—but their function was to guide and guard the "sahib" to whom they were told off. If anyone slew their charge, the badrugga on duty agreed to take on a blood-feud with the slayer. Not much comfort, I always thought, for the victim! This sort of hostage system worked, but when I went outside the fort walls without a badrugga, Kuli Khan was my companion, a Pathan of good family, then a subordinate in the Political Department with the rank of "naib thesildar". Years later he came into prominence for his daring and single-handed rescue of Miss Starr, kidnapped by the Afridis from Kohat. He is now high up in the Service. I have not seen him since 1904. I wonder will he ever read these words? We were friends, and he taught me most of my Pushtu. Once he wrote when I was on leave in England in 1904 "the urial on Kundighar are eagerly awaiting the wound of your rifle".

Kundighar is the mountain in Waziristan on a lower slope of which Sarwakai stands. On it he and I used to shoot together. The "urial" is a wild mountain sheep with long curving horns, and is of all the "big" game of Northern India, one of the most difficult animals (the "markhor" or wild goat is another) to approach.

Good specimens of their horns are among the trophies which used to adorn the walls of most Army messes and clubs. In August 1903, in a month of roasting heat, Kuli Khan and I set out to climb the mountain. We carried rifles, for urials had been reported near by in a ravine. We set out long before dawn, for to reach the summit we had some 7000 feet to climb—hard, stony, and bouldery going. The air was fresh in those few hours before sunrise. We were high above the fort before the Eastern sky began to pale, and in a few minutes it turned rosy, revealing the rugged outlines of Girm Gar, Lord of the peaks—whose overlord is the Takt-i-Suleiman—that form part of the barrier separating Waziristan from the Indus plain. In an hour or two their outlines would be obscured in a hot dusty shimmer. Beneath us was a chasm, a deep void, but floating up from the dark, thousands of feet below, came the clear notes of a bugle. They were sounding the "reveille" in the fort, each note is distinct in my ear to this day.

We came up on our herd of urial, but neither of us bagged a head. My foot slipped on a stone, the game were startled, and we had to shoot hastily. In a flash they were gone, and for ever.

We climbed to cool heights, passing upwards from low bushes to trees and running streams. We prepared to eat. Coarse flour made into a paste was spread thick on a large and already hot flat stone. We allowed it to bake in the sun. The cooking was soon complete in nature's oven, but the resulting "chupatti" was heavy and tough. I "killed" a tin of sardines. They helped, and I was glad I had stuffed them in my knapsack. Kuli Khan was suspicious of sardines, perhaps because they might contain some fat abominable to the Prophet. At noon he prayed, reciting the "lahaul"—the Mahommedan creed. "In the beginning was God, and there is no God but God, and his prophet is Mahommed." He produced a bottle of liquid "ghi" (clarified butter). It had melted in the heat. I never liked "ghi". It is much beloved by Indians, but it smells in the cooking and gives a

slightly rancid taste to everything it is put into For helping tough "chupattees" to slide down the gullet it is doubtless useful

We ate, then slept

In the cool of the evening we descended, taking the dried course of a mountain stream Where after rain were standing pools, now only islets of fine grey sand showed amongst the boulders The rugged lowlands of Waziristan lay spread before our eyes

It is a country of rock, twisted, volcanic, and bizarre, and coloured fantastically—due, as I suppose, to the salts of various minerals To the chemist these may prove to have a cash value Their beauty value in the changing lights of dawn and sunset is breath-taking Water was scarce, greenery mostly scrub, but ah, the beauty of the valleys where the rivers ran down to feed the Indus! And the higgledy-piggledy villages! Mud huts, wall to wall like a rabbit-warren and clustering round a watch-tower—as in Northumberland at the time of the border raids—and surrounded by patches of vivid rice, skilfully irrigated in terraces Apricot and mulberry trees, their leaves incredibly green and delicate in spring, make with the running channels of clear water a veritable oasis of each little colony

The idiots used to feed their goats on young mulberry leaves

Those days out were good One day I met an old greybeard For some reason I was alone—I must have left my escort behind Greybeard was carrying an ancient Snider carbine I had a Lee-Metford 303 slung over my shoulder We sat by the bank of the Shahur River We chatted, and our chat ended in a shooting match "See that stone", said my chance acquaintance, pointing to a light-coloured boulder some hundred or more yards away on the other side of the river "Let us see who can first hit it"

He fired first The heavy Snider bullet made on the target a splash of lead we both could see I fired, and missed

The old man chuckled

"You are a doctor sahib, you told me I'd rather you shot at me than gave me medicine!" He scored, both in marksmanship and wit!

When I was in Sarwakai my out-patient department was both varied and large To establish trust by the human contacts of doctoring is politically valuable—until one has a failure, as I had!

It wasn't my fault. A thigh-bone of my patient, a local Sheikh, had been broken by a bullet in some affray—a blood-feud, I fancy. The wound was infected and he was in a bad way. I intended to remove the bone that was dead and to drain the wound.

He refused to come inside the fort, so we pitched a tent outside. I collected the paraphernalia, amongst them a Hindu Sub-Assistant Surgeon to give the anaesthetic.

A retinue of followers, armed to the teeth, squatted around on their hunkers; the more important of them were within the tent.

I cleaned up the Sheikh on the table, and told my assistant to get on with the anaesthetic. In the meantime I was busying myself with the instruments I should need. My back was turned when I heard a voice. "I don't think he's breathing, sir!" He wasn't, he was dead!

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. I sent one of the retinue at once to fetch Kuli Khan, for I foresaw that my powers of explanation were going to be overtaxed.

"We saw, sahib, that you never touched him"—the knife was in my hand—"but that man", pointing to the wretched Hindu, who had turned as pale as his complexion would allow, "poured poison out of a bottle. *Him* we will kill."

The situation was menacing. Kuli Khan arrived to save it. He was eloquent. Finally they agreed to spare for the moment the life of my unhappy Sub-Assistant Surgeon. But only for the moment. It was a case, they decided, for a blood-feud. They would stalk him, and some day he would be shot at sight. With that, they removed the corpse, and I never saw them again, or any of their fellow-tribesmen. The Sub-Assistant Surgeon was sent back to the plains by the next convoy.

With the death of this important patient the bottom fell out of my Frontier practice, which had begun with a great success.

In the course of a blood-feud a tribesman had been injured in an eye. The eye was damaged beyond repair, so I took it out and promised him a new one. I wrote to Bombay for samples, and the firm I chose, misunderstanding my letter, sent me a selection of artificial eyes ranging from black buck to tiger, but none of them human! They evidently thought that big-game shooting was the chief occupation in my part of the world! I was annoyed about this, but my patient was

childishly pleased and insisted on making his choice. I think that he picked on some variety of deer's eye. Whatever he chose, it was not a match for his sound eye. Perhaps he wanted a mild and melting eye to bluff with! Of course it was too large to fit his socket, but he went away happy. Later I got him an eye to fit—but it, too, didn't match the other.

This was followed by an even greater success—pride goes before a fall!

I was reminded of it recently when listening to a variant of the chronic complaint about the scandal of our London hospital out-patient system.

My mind went back to a batch of out-patients in Sarwakai. The scene bore no resemblance to the crowded out-patient department of a London hospital—no nurses and but one doctor, myself. The waiting patients were of the same sex and were seen without any one of them having to wait hours for his turn. And as none of them was ill there was no chance of some serious condition being overlooked till the last, no chance of one of them being examined casually or perhaps sent away because there was no time to look at him. But then there was no harassed and overworked hospital staff—only myself. There was no waiting-hall, no benches, the patients sat cross-legged on the stony ground, but also there was no ticket for admission, and there were no formalities. The only resemblance of my clinic to one in this country was the buzz of conversation, in guttural Pushtu (Pushtu is often called the German of Indian languages).

They sat outside the fort gates, about a dozen of them, all Mahsuds, as the Pathans of that section of Waziristan are called, and, to be more particular, if I remember rightly, members of a difficult and specially lawless tribe or "khel" known as the Abdur Rahman Khel. They had come to see the Political Officer on some matter connected with a blood-feud, and hearing that I was in the fort, asked to see the "doctor sahib." They all had the same request—they wanted an iron tonic! Indirectly, this was a prayer for rejuvenation, being notables, and one of them a venerable Sheikh—I am not sure that several of the others were not his sons—they made a deputation of high average age. They had great faith, they said, in iron; it was the stuff to give a man a "strong back."

I did my best, and dispensed for them the medicine before their very eyes. Ingredients to hand were a strip of iron

from the defence entanglements round the fort—they saw me cut it—strong hydrochloric acid to dissolve the iron, tincture of assafoetida to make a really nasty taste, a carminative, that is to say, something to make them belch (a habit loved by Orientals) and bring the taste back—actually I got some ginger from the garrison dispensary and soda-water from the officers' mess. This horrid mixture, well calculated, as I hoped, to keep on "repeating" into the mouth, was compounded in a Winchester quart bottle. They saw me first put in the acid and then dissolve the iron in it—"no deception, gentlemen!"

They took it. Sitting in a wide semicircle, they passed the bottle from hand to hand. They made wry faces as they wiped their mouths, and when the medicine started to "repeat", it was unanimously voted a really strong draught. Indeed, so pleased were they that the Political Officer afterwards told me my quackery—as he was pleased to call it—was worth as much politically as some of his diplomacy. That was "Too-Much" Johnston, nicknamed thus because he really was a talker, prepared to give—and to back—his own opinion on every conceivable subject, who rose to giddy heights in the Foreign and Political Department of the Government of India as Sir Frederick Johnston. He helped me with my Pushtu studies, but was surprised to learn that my out-patient practice was becoming so large that even my strong-back suppliants had heard of it.

It was shortly afterwards that I had my set-back when the important Sheikh died under the anaesthetic, and soon after that I left Waziristan for ever.

The complement of British officers in Sarwakai during my few months there was three.

There was a doctor—myself—and two officers from the Dera Ismail Khan regiments, one a cavalry man commanding a detachment of the 5th Bengal Cavalry, the other an officer of the 45th (Rattray's) Sikhs. The senior of these commanded the fort. A visiting Political Officer or officer of the Waziristan Militia sometimes made a fourth, but most evenings we played three-handed Bridge in the mess. Naturally we got to know each other quickly. There were several changes of officers that hot weather, but well as I got to know them I have never seen any of them since—sallow van Someren, competent Major of the 45th, or cheerful Gwatkin Williams, smart moustached cavalryman. He really felt Sarwakai to

be exile, for he liked Simla society. Black-avised Irish McDonnell also felt himself out of the world, for he was a racing man.

Our chief daily exercise was hockey on a piece of flat ground close to the fort.

I was ordered back to Dera Ismail Khan. On a cold November morning I rode out from Sarwakai alone save for my escort and my dog Toddy, a wire-haired pup. We rode through the Shahur Tangi, a deep and narrow defile, where British troops were ambushed only a few years ago and rescued by the R A F. Toddy got great fun from splashing through the Shahur River, there just a burn, as we'd say in Scotland. That night we made Jandola, a fort similar to Sarwakai, and next day, following the course of the Shahur, reached the road-head, where a tonga awaited my coming. There I said good-bye to Waziristan.

My very last view of Waziristan was from the air. It was many years later—after the war. It is a barren, inhospitable country, save for its oases where the little villages cluster in the river-beds, surrounded by a rich greenery of terraced crops. The stark lines and crude colours of the mountains soften to loveliness by morning and evening light.

But the country looks cruel from the air, like a pin-cushion of jagged peaks—all with the point upwards. It doesn't give one a good feeling, either, in the air, the heat is reflected so unevenly as to make flying extremely bumpy. I didn't feel too good myself that day. After a late night to bring in the New Year in proper Scottish fashion, my pilot had turned up in the dawn still wearing his mess-kit. I felt a bit doubtful about him—quite unnecessarily, as it turned out. The wind in the front seat of a Bristol Fighter is strong enough to blow away a headache. Then, as we rose higher and higher, there came into view the snowy masses of the Hindu Kush, and anxiety was forgotten. In just over an hour that day I made a journey that had taken me—nearly twenty years before—the best part of twenty-four hours, travelling by day and night in a "tonga." The ponies harnessed to that old-fashioned two-wheeled vehicle used to gallop most of the way, one picked up a fresh relay every ten miles or so. How the drivers used to yell at them!

The word Waziristan spells romance to me now, though it didn't at the time, for Romance is like happiness—one does

not realize it at the time I think the Frontier got a little into my blood I often dream of it

Waking up early in the first morning of my return to D I K in 1903, I felt excited to hear the bugles sounding, a band practising, all the bustle and stir of a busy station I felt in the midst of things again I had exchanged the isolation of a fort for Society with a capital S, or so it seemed to me all that cold weather Dances, guest-night dinners, gymkhanas, rising, picnics with girls, days out shooting black partridge in the long grass by Indus' banks, mixed tennis and mixed drinks of an evening at the club, polo at Fort Akalghar—and all in a shady green station in a lovely cold-weather climate

I shared with Captain Kemball and Lieutenants Skinner and Johnston-Smith, all of the 29th Punjabis, a high flat-roofed mud bungalow set in a large straggling compound There was a huge banyan tree in front of my room

Fair-haired, outspoken Kemball, confirmed bachelor, was one of several soldier brothers well known in the Indian Army I loved him and have never seen him since I believe he lies in France Skinner was a keen-eyed Canadian with a fund of vulgar stories, though no better than Kemball's Johnston-Smith was just an innocent—then! In later years I believe he commanded the regiment I remember him causing some consternation in the club by remarking playfully to the daughter of the Brigadier, "You're looking rather costive this evening!" He had heard Kemball and myself bandying this adjective about He thought it meant "out of temper" To mention physiological functions in those days was to make a bad social break

We four used to spend happy evenings before a log fire in a great mud hearth full of curling wood-smoke But I have deeper memories—not to be recorded—of that time In sunset glow one evening we cantered back, my companion and I, from the "Subalterns' Jheel", the local duck-shooting ground, and when she laid a hand on my horse's neck she laid the foundation of an emotional edifice which grew rapidly to sky-scraper heights Long engagements between people at opposite ends of the earth have their perils

It had got to the stage of an emotional burst-up when I was ordered to Rawal Pindi, where first I had seen her playing with a dog There I was smitten with enteric fever I nearly died

That should have been the end, but emotions deeply roused die hard

When I recovered from both fevers—that of the body and that of the heart—I was sent on sick leave to England. How green the home country looked, though in that summer of 1904 I landed at Southampton in the middle of a drought! But I had recently seen a worse drought, for the trooper in which I sailed from Bombay had put in at Berbera to pick up invalids of the Somaliland Expeditionary Force of Berbera. I retain a memory of mile upon mile of burning yellow desert, low distant sand-hills, and along the foreshore a vast line of “bhoosa” stacks—chopped straw for the use of the animal transport

I spent most of my few months' leave with my fiancée in Scotland and in the South, and when I sailed again at the end of the year to report back at Rawal Pindi it was arranged that she should come to marry me at the beginning of the cold weather

The interval seemed to pass slowly, though when I got back to Pindi there was plenty to do in that military hub of Northern India

I was back with the first regiment I ever joined at Miranshah—the old 5th P I, with name changed to 58th Vaughan's Rifles. Uncle Fred had gone, and “Bunnia” Johnson commanded. Why “Bunnia”? A bunnia in Hindustani is the word for a shopkeeper or moneylender, and used as a synonym for “a hard mean man”. Now, Lieut.-Colonel Johnson was a disciplinarian, he had a pale-eyed cold face, and he was a Scot with all the reserve of the Scot. A just man, not a hard man, close but not mean, and with moments of relaxation. I see him sitting in the group round the camp-fire drinking with us more than one “Whisky MacDonald” (whisky and ginger-wine neat). The occasion was on manoeuvres, and I think a “Kitchener test”. The C-in-C had instituted a practical competition, with a cup or something for the regiment that was judged most efficient. We were in the hills by Hassan Abdal some miles out of Pindi, and that night were bivouacking on ground covered in snow. We wanted to get into our “flea-bags” warm, hence the Whisky MacDonalds and the fire. And “Bunnia” Johnson told the best stories, or I thought he did!

Red Venour (second in command), “Toronto” Brown,

"Letty" Lind, Bull, Pope, and Flood I saw most of them in trenches on the Rue de Bois That was in 1915 Few of them returned from Flanders fields

I peep at vignettes—scenes remembered from the months just before I was married

The Pir Panjal seen from a wooded slope in Pindi Park, its vast snowy barrier—Kashmir lies behind—pink in the evening light! Does my companion remember? Kashmir! From Gulmarg I look from the ridge that hides the Vale of Jhelum over to where the shining cone of Nanga Parbat, owning no lord but Everest, soars upward to the sky I tread the flowery meads of Gulmarg, bordered by glaciers leading to Tibet The expression "flowering meads" is hackneyed, but I can think of no better to describe those flowers and grasses standing tall Gardens of Shalimar! We moored our house-boat there, anon at Ganderbal, and bathed in the snow-fed waters of the Sind I use the plural, for I had a tried companion My wife and I have never ceased to regret that it was not she who was with me—she never saw Kashmir But in those days it was thought crazy for women to brave the heat of the Red Sea in summer unless they had to, and to travel East on ship-board and unchaperoned simply "wasn't done" There was something in the latter idea I have known more than one girl who started out from England to marry a man in India and changed her mind on the way Moonlight nights and soft airs! So I spent that quiet two months' leave before my wedding with James Woods, close friend of Edinburgh and Netley days I sometimes see in dreams his long thin form, his grave humorous Irish eyes, his long upper lip covered by a moustache which even in his early twenties had a white patch in it In May 1915 he met a direct hit from a German shell One of the last times I saw him was on a cheerful evening in Pindi during Christmas manœuvres A collection of I M S men, we had dined, and dined well, when someone suggested finishing off the celebration with grilled bones and black beer at the club A four-wheeled chariot ("tikki gharri") was summoned We crowded in, overflowing to the roof, and drove off down the Mall There was a fearful yell—the bottom of the cab had given way! Lucky that our combined weight had pulled back the wretched steed to a slow trot It was E A Walker who fell through—broad-shouldered, irrepressible, restless Walker, who retired some years ago, as Major-

General Sir Ernest Walker, from the Directorship of the Army Medical Services in India. I have known him since he was a boy living with his mother in St Andrews, and we were medical students together in Edinburgh. Quiet little John Hanna Murray, too, was there—I lived with him that bachelor year in Pindi, and Colonel J. H. Murray, C.I.E., I.M.S. (retd.), is one of the few tried old friends my wife and I have left.

James Woods had to rejoin from Kashmir before my leave was up. I left him at Baramulla, and marched alone to Gulmarg to try my luck in the golf championship of Northern India (I didn't do too badly). The road was long and steep and it was dark as murk before I got in. The last stage was through thick forest. I was weary, and coming to a clearing—a lovely patch of turf at the edge of the forest—I cried a halt. "Pitch the tent here, Moolla Bux!" My servants flitted around with hurricane-lamps, and within an hour I was asleep on my camp-bed. I woke early, and drawing back the tent-fly discovered to my horror that we were encamped on a golf green. How hastily we moved our camp and tried to obliterate its traces before anyone was about!

Whilst in Gulmarg, "Sandy" Carruthers and I bought from the Rajah the ten years' lease of an acre of land in the forest. When we paced it out it was the first time I got a practical idea of how much ground went to an acre. We meant to build a log hut, to be shared on hot-weather leaves from the Punjab, or let to others. I gave up my share when I went to Bengal, but Sandy built the hut.

On the way out of Kashmir the journey that had taken forty-eight hours from Pindi by galloping tonga took five days. The road follows Jhelum River through narrow gorges. Heavy rain had softened their precipitous slopes and caused falls of rock. My drive was exciting. More than once I first heard, then saw, a boulder leap across the road and go crashing down, down into the torrent below. One narrowly missed our tonga, and one, though I did not learn it till later, swept to death one of my porters.

As the last rest-house before the frontier of India was reached we learned that the road in front was completely blocked by a landslide. We were stuck like Horatius at the bridge. We could neither go on nor back, for behind us fresh arrivals kept rolling in. The rest-house was soon crowded to

overflowing, and before the road was cleared we had to stay there for three nights, a cheery crowd and practically a non-stop Bridge-party, though the drinks ran out too quickly

October 1st, 1905¹ I spent a restless afternoon, trying to play golf but thinking of the morrow and my bride. Now she must be well beyond Lahore, now she must be between Jhelum and Pindi¹ I was golfing with my day-after-to-morrow's best man, Captain W B Fry, R A M C, brother of C B, the cricketer. Whimsical W B I see him bending over a microscope, his fair moustache drooping at the corner of his mouth, crooning to himself a song of his own invention "There are fifty kinds of fevers in the Swannee Ribber" He died in the German Prisoners of War camp at Wittenberg from typhus contracted whilst attending—certainly with skill and devotion—his fellow-unfortunates. I think that on that October afternoon W B probably beat me at the game of golf. I was distrait. The Bombay mail was due at 8 p m, but I was pacing the platform long before, having borrowed a horse and trap to drive to the station. My old pony Anthony was hardly broken to a trap, how hardly was shown next day when he tried to kick the front of my buggy to bits. And I was showing off—I had steered Anthony to where she was staying, to take her for a drive. She accompanied me doubtfully (only a week later, having the reins in her hands for the first time, she upset the whole jing-bang when Anthony tried to take a corner like the polo pony he was).

The wedding was to be from the house of Major—now Brigadier and C B—"Sandy" Carruthers of the 11th Bengal Lancers, later of the 59th Rifles Frontier Force. More than most of my friends he has a story to give if he would write it—and he can write¹ from the days when as a schoolboy at Fettes he excelled in all games and athletics, through his Indian Army career—tent club and polo triumphs to tell of here—his time as adjutant of the Burma Military Police and of the Bihar Light Horse, and later as Commander in a minor Frontier war, to the time when on Birdwood's staff he served in Gallipoli and France with the "Anzacs". He still swings a golf club, though slower than he used to. He is a type of Scot, sandy-haired, freckled, plain-featured, with steady grey eyes.

It was hot on October 3rd, 1905, when his thin loose-jointed

figure walked up the aisle of Rawal Pindi church with my bride on its arm. Like the rest of us, he was in the hot-weather full-dress of white drill.

I wish I had now a wedding-group photograph to refer to, but I haven't. The one taken by an Indian photographer came out a complete blur. In excuse he said that we had all moved, alternatively that a "too-much" wind had set the camera shaking and blown dust in his eye. So I have forgotten who all—to use a Scotticism—were there. Those whom I do remember are mostly dead anyway, and, except by a few, themselves forgotten. But I have not forgotten the start of our honeymoon on a thirty-seven-mile-drive to a hill-station in the Murree hills, Moolla Bux on the front seat with the driver. At the end of twelve miles of hot and dusty road across the flat plain we stopped to change horses. I have forgotten the name of the rest-house—it begins with a B. We had a cup of tea there, and I told my newly made wife the true story of a bride who had made that spot her turning-point for home. She had come out from England to be married. The voyage was hot and rough, she was sea-sick all the way. Bombay was moist and sticky, the railway journey to Pindi hot, gritty, and exhausting. She felt ill. A jolting tonga made her feel no better. The couple arrived at the rest-house for change of horses. Husband was becoming more and more solicitous. "Please do eat *something*, darling", he pressed. "Very well," she said, "I'll have an egg." The egg when brought was bad. That was the last straw. The horses' heads were turned, and the bride went back to England. She returned to India later. I knew them both in Dera Ismail Khan. Her son is now married to a friend of mine. The story got about. It was common form for a year or so to mystify Frontier brides by asking, "Was the egg bad?"

But we went on, the shadows lengthening as the road wound and twisted upwards into the cool of the pines, into the valleys of the high hills. We watched their peaks turn pink to rosy with a great sense of peace and happiness that seemed as though it must last for ever.

Next morning as we sat down to our hotel breakfast the waiter offered two dishes. "Porridge or dhal bhat, mem-sahib?" he asked my wife. Said she in a clear voice, "What is dhal bhat?" All heads in the room were immediately turned. Here obviously was a stranger, and by inference a

bride, for dhal bhat (boiled lentils and rice) as an alternative to porridge is a staple diet all India over

We had a short honeymoon, for I had to return to a Pindi denuded of medical officers, who had been sent off to accompany the annual drafts to the Chitral garrison—known as the ‘Chitral reliefs’

Pindi had a gay season that cold weather, its high spot being a visit from George V and Queen Mary, then Prince and Princess of Wales

One starry night a great company assembled on the Khanna plain, about three miles out from the station. The Royalties had reviewed troops there in the morning, and now they were to see a Torchlight Tattoo. Old Anthony was harnessed to the trap. My wife put on her best bib and tucker, I my mess-kit. Before starting we wrapped ourselves warmly, for the night was chilly. I wore a thick military greatcoat, one of those long-skirted double-breasted garments, blue lined with scarlet and covered with gilt buttons, and to that owed a fortunate seat. Anthony frisked and shied all over the road. We arrived. I saw a stand on which a number of officers and ladies were seated, and to it we made our way, not knowing that it was the Royal Box. Presumably I was mistaken for an A D C. or something, for no one questioned us as we walked in and seated ourselves in the third row immediately behind the Royal party. The star turn was the sword-dance of the Khattaks (a tribe of Pathans), a sort of cross between a Highland sword dance and an orgy of dervishes with whirling torches. The camp dances from Borodin’s opera “Prince Igor” always remind me of it. The Khattak sword-dance has been danced from time immemorial, and is doubtless still a stock performance at tattoos.

Shortly before the Royal visit I had to leave my newly wedded wife alone for several weeks. A medical officer was needed to march with the 31st Punjabis. The regiment was changing its station from Pindi to Bannu on the N W Frontier. As I was attached to it I had to go with them—with orders to hand over and return. Except that the country we marched through was mostly barren sand or rock, I remember little of that march. I was inured to the “moving tent” life by that time. I remember crossing the Indus by the Attock Bridge, but all the incidents of that march were overshadowed and eclipsed by an incident that happened when it was within

a few miles of being over. Two of the staff of the Bannu Brigade had ridden out to meet the regiment and escort us in—General Aylmer, who, ten and a half years later, led the first unsuccessful attempt to relieve Kut-el-Amara, and one of his staff, Major Donaldson. I was some twenty yards behind, on foot, talking to one of the officers, when I heard a shot. I looked up sharply, to see Donaldson fall from his horse and a ragged Pathan leap a culvert by the side of the road. He ran for cover towards a village not more than a hundred yards away. We were marching in fours. Quick as lightning, a Sikh havildar (sergeant) seized a rifle and a packet of cartridges from one of the leading files. He had to break the string to get at the cartridges and stuff them into the magazine. I did not see him do it, for I had rushed forward to attend to Donaldson, but as I knelt by the mortally wounded man—his murderer had placed an old flint-lock pistol loaded with slugs right against his back before he pulled the trigger—I heard the sound of two shots in quick succession. Before the man had reached the village, the havildar had put two bullets into him, the one breaking an arm, the other piercing a lung and breaking several ribs. The man was mortally wounded, but he was not given time to die, for we hanged him next morning.

He had murdered for no other reason except that his victim was an infidel. These religious fanatics—or “ghazis”—have ever been a menace on the N W Frontier, as in all Mahomedan countries when Islam is apt to take a sudden flare. As the noose went round his neck I asked him “Why?”

“For militant religion (ghuzza)”, he replied. They were his last words, but before the cap went over his head I caught what I could almost swear was a gleam of humour in his sullen eyes. Some girl had probably dared him to it—some girl whose hair, to quote the poet Khushal Khan Khattak, “was blacker than smoke in the heart of dark night”.

We burned the body in an open space before the jail. This, except to have hanged him in a pigskin, was the worst insult to offer to a Mussulman. It prejudices his chances with the houris in Paradise. I can hear his skull pop now, and I was uncomfortable because a large crowd of Waziris had collected to see the ceremony. We had no protection except the Superintendent of Military Police with a handful of his men.

I wondered if among the crowd there might be another "ghazi" who fancied *me* as a victim

Our murderer deserved no houri, though the cruellest effect of his murder was unintentional. At the moment Donaldson died, his first-born and only child to be was being brought to birth not two miles away

Lest the news should get about that a British officer had been murdered on the outskirts of Bannu, I sent a telegram to my wife before I started back to Pindi. Clad in thin khaki drill, I never remember being colder than I was on the train on the last part of the journey, which finished, unexpectedly to my wife, at 3 a.m. I got a warm welcome

I have known several of these tragedies among my own acquaintances. The emotions which go to make a "ghazi" (as are called these Mahommedan fanatics who kill the unbelieving European for religion's sake) are inscrutable. True, the Prophet promises Paradise and an unlimited ration of hours to the killer of an infidel. But that problematical future bliss hardly seems motive enough for murder with certain capture and death to follow, though Britain has known martyrs who, for the faith that was in them, went to the stake with their eyes uplifted to the open gates of Heaven. These "ghazis" are generally young (and presumably neurotic) so that their emotions are easily stirred by the "mullahs" (priests) or a trivial grievance worked upon, and I think sex comes into it. The girls of the village often dare them to the act. The girls of Mayfair and of Waziristan do not differ fundamentally in what is called S.A.

I have also superintended more than one hanging

Later in Bengal I was Governor of a district jail—an appointment which Indian Medical Service Officers still hold jointly with the District Civil Surgeoncy. (The superintendence of the big central jails is a whole-time I.M.S. appointment.)

Part of my job was to make arrangements for executions. Poor Gopal Das¹. I hanged him with great reluctance. The wretched man was a peasant who—like Jacob for Rachel—(have I got my Bible history right?) had served seven years for his girl. But when the time came to claim her and to take her away to his own little hut the girl jibbed. Her parents repudiated the contract and tore up the scrap of paper—if there was one¹. Gopal Das saw red. Unfortunately there was a chopper handy, and with it he chopped off the heads of parents and daughter, then tried to throw himself under a

train, but some damned fool stopped him. The evidence was clear and he was condemned to death. If ever there was a "crime passionnel", committed in the heat of the moment and under intense provocation, that deserved mitigation of the death penalty, it was this. So said to me in the club one evening my friend the Sessions Judge who had condemned him. This was after the High Court had dismissed the appeal. The Judge—over his third drink—was sad. "My decisions", he said, "are generally reversed on appeal. I'm quite used to it, and if I'd thought my judgment was going to be upheld I'd jolly well have seen to it that there was no capital sentence."

So I had to do the hanging. I hated it, from the moment when I had to go to the condemned cell the night before and tell the poor devil he was for it, till the grim moment next morning when I had to stand by and give the signal for the drop. My first drink that morning was a large whisky. I had, in fact, unknown to the condemned, postponed the execution for a day—quite irregularly. But I was damned if I was going to hang a man on my daughter's birthday. He was hanged on my eldest brother's birthday, as it happened. Gopal Das took it stoically. All he asked for on the eve of his execution was a smoke. I said he could have all the tobacco in the Indies so far as I was concerned.

Shortly after Christmas 1905 I was posted to the 19th Bengal Lancers, with a promise that this was to be my permanent regiment. I joined them at Pindi, found myself marching on the Grand Trunk Road once more, and again to Ambala. My wife preceded me by train, there to wait in a hotel. Her luggage, including a buggy, reached the roof of Pindi station. Our servants possessed some live chickens, they too were taken!

Of that march the chief incident I remember is that I shot a good head of black buck (now in my hall) in a field of standing corn after half an hour's stalk, and as nearly as possible shot two little village children at the same time.

I was eleven months with the 19th—my last months of military service till the 1914-1918 War.

In these months our son was born—at Mussoorie in the hills. I stood without in fear, gazing at the Dun, a vast panorama of country. During the days before (I was on ten days' leave), my wife and I used to sit on a little terrace looking down on the plains 6000 feet below, the Dun wild and forest, with the Sumalik hills in the foreground looking like little

humps As the monsoon approached, low clouds rolled up from the Gangesi plain and we looked down on a billowy white ocean

I loved the 19th Lancers Thirty years later I went to an "At Home" given by them at Hurlingham, and met a number of old friends, by then retired They seemed to me just the same Their red hair—the officers were an extraordinarily sandy-haired assortment—was a bit thinner on top

In Ambala I got a little more work to do I had some railway employees to look after, and for a time was in charge of the Indian cantonment hospital, quite a job, for where there is a large military cantonment there is always a big native bazaar of Indians connected with it Part of my duties there was to inspect the ladies of no virtue who lived in the bazaar, an odd assortment of Eastern Europeans, Levantines, and Orientals Officially they were not supposed to exist, for there had been an "Exeter Hall" row about them, and questions asked in the House "Was the Secretary of State for War (or perhaps it might be the Secretary of State for India) aware that vice amongst the British troops in India was not only condoned but officially recognized?" Or words to that effect¹ Kitchener was more sensible But it had to be sub rosa I inspected them once a week "Come on, Rosie!" I would say, waving a vaginal speculum at her, and Rose would nip up on to the table

That hot weather, when I wasn't working, sleeping, shooting at grey squirrels with a catapult, in the club, the mess, or playing games, I learned Punjabi On the day after my son was born I sat and passed in Lahore the High Standard Exam The day was filthily hot, a swarm of locusts darkened the afternoon, and to add to our discomfort we had the heat of oil-lamps Of the "Punjabi Batchut" (Conversations in Punjabi), which was one of our text-books, I remember one phrase "The women of Ludhiana would break the back of any man" Do they, I wonder? There were some racy conversations in that book

By the end of the hot weather I had got so bored with the lack of professional scope in regimental life that I made a special pilgrimage to Simla to apply for "civil" As a result I was transferred to the Civil Medical Department in Bengal In November, taking our four-months-old son with us, we fared south to Calcutta

We arrived early in the morning from the dry and dusty

Punjab to breathe a softer and more temperate air, to see luxuriant trees and flowers, and the dew thick on green turf. What a difference! And at once we felt different.

A man changes, but more often, I think, due to surroundings and mode of life than to psychological development or the physiological changes of age. Anyhow, Calcutta was very different to the Punjab.

In Bengal I filled in turn many posts. I began by being Deputy Sanitary Commissioner—now, I think, called Public Health Commissioner—which involved lecturing in Public Health in the Medical College of Calcutta University, being in charge of a bacteriological laboratory and a vaccine depot, and touring, mostly inspecting vaccination, but with an occasional special inquiry in a district where some epidemic had broken out. The inquiry had a way of being late after the event.

I spent some months in a place named Suri, collecting—and dissecting—mosquitoes and their larvae, and feeling (“palpating” is the correct medical term) children for enlarged spleens. I got very expert at removing the salivary glands of the mosquitoes in search for the sporozoite, a form of the deadly malarial parasite when it is making the mosquito its host. I could do ten in an hour, but it was a disheartening task, as I kept on drawing blanks. It wasn’t that I didn’t know the things when I saw them—they simply weren’t there. My percentage of infected mosquitoes was about the figure one with a decimal point and several noughts in front of it. And there did not seem to be an undue proportion of little kiddies with bulging bellies due to a large spleen. The fact was that I came a year late for the malaria epidemic!

But I remember Suri, its dusty bright red laterite roads, its funny, tumbledown old club where we played tennis and billiards of an evening with the English policeman and the Indian doctor—practically the total official population—and two American missionaries. Alternate evenings we played golf on a stony course with sanded mud greens (“browns”). Some fine trees made the best hazards. And there were fine trees in the compound of the roomy circuit house where we lived, my wife, baby, and myself. My dog Toddy is buried in that compound, a chicken-bone killed her, and I had moist eyes at the funeral.

Another special inquiry was into an epidemic of dropsy in the mountainous tea district of Darjeeling. Beri-beri was

suspected By that year (1907) Stanton and Rice had published their work suggesting a connection between beri-beri and the consumption of mechanically polished rice—rice in which the outer skin of the grain had been stripped in the milling, thereby removing something essential to health In some parts of India rice is not only the staple but the chief article of diet “Vitamins” were in the womb of time, and medical science recognized no “deficiency” disease except scurvy

I toured for a month I examined hundreds of Bhutiyas in tea-garden villages of Bhutan, and I noted their diets Unfortunately for preconceived theory, their chief cereal was Indian corn (maize) and they ate little rice, but their symptoms were indistinguishable from those of beri-beri I wrote a report for a Government pigeon-hole Some red-tape Regulation did me down on that tour, I lost money by it—or should I say got further into debt? A pony was a necessity on those precipitous tracks between tea-gardens For five rupees a day I hired a sturdy Bhutia pony that would gallop either up or down hill Had I been an official stationed in the Darjeeling District I could have drawn a hill-travelling allowance which would have covered the hire of the pony But my official headquarters was Calcutta, and I drew the lodging allowance granted to members of the Bengal Government to make up for the expense of living in the capital (Calcutta was indeed an expensive city to live in!) I couldn’t have it both ways, and either way I lost!

It was worth it to have had those clear sparkling frosty days riding through the tea-shrubs, the snows so high above that it gave one a crick in the neck to look at them, the air so clear that it seemed one could toss a biscuit on to the top of the highest mountains in the world, Everest and his (or is a mountain “she”?) attendant giants

Save from the denser forest paths, Kinchinjunga was in sight all day, a white plume of snow blowing from the crest In the evening a blazing log fire to sit by in the house of a hospitable planter, beer to drink! One of my hosts roused me, I remember, at some unearthly hour to see an aloe in bloom He said it had not bloomed for fifty years, and I thought he might have waited till after breakfast! It was also freezing Langurs—a species of monkey—swung from tree to tree and gibbered The aloe stood outlined against a vast slope of mountain that was in the State of Sikkim Far beneath us

the milky jade-green waters of the River Rungeet were rushing to where, just round the corner of a spur, they joined the Teesta

On two occasions I was in charge of the public health arrangements for the famous Juggernaut Festival at Puri—no light responsibility, for the gathering together from all parts of India of pilgrims numbered in millions brings heavy risk of spreading disease, especially cholera, which is ever simmering in Bengal. We always had, in fact, cases in our cholera camp at Puri. Why we hadn't more I can't think, for some of the "tanks", or water reservoirs, where the pilgrims bathed—and drank—were impossible to disinfect. Luckily the sea was at hand for bathing.

For hours before the great car is due to start a seething mob surrounds it. Draperies flutter on the air, which is filled with all the noises of Babel. As the hour approaches, the thousands of men who are to pull the car line up on three thick ropes, each some two or three hundred yards long. An undercurrent of intense excitement runs through the mob.

The Juggernaut crowds were dangerous mostly to themselves. The days are gone when fanatics lay prone in rows waiting to be crushed by the iron wheels! One suspects that to be a legend, but it is supported by the fact that thirty years ago I have seen hysterical women cling to the wheels of the car before it started and have to be forcibly removed by the police. I never noticed any inclination to self-immolation on the part of the "sadhus" (religious mendicants who cover themselves with paint and ashes) and fakirs with whom the town swarmed, I suspect they did a thriving trade. The fakirs were genuine emaciated objects who made their bed of sharp pieces of glass, stood buried in a pit almost to the neck, or kept a hand closed till the nails grew from the palm through to the back—horrible sights!

At this great Fair the police had a busy time. Apart from having to keep order in the vast concourse, they had to keep a clear space of some fifty yards in front of the car, especially when it began to move, lest the leading pullers, who were so far in front that they could not see what was happening behind them, should pull it over some of those close to the car—the wheelers, so to speak (this could easily happen if some of the wheelers stumbled or fell)—or drag the car off the straight and run over some of the crowd.

I believe that the tendency for this to happen accounts

for a great deal of the Juggernaut legend I saw it happen myself, and spent most of the rest of the day, and half the night, amputating crushed limbs of survivors. This was at Serampore, the only other spot in India where a Juggernaut Festival is held.

The strictest precautions against accident are taken. A detachment of police sit on the car. Whenever their officer sees it begin to go crooked, he orders one of his men to fire a gun as a signal to stop. Then by pulling on one or other of the side ropes the car can be brought facing straight again. It is easy from the car to see over the heads of the crowd, for it is a huge structure, some seven tiers or platforms high, and having some twenty wheels. Luckily the road along which it is drawn is made for the purpose, some two hundred yards in width.

The God sits alone under a canopy on the top tier—a square idol made of painted wood. Jewelled arms and legs are fitted to his corners before he is brought forth. His temple is one of the most remarkable of India's many temples of domed and fretted architecture. It is of great size, covers acres of ground, and gives shelter and livelihood to many priests and Temple prostitutes. The car stands at the Temple gate awaiting the journey of the God. The theory is that Juggernaut is recovering from a fever, and must go for ten days to recuperate in his Summer House.

The Summer House is not much more than a mile away, but it takes the people hours to drag the car. Whilst it is almost impossible for a European to get inside the Temple, the Summer House is not so sacred. It is solidly built and has round its walls extremely lewd scenes, beautifully carved. I know not how many hundred years ago, in bold bas-relief. Who is Juggernaut? He is one form under which Brahma is worshipped. Brahma, the Creator and essence of life, as Vishnu is the Preserver and Siva the Destroyer. These are the Hindu Trinity, but I am shaky on their many forms and incarnations as they appear in Hindu mythology.

Lovely Puri! I can hear the murmur of the wind in the tops of the casuarina trees, as it might be in the fir trees of Scotland—the trees are not unlike—mingled with the sound of the restless breakers churning the golden sands. The casuarinas came down to the sand-hills that fringed the sea. Practically nobody lived in Puri then—now I hear it is Calcutta Brighton.

And the duck-shooting! The Chilka Lake is half a day's journey off. Some seventy-five miles long, part of it is in Bengal and part in Madras. At its northern end high wooded mountains of Orissa slope steeply down to be mirrored in the water. We spent a week on the lake, my wife and I, nominally on an inspection tour, living in a comfortable police boat, the *Chilka Maid*. As we sailed we towed astern a cook-house boat (Moolla Bux cooked) and a dug-out canoe. I don't know how many varieties of duck we shot—mostly from the canoe pushed into reeds. Red-headed pochards were the commonest. We almost lived on duck, and for years after I said "No, thank you" to duck, however tempting the apple sauce, the sage and onions and the green peas, the result, I suspect, of having eaten one—it may have been a "Brahmany" shot by mistake—with a fishy taste. Nothing puts one off more! There were geese and flamingo by the flock. After bringing down one flamingo I swore I would never aim at one again. I never have, nor at peacocks after I had shot my first. Why destroy beauty?

Parts of the lake were shallow, and there were many islands. Round one of them the water for hundreds of yards was hardly ankle-deep, and the island itself so little above the surface that its reeds looked like trees, and flamingos standing amongst them like giant ostriches. We named it "the magic island". On a flat island close by lived the Rajah of Parakood, a very minor ruler, though not in age. He was attentive in sending to our boat presents of fruit and vegetables, so we decided to call. The day was a "roaster". I was wearing shorts and a shirt, my wife the minimum beneath a white skirt and blouse—short cotton frocks were yet to come. At the palace we were shown into the audience chamber, where we were received by the Rajah and his Vizier. At the head of a table stood a finely carved wooden chair. Towards it we were bowed. I made way for my wife, but she was not allowed to sit in it. No precedence for women in Parakood! We talked—in Hindustani—drank some mixture of hot milk and rice, then rose to take our leave. The leave-taking was ceremonious. At the foot of the palace steps, a flight of steps quite in the grand style, my wife said, "I've forgotten my handkerchief!"—much used during the past half-hour for mopping the brow—"I'll run back for it." She came back laughing. Though we had been gone not much more than a minute, when she got back to the audience room the Rajah

had taken off every stitch of clothing She left him, and her handkerchief, hurriedly

He was a charming old man, very fond of flowers, and had a real English garden He also offered me a gaunt tiger which he kept in a cage

Nearer to Puri, Lake Bahgai was stiff with duck I was stiff in another sense after a day's shooting there I said I'd walk My wife was carried in a palanquin The track ran all the way through loose deep sand Those accursed bearers kept up a jog-trot the whole time, and to keep up I had to run! Add to that some miles spent stalking the game in the evening, and I had one of the most strenuous day's exercise of my life Actually, *the* most strenuous was on a day when my brother-in-law and I walked from Sandakphoo to Darjeeling, a matter of nearly forty miles, all because there was someone we took a dislike to in the first rest-house on the road back If we went on to the next rest-house our baggage would not follow us, so we decided to walk all the way home We reckoned we climbed about 8000 feet as well, for although it is a descent from nearly 12,000 feet to 6000 odd, it is not a level gradient Some of the steamy valleys we had to cross are no higher than 3000 feet at the bottom We had gone to Sandakphoo, four marches out from Darjeeling, because from there is to be got one of the finest close-ups, and sixty miles away is almost a close-up in the Himalayas—views of Mount Everest The road runs along the Nepaul border, much of it through rhododendrons and magnolia forest The month was July, the trees in bloom, lilac and damask, their trunks covered with moss and orchids Gashes in the mountain-side, littered with twisted and blasted tree trunks, showed the paths of the lightning We were slightly nervous Thunderstorms were commonest at the onset of the rains (S W monsoon) Suppose one caught us At Sandakphoo we trod snow on bare slopes and felt safe We toiled up the zigzag path to the rest-house A nine-year-old Bhutia girl carrying on her head our heavy luncheon-basket tripped lightly in front of us, scorning the zigzags The weights these hill-people can carry are astounding I have seen a woman importuning for the portorage of a piano—to be carried on her back—from Rajpur to Mussoorie, six miles' steep climb of nearly 6000 feet, payment being by weight

In 1908 I applied to be transferred from the Public Health Department I was tired of touring, and I wanted to do

clinical work I asked for a district civil surgeoncy, and my request was granted. For that I had to thank Sir Andrew Fraser, the then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, that grey kindly Scot who would rather have been a missionary than a civil servant, a man of wisdom and of great courage. That was a time of political unrest, of anarchist plots and bomb outrages. Sir Andrew's life was attempted more than once—he never turned a hair!

From 1908 till the outbreak of the war in 1914 I spent my time either as a district civil surgeon (I was in two districts, Serampore and Jalpaiguri) or in hospital and teaching appointments in Calcutta, and got all the clinical work I could have asked for.

A district civil surgeon lives a varied professional life—his work is full of colour and change. In the headquarters town the hospital which serves his district may be a two-storied “pukka” brick or stone building or a collection of thatched verandahed huts. The beds may be numbered by tens or by fifties. Staff may vary from one assistant surgeon and a couple of dressers and compounders to an assistant surgeon helped by a number of dressers and compounders, and even nurses. I expect that most district hospitals have a staff of Indian nurses by now.

Whatever the size of hospital or scale of staff, the civil surgeon is, or was in my day, the chief operating surgeon, physician, gynaecologist, and pathologist. These are but a selection from his *Pooh-Bah* parts! As an inspector he tours a district maybe the size of Yorkshire or larger. Keeping the vaccinators up to scratch, though vaccination was doubly checked by the Deputy Sanitary Commissioners, and investigating complaints of insanitary conditions. If a Bengali has a grudge against his neighbour, he will get a bit of his own back by erecting a latrine backing on his neighbour's house. He suffers from the smell, but so does his hated rival. Litigation follows!

Indians have odd methods of revenge. There was the case of the man who beat his mother to death, parked her on the doorstep of the man he had determined to be revenged upon, and proceeded to accuse him of murder, having suborned witnesses. The witnesses, as Indian witnesses are apt to do, gave the show away by over-elaborating their lies. Mother apparently had been a willing sacrifice. “You're very old and sickly, mother, you know, and there's nothing much left in life for you to enjoy!” her son had persuaded her. But I

don't think he meant to kill her, only to beat her insensible
Like his witnesses, he overdid it !

As an inspector, the civil surgeon tours round his scattered village dispensaries—in a big district there are thirty or more of them—where hard-worked sub-assistant surgeons spend much time in doling out packets of quinine for malaria, liniments for rheumatism, mixtures for the cough ! As medico-legal expert the civil surgeon appears in Court, and he does quite unforgettably offensive post-mortems on deplorably deteriorated bodies found dead in the jungle—in the hot weather even a twenty-four-hours-old corpse is a horror. As governor of the district jail he has a little world of authority to himself. To these oddments he may add the role of inspector of factories or of tea-gardens—I have held both kinds of appointment.

Thus the average I M S man of my time found himself a jack-of-all-trades, and I suppose a master of none. But some of us who specialized were more than amateurs, especially the laboratory plus clinical man, whose researches have given them a place in the history of medicine. Ronald Ross was of the first, Leonard Rogers one of the last, and a friend of mine. I was very pleased recently when my old University of St Andrews conferred upon Major-General Sir Leonard Rogers the honorary degree of LL D, and that I had been the instrument. In the old Calcutta days I had charge of wards in which he was experimenting with the new drug emetin, which he did so much to introduce—indeed, I wrote a paper on the first controlled experiment. He was careless of his appearance, and when he got married I told him I'd come to his wedding if he would get a new suit and a new bicycle !

During my years in Calcutta I held several teaching appointments in the University. For two successive years I gave the systematic lectures on Public Health and Vital Statistics, and was concurrently internal examiner for the Calcutta M B. Later, for two years, I was Professor of Mental Diseases, and for a short time officiated as Professor of Ophthalmology and ophthalmic surgeon to the Medical College Hospital—more jack-of-all-trades work ! For eighteen months I combined the oddly assorted posts of First Surgeon at the European Presidency General Hospital ("European" covered a wide range of colour and complexion !) and Superintendent of the European Lunatic Asylum—it would be called a "mental hospital" now !

Another queer combination of posts I held was the lectureship

on Public Health and the post of resident obstetrician and gynaecologist to the Eden Hospital—the Queen Charlotte's of Calcutta

I used, at 7 a.m., to start my day in the lunatic asylum in an atmosphere of mixed tragedy and comedy. Tragedy, because the sight of those derelict unfortunates, most of them incurable demented, was enough to touch the most insusceptible heart, comic, because the insane can be irresistibly funny. I managed to get some improvements made in their living conditions—there were no electric fans, for instance, when I took over—and very nearly to get myself into official hot water by inciting one of my official Visitors to start a newspaper publicity scandal.

One of the inmates, a criminal lunatic, had been there for some thirty years. His crime had been spectacular—he shot a Viceroy, Lord Lytton. He was old. His mental fabric was in ruins. And his habits were disgusting—he used to cram his food into his socks.

Others were more lively. X, who had been a Battery Sergeant-Major, told me one morning that he was God. I asked what had happened to Sergeant X. “Oh! he’s on leave and I’m officiating for him”, he said, and roared with laughter when I said I hoped that he was drawing the full pay of the appointment.

Y said to me on the stickiest of hot mornings, “*Dum spiro, spero dum perspiro, prospero*”. He had been a school-master! Y got me into trouble. I used to give a short series of clinical demonstrations to my class. These clinical lectures were part of the University course. The students were mostly Bengalis. Some were ladies, all were dusky. I lectured out of doors from an improvised platform in what we called the “meat safe”, a wired-in enclosure covered with vines and creepers. The patients—men and women apart—used to spend most of their day there. Y was a suitable subject, a typical paranoiac, who showed off his delusions as if he were a performing dog. The ladies sat in the front row. Whilst I was lecturing, Y broke away from his warders, jumped off the platform, planted himself in front of the blackest lady, clicked his heels, bowed, put his hands on his heart and exclaimed “Colour is no bar to love”. And I couldn’t help laughing! Next day I got a stiff note from the Warden of the Women Students’ Hostel, complaining that one of her flock had been insulted in my class!

Z had been a billiard champion. He was always happy surrounded by illusory girls.

Others were more dangerous. On Christmas Day 1913 I arrived to find the staff in a fuss. Mr A had lodged a complaint. Mr A's face was swathed in bandages.

"A Merry Christmas to you!" said I genially.

"How's this for a Merry Christmas?" he shouted. He unclenched a hand, disclosing on the palm a piece of skin about the size of a thumb-nail. It came from his own cheek. B was a lunatic who had his savage moods, preceded by a period when he would mark out a place for himself in the courtyard. There he would stand for days immobile. When surrounded by the mystic pentagons and circles that he had drawn in the dust he was dangerous to approach—as A had found on Christmas Day when bitten in the face.

Mrs C was apparently harmless. She spent most of her day repeating, with damnable iteration, "I am the real Lady Iddesleigh." Yet one day when I was doing my rounds she sprang, delivering a blow to my solar plexus—a knock-out for me! Lucky she had no knife!

Mr H was a "pukka" Englishman. He worked in a bank, but every year or so he had to be secluded. He arrived one morning escorted by police. It had occurred to him to do a "strip-tease" act on Howrah Bridge, the one bridge connecting the north and south sides of the River Hooghly and the city with the biggest railway terminus. Howrah Bridge has to do for Calcutta what Waterloo, Blackfriars, and Westminster Bridges do for London. Traffic on it is always dense. I said to Mr H, "I hear they found you on Howrah Bridge with very little on." He drew himself up. "Excuse me, stark naked", he said, with an air of deep offence. I asked him, "Why?" He replied darkly, "I reserve my defence." He soon recovered his mental balance, and a month later I brought him up before the board of official visitors as fit for discharge. He frightened one of the visitors, however, a Calcutta business magnate, by suddenly embracing him—so he had to wait another month.

What with men going on leave to England, or going sick, one had to be ready to shift about and turn a hand to anything. It was all experience, but one got shocks.

Whilst operating in the Medical College Ophthalmic Hospital one day, a card was sent in—a large rectangular paste-board bearing the name of Herr von X, Vienna. A blond,

bespectacled Teuton followed. He presented himself with the words, "I am from von Pagenstecker's Clinic come your famous Indian eye surgery to see!" My heart sank—every ophthalmologist had heard of von Pagenstecker! I hastily explained that our real Professor happened to be recovering from cholera, and that I was but a stopgap.

What was I doing? I was extracting cataracts. How many eyes did I operate on in a day? I had done twenty-seven that morning already.

"Twenty-seven!" He raised his hands in amazement. "In Vienna we do not so many cases in a year get!" I told him twenty was an ordinary morning's bag, that we often operated twice a week, and, as he could see, kept two operating tables going at a time. On one an eye was being operated on, whilst on the other a waiting patient's eye was being cleaned up and anaesthetized. I had simply to walk from one table to another. Why are Indians so subject to cataract, I wonder? Presumably it is a dietetic deficiency disease, but the real cause is not known, though I believe we are on the brink of discovery. I should say causes, not cause, for disease is multiply determined.

That morning there were still one or two cases to finish. With tact I invited my visitor to operate—would he not show me von Pagenstecker's technique? It was taking an unfair advantage. By practice my hand and eye were in—it was easier than playing mashie shots—whilst he had just come off the boat after a voyage. He made not too good a job of it. Then, showing off, I demonstrated, by request, the method of extracting the lens, capsule and all, used by Colonel Smith, I M S, of Jullundur. Luckily, Lister was present—Lister, the first man of my batch at Netley, "Nosey" Lister (my God, he had a beak!), nice Lister. He happened to be in Calcutta and was helping me that morning—also instructing me, for he really did know his eye stuff, he had just put in six months with Smith at Jullundur. He got me out of that hole. My ignorance was to be exposed later when von Whatever-his-name-was asked me to demonstrate cases in the dark room. He had me cold, but Lister came to the rescue again.

How hard up my wife and I were during our first months in Calcutta! Early in December our exchequer had fallen to one rupee in ready cash, to last till the end of the year. We could hardly afford a tram. On Christmas Day 1906 we walked from our boarding-house in London Street for miles along the

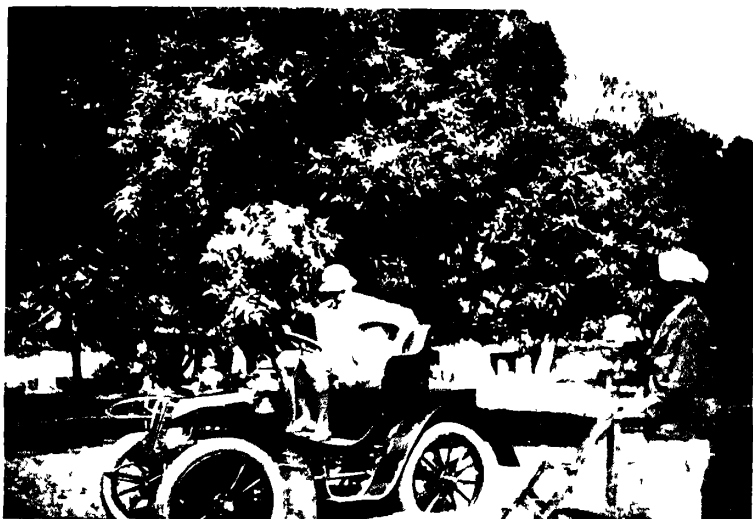
Lower Circular Road to the once grand, but then hardly semi-genteel, Eurasian quarter of Entally, where the Government had its health laboratory and vaccine depot. Christmas Day was spent, I remember, in cooking a culture medium for growing bacteria on, known as Conradi-Drigalski Agar.

Next year we rose to a car. I don't know how we did it, I with a wife and baby, on captain's pay. This was four years before I went home to England on study leave, took an F R C S E, and qualified for six months' accelerated promotion. I got the promotion, and from July 1913, after eleven and a half years' service, I had at least major's pay (though that wasn't too much when we were separated, my family and I, in the 1914-1918 War).

We were never so hard up again as in December 1906. It was in 1907 that we got the car. There weren't many cars about in those days. Looking through old photographs of the Delhi Durbar of 1902, I found a clear print of Curzon's state entry at the head of a procession. There were gold-caparisoned elephants in quantity—Curzon on the leader—but of motor-cars not a sign.

Just before leaving the Punjab I was taught the principles of the internal-combustion engine by a soldier who was, I think, probably the last senior officer in India to keep a "hareem". He had a good eye for form in a woman, a horse, or the lie of a countryside. I was once summoned hurriedly. "My back's gone at last", he moaned. He was in the throes of his first attack of lumbago. In 1906 his chief pet was a motor-bicycle and side-car, from which I learned the elements of motor-engineering. I do not count a tape-worm of which he parted with portions from time to time. He really regarded it as more of a pet than a parasite, and once proudly showed a recently shed length of it to Lord Kitchener on the occasion of an inspection.

Our car, when we got it, was No. 1 on the register of Calcutta—at second-hand, of course. Of obscure make (Speedwell was its name), it had a single-cylinder (very loud-firing) De Dion engine. As it pop-popped along at about twenty miles an hour, it gave to the driver a sense of pace and adventure only equalled by early skiing efforts, a fast hunt, and going down to the first jump in a Point-to-Point. Flying to me has been tame in comparison, for once up in the air speed means nothing—one's motion relative to earthly objects seems slow.



IN THE COMPOUND AT ENTALLY CALCUTTA
Author and son in No. 1 car Calcutta 1908

The Speedwell had no hood, no wind-screen, and no doors. The driver sat in a bucket seat over a horizontal wheel, and two hands scarcely sufficed for the multitude of levers and gadgets. But it caused a sensation on Indian country roads where motor-cars had never been seen before.

A resplendent petrol tank of weighty brass occupied the whole of the dash. Friends nicknamed it "the sewing machine", natives called it, more aptly, the "noise box". Shortly after I owned it, it developed a maddening click, a noise that no English engineer was able to trace. It was attributed variously to the gear-box, the universal joint, and the differential. When I argued that if it were in the differential it would be more marked going round corners, I was told rudely that the damned car would make a noise standing still.

Eventually a mechanic in the French Motor Car Co. discovered a defective washer in the gear-box. The French certainly led the way in the mechanics of internal-combustion engined vehicles.

The very words "No. 1" unroll a mental film of moving pictures. Chugging in from Serampore to Calcutta in a cloud of dust! The distance was fifteen miles, but there was a good deal of traffic and if we did it in an hour we thought we had done well. The dust must have been harmless, for otherwise we inhaled enough of it to give us silicosis.

At the time of our first outing our son Malcolm was not a year old, and I wanted to take him with us. My wife flatly refused. An outing to Budge-Budge had been planned—some twenty-five miles away. I always connect the place with a petition to a magistrate friend of mine which ended "and for your health will ever pray your friends and well-wishers. Signed The Harlots of Budge-Budge". In the end we covered about seven miles, partly because, unnoticed, the hand-brake was on, partly because the way was lost in a maze of narrow fifth-class unmetalled track where numerous bullock-carts proved daunting. There was hardly room for both to pass, and no room at all if the animals got frightened, as they nearly always did, and swung the long tail of the cart across the road. Moreover, there was a steep drop down to the rice-fields on either side. My forehead was clammy, should I remember all the things I had to do to bring the car to a standstill?

On another drive, this time complete with wife *and* baby

(next baby due in a month's time), the car was piled up with bedding and luggage for a week. I was going on tour!

All went well till we were some forty miles distant from Calcutta, when our road, clearly marked on an Ordnance map as good, suddenly petered out into fields. After jolting some miles across country we reached a railway station, but after what a struggle! The luggage and the back lamp fell off, the baby cried, darkness fell, and the front oil-lamps went out! Luckily we had no puncture, for changing a tyre in those early days—especially in the heat—was a test of endurance and mechanical ability. One had to juggle with three levers at a time. For the local populace it was a peep-show. They would flock from villages near and even far—for time means nothing to them—to watch the performance, and children squatting in the front row would completely hold up what little traffic there might be.

I heard recently that No. 1, built nearly forty years ago, is now on exhibition—painted white. “Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and pay your four annas for a ride in a museum piece!”

Once, on a very empty road which climbs steeply up through the forest—sometimes in complete loops—from the plains of Bengal to the Darjeeling hills, I took my spells at the wheels of a steam-car. But if we met no traffic to speak of, we encountered plenty of other difficulties. The car, a second-hand Gardner-Serpollet, had been bought by my friend the Municipal Engineer of Darjeeling and shipped out from England. We went down together to collect it in Siliguri (the terminus in the Duars for the Darjeeling-Himalayan Hill Railway).

A grand man Robertson! He was inventive, adventurous, an enthusiast, and a dear! He once launched himself from the side of a mountain in a glider of his own invention, and but for being caught on a tree half-way down the cliff would have been killed. Just before the war he got himself drowned in one of his own inventions—some sort of a canoe, I heard, that could serve at a pinch as a boat or a portable tent. Had he lived, he would, I believe, have been one of the stars in the aviation world.

What a time we had with the Gardner-Serpollet! Steam-cars have disappeared, but when they functioned at their best their flexible engines were a delight. Ours had not been improved on the voyage from England. Shortly before daybreak on a hot steamy night we got the damned thing

unpacked and off its truck. Robertson poured oil into the engine. It flowed on to the road, the bottom plate was rusted through! Check number one! We should have to meet it by pouring oil on the bearings as we went along! We filled the water-tank that fed the boiler—a nest of flexible coiled tubes placed on top of the burner. Next, to get up steam! We filled the reservoir with paraffin, and lit the burner, which was a sort of glorified “Primus”. There were two pumps run off the engine, an oil-pump and a water-pump. Once steam was up, the theory was that at each revolution of the engine the oil-pump delivered to the burner just that amount of oil required to vaporize the water delivered to the boiler by the water-pump.

That was the theory!

In practice, no sooner had we got steam into the boiler than we found most of the joints to be leaking. Had it not been for an accessory pump—worked by hand—for pumping extra water in, we never should have got steam up.

She went deceptively well on the flat, but as soon as we began to climb steam pressure began to fall. One or other of us, working the pump handle, *rowed* that damned car up the mountain. An inner tube burst—rotted with salt water probably. We had no spare tyres, so we stuffed straw and leaves under the outer cover. But a heavy car cannot be driven long on a flat tyre. The outer cover gave—we drove on the rim. Then that gave, and with broken spokes we were nearly lurched over a precipice. Long before that we had experienced trouble with the burner. The jets were clogged—and anyone who uses a Primus knows what that means. We pricked them out! A section of the tubular boiler blew out. We had a spare for that! But all the way the beastly burner poured smuts, which curled over the back seat and settled on our clothes. I had started in a light silk suit. When eventually I arrived at Darjeeling—by train next day—I looked like a miner, my wife hardly knew me. The poor old car met its end some months later by catching fire—at a critical moment—whilst being driven across a landslide.

There is a Bengali doctor practising in Serampore—I sincerely hope that he is still practising—who has cause to remember No. 1. He summoned me in consultation one night, and I took him with me in the car. The apology for a road was lit at intervals by a feeble glimmer, for the jolts were too much for the lamps. We were both bruised, but he came

off worst, he couldn't walk in comfort for days afterwards. As a case, too, it was remarkable. The patient was a high-caste Hindu lady, belonging to one of those classes of Brahmins—I never properly understood Hinduism—who are entitled to wear the sacred thread, I think she was a Baidyo. I wonder that they called in a European—they wouldn't have if the case had not been urgent. My colleague had diagnosed obstruction from locked twins, so I took my most formidable instruments. The lady was certainly ill, something had to be done, and at once. Having made my examination, I was completely baffled. "Twins, you think?" I said to my colleague. "Seems more like an octopus to me—I've counted seven feet already." And I had counted correctly. The monster—for a monster it was—was not very difficult to deliver. When we got it out, we found that it had two normal legs and a five-pointed mass like a starfish on its behind. The rays of the star were legs, with feet on which the number of toes varied from one to eight. I got permission to take it away, and I put it in a bottle of spirit, meaning to present it to the Pathology Department in the University of Calcutta. But it went bad—the spirit was like post-war whisky maybe, a good deal under proof. My note on the case was published in the *Indian Medical Gazette* some time, I think, in 1910. The monster was stillborn, of course. Had it lived, it would surely have attained celebrity, if not divinity, as a reincarnation of the great God Krishna, for, if I remember rightly, Krishna is reported to have had a hundred arms—or am I thinking of Briareus? Krishna is reputed to have loved a hundred girl goat-herds in one night. Some feat! One of the good Indian artists, I think a Tagore, has painted him sitting in a banyan tree, superfluous arms and all, gazing down on his satisfied maidens—maidens?

My colleague was jubilant over the successful result of the case. When above himself like that, he was weak on English idiom and was well worth listening to. He would utter such phrases (though these particular examples I got from another) as "If I do not beat my own trumpet—then who?", "Sleeping fox catches no poultry", "It pinches me blue to think."

His brother, Bosanto Babu (Babu is the Bengali equivalent of Mr) taught me Bengali. He was a schoolmaster. He, too, occasionally lapsed into curious figures of speech, though usually he spoke good English. It might have been he whom my brother-in-law J. R., by then a Director of Public Instruc-

tion in Assam, used to quote an inspector of schools, alternately proud and contemptuous. Proud when he said of a high official who had been human, "He mixed freely with me", contemptuous when he criticized scathingly one of his schoolmasters as "sitting heedless, clapsing his time blithely, playing on the violin". He had a poor opinion of Congressmen. "They have the manners of schoolboys, crowding and louding round the Governor" ("louding" is good). I once had a petition from a village just across the river from where Bosanto Babu lived. It began "Our sweet Auburn, once loveliest village of the plain, is now become desert place owing to ravages of sweeping malaria". I wish you could have seen "sweet Auburn", a miserable huddle of huts in a swampy jungle. And I wish I could remember some more of these petitions!¹

One other memorable obstetric case came my way, out of the blue, as it were. Willie Laird and I were enjoying a day's snipe-shooting in the cold weather. Towards the end of the afternoon, when walking up a rice-field, we were approached by a peasant. Was I not the "doctor sahib"? he asked. Then, pointing to a reed hut some way off, would I come and see his wife? She was very ill—three days, he told me, she had been in labour. The woman was indeed desperately ill, half-conscious, in a high fever, and all but completely exhausted. The diagnosis was not difficult—an impacted cross-birth. Headquarters was far away, there was no transport to bring help quickly. We had come out shooting in a "ticca gharri" drawn by emaciated country ponies. The emergency was overcome by means of hot water, boiled in an empty kerosene oil-tin, and a sickle, normally used for reaping rice. The water was used both for sterilizing the sickle and as a douche. With that instrument I cut through the body of the dead foetus and delivered it in two halves. The woman, meantime, lay on a beaten mud floor. My dog sat through the whole performance with his ears cocked.

Leaving the patient in charge of relatives, we took the husband back with us to fetch medicines. Some weeks later the man told me that she had been ill for some days with a very strong fever, but "thanks to God and your Honour" she was now recovered. She must have had a marvellous constitution.

Laird and I often went out together snipe-shooting. "Wullie"

was salesman to a group of jute-mills fathered from Dundee. He was a first-class shot, but fearful of motor-cars and boats. No. 1 had been succeeded by a four-cylinder De Dion, No. 734, a long unwieldy car of remarkable slowness, which, incredible to state, had no direct drive on top gear. It ground its way along with a dismal noise (I nearly sold it to a Rajah, but it was so long that it stuck in his palace gate). So on coming out from leave I had bought an 8 h.p. "Bat" motor-cycle and side-car. Nothing slow about that, its top speed was near 80 m.p.h.

It had no gears, only a belt-drive. To mount, one had to run alongside, leap into the saddle as soon as the engine came to life, and finger feverishly for the controls. It was generally going 30 m.p.h. before I could reach the saddle, and 40 m.p.h. before I could find the throttle. This infernal machine killed two people after I sold it. I lured "Wullie" into it for a day's snipe-shooting. We started. I took a corner too fast, leapt over a mud wall, and decanted him amongst the tombs in a Mahommedan graveyard. We continued our journey in a hired two-horse shay. Nothing fast about that.

The sky was grey that day, as it seldom is in an Indian winter, the atmosphere calm—ominously calm. There came fitful puffs of wind, but from no steady quarter. The birds began to fly wild. We did not realize it, but we were in for a cyclone. We got back home just in time—a gale was beginning to thresh the trees.

I lived for a few weeks with an official meteorologist, who taught me how to interpret the sinuous squiggles of a weather chart. Confident of the eternal blue sky of an Indian cold weather, he burst one day into a variant of his usual fair-weather forecast. "A halcyon day may be expected." A cyclone blew up suddenly from the Bay of Bengal, bringing with it a miniature Noah's flood. Jeers!—even a paragraph in the Calcutta evening paper! An unexpected Nor' Wester beat up one night when he was on his honeymoon. He rose to make fast banging shutters. A voice from the matrimonial bed said sleepily, "Did you prophesy this, dear?" More jeers!

I was once asked to a case—also well-off people of high caste—where a lady missionary doctor had preceded me. What manipulations she had made I do not know, but somehow she had brought down an arm, and pulling on it to assist delivery—bad practice—she had torn off the arm from its

socket at the shoulder. She then lost her head and fled, leaving a nasty mess. After clearing it up—the patient did quite well—I spent the rest of the night in a mosquito-ridden hut.

The village assembled next morning to see me off.

"What was my fee?" asked the husband. This was the question I always disliked. However, as I had come over a hundred miles, I suggested 120 rupees (£8).

"Sahib, I am a very poor man", he whined. "Very well, then", I said, "my fee is nothing." The headman of the village interrupted sternly. "Go, fetch the sahib his money!" He went, and returned bringing a roll of notes. I stuffed them into a side pocket and mounted a screw of a pony which had been provided for me to ride to the nearest railway station (about thirty miles off). When I got into the train I took out the bundle. I counted the notes. There were only 80 rupees. The man had gambled on the probability that, being an Englishman, I wouldn't count the money. How I laughed!

Nowadays motor-buses ply from village to village in India, this must have greatly changed the habits of the people. On these side-roads, then mere dusty tracks, civil surgeons of my time would ride up to fifty miles in a day—relayed by a second pony—to inspect an outlying dispensary, or more rarely to attend a patient. It would be a wealthy Indian that called the only European doctor in the district to go such a distance. One used to combine the dispensary visits with inspection of the work of the public vaccinator. The danger of small-pox in Eastern countries is real, to make protection doubly sure, six-point vaccination was the rule, three points on either arm. The mothers would be lined up by the dusty roadside—they had been collected beforehand by the Indian inspector or sub-inspector—clad in a flutter of drapery, bright as the scarlet blossom of hibiscus by the village tank, or ragged and dusty as the fronds that drooped from the hot palm trees. One was sorry for these mothers. A child with only one painful arm can be carried and soothed with the sound arm against the breast, but it is difficult to find a restful position for a fretful baby sore in both arms. Not that the Government lymph was bad. When I was in charge for a time of one of the depots, I gained there my first experience of razorless shaving by taking the hair off a rabbit's back with a solution of sod sulphide. We used to enhance the

stock strain of vaccine virus from time to time by passing it through some animal other than a calf. But what with the varying susceptibilities of individuals to vaccinia, and the chances of sepsis in an Indian village, one occasionally saw arms that made one wonder that the mothers did not complain more bitterly.

When I was in charge of the vaccine depot in Calcutta, where the Government lymph was made, we lived in a vast, old-fashioned, double-storied, porticoed, colonnaded, marble-floored palace, surrounded by extensive grounds in which were three good-sized lakes (or tanks as they are called in Bengal—they are really reservoirs). In its better days the house must have belonged to a Rajah, a wealthy landowner, or perhaps a high-up servant of John Company. Now it was in a poor Eurasian quarter, and itself falling into dilapidation. My wife, self, and baby lived in the top flat, for we too were poor by European Calcutta standards. We woke in the mornings to the constant sound of lowing calves about to be victims of or recovering from the vaccinator's scarifying scalpel.

In India European civil servants used to be able—I expect they are still—to contract for medical attendance on their wives and families at the rate of one week's pay in the year—they, of course, got free attendance for themselves. I used to welcome those contracts, but not so always the head of the family. If he were a Commissioner, a Judge, or somebody high up in the hierarchy of officials, a week's pay was quite a large sum, and just money for jam for the civil surgeon if the family kept well. On the other hand, for a long illness in the family a week's pay would come cheap compared to fees by the visit. Confinements were definitely extra. Commerce, alas, crept in even here. I was once asked by a senior official to enter into the usual contract, but not till after his wife had been running a temperature for several days and looked as if she might be in for a long illness. He could—and should—have asked me months before, but he preferred to gamble on the family's health remaining good.

A junior Government official—he came to India when the movement for industrial education first started, especially for improved technical instruction in the old-established native crafts, and became head of a technical school—got a lot of medical attendance out of me for the small contribution of his week's pay. I didn't grudge it him either, I liked him,

perhaps because he and his family had touching faith in their doctor. One incident stands clear in my mind. Their youngest was teething, and fractious. I prescribed a mixture with a grain or two of bromide in each dose. The dispensing chemist, a Bengali, overdid the dose—not by much. Realization came to him late at night. He ran over to wake the household, crying out that he had poisoned the baby, who, as a matter of fact, was sleeping peacefully after a perfectly harmless overdose. But father proceeded to act. He woke the child by tickling its throat with a feather. It reacted normally, and after making rather a mess, started a prolonged howl. Mother got fussed, and whilst rushing about in *deshabille*, struck her head against a mirror—and flopped. Father promptly knelt on her and, taking a penknife, opened a vein in her arm before he dashed off for me. As we hurried to the house he related the circumstances, and when we arrived on the scene of confusion and carnage, waved me in, saying proudly, “You see, I always know what to do in an emergency!” It was the number of emergencies he produced that gave me such a busy time with him.

His weaving school stood on the Hooghly river-bank, where one day a porpoise was stranded. The animal decayed. A note complaining of the smell was sent to the magistrate. My wife and I were playing tennis with him when it arrived. What was he going to do about it? Our game was interrupted whilst he scribbled on the back of the note. “If unclaimed within six months you may keep porpoise!”

One of the first products of the school was sent to my brother-in-law, then Assistant Director of Public Instruction in Bengal. It was a handkerchief. The sample was shown to Ramaswami, J. R.’s bearer. He held it at arm’s length between thumb and forefinger as though it were some kind of poisonous snake. It fell in stiff folds. Ramaswami sniffed disdainfully. “Scratching master’s nose” was his verdict. At a dinner-party at which Ramaswami was waiting at table my wife had refused soup. Ramaswami whispered confidentially in her ear, “There’s *wine* in it!”

Medicine is a really human profession. Barring family ties, there is hardly a closer relationship than that which the nature of a doctor’s services establishes between him and his patient. It was partly, at least, to avoid having to sell these intimate services for money at so much a visit that many, like myself, entered a Service. From recollections of the years

I actually was in practice I can recall the embarrassments of that fee-by-the-visit system. One might be interested in a case, and anxious about its course—the patient perhaps a child. If one looked in two or three times a day, as one might want to do, the faces of the parents were apt to fall. One could almost see them thinking of the coming bill. By visiting less often one risked being thought inattentive. I could never bring myself to charge a friend, which meant that often I never sent in an account at all—and yet a doctor must live.

I was privileged for short periods when on study leave from India in 1911 to assist an old-fashioned doctor who, though he practised in the Western Highlands of Scotland, always wore a top-hat and a square-cut frock-coat. That doctor was my father-in-law. He might have walked straight out of Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." Like the coastal rock of his country, he was impervious alike to the mist of the glens and the rain of Atlantic gales. A wooden stethoscope bulged from a side pocket. He drove a gig with a fast-trotting horse between the shafts, and many a day he would go thirty or forty miles—ten out and back in one direction, and as many again in another—the last part of each journey following some narrow and bumpy track that wound into the hills. Tethering the horse at the foot of the glen, he would walk over the heather, climbing the hill to some lonely cottage which looked out upon the islands and the sea. I remember two journeys on dark and blustery nights with rain slanting across the dim circle of light from the oil-lamps of the gig and the clip-clop of the horse's hooves muffled by splashes from deep puddles. Another vivid recollection is of noisy scenes on vaccination day when his surgery overflowed with mothers and babies, arm-to-arm vaccination being still the practice. A mother would display the bright pearly vesicles on her child's arm with pride, because the doctor had chosen to collect lymph from them—the lymph that was to be used on one or more of the waiting babies.

The moment "the doctor" entered the dwelling of a patient he was in complete command. The respect in which he was held, based on countless evidences of his wisdom and skill, especially in obstetrics, lost nothing by his autocratic manner. He knew for certain what was best for his patients. He told them—often impatiently—and they believed him. He wasn't the kind of man to whom they could say, "Make the bottle

a little bit stronger this time, Doctor!" He would just answer "Tuts!" He had been made to shoulder responsibility early, as we in the I M S had to learn to take any and every emergency as it arose. The nearest specialist was over a hundred miles away, Campbeltown to Glasgow, with a steamer journey—and what a journey on a rough day!—thrown in, so he had to tackle anything that came along. I once did a successful mastoid operation for him on the kitchen table of a cottage hidden in the hills, he gave the anaesthetic to the woman as she lay in her box-bed. I had a very primitive and meagre set of instruments to operate with—actually I got into the mastoid cavity with a sterilized iron nail—for his surgical equipment was as simple as was his pharmacopoeia. Salicylates and aspirin—aspirin was new then—tonics, calomel and Mag Sulph, vegetable pills, bicarbonate of soda, washing-soda, carbolic lotion, and hot water would about cover the ordinary run of his remedies. But he knew the people he lived among. Nothing annoyed him more than the assumption that there was anyone resident in the district whose family he did not know all about. "Who's he for a MacDonald?" he would be asked, and would immediately reel off a complete pedigree of all the MacDonalds within a radius of forty miles. If he could not place that particular MacDonald, he would say the man was an incomer—and 10 to 1 he would be right. His emotions, like those of most good Scots, were deeply hidden. In some ways he was not a very understanding man, but necessity, interest, and a very human personality had driven him to understand how to treat the people who came to ask his advice.

But this type of autocratic doctor is out of fashion and his successors are having to face encroachment on their preserves from many directions. Some of the senior ones are accepting them with bad grace and are dreading the day when they will lose their independence altogether. The objections to a universal medical service would not be so apparent to one who has spent the best part of forty years in Government employment of one kind or another—of many kinds, as it has happened, and in many climes. Yet one has only for the sake of argument to advocate it to the average general practitioner—even to a young one—to provoke violent opposition. Those who affirm that the backbone of the profession is the family doctor—and I am not denying it—argue that for the doctor to be the servant of anyone but his patients

destroys the whole basis of intimate relationship between them, by interfering with the patient's free choice of a doctor. They admit that the State has a considerable—and statutory—claim on their services, still, to them, the private patient—panel patient included—who comes to them of his own free choice has the prior claim to attention. They add that Government service, by making the doctor a cog in a soulless machine, destroys all his keenness and diminishes his incentive to give of his best in medical attention. I wonder whether that is true?

I don't remember that most of my fellow-officers behaved like cogs in a soulless machine—I, certainly, never felt like one. But it must be admitted that to some—it is a matter of temperament—as middle-age approaches, when keenness has lost its edge and when the rewards of early ambition are clearly seen to be unattainable, there is a temptation to mark time. "After all," they think, "the salary is adequate, there is a safe pension ahead, so why worry to do more than the daily routine?"

My father-in-law opposed all encroachments on his kingdom. He fought the institution of the panel system, thinking, as I do now, that the patient did not get the value in service for the money, and to his dying day objected to the filling up of forms. In these, as in many other things, he was obstinate, and often wrong, but the sick came to him and he healed them. And he used no artifices, no nonsense with his dispensary patients, and no waiting. It is easier, by the way, to complain of the delays in the out-patient department of a big hospital than to rectify them.

One's out-patients in India made an odd assortment. Few surgeons nowadays have seen, as I have, a man moribund from a spear wound. Incidentally I knew an old elephant-hunter by name of Green who invented a cross-bow with a quarrel or arrow sharp enough, as he thought, to pierce an elephant's hide. His idea was to fill the point with a morphia syringe, to be released by a spring, and my advice was asked. The theory was that when the animal was under the influence of the opiate it could be caught and bound. Perhaps! But the invention was impracticable. As a matter of fact, elephants are insensitive to opium. We laid a trap once for a wild elephant that made a habit of wandering round our Christmas shoot camp at night. A 2-pound ball of Patna opium was mixed with 80 pounds of rice. He ate it all, and

never turned a hair¹ (Elephants are practically hairless, anyway)

The last three out-patients I treated before the war were, at any rate, cases unlikely to be met with in England. One was an elephant, another a man mauled by a tiger, and the third a horse. The elephant had a galled back, the result of a howdah rub. An abscess had formed under the gall. I was requested to lance it. The hide of an elephant's back is about two inches thick, the temper of an elephant is much thinner. I approached the operation nervously, armed with the largest amputation knife I possessed.

The mahout got the beast seated and held its trunk. No puny human force could have prevented the animal from lashing out if it wanted to, and one blow from its trunk would lay a man out, but it looked safe, somehow, to see the mahout holding it. Running in, I transfixed the swelling—luckily the knife was sharp—and cut upwards. Pints of matter poured out. I leapt back—the beast did not so much as flap an ear.

The condition of the young man mauled by a tiger was more serious. As he squatted peacefully on his hunkers by a river-bank he had been spotted from behind a patch of jungle grass by a half-grown tiger cub. Tigers are accustomed to see humans walking, and as a rule will take no notice of a man erect, the cub's curiosity was aroused. It gambolled up like a kitten, gave a playful pat with a paw, and frisked away, leaving the man with his scalp hanging down his back. I stuck it on again—and have often wondered whether it stayed on.

The third patient was a valuable pony. A worm in the eye had begun to cause corneal opacity. We had a job to throw him, and it took three of us sitting on his head to keep him quiet. The operation is simple—incision of the anterior chamber of the eye to let out the fluid. As it gushes out, the worm comes with it—or should do. In this case it did. Years later—after the 1914-1918 War—I learned that this patient had completely recovered, and won a race.

He was a lovely pony to ride, but was once beaten in a steeplechase by my slower pony Moses (named thus because his colour was a dun) through the accident of his owner and rider taking a toss at the last jump. I was lengths uncountable behind, but finished the course and thereby won a bet. "Where's Tabasco?" I shouted as I galloped past the winning-

post An answering shout replied, "Fell at the last fence and swam the river!"

The occasion was an impromptu Point-to-Point of an unrecognized Hunt started by Tabasco's owner and myself by adding fox-hounds to the remnants of a "bobbery" pack, i.e. of mixed breeds, mostly of the greyhound variety With the help of tea-planters, who made up our small field, we collected four couples of "rejects" from regular Indian packs, the Peshawar Vale, Mhow, and Ootacamund They were not a level pack and were nearly all mute We added a couple of long dogs of a mongrel greyhound breed Kennels were beneath the Forest Officer's quarters, a bungalow built on piles This space was wired in and benches made As the Forest Officer was mostly on tour he did not mind the smell and noise of hounds In any case, Shebbeare was impervious to discomfort, parasites, and hardships The last I heard of him was as a member of an Everest expedition, organizing the porters

My wife was kennel mistress A sweeper, who is the lowest class of Indian servant, groomed hounds, picked thorns, spear grass, and jungle ticks out of their feet Between January and April 1914 we taught the local jack to run and killed 40 brace of jackal and $2\frac{1}{2}$ brace of fox—little beasts with a black ring on the brush They ran like smoke Up at 4 a.m. and back to kennels by 9!

The pack was started by my buying a couple of hounds, Rumour and Dewdrop I came back from tour one night to find they had arrived My wife had put them in an out-house, where they were voicing their unhappiness Next day we were having tea under a tree in the compound I suggested letting them out We did They were affectionate but rapacious They overturned the tea-table, wolfing all the eatables in quick time I can see Dewdrop now, tail down to my scolding, loping off with the butter-dish in her mouth She was a beautiful hound, but Rumour was the better, a prize hound if she'd had a tongue But she needed watching Faster than all the rest of the pack, if she slipped away unnoticed I have known her find and kill all on her own It was sad to leave the pack for service in 1914 When I said good-bye to the hounds I little thought that I should never hunt in India again

Without neglecting his work—and the opportunities for work in India were in my day ample over the whole field of

medicine—an officer in the Indian Medical Service could sandwich in practically as much as he wanted of his favourite sports and games. Several of the best pig-stickers of my time were Service doctors, not only those who rode in the classic event—the Kadir Cup—but civil surgeons like myself in out-of-the-way stations.

Golf courses worthy of the name were, and are, certainly few and far between, but they did exist. The two Calcutta courses at Tollygunge, for instance, were both good class. In my palmy days—this is not a pun on the cocoanut palms which were a feature of the course—I was lucky to win, in 1912, the Tollygunge Cup. Gulmarg in Kashmir was a lovely course. In 1905 I played in the Championship of Northern India there.

The fifth-rate courses to be found in most Indian stations, where “browns” (sand spread on clay) took the place of “greens”, afforded amusement for an hour on non-polo days, and a change from the everlasting tennis.

But ponies were cheap, and I bought my first polo pony for the equivalent of ten English pounds.

If one had a gun—I had both a shot-gun and a rifle—shooting cost little more than the price of the cartridges (from Elahir Bux at a few shillings a hundred). Small game—quail, partridge, snipe and duck—was often within easy reach, though big game was always more of a “bundobust”.¹ Now I am told that the country round any military or civil station is practically shot out, and that one must travel mules, only to meet with objections from villagers—I don’t really blame them.

Fishing has always seemed to me an aimless pursuit, probably because I am no good at it. Its devotees are enthusiasts. I know men—God help them!—who would rather fish than hunt. In fact, a friend of mine said he would rather have a good day with “mahseer” on the Sunkos (a swift river running out from the mountains of Bhutan near the Assam-Bengal border) than any other kind of day’s sport India could produce.

The mahseer is a big fish, but it isn’t even good to eat.

I shall never forget the first sizeable boar I chased.

A clear sky dawned in pastel hues. Sending our ponies ahead, we drove six miles up the right bank of the Teesta and crossed the ferry at Domohani Ghat. The windings of

¹ Untranslatable except by a phrase “making all the necessary arrangements”

the stream disclosed the great extent of river-bed, or "chur", which at that season of the year was uncovered. Some six months later, with the burst of the moonsoon, a rush of water from the melting snows would fill the whole expanse until the river stretched a mile or more from bank to bank. Now its span was no more than a few hundred yards. On the other side the elephants and beaters waited. The lower levels of the sandy bed were clothed with a tough growth of straw-coloured grass, but on higher ground patches showed where peasants grew their winter crops—a brilliant streak of yellow mustard caught the eye.

Sitting in the ferry boat, my face was turned towards the hills. I looked northward towards the Everest range, its crested line meeting the sky a hundred miles and more away. The air was extraordinarily clear, and I had never consciously noticed the snowy range look so close, so pure a white, nor ever had to raise my eyes so high to reach its shining peaks. The furthest seemed to float in air. Beneath the snows a grey-blue mass of mountains stretched, range upon range, in misty contours, which those who knew could name by country, "Sikkim" or "Bhutan", and at their feet a sombre forest wall. It was a heavenly morning. Old Tucker, a planter who had organized the "stick", mounted his elephant, megaphone in hand. My wife was with him in the howdah. His task was to give the order "Ride!" when the beaters had put up a warriantable boar, which he from his high perch could see.

A boar is ridden in "heats" of three, and to him who draws first blood the boar is adjudged. This may not be the foremost rider. A boar when roused runs like a fox straight for his covert home, as like as not in that country a bamboo brake. But he can't keep the pace for long, and if pressed begins to "jink". This is the chance for someone riding "cunning", for the last spear may be first when the quarry doubles back. When the boar realizes that his jinks are to avail him nothing, he loses his temper. His little curly tail stands erect. That is the danger sign. Then he is the most dangerous of animals, fighting mad. He stands to bay, ready to charge home. A good boar stands some 3 ft 6 inches high at the withers, and weighs about 10 stone. He has tusks sharp as razors, and is light on foot. Charging like lightning with that weight behind him, he can bowl over both horse and man and inflict terrible wounds. Ever attacking, he fights to the death.

But one heat of three had assembled to ride the boar that

morning, myself and two others. We were no Kadu Cup winners, indeed we did not often get the chance to use our spears, which, incidentally, were not lances of the patterns used in the usual Tent Club contests further North-West. The weapon I held was the short, heavy-butted overhead or jabbing spear used by all hog-hunters in Bengal.

I sat on my Moses smoking a cigarette—a tiffle rapidly! From the tall elephant grass I could just see the Master of the Ceremonies, and we moved along just in front of him. Suddenly I saw him raise his megaphone and heard his shout of “Ride!” He pointed forwards, I put spurs to Moses.

Somehow or other I got in front of the others and soon I saw my quarry. He was running straight and fast. I galloped, he galloped. I made up on him. I was far ahead of the others, who had got held up by a “nullah.” He did not jink, for he knew—what I did not—a way to safety. But he lost his temper and I should have known the signs. He ran to the top of a sandy rise, and turned. I saw his wicked little bloodshot eyes shining red, his tusks gleaming white, and I pulled up. I didn’t like the look of him. To pull up was the last thing I should have done. I should either have galloped off or else gone straight in, keeping him on my off or spear-hand side. From his vantage-point he charged. He was on me like a flash, and jumped clean over my pony’s rump. Who says pigs can’t jump? I made a futile stab at him. Then I went after him again, over the sandy rise, found myself on the bank of the river—and there was my boar in it. Who says pigs can’t swim? I watched him cross, climb the opposite bank, and disappear into a thicket. We never saw him again. When the others came up they ragged me considerably. But later that day I did stick a pig!

My son, a Gunner officer, returned from India in 1937, tells me that, what with motor-cars and improved roads, the old Tent Clubs are reviving. That’s all to the good! He himself travelled a hundred and fifty miles by car for a Christmas pig-stick. One good mark to motor-cars!

A somewhat moth-eaten trophy hangs in my hall—it is a tiger-skin. Silently my first tiger appeared from the depths of the forest. At one moment the glade was empty, at the next the dappled sunlight threw into stronger relief his stripes. Quietly the king of the forest padded between the trees. My wife sat behind me in the howdah. In her excitement she nudged my arm. I don’t say she spoilt my aim. I am an

indifferent shot at any time. But I did not miss. The bullet struck him in the near hind-paw. He limped away, trying to suck it, like a cat that has trod in something nasty. The next I saw of him was in a bush some fifty yards away. I loosed off both barrels of my (borrowed) 500 Express. There was a roar, and I saw the light colour of his belly as he rolled on his back. Out of the tail of my eye I saw him rush. Next moment he was biting at my elephant's hocks. She (my mount was a lady, by name Sunder Mala, or "Golden Necklace") started to waltz, to tremble, and to make a noise like a kettle simmering on the hob. Her mahout became nervous. "For the sake of Allah, sahib" he shouted, "shoot straight or she'll bolt!" In that thick forest a bolting elephant would brush anything off her back as though it were a fly. In another moment the mahout shrank back against the front of the howdah. The tiger had leapt on to the elephant's head, his great square face well within a yard of me. I fired both barrels point blank—and missed!

I don't think I lost my head, but it is difficult to take a snapshot from a platform that is behaving like a teetotum. The tiger dropped and slunk off. We followed. By that time the rest of the shoot, attracted by my fusillade, had rallied towards me. We tracked the tiger to a patch of tall reeds. We surrounded it. Every time a reed moved we pumped lead at it. By this time I was more nervous of one of our party than I was of the tiger. This sportsman was directly opposite me in the circle round the reed patch and was waving his rifle about in a most dangerous manner. At moments it seemed to me that I was looking directly down its muzzle. Suddenly the dying tiger—I think most of us had hit him somewhere—struggled to the edge of the patch. I got in the "coup de grace", but the trophy was not adjudged mine till I said, "If there is a wound in the near hind-paw, it was I that drew first blood." It was found so.

I never shot an elephant, though once when on a tiger beat I was approached within a hundred yards by one, and I was ready to shoot if attacked. But I have seen elephants caught.

In January 1914 an official Government "kheddah", or wild-elephant catch, was organized in the Duars.

I was stopping on a tea-garden when we first heard of it. My host had driven me in to a polo day at Kalchini (a tea-garden in the Duars), and we were assuaging with long



TIGER SHOOTING IN NORTHERN BENGAL

Crossing a river on elephants. Author and wife in leading howdah. Christmas, 1913.

pegs the amazing thirst which polo of all games creates the best

In that land of tea-gardens, each group forms a district, and in each district there used to be a central club, complete with polo ground, to which the planters and their wives would come in once a week or more. There would be polo and tennis, and dancing afterwards to the music of a gramophone. The polo was sometimes good, the team from that particular group of tea-gardens won the Viceroy's Cup in Calcutta one year, and I saw one member of it, Billy Waller, playing a magnificent game for the R A F at Ranelagh in a Service match against the Navy only a few years ago.

We were sitting on the verandah of the wooden hut which served as the club when the news came. Forgetting to mop our brows, we leaned forward in our deck-chairs and began to discuss how we could get there.

The stockade for catching the wild elephants, we heard, had been erected in the Titi Forest.

A great deal of the country at the foot of the Himalayas is virgin forest, and that particular part known as the Titi has no sharply defined boundaries. From where we were, it lay about twenty miles to the north-west. An extension of the narrow-gauge Bengal-Duars Railway was just about to be opened. The line passed fairly close to Kalchini, and its terminus, at a place called Dalsingpara Hât, was within reasonable walking distance of the Titi. A tea-planter named Trood lived there.

My host thought he might be able to borrow a trolley from the railway and get it brought up the new line, together with a couple of coolies to do the pushing. We could easily walk from the terminus to Dalsingpara tea-garden, but getting on from there to the kheddah would be a difficulty—a matter of four or five miles, with the Torsa River to be crossed. Also, if we wanted to see anything of the show, the return journey would need some arranging. The Titi was not a place to wander about in after dark. Tigers in that part of the country are very seldom man-eaters, as there is plenty of wild game for them to feed on, but there happened to be at that time in the neighbourhood a tiger which was known to have killed a man.

Owing to the kheddah being so near his house, we imagined that even the proverbial hospitality of planters would not be elastic enough for Trood to have a bed to spare.

As a matter of fact, I did get a bed, not in the house but in a tent in the compound, where three of us, two officers of the Woods and Forests Department and myself, packed in

Next day, although the month was January, the sun beat fiercely hot on the back as we sat on the uncovered trolley

For some weeks past the movements of the herd had been studied, and the paths they made in the forest when moving from one feeding-ground to another. Whilst in the open plain, a herd can be more or less relied on to stay for days grazing on tall elephant grass and scrub, and to move very little from day to day. Then is the time to build in the forest, and on the path which the herd may be expected to take, the stockade into which it is meant to drive it.

Our stockade was a round enclosure some twenty yards in diameter, cleared of all trees and growth. The walls consisted of a palisade of thick bamboo and timber stakes, and near the top, about ten feet up, carried scaffolding from which onlookers could look down into the arena. Except at the entrance to the stockade, a deep and wide trench separated this giant fence from the enclosure, and provided an obstacle sufficient to check even a charging elephant. The entrance was guarded by a palisaded portcullis, if it can be so described, built of strong bamboo timbers, making a gate which could be pulled up or let down from above. No mediaeval castle had a portcullis operated in as crude a fashion. Its operators sat in a tree above the gate. Ropes attached to a bar at the top of the portcullis and slung over branches of the tree constituted the levers and pulleys by means of which lowering or raising was effected. So thick was the forest here that one could hardly distinguish the dark, half-naked bodies of the operators squatting like monkeys up amongst the foliated branches. Two straight palisades, one on either side of the gate, diverged out into the forest for some hundreds of yards, thus forming a funnel, wide at the mouth, whose narrow end made the entrance.

The first objective had been to drive the animals as far as the mouth of the funnel without alarming them. This had been no easy task. From the open plain, where the herd had been feeding when the drive began, to the stockade was four or five miles at most, but that first operation had taken as many days as there were miles to cover.

The feeding pace of a herd of elephants is slow, and they must not be disturbed lest they break back. It is dangerous

to alarm them, for if they charge back it may mean death to beaters

Thus the beaters must know the ground well and be careful to keep out of sight. Beating, indeed, is not really the right word to describe the process of driving elephants, though part of the process does, as a matter of fact, consist in beating lightly, a mere tapping on a tree. This is done so far behind the herd that the noise does not even arouse their attention except subconsciously so as to make them move on.

When the wind is favourable, small fires and wisps of dry grass are lit a long distance off, so that the faint smell of smoke may drift down wind to the elephants. The beaters make a loud noise only when the elephants have been observed to reach a spot near the stockade. Then there is a great hurrooshing and beating of tom-toms and firing of guns so as to stampede them down the path into the stockade. As soon as they are all safely in, down goes the portcullis.

This stage had been reached three days before, and twenty-three elephants had been captured. I reached Dalsingpara, and started off on foot as far as Trood's bungalow.

Undergrowth in the forest is so thick and high that often it reaches up to the level of an elephant's shoulder. This makes going very slow. That part of the I'ti Forest, however, close to the Torsa River, is more open, and we got along quickly.

The stony bed of the Torsa, there several hundred yards wide, gave us as we crossed the view-point for a great expanse of unbroken forest, dark and sombrely shimmering in the afternoon light. Shortly after getting to the further bank, and whilst going up a small rise, we knew we must be near, not by what we saw but by what we heard—a series of trumpetings rising in shrillness to a crescendo. I thought that all the elephants in the world must be in pain. Actually this appalling row was being made by one baby calf elephant, which, persisting in its endeavours to get mother's milk from a source run dry, was having its little trunk properly twisted by its mother. This, in fact, was the first scene on which my eyes fell when we came up to the stockade, invisible until one got within twenty yards or so of it.

On getting nearer we had other warnings—the stench was awful. The catch had already been inside the stockade for three nights and had been fouling the arena. In addition, one big bull had been so dangerous in his attempts to make a

breach in the palisade that he had to be destroyed. There he lay on his side, his four legs stuck out stiffly, his body already considerably swollen, the windward was the pleasanter side of him.

The others made a dispirited-looking lot, for they had been starved for days so as to make them as weak and cowed as possible before attempting to bring them out from the stockade. No wonder poor mother couldn't feed her calf! It had been exciting enough at first, after the portcullis had fallen on the last animal of the catch. The frightened beasts had been full enough of spirit then, charging about to try and break the walls of their cage—only to retreat before the spears and guns of the men who ringed the stockade.

Day and night, so that the elephants were always harried and the onset of their weakness thus hastened, the gang of hunters kept guard—at night with fires lit all round the palisade, and any menacing movement on the part of the captives was met by pokings of spears or discharges of blank ammunition.

Soon some of the captive beasts, and in this their psychology showed a human resemblance, had begun to blame each other for the plight of all. Of this there was evidence in gnawed and bitten tails, for one of the first signs of resentment seemed to show itself in a desire to bite a fellow-prisoner's tail.

When we arrived, all was in train for the next stage—the "cutting out" of the captives, one by one, after a preliminary "bullying" by men on trained elephants known as "kunkis". This was to be on the morrow. It was dusk as we recrossed the Torsa, with a hush over the dim forest which seemed ominous—I found myself glancing half around and thinking of man-eating tigers. A faint glow illumined the western sky.

There was a large party at the Troods', on which we gate-crashed unexpectedly. Shebbeare, the other Forest Officer, turned up at nine o'clock.

The following is an excerpt from a diary I kept then, for Sunday, January 11th, 1914.

"Slept in a tent in the compound. Interrupted night. Tiger—30 yards away from tent—roared about midnight. Saw his fresh pugs (pad marks) in morning on the lawn.

"Slight earthquake shock at 4 a.m.

"At 4 30 Shebbeare, who was sleeping on floor of tent between Gent and me, mistook setting moon for sun (? last night's drinks) and woke us up. He called for beer. Started at dawn for kheddah on elephant. Reached stockade at 7 a m."

We spent the whole of the second day in seeing the stockade emptied.

The hero of the "cutting out" business is the "phandi", as the man is called who goes into the arena on a kunkī. His entrance is like that of a matador into the bull-ring. Our particular head phandi that day, with his long hair done up in a "bun", looked more like a Sikh than a native of Bengal. He entered the ring wearing the most extraordinary fighting kit—a suit cut apparently from blue-and-white striped carpeting, such as is made by prisoners in Indian jails. All Europeans in India know the broad-striped blue-and-white jail-made carpets known as "dhurries".

No flourish of trumpets acclaimed his entry, but the dramatic moment was worked up to by the recital of long-drawn-out "mantras" or prayers, led by a priest.

The natives around the stockade appeared to be getting more and more excited, though to the European onlookers, if my own feelings can be taken as a measure, the apparently never-ending chant was boring.

At last the gate was opened and, standing on the head of his mount, in came the head phandi. Coiled over one arm he held a long thick rope. Whilst the gate was open, other kunkīs were stationed on guard, kept close up against the stockade by their mahouts in order to prevent any wild elephant from bolting out. The phandi was followed into the arena by another kunkī—also a tusker—ridden by his assistant.

A great shout went up.

To the ordinary onlooker, however, there did not appear to be much danger. The wild elephants seemed so dejected and cowed by starvation and their experiences of the last three days that they hardly reacted at all to the appearance of strange elephants in their midst. Yet there was some danger. One little calf—so small that it could run between the legs of the elephants standing on guard—bolted out of the gate into the forest. It walked round to just below where I was standing up on the stockade, and so attractive and

appealing did it look that I made to get down—I had the intention of patting it

But hardly had I lowered a foot to climb from off the stockade when yells of “Don’t be a b—— fool!” came to my ears. Even from a baby calf the blow of a trunk, they told me, might have laid me out

It stood there waiting, and eventually joined its mother when she was brought out of the stockade

Round and round the ring the captives were chased, prodded from behind by the tusks of the kunkis. After about a quarter of an hour, when they were run to a standstill, the roping began

Having chosen the beast most likely to make trouble, the phandis proceeded to cut him out by ranging their elephants alongside, one on each side. The head phandi dropped a loop of his rope on the ground, and after a little manœuvring the wild elephant was induced to put one of his fore-feet in it. The loop was then quickly drawn up his leg and under his body. With this as a fixed point, the phandis between them managed to pass the rope underneath the body of one of the kunkis and make it fast. Then, like a barge moored between a couple of tugs, the captive elephant was rushed out of the arena

Once out in the forest, the captive was handed over to be roped by the feet to strong trees—the fore-feet to one tree and the hind-feet to another

The foot-roping has to be carried out very carefully lest the animals get galled, for they have to stay tied to the trees for days. The ropes must be sufficiently tight and taken round the legs and feet in a number of coils, so as to lessen the chance of cutting if the animal strains much at its bonds. From the day they are caught, the captives are given food and water (which they often refuse at first), and everything that is done to them, such as feeding, watering, making them get up or lie down, is accompanied by a word of command, so as to train them to understand human speech, which, as is well known, they are intelligent enough to learn very rapidly

Actually, the elephants caught in this kheddah were met by a friend of mine, who saw them—apparently quite domesticated—marching down through Cooch Behar State a few weeks later

We picnicked in the forest, and after lunch went back to see a few more elephants being taken out of the stockade,

but by the middle of the afternoon had had enough of noise and smell

As we left and walked down towards the Torsa, I noticed one of the captives who was roped between two trees. From trunk uplifted and recurved he was pouring dust and sand upon his head, at intervals he trumpeted "Mourning for captivity", I thought

Elephants are a slow form of transport, but indispensable in a country of thick forest and swift unbridged rivers such as the Duars. I have taken a whole day to go twenty miles. On the other hand, one travels in comfort on a pad-elephant, far different from the swaying camel. I have never been so stiff in my life as once after a sixty-mile ride on a camel—from Dera Ismail Khan to Paniala, an oasis in the desert near the Shcikh Budin Hills. (Incidentally, the biggest collection of camels I ever saw was at Berbera, of which I got a fleeting glimpse in the 1904 Somaliland campaign, while on my way to England convalescing from enteric.)

At Paniala I was combining the tasks of medical and recording officer to the practice shoot of the 28th (as it was then) Lahore Indian Mountain Battery. At the end of the shoot—we were in camp there for about a week—I went off with a Pathan "shikari" for a couple of days' leave to shoot "markhor" (the wild mountain goat of the N.W. Frontier, with straight spiral horns that run to over twenty inches). My shikari had his game marked down. After a toilsome climb of over three thousand feet up stony paths, he bade me wait whilst he himself crawled some fifty yards to the edge of a slight rise. There he lay on his belly for what seemed an age, then motioned to me gently, putting his finger to his lips. I gathered that I was to be quiet, and to come on hands and knees. It is well that I have a sound head for heights, for I found myself peering over the edge of a sheer precipice at least five hundred feet high.

My guide pointed. I saw the herd below me on a stony slope, but dimly, for the evening darkness was gathering. There was one fellow with a grand head of horns. As we looked he detached himself and leapt up the apparently sheer face of the precipice. He stood on top, some one hundred yards away, right in the eye of the setting sun.

"Shoot, sahib!" whispered my shikari. I had to lean over the edge. He held me by the ankles. I aimed and

pulled the trigger The animal fell, down, down into the darkening shades We could hear the echoes reverberating as he rolled over and over I knew that meant spoilt horns But it was a satisfying moment Equally satisfying was the bottle of beer, for which my tongue was hanging out, that I drank an hour later in the rest-house at Sheikh Budin But I remember that, having too few blankets, I shivered all night

About a week later my shikari brought in what he *said* were the horns of the beast I had shot—a miserable specimen from some animal that had died, I should think, months if not years before

The “chickor”, or red-legged partridge, used to be very plentiful on the Frontier in stony foot-hills or on mountain-side They were wearisome to walk up, for they ran about as fast as they flew One would see them topping a rise, and run like a rabbit so as to get close enough to put them up Behold! they would be seen topping the next rise (somehow one never seemed to find them on the flat), still running In desperation, shooting for the pot, I would brown into them as I ran—and didn’t wait till September 1st either!

Very different was the black partridge found in greatest number in the tall yellow grass near river-banks bordered by winter crops

An island in the Indus! A girl who is still a companion nearly forty years later! To each of us a horse with attendant syces trotting behind and carrying picnic baskets The clear, cool, crisp air of a Northern India cold weather, and the whole day in front of us Those were the factors which went to make a day when, as I remember, the island swarmed with black partridge They get up so close and with such a startling whirr! that they get away some distance before one is sufficiently recovered to aim We rode, she and I, some seven miles to the island, and picnicked in the long grass On the way home I tried to ride a village buffalo—with no success It tossed me at once! Yet the village children ride them, sitting on their rumps

Another day we rode to the “Subalterns’ Jheel”—a marshy piece of ground where duck are found is known as a “jheel” Ah! those evenings when the mallard were fighting and the air was vocal with the sound of their wings The “plop” with which they fell when fairly hit!

They tell me that this mode of life in Indian cantonments

has completely changed in the twenty years since I left. Air-conditioned rooms allow one to sleep indoors in comfort in the hot weather. The coolie who used to pull the punkah by a rope attached to his toe has probably gone into a factory and has learned not to sleep on night work lest he be caught up in machinery. How one used to wake sweating under a stopped punkah and yell at the confounded fellow, "Pull, you ——!" Convulsive efforts resulted, but were never long sustained.

But one kept cool during the hot-weather days in those old bungalows. Woe to the servant who did not shut them up at dawn! My head servant, or bearer, Moolla Bux, never forgot. A faithful servant, he was with me in my bachelor years and for the first few years of my married life. Then he began to behave queerly, due, I think, either to drugs or disease.

We were in Bengal when he asked leave to go to his own village near Ambala, where he had temporarily left his family. No one ever saw him again. I believe that he was murdered for the three months' pay he was carrying, but the police never found out, or perhaps he went right off his head and was taken to a lunatic asylum. He would certainly have written, for he left with us some valuable gold ear-rings belonging to his wife. Nur Bux, the son, was a most attractive child, with large dark solemn eyes. Moolla Bux, of course, would never speak his wife's name—that is not etiquette—he always referred to her as "Nur Bux-ki-ma" (Nur Bux's mother). I know he understood some English, but he never spoke it. Nor did we, to any of our servants, or even to our own children when they were babies. On our first leave home we were travelling on the Southern Railway. Others in the compartment looked at us queerly. We were speaking a strange language—yet we looked English!

Nowadays, I understand that Indian servants prefer English to Hindustani. I have a fancy that, were I to go back to India, Nur Bux, if he be still alive, would get wind of it—in the extraordinary way that Orientals have—and that I should find him on the quay asking to serve his father's master! I suppose Moolla Bux robbed us—a little—but his interests were ours. He was one of the old loyal kind.

Another change in India is in the decline of the club habit. In the afternoon, or in hotter weather in the cool of the evening—though in real hot weather coming out of one's

bungalow was to plunge into an atmosphere like the blast from an oven—the whole station used to sally forth to its daily exercise, polo, golf, or tennis, and rally afterwards at the club for gossip, Bridge, newspapers, and drink! Now they tell me the young things have cocktail parties in their own bungalows, more or less confined to their own units and married people, so that the wives of one regiment, battery, or air squadron may hardly know those of another in the same station. This, if true, is deplorable.

If tennis is still played in the station clubs, the sets will certainly be less formally arranged than in my day. Instead of "Miss X, may I have the pleasure of partnering you in the next set?" I expect it is, "Joan, what about having the next knock with you?" I do not think I ever called a girl by her Christian name in pre-1914 India—except one, and then not long before we parted.

We drank a good deal, but seldom too much, at the club—mostly vermouths and small whisky pegs. It helped to make us more sociable.

Indians, however well educated, were not, as they are now, eligible for club membership. A pity, for anything is good that can help human relations, especially with other races than our own. I always got on well with Indians of all kinds and races, though I don't suppose I ever really *knew* an Indian!

Clubs in India must be expensive to belong to now, they were cheap enough in my day. I know that India, alas—unless, perhaps, for pig-sticking—is no longer a cheap land for those who, like myself, love horseflesh. And the best view in the world can be had from between the ears of a horse!

But England nowadays is cheaper, indeed, quite cheap for those who know, and are not ambitious to play polo and hunt with the top flight. A season or two ago I played polo with a young serving medical officer. It cost us each less to play three days a week for the whole short English season than it would to dine in town and do a theatre—with a girl friend—once a week. The same applies to hunting. English hunts are kind to the Services. It is difficult for a busy general practitioner, or for a London consultant, to get off for a whole day's hunting, but I meet a number of both kinds in the hunting-field. Perhaps they hunt for their health's sake, but I like to think that they hunt because there are few emotions to compare with the feeling of a good horse between the knees, and a far-flung vista of fields and fences ahead.

Golf is a good game, and doubtless health-giving. Being a Scot, I was brought up to it. Many doctors of my acquaintance, both young and old, play it. Some of them are even addicts. But in my experience it is not much less expensive than hunting, even if one has to pay full subscriptions, which most country doctors do not have to, and most consultants can afford. Septuagenarians, if they can ride, can hunt when they are past golf—except as rabbits—and the more strenuous games, for in hunting there is no strain on the heart. The horse does most of the work, the rider is being carried. If they are still practising, they probably go back to their work after a day's hunting more refreshed than after a game of golf—and the nineteenth hole.

Yet I'd willingly go back to India—if it were the India of sports and games that I knew.

To the "pukka" scientist the problems of research may be absorbing, but the average man does not keep his professional problems—or his enthusiasms—behind a single frontier of the mind. "He works best who plays best" applies to many, if not to all.

I myself always enjoyed games and sports for themselves and not with any idea of their being good for me. I never could make out how some people manage to go on doing morning exercises in the bathroom. Does anyone, I wonder, still use dumb-bells?

Most of us would agree with him that "physical jerks" and drill lose much of their value if they are disliked, but I never disliked anything active! Ah! those cold-weather mornings shooting black partridge in the tall grass, or quail among the Indian corn—those morning gallops—and the sight of the hills!

It may be because I come of Highland stock—I don't really believe this—that mountain scenery has left the most vivid pictures in my mind. The Tukt-i-Suleiman, its colossal precipices frowning at sunset over the Indus plain. Nanga Parbat's triangular shining peak, rising over 20,000 feet into the sky, seen from the Ridge at Gulmarg across the lovely vale of Kashmir. The vast snowy massif of the Pir Panjal, the range that guards the eastern marches of Kashmir, clear in the cold-weather air from amongst the trees in Rawal Pindi Park a hundred miles away. Kinchinjunga and the Everest range towering above the range upon range of intervening mountains. The Simla hills from Wildflower Hall!

The snows of the Hindu Kush coming into view as my aircraft climbed higher and higher—a later recollection this. Later still, the Alps of Austria—now, alas! Infelix My own Scottish mountains! Ah! the years that the locusts have eaten! How apt that metaphor! I wonder did its author ever see the havoc that a swarm of locusts can make? Twice in my life I have seen the skies darkened and all vegetation stripped by their invasion. Hitler has done nothing—yet—to compare with it, if one *can* compare vegetable to human life! And on thinking it over, I am not sure that the metaphor is so apt for emotional life! One regrets many things in past years, one would live much in them again, but because the years are past they are not eaten up—they are not sterile.

In Bengal we stayed till war summoned me in 1914. Then we left, in a way gladly. For there were children, and they who serve the British Raj in India must lose, not the best, the most intimate early years, of their children's affection and confidence, but the school years, which count more to consolidating family ties. They must submit to losing touch, to becoming almost strangers to their own-begotten. The problems of children and the parents' sacrifice is, maybe, eased nowadays by the enormously increased rapidity of transport.

We left India, to return later for a short time, but when I went to the 1914-1918 War I left some of the best of my years behind me.

V

1914-1918

AUGUST 5th, 1914¹ Was there to be war? In a remote out-station in Northern Bengal we did not know that war had already come. We did our day's work restlessly. I went to my district jail, administered some punishments, and did my daily round in hospital. Presumably I took my siesta. In the evening I had the hounds out for exercise, telling the groom to meet me at the club. He could take over the pony and hounds—my wife would give me a lift home in the trap.

I rode in, to find a group of club members sitting about in lounge-chairs outside. The District Superintendent of Police raised his glass. "Hallo, squire", he said, in sardonic deference, maybe, to the horse-and-hound outfit. "Look over there." "Over there" was the club notice-board, round which another group of people was gathered. I rode across (I had not dismounted). Looking over their heads I could read the telegram: "Since midnight on August 4th a state of war exists between England and Germany."

Thus did I hear of the war. How exciting at first to head a telegram "War 1914" and send it off at public expense! The act seemed symbolic, moving, and romantic. I felt differently later.

Those first days stirred us in Jalpaiguri out of our usual hot-weather apathy. Lack of news was compensated for by wild speculation. I was sure of going to the war somewhere. Not to France—one never somehow thought of Indian troops going there. I picked on Togoland. "I will be dictator of Togoland", I declared one evening in the billiard-room after several drinks, and sketched out the first scene of a musical comedy, with myself landing on a sandy beach greeted by a chorus of scantily clad girls waving palm-leaf fans.

Nothing happened for six weeks. Then suddenly an order. "Proceed Meerut forthwith report military duty." I was more or less packed and prepared, even to an identity disc, though

I did not immediately hang it round my neck, as I found had been done by a fellow-officer with whom I shared a hotel bedroom the night we joined. He was wearing it next his skin, too!

By that time it was known that an Indian Expeditionary Force had left for France. My hopes of joining it were dashed. Garrison duty was to be my lot. I was packed off to Lansdowne. What a journey! the last long lap of it on foot, wheeling a bicycle, up a steep forest path. I arrived exhausted. Lansdowne, in the high Kumaon hills, is a cantonment for regiments of hill men, Gurkhas and Garhwals—their permanent station, so permanent that the officers live in real stone houses, such as one might see in the Cotswolds, which they purchase and pass on to their successors. I arranged to take one on lease “for the duration”, and sent for my wife. In the meantime I settled down to examining hundreds of Gurkha and Garwali recruits daily. The physique and fighting qualities of the Gurkha were well known, those of the Garwali less recognized. Regiments of the latter were familiarly called “the —th Gariwallahs” (cab-drivers), a nickname which may have had in it something slightly derogatory. If so, that is past. Of all the Indian regiments in the last war, none covered themselves with greater glory than the Garhwals. They earned special distinction and the prefix of “Royal”.

I had about ten days to get to know them when out of the blue arrived a telegram: “Report Bombay forthwith for duty hospital ship in England”—or words to that effect. It reached me on the 9th green—more climbing than golf on that course! Wife and daughter were far away in another corner of India—at Shillong, the capital of Assam. She had packed up our house in Jalpaiguri and gone to stay with a brother. I discovered that I was to sail from Bombay in *SS Aragon* (later sunk by enemy action) in less than a week. Could a passage for wife and child be “wangled”? Frantic wires crossed and recrossed. My request, at first refused, was granted, but the wire to my wife only reached her at the breakfast-table in Shillong on a Sunday morning and the ship was due to sail for Bombay on Wednesday. Could she do it? The mail motor-car—the only one in the day—had already left to catch the train connection at Gauhati. It seemed hopeless—next day would be too late. But a special car could be hired which might catch up the mail! Everyone flew to

help, with the result that my brother-in-law, returning from a Sunday morning walk, was surprised to find that his sister had left for England. Packing and settling up was done in under an hour—a feat! The special car tore down the mountain road towards the plains, swinging round the bends. The child was sick. It seemed that the race was lost when the time-limit was reached with several miles still to go. But an official telegram had been sent to the station-master, asking him to hold the mail. He was about to give the signal for the train to start when the belated and dusty passengers arrived. They were still a trifle grubby and travel-stained from their journey across India when I met them in Bombay two days later.

On our first night at sea in the great convoy we looked astern. The *Aragon* was in the first line of four ships, followed by six lines of eight ships abreast—on a blaze which seemed to shine as brightly as the Bombay lights we'd left behind.

The convoy melted. Farewell to the first batch was said a few days after leaving port. Some eight ships separated from the convoy. They steamed north-west. Basra was their destination. Little did the troops in them know what lay before them, the successes and the blunders of the first year in the Mesopotamia campaign, the miseries of Kut-el-Amara.

A few days later other ships parted from our company, heading more southerly—units of the East African Expeditionary Force. They too were in for unforeseen hardships in malarial swamps and jungle. The rest kept together as far as the Mediterranean, where France absorbed the bulk, leaving but a small batch to plough with darkened lights through a stormy Bay of Biscay on the way to England.

On board the *Aragon* we were an odd assortment. Two famous British regiments on their way home—and thence to Flanders' fields. The subalterns were gay, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Most of them did, and Flanders poppies wave over their bones. But the wives of Indian Army officers—there were a number of Gurkhas and Garhwalis from the station I had just left—looked on disapprovingly. They were anxious for their husbands already in France, half comforted when assured that Indian troops would only be used on the lines of communication, but angry at the implied slight to the quality of their beloved Indian Army. There were heated arguments, soon to be answered finally. Poor wives! On a cold November

morning when the ship berthed at Devonport there was a rush for news—there was no wireless broadcasting then. They stood in groups on deck, scanning the casualty lists feverishly and turning pale as they read. No wonder! The roll-call of war-widows had begun. The names of Indian Army officers figured largely in those early terrible lists. To the enemy's snipers officers of Indian regiments were so easily distinguishable from their men. So far from being employed behind the line, the Indian Divisions *held* the line, that bit of it north of Bethune where the Lahore and Meerut Divisions stood firm for months in weakly entrenched positions (I was to see them later) in a thin line with nothing much behind them in reserve. Had a German got across their front line trenches, I believe he might have ridden a bicycle to Calais almost without opposition. Lucky that the terrible tank had not then been invented! But for some reason the Indian sector was, I think, never strongly attacked. The enemy were concentrating on the Ypres salient further north.

Cheering troops lining the Suez Canal as we passed through, and a lovely bright day spent ashore with my wife at Gibraltar—the convoy had to wait for a lame duck to catch up—are my chief recollections of the voyage home, apart from being very busy. The captain used to invite me to his cabin before dinner, to sample one of the Royal Mail Steam Packet's swizzle-stick green cocktails, and would put a sentry on the door to prevent my being disturbed. The medical officer of a troop carrying hundreds of women and children as well as troops is lucky to get half an hour in the day to himself, and there is generally a good deal of illness amongst people coming home from a spell in the East. Prunella Stack, later to be known as the priestess of Health and Beauty, was one of the babies—a healthy specimen, unencumbered by clothes. Her mother was an acquaintance of mine—we had met before in Lansdowne—and we sat at the same table during the voyage. Mrs Stack had a passionate aversion to killing—not only men but animals. She would not wear a fur, but she wore a pearl necklace, and was annoyed with my wife for arguing “What about the poor oyster?”

London in November was a contrast to the East. It rained incessantly as Lord Roberts' funeral procession passed down the Strand into the mists of Trafalgar Square. The crowd, mostly in kahki, stood at the salute. It rained as I joined the hospital ship *Glenart Castle* at Tilbury Docks—in fact, it rained

all those last months of 1914. But 1915 came in bright and frosty. A calm sea mirrored a pale blue sky as our ship crossed from Southampton to Boulogne to pick up a load of sick and wounded Indian soldiers. Amongst them I remember a Mahsud whose face lit up when I spoke to him in Waziri-Pushtu. There was no chance that he would ever see again the mountains of Waziristan—his wound was mortal.

One could do little for patients on these short trips except try to make them comfortable.

As usual in war, there was a certain amount of grumbling among the officers about round pegs being in square holes, about the periods of boredom with nothing to do. Why, I thought in my own case, put a fairly senior man with surgical qualifications and experience on a hospital ship with no surgery except dressings to do, when surgeons were wanted in France? Why make eye specialists sanitary officers? And why keep a hospital ship empty for weeks on end hanging about in Cowes Roads?

Later I was to see the other side of the picture, the administrative side, to realize, by having to do it myself, that in the hurry of improvisation and expansion, and under the exigencies and stresses of war, it is not so easy to sort people out and put the round peg in the round hole, and that in war there must always be many enforced periods of idleness.

Some of those idle times were amusing. Spring and summer 1915 my wife and I spent in a little pub on the Esplanade at Cowes, and did little else for days on end but golf, play tennis, bathe, and make excursions. The Isle of Wight folk were hospitable. Houses like that of the Custs opened their doors to us, we dined and met interesting people. Every fourth day, as orderly officer, I lived and slept in the ship out in the Solent—and failed to join her one night when we got a sudden order to cross the Channel. A kind Naval Transport officer got me put aboard another ship next morning. I sat in the pilot's boat waiting for her to come up Southampton Water. It was six o'clock on a still midsummer morning. Sky and sea were palest blue. The coast opposite was hidden by a screen of amber-coloured morning mist. Out of this smoky cloud the ship glided up the Water. It was like a conjuring trick. Hospital ships were painted white with a green band, and against the background in the rays of the early morning sun she appeared like a dazzling ghost.

Earlier in the year our hospital ship, the *Glenart Castle*, had made a trip to Alexandria, carrying invalided Indian soldiers on the first stage of their journey home. Some of us got the chance of a hurried trip to Cairo. General "Sandy" Carruthers, from whose house in Pindi we were married, was D A & Q M G to the "Anzac" Force concentrated near the Pyramids for the ill-fated attempt at Gallipoli. He took me out to see them. I stood with him in hot sand near the Sphinx and watched some troopers riding by—long-legged and riding almost on their forks, as Australians do—a magnificent body of men. I felt puny. "Sandy" was popular with the Anzacs, for he had the knack of being friendly without losing discipline. Thin and loose-jointed, and a horseman too, he had a kindly, weatherbeaten Scots face and a sensible tongue. When he came back from the war his wife complained to me that association with Anzacs had not improved his language, but I remembered how in Indian days, when he missed his stroke at polo (which was seldom), his sotto voce (as he thought) "Oh, hell!" could be heard all over the ground.

My wife and I once climbed the First Pyramid, but that was in 1921, on our way home to England for good. It is not so easy as it sounds—over 500 feet high, and above the tiers at the level of the gallery entrances each massive block is about arm-pit high, which takes a lot of scrambling up. But the first fifty feet or so is easy-going. At the bottom, guides and helpers were clamouring to sell their services in a shrill babel of Arabic underbids. My wife would have none of them. She would climb by herself! They surged forward. She stamped her foot at them. They retreated—and then followed at a distance—they knew she couldn't do it by herself. In the end she had one man pulling her whilst another pushed from behind. I managed with a puller only. It is not a climb for one who has no head for heights. The ledges are narrow, worn, and unprotected, looking down, one can see nothing but the edge of the row of masonry blocks one is standing on, and the desert beneath. And the higher one climbs, the stronger blows the wind. What a view from the little platform on the summit! Westward the desert, rolling sand-hills as far as the eye can see. The sun was low in the west that evening, and looking eastwards, Cairo and the Citadel and the Mokattam Hills were painted rosy.

In 1915 our ship did two trips to Egypt before we went

into summer quarters in Cowes Roads. On our last trip home we ran into a gale in the Bay of Biscay which made me realize for the first time the meaning of the term "a sea running mountains high". I was rather frightened—my childhood's fear of the sea returned. From that tempest I came back to a promise of peace and happiness, for my wife was waiting for me in "Flowers Hotel" on Southampton Docks—a promise fulfilled. In that rather dingy pub we had an auxiliary honeymoon.

Thereafter our ship made occasional cross-Channel trips to bring back to English hospitals Indians wounded in France. One lovely summer's day we unloaded a convoy at Portland—Southampton was our usual port of call. The I.M.S. then wore black gorget patches on the collar of the tunic. There was a multiplicity of "tabs" in those days, red tabs for the General Staff, green for "Intelligence", blue and red for "Administrative", white for "Political", and so on. There were five of us medical officers on the staff of the *Glenart Castle*, about three too many, and all of us senior. An old lady who had been watching with interest stretcher cases being disembarked obtruded herself on my attention. She insisted on asking questions. "Excuse me", she said finally, "but why are there so many clergymen for the natives—are you missionaries?" Black tabs to her eyes meant "padre".

From Portland I got forty-eight hours' leave. The Devon and Somerset were meeting at Cuzzicombe Post. I was on a hired horse, and it was the first time I had seen staghounds. I struck a good day. The "harbourer", old and experienced servant of the hunt, had marked his stag, the "tufters", old and experienced hounds, turned him out of his comfortable bed in a wood. We saw him go away, saw the young pack laid on, and then I hardly drew rein again till he was brought to bay in some Water or other, a leafy pool at the bottom of a deep combe. It wasn't Badgworthy Water, but it was somewhere near the Lorna Doone country. For we had run miles—they said we had changed stags—and it was a tired horse that I brought into North Molton that night. So tired that I walked the last six miles leading him. Belike he was fresh up from grass and not fit. I too was tired, and next day so stiff that when, as substitute, I was fielding cover-point in the August Bank Holiday match on the Somerset and County ground at Taunton, I found it hard to get down to the ball. Clouds raced across the sun, and their shadows

over the heather and the hills as we chased that stag across Exmoor I was on top of the world, and its beauty seemed to stretch to infinity

I got more than tired of a hospital ship I wanted war, not a summer holiday, and I wanted to do some war surgery A visit to the War Office and the influence of Sir Anthony Bowlby got me transferred to France.

Hardelot! Country of giant sand-dunes and forest, wild and unspoiled though less than ten miles from Boulogne Little "plage", chiefly made famous by Blériot, who made from his hangar there the first cross-Channel flight to Dover Blast the man! If he had known what his conquest was going to lead to, he might have preferred to drown!

No 10 (Secunderabad) Indian General Hospital had commandeered the only sizeable hotel and most of the villas in the place Hardelot was as Indian as Puri Our Indians did not improve the value of house property in Hardelot There was a heated wrangle about the amount of "dégât" (damage) when we left In these ways the French are apt to be Shylocks There are kind hearts in France—I have met many—but on the whole I have thought of the French heart as kept in an iron casket, to be unlocked by a golden key or with the password "l'amour"

At first I had not enough to do, and had time on hand for polo on the sands (on some tournament class ponies from Remounts), for veal cutlets and Pommard at the "Pré du Catalan"—lovely forest inn—followed by a sleepy game of golf

But after Loos we were busy, and then I got the excitement of being selected for a ten days' visit to the front line—nominally a tour of instruction! Coming back along a communication trench one evening I met an old Indian camp-follower He was plodding towards the line, and up to his knees he was muddy I stopped him "Indian troops are about to leave France", I said—for this was more than a rumour by then "Perhaps you will go back to India?" He raised clasped hands as though in prayer "Sahib", he exclaimed, "Parmeshar ki bat hai" ("it is God's own word!"). I did not know then that it was not India but Mesopotamia we were bound for The poor old thing was going from the frying-pan into the fire

Far up in a calm autumn evening sky two aeroplanes were dodging one another in and out of pink clouds Every now

and then a fleecy puff appeared near them. It was the first aerial combat I had seen. They disappeared.

I met an Indian officer—a middle-aged Sikh. He dramatized the position. "Sahib", he said, "this is not war—in the air", pointing upwards, "on the ground", sweeping his hand to indicate the scene of desolation, "and even", he added sombrely, "underneath the ground. It is slaughter. Nevertheless", he continued, smacking his lips, "it leaves a good taste in the mouth!" I thought of Umslopogaas in "Allan Quatermain".

I got back to the Base, to find orders waiting. "Pack up!" and Eastward-ho! I got forty-eight hours' leave, crossed a tempestuous Channel in a hospital ship, and spent the short hours with my wife in feverish and rather anguished gaiety. I was not to see my wife and children for over three years.

How many hearts are there that are still able to recall war-time ache at the remembrance of boat-trains leaving Victoria! There are few happenings more calculated to annoy than to have snatched away the close prospect of a comfortable bed.

The lights of Boulogne Harbour were in sight, we were even ready to take up our bags, when a destroyer dashed alongside, a message passed, and we were whisked off to lie in the cold Channel for four hours, and finally landed, about 2 a.m., at Calais, where I dozed till dawn, packed between two of our nursing sisters lying on a very hard railway-station platform. Later it was rumoured that we had narrowly missed being torpedoed.

Late November snow covered the ground and lightened the failing dusk as I helped to load the last package of No. 10 Indian General Hospital. The trucks were in a railway siding at the little village of Neufchatel. Hardelet, seven miles away, was left behind for ever. Nothing to do but to search for a drink whilst we waited for the train that was to take us and the hospital to Marseilles. It came, and we started on the slow trail through France—a two and a half days' journey. On the second night we lost our C.O. in the snow, in the depths of the Forest of Fontainebleau too! Poor Colonel Jenney, now dead! He was an ardent soldier, and that was the last day's service he ever did. We were preparing for bed. The train had halted. As there were no lavatories on it, some of the men had taken the opportunity to get down. The train moved on slowly. Jenney was standing

on the step of a compartment which he was sharing with myself and two others. He was in his shirt-sleeves. Just before the train had restarted he had shouted, "If any man gets left behind I'll have him court-martialled!" There was a sudden jolt, and Jenney disappeared. He did not reappear. "Shall I chuck his kit after him?" I suggested. "Don't be a b—— fool", I was told, "he can easily climb on behind at the pace we're going, and what'll he say when he finds we've thrown his things into the snow?"

I saw the point. Jenney was irascible. He did not climb on behind. There were no means of communicating with the driver, so nothing could be done till the train's next stop, which was at Dijon. The telegraph wires were set humming, but we heard nothing of our lost Colonel till the train had nearly reached Marseilles. He was found—after a search—lying in the snow with a crushed heel. No bones were broken, only the skin had got nipped between the rail and a wheel. The injury was permanent. We got a new C O in Marseilles.

Marseilles in 1915 was a giddy town with plenty of theatres, bars, and girls to sample, but we were in camp some miles out along the Estorel. Walking down the Cannabière I met tall, stooping, fair-haired, bespectacled Christie, whom I had last known as an archæologist in Calcutta. He was wearing the uniform of a Captain in the Guides Cavalry, and a brassard on his left arm proclaimed that he was an Assistant Provost-Marshal. "Why these?" I asked, tapping him on a shoulder-chain.

"Protective", he replied. "The women throw things on me from top-story windows. Like to see the town?" I said I would, under his expert guidance. We dined at a restaurant said by Christie to be the gourmet's choice—but *not* on the Marseilles speciality, bouillabaisse. I hate the stuff. I have a confused picture of Christie's progress round the town, but remember in the small hours of the morning a girl with a scanty allowance of clothing but an inexhaustible fund of tears. Alice in Wonderland wasn't in it with Lusette. We tried to comfort her, but she wept continuously and copiously, and was weeping when we left. Her boy friend, it appeared, was purser on an English ship. He would be drowned, she knew he would! I wonder was he? After hanging about for ten days, we got orders at 7 a.m. to sail at noon. I had been stuck with the job of transport officer, and on our arrival in Marseilles had superintended the unloading of the trucks

and the parking of the hospital equipment in hangar No 7. The Indian personnel humped all the packages themselves. The heap almost reached the roof. From the dock opposite hangar No 7, I had been assured, would sail the ship in which our baggage would be embarked.

Not a bit of it! When I got down to the quays early on the morning of the day of sailing, I was told that we were to sail in the *Ivernia*. Where was she? Opposite hangar No 16, half a mile away.

"Then I must have transport!"

"Your tonnage?"

"A hundred and ten tons."

"Impossible!" (Incidentally I had reported on the weight of the hospital equipment and accommodation needed every morning for ten days, and every morning been gesticulated at by a French dock transport officer "Impossible!")

"There is no transport to be had", I was told. In the end I managed to collect a few rickety fiacres bearing a remarkable resemblance to Indian *tikka-gharries*. I was allowed to hire them, but the Indians still humped most of the stuff themselves. I was told to put my stuff in hold 5. We started loading. A red-tabbed Embarkation Staff Officer appeared on the quay complete with horse. He ordered me to stop. "The baggage of the 58th Vaughan Rifles (my old Puffer friends, the 5th P I) is to be put in hold 5." It was. When it was all in I was told to carry on. I did. Again I was stopped, this time for a Field Post Office.

In the end our kit was like ham in a triple sandwich. When we reached Alexandria—after various submarine alarms—the 58th were detailed for duty in Egypt, so several layers of the sandwich had to come off. They never got all their kit—I found bits of it in Basra. We had half expected to be kept in Egypt, and at the least had anticipated stretching our legs ashore, but no such luck. A notice was posted on the boat deck: "The ship sails at 1 p.m. for Basra."

Practically none of us had more than a vague idea where Basra was, and as for Mesopotamia, its map in the minds of most of us was like the chart of the ocean in "The History of the Snark", a complete and perfect blank. When we arrived near the head of the Persian Gulf we got a wireless (the first wireless message that I remember) that Kut was besieged. We were to hurry. We were part of the relieving force. Alas! there is a bar across the mouth of the Shatt-el-Arab. Vessels

of over a certain draught cannot get across. The *Ivernia* drew several feet of water too much, but this fact had been overlooked. We turned back and put in at Koweit, and there in the Gulf of Koweit we waited till a B I boat (that the British India Company had built for the Persian Gulf trade) came and moored herself to us. We proceeded to tranship ourselves and the contents of the *Ivernia's* holds into the *Varsova*—a difficult operation, but luckily the sea was calm as a mill-pond.

The sandwich was again reversed, and this time well mixed up. I had an insoluble jigsaw puzzle to tackle in trying to sort out our hospital stuff when eventually it was all unloaded at Basra—on a mud bank, for there were no quays then.

The incidents of this voyage gave me a low opinion of Embarkation and Naval Transport Staffs, possibly quite unjustified—though not long after, when a railway was being built from Basra to Nasiriyeh, a ship containing locomotives arrived from Bombay. The crane with which they were to be lifted out of the ship was at the bottom of the hold, *underneath* the railway engines! And there was no crane powerful enough to lift them in the port of Basra! So the ship perforce returned to Bombay.

No 10 Indian General Hospital disembarked at Basra on New Year's Day 1916. A cold rain had fallen in the night. Mesopotamia is renamed Iraq, but its weather is the same and has to be experienced to be believed. In wet weather attempts to walk fast result in a good imitation of the butter-slide in the old harlequinade with which our childish pantomimes ended. In no other country that I have been in is mud so greasy.

Luckily it does not rain very often in Iraq—but there are floods. What floods when the Persian snows melt and the Tigris cannot take the overflow! The floods in March and April 1916 were exceptional and added to the strokes of misfortune that befell the force in its attempt to relieve Kut-el-Amara. Our ship steamed up the river on that New Year's Day, carefully avoiding near Abadan the ship sunk by the Turks in an attempt to block the channel. Troops were aboard, but where was their equipment, where their first-line transport? There were gunners, but where were their guns? In another ship, not yet arrived. On the afternoon of our arrival a motor-launch came alongside. It took off some half a dozen men—a Brigadier and some of his staff. In drizzling rain the launch headed up-river—towards Kut.

This was all of our reinforcement that was ready to start. There was little room on the launch and there was an argument as to who should be taken. The A D M S was left and a chaplain taken. I thought the doctor would have been more useful than the padre. Anyway, the Brigadier was killed a few weeks later in one of those brave but costly frontal attacks across open desert which our General Staff then seemed to think would drive the Turk from strongly entrenched positions.¹

A house was commandeered for our hospital. Beit Asvar belonged to a well-to-do Armenian family, who protested vigorously at being turned out. It was a typical Arab house, two-storied, built of Persian brick, with verandahs on both floors facing inwards to a square courtyard. A large balcony in front faced to the river across a garden. Sitting there and sipping short drinks before dinner, one gazed over orange trees and hollyhocks to a waterway crowded with ships and craft of all descriptions. Ocean liners, tugs, "mahelas" (dhows), "bellums" (skiffs) lay at anchor or passed up and down upon their war occasions. The scene was never idle.

We got our stuff in. Our Indian staff looked miserable, like half-drowned rats, as Indians do in rain, as they humped our stores, paddling or slithering across the courtyard.

The ground floor was kept for stores and administrative offices, operating theatre, X-ray room, etc., the upper story for mess and officers' quarters. An adjoining British hospital lent us some huts to go on with, and we made up with canvas. We were hardly ready when the first of the notorious river convoys came in. Much has been said and written about the "Mesopotamia Medical Muddle." A Commission of Inquiry was sent out from England. I gave evidence before them. Markham Carter of my batch in the I M S got a C B for his part in drawing attention to the scandal. After that he disappeared from the Eastern scene to sit in the Admiralty. There he designed river hospital ships—their equipment came in very useful on shore.

The muddle was put down to the Indian Medical Service, an imputation much resented by its members. The fault lay higher up, chiefly with the Government of India, but so far as any one medical officer was responsible, he was the Director of Medical Services at Army H Q, India—an R A M C man. My own part in meeting these awful convoys was to search with a hurricane-lantern, like Florence Nightingale in the Crimea, to stumble in the dark and putrid-smelling

depths of a barge, to shake a man by the shoulder only to find he was dead, to spend the night lopping gangrenous limbs. The only splint for a broken leg was often the soldier's own rifle, wounds had not been dressed nor ordinary needs of nature attended to. The wretched men, some of them with dysentery, had been on the river for days. For the first time in my life I boiled with indignation at unnecessary suffering due to inefficient administration.

But one morning a fleet of "bellums" bearing a convoy of wounded from Nasiriyeh came down the river under their own sail, lit by the rays of the early sun. Beauty and bygone days, I thought.

Kut was relieved every night—by rumour, but soon after the desperate failure of March 8th, 1916, it became known that the garrison's belts had been tightened to the last hole. I was a patient in hospital on that "black day", having cantered after dark into a barbed-wire fence (which hadn't been there when I started for my evening ride in the desert). I got concussion, and the horse had to be destroyed.

As the days warmed up, the Lord sent us plagues. For nuisance-value, the worst was of flies—their legions were astronomical. But there were plagues of sickness. In the light of modern knowledge of vitamins no epidemic scurvy should ever happen again on the scale of that which ravaged the Indian troops in April 1916—not only a scurvy that just touched up the gums and made them bleed, but a scourge that made great tumours of blood in muscles and killed a number of its victims. Indians love fresh vegetables—their daily "sag", a sort of mess which looks like spinach. But green stuff was hard to come by in Mesopotamia. No steps had been taken then to grow locally, or to import, the quantities necessary to issue the regulation amount in the Indian Army field ration. So they were given a double ration of "gur" (raw sugar) to make up. It might have been thought that in 1916 the Navy's known experience, dating back hundreds of years, of scurvy in ships unprovided with lime-juice or some fresh food would have been applied.

We started looking for early signs of scurvy, and it was then that I first met Sir William Willcox, who had been sent out from England as chief medical consultant. He was best known as a toxicologist, medical jurist, and—as I found later—a bold rider to hounds. His slight stammer—I think he often exaggerated it when he wanted to gain time for a quick

think—and half-parted lips might lead the unwary into thinking him stupid—a gross misjudgment, as many a leading counsel found to his cost. A glance at his dark intelligent eyes should have been enough. I wonder he never disguised them by wearing dark glasses in court. One sweltering afternoon we lay practically nude on adjacent beds. It was siesta time, but Willcox was talkative, reminiscent, and I interested. He told me of how he hanged Crippen—not literally of course, but how the medical facts carefully marshalled by him had gone to pile up the damning evidence.

Poor Crippen! That was the first murder trial which owed the verdict to scientifically applied laboratory experiments on human remains.

Kut fell. The whole force was disgruntled and discipline suffered. Many officers and men went about sloppily dressed—till the avenger of Kut arrived. Maude was a Guardee and a disciplinarian. His tall commanding figure was always properly (in the Army sense) dressed, booted and gaitered on the hottest evenings. But he was human within. The bottom dropped out of the show when he died. On an evening visit to a Jewish girls' school in Baghdad a cup of coffee was offered to him—unfortunately not black Turkish coffee. He took milk in it, and two days later was dead of cholera. But his aim had been achieved. He had taken Baghdad. I have by me the telegram he sent congratulating me on getting the C I E for which he had recommended me.

June 1916! The thermometer indoors was standing at the 100° F mark. I was lying on a bed, or rather slipping about on a shiny woven grass mat. A bath towel covered part of my nakedness. The time was about 3 p.m. Sleep was evasive. The door opened, and its opening was practically filled up. A bulky figure appeared, the owner had a reddish face of size to match. Small twinkling eyes gave a shrewd expression to a face that I put down to Yorkshire or Lancashire. I was wrong—it came from Cumberland. Anyway, it was North Country. I noticed a row of South African ribbons, and the crown and two stars of a full Colonel. I thought, "Fancy wearing a coat on an afternoon like this! Fancy coming out at all at this time of day!"

This was my first introduction to Matthew Fell, then D D M S Lines of Communications, Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force. I was to see much of him then and in later years, and to learn to love him. In Matthew common sense

and humanity were blended After the war he put the R A F Medical Service on its feet Then he went back to the Army, leaving me to build the foundation where he had laid the coping-stone When I became "head boy", Lieut-General Sir Matthew Fell was my opposite number at the War Office But all this was in the womb of Time That afternoon "Are you Munro?" he asked

I answered to my name "Put on your trousers and come with me to see the D M S" he ordered I sighed inwardly "I'm in for trouble" It was entirely against my principles to cut short a siesta and go out into heat and shimmering glare if I could avoid it I couldn't avoid it We had several miles to walk As we went along Matthew explained Officers were being invalided to India who with a few days' or weeks' rest and treatment could be restored to duty This was a serious drain on the Force An officers' and nurses' hospital and convalescent home had to be started Someone had whispered my name I was not being led to the slaughter but being shown off "on appro"

I passed muster

Some four miles down the river there was a large Arab house which I was to take over All help would be given me to furnish and equip it This, had I known it, was a turning-point in my career It meant organizing—office work—and I preferred wards and an operating theatre But I had to agree, making only one feeble proviso, which was granted, that I should be allowed myself to do the surgery and to combine some professional work with being O C

That was my last kick I have been labelled "administrative" ever since, and have worn hollows in the seats of a number of office chairs The joke is that I am not a good administrator I always get other people to do the organizing work for me But I am not so bad at getting on with the "other people"

Did I take the wrong turning in 1916, I wonder? I gave up the work I had been trained for, but in exchange have "developed contacts" (as the Americans say) and got a broader view of medicine by not specializing But I can never enter an operating theatre without a feeling of homesickness

When I saw Beit Naama first the sun had hardly gathered striking-power Its level rays burnished the olive-green fronds of motionless date-palms fringing the river, gave to the water

a flickering contrast of gold and aquamarine. Our launch chugged noisily. We were dropping down-river to see my new home. In the launch besides myself there were the Base Commandant, General Brownlow, and Colonel Delap, the C O of No 33 Manchester Base Hospital—just arrived. He was for me the important man, for it was from the Manchester Hospital that I was to draw the staff to start my new hospital. I've been friendly with Manchester doctors ever since. Beit Naama, "the house of the Naamas", belonged to lineal descendants of Naaman the leper. Of four brothers Naama, two were politically suspect of Turkish sympathies. Their home was a palace. Built of the best Persian brick decorated in arabesque by artists drawn from all over the Middle East, it had seventy-two rooms arranged round large courtyards planted with orange trees. The frontage to the river extended over a distance which I thought I could cover with an iron shot, though I couldn't get up with a mashie! I was about right—it measured 170 yards. The space between the house and river was planted with orange and pomegranate. Walled gardens surrounded it.

We landed—it was a month before a pier was built—drank coffee and smoked cigarettes. The Naamas were courteous. They were prepared to vacate, but not for a quick eviction. They had to reckon with Sir George MacMunn, Inspector-General of the Lines of Communications, whose orders when given were to be obeyed. From him I got "carte blanche", and a steamer to boot—a paddle-wheeler. Many voyages I made on her, looting equipment to stock my hospital. MacMunn was a mover. Maude and he won the Mesopotamia campaign. MacMunn was one of the gay and jaunty cap-on-one-side-of-the-head kind. He rode about sixteen stone—and strongly, as is a Gunner's wont. I used to stay week-ends with him in Basra and accompany him on morning rides. Versatile with tongue and pen, as all readers of *Blackwood's* know, he was, and I expect still is, the life and soul of a party. What amusing parties we used to have in the Basra H.Q.s, and after the war in Simla, when he was Q M G India. A British Gunner, he knew more about the Indian soldier than most Indian Army officers.

When in 1917 MacMunn was given a K C B, I believe it was the most popular honour given to anyone in the force.

I opened Beit Naama as a hospital on July 1st.

"Eye-Witness" in Mesopotamia was a journalist sent by

the *Times of India* to report on conditions in Basra. Incidentally, the then editor of that paper, Sir Stanley Reed, is now my near neighbour, and our Member of Parliament.

"Eye-Witness" visited Beit Naama, and I have kept an extract from the *Times of India Illustrated Weekly* dated November 8, 1916. Here it is:

"THE OFFICERS' HOSPITAL AT BEIT NAAMA"

"Owing to the unusual rush of sick during the month of June, 1916, more hospital accommodation had to be provided for officers, and that at short notice. At the time the rate of evacuation had become so rapid that officers suffering from comparatively slight ailments often found themselves on a hospital ship on their way to India within a very few days of their arrival in hospital in Basra. This was unfortunately necessary in order to make room for the continuous stream arriving from up-river. Accordingly, it was decided to open a new officers' hospital of 100 beds, and Beit Naama was the site selected. Beit Naama, or the 'Home of the Naamas', is situated on the right bank of the Shatt-el-Arab, about five miles below Basra. To passengers on incoming ocean steamers this hospital is the first building of Basra which strikes the eye. It has the dimensions and appearance of a palace. On the roof alone 150 patients can sleep with ample space between each bed—and are sufficiently high to catch all the breeze, a real boon, of which full advantage has been taken in these months of heat. Below the Union Jack and Red Cross flags, rows of white mosquito nets can be seen on the roof, under which the more convalescent officers sleep, if so inclined. There is no need of fans and punkahs there. Even in early July the nights on the roof were cool. The rising sun, however, wakes the sleeper early, but if he is awake enough to take a look round, he goes down to finish his sleep in one of the wards below. He can get a magnificent view of two fine reaches of the river (the hospital standing at a bend), and his gaze o'ertops the belts of palm groves and forest which extend on either side of the river up to the vast expanse of desert beyond. The building itself stands back about 20 yards from the bank and occupies some 200 yards of the river front. Between the hospital and the river is a garden of orange trees well stocked with fruit, affording welcome shade. There is a second garden on the north side of the house, producing vines, pomegranates, figs and oranges, amongst these, cabbages and other products of English vegetable gardens are now being planted in the hope that they will grow, but judging from previous experience this seems doubtful.

"BUILT ON THE COLOONIAL PLAN"

"The house is built on the Oriental plan of courtyards, of which there are three—the men's, the 'Harem', and the outhouses with the 'Hammam' or Turkish bath, all built round square gardens of orange trees. Counting out-houses, but not including the stabling for cattle and horses attached, there are no less than 67 rooms, some of them well-decorated with paintings and texts from the 'Koran'. All except the 'Harem' admit plenty of air and are well ventilated. The history of occupation is not uninteresting. On July 1st it was decided to convert Beit Naama into a hospital, and on



BELL NAAMIA OFFICERS HOSPITAL BASRA 1916

July 5th, the Officer Commanding and the nucleus of the staff arrived and encamped on the men's courtyard. The house was then full of Arabs, while the sanitary conditions and general filth baffles description. The Arabs were cleared out in five days, furniture and all. Then came the spring-cleaning! A whole village behind the house had to be cleared away, cesspools 40 years old had to be filled up, rooms had to be swept out, scrubbed and whitewashed. Water-supply, drainage, kitchen and sanitary arrangements had all to be thought out and arranged, involving a considerable amount of engineering work. Then came the collection of workmen and necessary gear. Everything had to be arranged locally, since time was all-important and things could not have possibly been obtained from India sufficiently quickly. A Thomas Cook's Nile steamer having been placed at the disposal of the hospital for transport purposes to and from Basra, the work of collecting stores and necessities began in earnest. Some days were very blank and the total cargo brought back one day amounted to a packet of nails and half a dozen chairs. Other days produced a great harvest. The heat was very trying and the staff can truthfully say that the collection and storage of equipment was a very laborious process.

" WHERE SUPPLIES COME FROM

" No. 33 B G H, a Manchester hospital, supplied the beds and the bulk of the staff, nursing sisters and Indian personnel were collected in dribbles. The Engineer Field Park Ordnance and S and T Departments supplied the remainder of the furniture, equipment and stores. By July 24th the hospital was ready, and on that date received eleven patients. Since then it has been continuously running, but up to date it has never quite reached the limit of its accommodation. There is accommodation for 100 officers. There is also accommodation for sick nursing sisters, who come down for a rest and change from Basra or up-country. A soda-water factory has now been installed also and ice plant, whilst electric lights and fans and hot and cold shower baths are in process of being set up. A large kitchen, with an adequate staff of Indian khansamahs, a dispensary, an operating theatre, a bacteriological laboratory, and various necessary store rooms are now all in being, with the result that the hospital is in regular running order. The building lends itself to hospital planning and required but little adoption. Many of the officers who come to Beit Naama at present are more or less convalescent, in the evening a row of them, pyjama clad, can be seen sitting on easy chairs along the embankment under the orange trees, some fish from these chairs with home-made supplements to the tackle provided from war gifts in possession of the hospital. The surrounding country is not at all unpleasing to the eye, and is " free from dust." No one who has not been in Mesopotamia can realize the full meaning of those three words. Date-palm groves are the principal feature, whose fruits at this time of the year are almost ripe for the harvest, with great clusters of lemon and pink dates, turning gradually to darker brown as the time for their picking draws nearer. These are not the only trees, however, for vines, pomegranates, figs, olives, and flowery shrubs make up the undergrowth with a carpet of fresh green grass cut up by irrigation channels. Numerous jungle paths intersect and lead from one village to another and eventually out into the desert, affording many pleasant walks for the convalescent.

"A DAILY VOYAGE"

"The Nile steamer previously mentioned, formerly known as the *Cleopatra*, now merely P 33, still does her daily voyage. Leaving the hospital at 7.15 a.m. she starts up-river, taking with her the ration party and those officers fit for discharge who are not going by motor ambulance, for a motor road has now been opened to Basra via the desert. P 33 does the morning shopping, having collected this and the rations, she goes up to the hospital pier at No. 3 B.G.H. and waits to embark the patients who are coming to Beit Naama. The arrival back of P 33 is quite the event of the day. The best testimonial to Beit Naama is the rapid change in the appearance of the patients, as they regain their strength. Good food, cold drinks, cool nights, fresh air in plenty without dust, an air cooler than Basra by several degrees, soon work pink into the cheek—the proof is that since the hospital was started a very large number of the patients have returned to duty."

"Eye-Witness" does not tell the whole story of how the Commanding Officer—myself—managed to get rid of the Naama's household. The "hareem" was the difficulty—the women and children were not to be hustled, and I was in a hurry to get the place started.

I told my men they could bathe—a dangerous permission, for one of them was bitten by a shark. No one had mentioned sharks. (Later I got a bathing-pool made by fencing off the mouth of a creek lower down.) They bathed—in their birthday suits! That night a fleet of small boats arrived, dropping down-river on the swift current—the Shatt-el-Arab runs at about six knots. They came to fetch the women. The arrival was silent, the departure noisy—I never heard more chatter. Next morning we had the place to ourselves. The hareem had fled from the licentious soldiery!

Beit Naama soon became almost a fashionable place to visit—my mess a port of call. I thought of putting up a notice, "The Tigris Front Hotel." MacMunn was an early patient—rather fractious. I took in nursing sisters as well as officers, and became an object of suspicion to the Matron-in-Chief. The East India State Railway sent a gift of a hundred bench seats with backs—were they removed from railway platforms, I wonder? I dotted them about among the gardens and date groves on the river-front, and every time Matron-in-Chief came to inspect she would see seated couples—young men and maidens. I had to issue a curfew order!

My first woman patient was not a nurse but the remarkable Gertrude Bell, then assistant to Sir Percy Cox, the chief Political Officer. Few finer officials than Percy Zachariah

Cox have ever adventured in the East Both he and Gertrude Bell were travellers and mountaineers The original Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force knew little about Arabia, less of the Arabs and their ways It seemed to me that Gertrude Bell not only knew all the Sheikhs personally, but knew their children by name Smoking the cigarettes of ceremony and sipping the coffee—damned good—of hospitality, she would ask affably after little Dorothy and Tommy, or whatever their equivalent in Arabic names might be I have heard her doing it Her personality and her knowledge were invaluable both in the war and later She as much as anyone put Feisal on the throne of Iraq She was the Lawrence of the “Jezirah, the Land between the Rivers”, as stout-hearted and as adventurous as Lawrence himself—and I would be willing to bet she was better on a horse! I rode often with her in the desert, and just before I left the country I dined tête-à-tête with her in her Baghdad rose-garden I never saw her again, though we exchanged letters I wish I had kept hers, though if I had I should have had nothing extra to contribute to those which have been published Other relics which I have of her are some panorama photographs she took round Beit Naama and gave to me After the war she was, I think, thwarted, pushed back to archaeology by the new and younger administrators There had always been some hidden spring in her life that was broken Where other faces are dim, I can clearly picture hers rather yellow—but that was probably due to the climate—bisected by a long straight nose with a curly tip And on either side of it the most intelligent dark eyes. I was fond of her, as I told her cousin Lady Burnett only a week or two ago, fond of her incurable romanticism I have a bit of it myself, mixed in me with Scottish, in her with Yorkshire, common sense She saw the Arab as a noble figure sitting on a camel outlined against an Eastern sunset—in other words, she saw the best in him “Amurath to Amurath” is worth reading

Gertrude Bell bore me company one evening at a banquet. The Naqeeb of Iraq was our host Spiritual head of the Mahommedans in that part of the world, he claimed lineal descent from Mahommed the Prophet The claim was, I believe, authentic Talk of old families! In comparison with him, descendants of the knights who came over with William the Conqueror are mere “1066 and all that”. “Naqeeb” is a title, something, maybe, corresponding to

an Archbishop, but conferring temporal as well as spiritual rank. His real name was Said Hashim, and this invitation to dine—worded in orthodox English—was headed “Said Hashim’s Castle, Sibilyat” Sibilyat is a village some three miles below Beit Naama on the same bank of the river. His castle was a palace, much in the style of the house of the Naamas. He owned the castle, the village, the adjoining date groves, and I do not know how much desert besides.

He also owned—or tried to disown—a brother who was a thorn in the side of authority, and this Said Taleb owned a gang of hired assassins. Just before the war the Turks appointed a new Vali (governor) to the Basra vilayet (district or province). He was said to be a strong man, and he had instructions to hang Said Taleb on sight. He never took up office, for he was murdered by Said Taleb the moment he stepped off the boat. But Said Taleb was no pro-Britisher, and was later deported to India.

His brother the Naqeeb was meek and mild, but when he gave a dinner-party he ate ferociously. I wish I had the menu card! We sat down to our banquet—really down to it—on the floor, round a sheep roasted whole, stuffed with dates, using our fingers as knives and forks. I was soon stuffed myself, and when the second course came on, an Arab sweet, I could only toy with it. Its basis was the national fruit—the date. Truly the date-palm is the Tree of Life to the Arabs, providing them with food, housing, and income.

I longed to ask for Persian wine, but the Naqeeb was no loose Shiah, no follower of Omar Khayyam. We were given river-water—probably unfiltered. I drank as little as I decently could. Hopes of an after-dinner entertainment were unfulfilled. I wanted to see a Circassian maiden dance. Gertrude Bell said they were very beautiful. We didn’t even have a musician! Just as well, I dare say! Eastern music leaves me cold. To my ear it is all on one note, straying from slightly sharp to slightly flat. But we had interesting talk throughout an evening that was worth the indigestion to follow.

Something went wrong with the Naqeeb’s ears. He asked me to visit him—professionally. I went, and prescribed. He offered a fee, I refused. An Arab mare, I refused. A Persian carpet, no! Eventually he sent the carpet. I consulted Arnold Wilson, our Basra Political Officer. It would create real offence, I was told, if I refused, and so I have the carpet still.

A T., as most of his friends called Sir Arnold Wilson, was unique. When he was a subaltern in the 32nd Sikh Pioneers at Ambala, he was a sallow serious youth. We didn't take much stock of him. About that time—1906—he transferred from the Indian Army to the Indian Political Department. He used to visit Beit Naama, bringing solid literature for the patients. Nothing flashy about A T. After the war, as High Commissioner for Iraq, and later on the Board of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, he proved himself as an administrator. Our intimacy dated from 1930, when I became Secretary of the Industrial Health Research Board, of which he was Chairman, and continued when he became a Member of Parliament.

But he could be trying! He had the knowledge of an encyclopaedia, the industry of an ant, and the memory of a photographic plate. And he looked like a burly policeman! He drew his favourite quotations from the Bible and the Classics, but there have been days when, seeing him advance towards me in the hall of the Athenaeum, I would dodge behind a pillar, not wanting to hear what Tacitus said in B C some-time-or-other. He was kindly, opinionative, and brave, and if I could write as well about Mesopotamia as he did in his book "Loyalties" I should be very pleased with myself.

Beit Naama began to tire me. MacMunn sent me for a holiday to Baghdad, in his own stern-wheeler, the S 1.

"Yukon Bill", skipper of S 1, was a character. I can't remember any stories about him that are printable. They must breed tough men on the Yukon River if he is a sample. Navigation on the Tigris is difficult. The river has more coils in it than a poisoned snake, and the current runs swiftly, breaking at places into rapids. The treacherous stream killed my best corporal and eight nurses. That was when in place of a steamer I had allotted to me a motor-launch to ply between Beit Naama and Basra. It brought my new admissions to hospital, took away my discharged patients, collected stores and did shopping trips. I sometimes steered it myself. The fairway was always full of shipping, from ocean liners to dinghies. That fatal day my corporal was at the wheel. He had to put it hard over to avoid a native craft, and the current swung the boat right across the path of a liner. Cut in two, my launch sank like a stone. Only those escaped who could swim well. I went to the funeral. The drowned

bodies were buried in a dried mud heap of a cemetery surrounded by dusty palms drooping in a pitiless glare. The "Last Post" gave dignity, and as the bugles rang out I stood opposite MacMunn with hand raised at the salute.

"Yukon Bill" would not have lost that launch.

Phew! It was hot on that journey to Baghdad. Lieut-General Sir Arthur Money, Maude's Chief of Staff, was one of our small party. I walked with him towards the Arch of Ctesiphon, that imperishable brick monument of Chosroes, the Sassanian, successor to a Parthian king. Wonder of the world, it has survived 1400 years. Over a hundred feet high, and seventy-odd feet across its vault, it will dominate the desert long after our time. From Baghdad, twenty-five miles away, it is clearly visible. General Townshend had reason to curse Ctesiphon, for there he met defeat, ending in the tragedy of Kut. We were able to get close, for a bend in the river makes there a complete loop. Whilst we walked a mile our steamer made some ten miles, or an hour's journey, against the current. We could see her all the time, but not the river she sailed on. It looked as though she were floating on land.

Next year I was to stop week-ends at Jerusalem with Arthur Money, the first Administrator of Palestine—or "Enemy-occupied Territory", as it was called then. Most Gunners are good. Arthur Money was "extra special", as is Air Vice-Marshal Sir Philip Game, now Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. The standards of a good soldier are the standards of the Crusaders—better, for the modern soldiers have the same ideals and better manners, by all accounts. I wonder if the Crusaders had "good" faces? Arthur Money had, and a long athletic figure to match any Crusader's.

Baghdad in July 1917, four months after Maude's victorious troops had entered, had settled down to normal life. Normal life with the thermometer over 120° F—at which figure it stood most of the week I spent there—meant for Baghdadis days in the cellar (or "serdab") nights on the flat roof. I stopped at the "Maude" hotel. It had no "serdab", and its deficient sanitation made the roof smelly. I was too much occupied anyhow, with seeing friends and being shown round, to be much in my hotel. One afternoon I remember as the hottest in my life. My hand touched by accident the frame of my bedstead, and I drew it back hastily—the iron was too hot to hold on to.

I returned to Basra, and in September was appointed

D A D M S (Sanitary) at the Base—in other words, Public Health Officer. Let alone ordinary sanitation, there were more than enough diseases to cope with. Malaria was always with us, and we had specialists to deal with it, headed by that eminent malariologist Lieut -Colonel Christophers, I M S (now Sir Rickard Christophers). He always looked as if he had lost his way—had a sort of bewildered look in his mild blue eyes, but he knew all there was to be known about malaria. We called him the “Desert-Maker”, for when he had worked his will on mosquito-breeding waters the date-palms in the neighbourhood paid the sacrifice.

Plague was another parasite. Here too we had our expert—my friend Taylor, I M S, now head of the Pasteur Institute, India. We called him the “Rat-Killer”.

Small-pox reared its ugly head from time to time. Colonel Dunbar's Isolation Hospital across the river at Tanooma was generally full. Some conscientious objectors to vaccination were put out in a tent in the desert, not, as was explained to them, because of their views. In a free country a man might hold what opinions he liked. It was just that we held unvaccinated soldiers to be a public danger. By fortunate chance rain came. The desert became almost impassable, so that the wretched objectors were not only uncomfortable but more or less unfed. They soon submitted. Typhus and relapsing fever—louse-borne infections—cropped up in batches, mostly among the native Labour Corps. In Kurdistan a man without lice must feel like a dog without fleas. I had a sort of sheep-dip dug—the bottom lined with tarpaulins. We filled it with a 2 per cent Cresol solution. At one end the newly recruited Kurd was stripped of his rags. The rags went into an incinerator. The naked Kurd was propelled into the sheep-dip by a British N C O from one of my Sanitary Sections. He emerged at the other end wiping his smarting eyes and wringing his long hair. When dry he was issued with clean kit. The idea was that the Cresol killed not only the lice but also their eggs, the “nits”, but it didn't.

Enteric and paratyphoid were never rife, thanks to inoculation. Our chief dread was an epidemic of cholera, for isolated cases were frequent and the autumn and winter corpse traffic from India was an added danger. Cholera is spread by pilgrims. There are Mahommedans as far away as Madras who will die happy if they know that their embalmed bodies

will be carried up the Euphrates to the holy cities Kerbela or Nejaf, there to be interred

I had a spot-map of infectious disease danger-points made up from notifications of fresh cases sent in to me by my Sanitary Sections. The map hung in my office, and the little flags for cholera, plague, etc., gave to it a variegated and military semblance. Keeping it up to date every day gave me a lot of work.

By 1918 the ration strength of Basra came to over 150,000, and there were twelve miles of riverside quays. The public health administration was no sinecure. MacMunn built a great tarmac road—he told me in the course of a morning ride that he expected to be hanged for the expense—so that it was possible to get round the scattered areas of camps more easily in a car. I had a T2 Model “tin Lizzie”—the driver was a fresh-faced boy. Two railways were built. The first built was on the Euphrates side to Nasiriyeh. I used to use it when inspecting up the line. I remember on a clear cold day starting with one of my Sanitary Section officers from Shaiba on a motor-trolley. Soon we reached undulating country—if it can be called so, the highest crests being but a few feet above the troughs, a mile or more apart. A few withered shrubs far off might have been trees, so difficult is it to estimate size of objects in the desert. On the horizon to the south-west the hills stood out in sepia—the Jeb-el-Sanam. Our trolley broke down—a cracked petrol pipe. I had some soap, for we were meaning to spend the night away. It made a temporary mend, sufficient for us to reach the fortified post of Tell-ul-Lam. We were relieved not to be stranded in the desert, for there were raiding Bedouins about. These allies of the Turks were like gadflies on our lines of communication.

The future Bedouin Wahabi, leader of Sa’udi Arabia, visited Basra about that time. Though I had no speech with Ibn-Saud, I was of a company that took him round Tall, ascetic, hawk-faced and imperturbable, shown all the might of Britain’s forces, the ships in the river, the great armed camp of Basra—seeing, probably for the first time, aircraft droning overhead, he did not bat an eyelid. “Too much show”, he seemed to be thinking disdainfully. “It doesn’t impress me.” A few years before, it is said, he had begun his conquering career by scaling the walls of Reshed, his sword between his teeth, and with but a score or so of

followers. He probably put the garrison to the sword—no modern warfare there! Now he holds holy Mecca!

Gertrude Bell began to teach me Arabic. I'm glad I had the sense to stop learning, otherwise I am sure I should now be "somewhere in the Middle East." Though I might be worse off than with the Arabs!

I made another short day trip on the desert, accompanying, as sort of A D C, a very senior officer who had been nicknamed Hindenburg. He had rows of medals, a red face, and a tooth-brush moustache.

We had left Basra some miles behind us when he suddenly exclaimed, "There's water ahead!" I said, "No, sir, that's the mirage." He bridled. "If I say it's water, it is water!"

I suggested that he should look behind to where distant Basra appeared to be floating on a lake. He did. We proceeded in silence, the mirage keeping the same distance ahead.

Early in 1918 I grew restless again, and an opportunity came for me to be "re-potted" in another soil.

One Francis Fremantle had arrived from England. He was an M P, of a family well known in English administration, civil and military, related to a Minister, and a County Medical Officer of Health. Obviously he must be put into a public health appointment, and what more suitable than mine? But what to do with me? I was to be rewarded with a choice—what would I like? Command of a field ambulance? Of a stationary hospital? I said I would like a transfer to another front. This is how I came to Palestine. But not for some weeks, till I had inducted my successor. I think he thought at first that he had a job which could be done from an office chair by drafting circulars in English, Arabic, Turkish, Kurdish, and what not, telling the world of Basra not to leave litter, spit at street corners, and so on. If so, I expect he soon learned. In fact, I know he did, for from that day to this I have never lost touch with Sir Francis Fremantle. He must be a senior member of the House by now, practically a permanent M P for St Albans. I am not surprised that his constituents like him.

I got my last sight of Beit Naama on a May evening as our ship dropped down-river. The front was lit by the declining sun. I was almost sorry to leave the pestilential country.

The river sparkling under a winter sun! Matthew Fell and I sitting gun in hand in a launch as it chug-chugged

up-stream to Kurna (the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates) —I in the bow, he in the stern! The plopp of the shot duck when it hit the water! Then we would land and walk up snipe along the marshy bank! Sitting with Roberts in a trench—relic of the first battle of Shaiba in 1914—at dawn waiting for the sand-grouse to fly down to water!

My first wood fire at Beit Naama! My first flight in an aeroplane! That was way back in 1916, when I had two Royal Flying Corps patients, Norman D K MacEwen and Justin Herring "Mac", now an Air Vice-Marshal, was an Argyll and Sutherland Highlander. He was, and is, quite irrepressible and absolutely tireless, with the perfect knack for commanding men. On my first introduction to Mac he was in bed. I was making my morning round. I asked what was wrong with him. He complained of spasmodic pains inside. I said I hoped he wasn't going to have a baby!

Sister giggled. She was a naughty little girl. She went away and made a rag doll. In the evening, when Mac was out of his ward, she put it in his bed. She then came to my office. "I beg to report, sir, that Major MacEwen has been safely delivered!"

After Mac left hospital he flew over the building, letting loose one of the lead-weighted streamers that were used for dropping messages. It fell on the river-bank. Within was a note. "Dear Munro and Sister, Many thanks for your great care of me during my confinement"—over the page—"to hospital"

It was Mac who was partly instrumental in recruiting me to the R A F after the war, but it was Justin Herring—now Group Captain Herring—who gave me my first flight.

They called him "Mother" because on the ground he was fussy about details, but in the air he was as daring as his decorations bear witness to. Of a serious turn of mind, I remember him saying to me, "If I come through this war I mean to put my flying to some constructive use for society". Actually, he remained in the Air Force.

Has air power been used constructively? Perhaps, but it is potentially hellishly destructive. I wish man had not learned to fly!

I lent Justin a horse and took him for a ride, from which he returned with the skin rubbed off the inside of his legs. He was being discharged next day, so that evening I asked

him to dine with me in my small mess—just myself, Roberts, and my two M.O.s, Tom Bride and Angus Buchanan (I've lost sight of them, alas! we kept up for some years) We had several drinks, which may have inspired Herring with an idea of revenge for sore knees He asked me should I like a "flip"? I accepted recklessly Next morning I woke early, with a sort of Monday morning feeling that something was wrong I remembered that I had been offered a flight "Perhaps he'll forget", I thought A knock came on the door "The R F C launch is waiting, sir, to take you and Captain Herring to Tanooma Aerodrome" He had his revenge He dived on boats so low that the boatmen were scared, hopped over ocean liners, and spun me giddy The B E 2 C was a safe machine, if slow I remember my first feeling when we got off the ground was that a contraption made of stick and fabric couldn't possibly stand up to a wind which seemed to me as though it ought to blow us out of God's sky, a wind which tore at my eyelashes when I looked over the side, or if I dared to move my goggles I also remember that I was glad of a drink when we came down, and that Herring said he had seen shakier hands than mine clasp their tumbler after a first flight—with "stunts" After that I took every chance of a flight, without prescience that within a few years I was to have a permanent commission in the R A F

My first hunt in Mesopotamia! The hounds—four couple—came from India as patients in the hospital ship *Madras* T H Symons—afterwards Sir Thomas Symons, D G of the I M S—brought them I wonder where they put them—in the hold? Once in India in 1914 I took our Jalpaiguri pack over to Cooch Behar to hunt Eight hounds and myself shared a first-class railway carriage for a night journey I slept—to awake choking The mess—and the smell! When I got out at the other end the station-master made a fuss—and no wonder! The Mesopotamian hounds were rejects, I think, from the Ootacamund pack MacMunn presented me with a horn—I had caused kennels to be prepared beforehand in Beit Naama "Stormy" and "Destiny" were the pick of the bunch Roberts, Reeves, and I exercised them of a morning till we knew them apart, head or stern on Then I had a trial—shall I say a "cubbing"—meet I put them in to a biggish patch of coarse grass I can see them now, nosing round, their black and tan matching the amber of

uncut hay. Then they found—and I lost them, every one of them. The small irrigation channels through the date-groves are jumpable, but not the creeks! I got most of them back to the horn, blowing myself breathless. One came back late that night and very exhausted. Obviously these coverts would not do. I conceived the idea of hunting a “bagman.” I would trap a jackal, take him well out on to the desert, meet in fact at Zobeir, the nearest town in the desert, six miles from Basra, and give him a good start before laying on the pack. I had a trap made and baited with offal. Could I catch a jack? I could not. I could and did catch pariah dogs. I had an orderly reporting to me every half-hour after dark. “We’ve got a dog again, sir”, he would say cheerfully. I suppose that where a dog has fouled a jack becomes suspicious. So the hunt fizzled out, and the pack went up the line to become the “Tigris Vale.” I heard that they showed good sport and ran at times almost to the front line.

Sir William Willcox, our head Consulting Physician, was, and is, a horsey man. He hunts with the Cottesmore, and had a black eye, he told me, due to a fall from a horse, on the first day of the Crippen trial.

Willcox got hold of a good remount in Mesopotamia. He asked me to look at her. I summoned my man Reeves—ex-Veterinary Corps, now R A M C, whom I had made Master of Horse in the Beit Naama stables. Reeves knew more than I about horses. To my surprise he began to crab Willcox’s mare. She had “spavins”, he said, and “ring-bone”, and several other blemishes. Willcox looked cross. Reeves nudged me. “Buy her”, he whispered. He had thought Willcox was trying to sell her to me!

In the short but lovely Mesopotamian spring there is young green on the grape-vines that stretch from palm to palm! The pomegranate is in flower, and everywhere the grass springs. Even the dusty desert flowers. It was the season for picnics—a mixed company with “bints.” “Bint” is the Arabic name for girl, but with the exception of nursing sisters the only girls were a few young wives of civilians. So the sisters were much sought after. Many a creek could tell a tale of dalliance! Mesopotamia in September! I see in memory from my office window a sluggish creek, on its far bank a serried row of date-palms, their drooping, dusty fronds half concealing clusters of yellow fruit. The golden

yellow merges into plum or brown, but few in Basra ever wished to see more than one ripening of the date!

The sun blazes from a brassy sky, throws on the earth a blinding glare in which the palms shimmer and shimmer, hard and almost as colourless as the faded paint on the lattice-screens of windows in a house opposite. This is a scene of which most members of the force were heartily sick, and of which the mere recollection reconciled me to leaving.

After leaving Mesopotamia our ship made a non-stop voyage through the Persian Gulf, round the coast of Arabia and through the Red Sea to El-Kantara, on the banks of the Suez Canal. The June seas were calm. Memory offers a blank. Who made up our nightly Bridge-four? What was the name of the ship? I cannot even remember the name and number of my unit. I think it was No. 23 Indian General Hospital.

I had become a surgical specialist again, for the last time in my life and for a brief period of two months. We moved into a tented hospital vacated by a British unit sent to France. Lovely Masaid—after Basra this was heaven! My own tent was pitched in sand within sound of the Mediterranean surf: indeed, I had but a few hundred yards to walk for my warm morning swim. The mess tents nestled in a hollow among sand-dunes under the shelter of palms and casuarinas. The ancient caravan route from Palestine to Egypt ran through date and fig groves along the line of high scrub-covered sand-hills behind the camp. I used to ride along it of an evening—for of course one of my first objectives was to get hold of a horse from the Remount Depot. Or we—there was a nursing sister who used to keep me company—would ride the couple of miles along the beach to El-Arish, keeping at the very edge of the waves, where only the sands were firm. Fascinating Eastern town El-Arish! It stands in a “wadi”—the bed of an old river which from time immemorial has been the road to the Gulf of Sinai in the Red Sea. I expect Moses took that road to the Promised Land! El-Arish is a corner-stone of the Mediterranean. There the southern coast turns at right angles to form the straight eastern coast of Palestine and Syria. Not a bend in it, or a harbour, till one comes to Haifa. The lazy camels filled the square, the merchants slept in the “serai”. In the mosque the muezzin called the faithful to prayer, high up in the minaret, and so it is, I am sure, to-day.

I had just got my theatre and surgical wards going when I was sent for to Ramleh, the H Q of the Lines of Communication. My Mesopotamian "dossier" had arrived, and I was "on appro", as they put it in commercial circulars. Passing muster, after an interview with General Swan, the Director of Medical Services to Allenby, I was appointed D A D M S for the Indian troops recently arrived in Palestine. My "boss" was Colonel James Johnston Abraham, he who wrote "The Surgeon's Log", surely one of the best autobiographies of a voyage ever written. For the first time I served a medical administrator who was not a Regular. The hair that was black is now white, but when I see him at my club, as I do regularly, his Irish eyes twinkle through his spectacles as keenly as they did in 1918. He was the best A D M S I ever served.

Our office was busy—Allenby's final offensive was in preparation. Lodged in a convent, we were comfortable. There thick walls kept out the heat by day, but not in the little wooden hut that was my sleeping quarters. Some idiot of a Works and Buildings official had built it up against the south wall of the convent garden, opposite the tombstone of Neil Primrose, brother of Lord Rosebery, whose hounds I have since followed for ten seasons. On the other side of the wall, from a mosque reputed to have been the original tomb of Esau, a muezzin used to punctuate my stifling nights with his calls to prayer. But in a clear tenor chant

I read my Bible more assiduously than ever before or since. Was I not in the Holy Land? In a single day's drive to Gaza—a visiting trip to hospitals I often had to make—many youth-time memories of place-names were revived. First to be crossed was the wadi—surely our English word "valley" takes origin from that Arabic word—up which David took the Ark of the Lord from Kirjath-Jearim. A few miles on

"That there's Gath", said my driver, the first time I adventured the sandy ravine-broken road in the inevitable Ford. He waved his hand to the left. I saw nothing but a blue line of rocky hills. "Tell it not in Gath!" I uttered. Waving his hand towards the sea. "And that there's Askelon", he continued. I could see what looked like a pile of ruins. "Richard Cœur de Lion's castle", I thought,—"Publish it not in the streets of Askelon", I said.

On the heights of Gaza a derelict tank stuck out drunkenly as a monument of defeat. No Samson had come to pile that

tank upon the Turk. The cactus bushes scarred with rifle-bullets told their own tale of the unfortunate Battle of Gaza.

The road was only passable because the sappers had underlaid the sand with rabbit-wire, piling clay, wherever available, on top, and making possible even the passage of artillery. In the first advances from Egypt a Tommy, ploughing ankle-deep in sand, is reported to have gazed at the Mediterranean and remarked reflectively, "Now I know why Christ walked upon the waters." The stoutest feat of the sappers was to bring the water of the sweet-water canal in Egypt by pipe-line into Palestine over hundreds of miles of desert.

Once a week or so I went to Jerusalem, always, I confess, in fear. The road from Ramleh, more like a rockery than a road once it left the plain of Sharon and plunged into the hills, indulged in a vertiginous whirl of heights and depths, of hairpin bends and rectangular corners round precipices. In a car one moment I would be gazing into space, and the next going round a bend on two wheels. I had a good driver. I spoke with the late Lord Allenby more than once, but our most pointed encounter took place when our respective cars met at one of these bends and my driver was encroaching on the wrong side of the road. Allenby was vigorous in command of speech as in command of men.

I made any excuse to go to Jerusalem, partly to buy presents to send home, for jewels and curios were going cheap, but mainly because I fell in love with the "blinking Golden", as the Tommies named her. I never got so far as buried Pera, that "rose-red city half as old as time." An evening comes back to me. I had been stopping for a week-end with General Sir Arthur Money. We were sitting after dinner on an upper balcony of the German Hospice, used as a residency by the Civil Administration. Incidentally, in the courtyard there was a statue of the Kaiser as a Crusader.¹¹ The Hospice stands on the crest of the Mount of Olives. The sun was just setting. From where we sat, facing westward across the Jordan Valley, far below us the Dead Sea gleamed opal beneath the rosy heights of Pisgah—whence Moses viewed the Promised Land. At our back, through an archway, the city was vignetted—the olives of the Garden of Gethsemane in the foreground. Hundreds of feet below, across the valley, a blue dome matched the sky—the Mosque of Omar, surrounded by cypresses, sombrely dark against a yellow ground of what was once the courtyard of Solomon's Temple. From

the Temple site stood out the buttress wall of rock that falls sheer to the deep ravine of Jehoshaphat, then in shadow. Around the Temple and beyond spread the towers and build-ings of David's Royal City.

Our mess in Ramleh was cheerful. If we drank deep of the local wine, made at Rothschild's factory (Is factory the right word?) at Richon-le-Sion, we had worked through a busy day and all of us were beginning to be war-weary. My chief solace, as always, I found on the back of a horse. There were evenings when I rode through the orange and eucalyptus groves round Bir-Salem, Allenby's G H Q, or along sandy lanes to Mulebbis between high hedges of sweet-smelling yellow mimosa. There were mornings when I went out at dawn to roam the Jaffa plain. Armed with a heavy hunting-crop, I chased a jack one morning up to the banks of the River Auja, till recently our front line. There was a feel in the air like an English September. Across the plain, white villages perched like dream cities on their low Judaeen hills and shone like pearls.

G H Q ran a pack of long dogs—local greyhounds maybe. I hunted with them and carried the horn—brought with me from Mesopotamia. My horse's legs would be like a pin-cushion, bristling with cactus thorns, when I brought him back to stable, but most of the cactus hedges were too high to be jumpable. On my last afternoon in Palestine we had a six-mile point over the grassy rolling sand-hills almost to the sea. Pleased with life, I hummed to myself one of the popular songs of the war, "The Great Big World keeps Turning"—it goes well to the rhythm of galloping hoofs. I did *not* ride in a steeplechase got up by the 2nd Australian Light Horse after the Armistice. I had meant to, and tried to borrow a mount from the Director of Veterinary Services. He told me bluntly that if I valued my neck I should not attempt to ride with Australians. I wasn't in their class or up to their tricks! He was right—I watched the race! I doubt if I should have survived the first fence.

In the first three weeks of September 1918 work grew to a crescendo. The great offensive was due to start on September 23rd. Allenby massed his main attacking force on the left flank on the plain of Sharon between the sea and the Judaeen hills. Cavalry and guns were moved by night and hidden in the orange groves. The right flank, resting on the Jordan Valley, was denuded, but every artifice was used to conceal its

weakness, such as lighting numbers of camp-fires where but a handful of troops were stationed. A race-meeting was widely advertised to take place near Jaffa on September 27th. Our side held complete command of the air. The enemy was deceived. When zero hour came, their right flank was rolled up like paper.

The secret was almost too well kept by the General Staff. It was not till the eve of the battle, for instance, that we of the medical staff could get an estimate of the number of expected prisoners of war, and information on which to base casualty figures. The estimate of Turkish prisoners was 20,000, an under-estimate, as it proved, of 70,000. Ninety thousand Turks, and nearly all of them enfeebled and sick. What with dysentery, malaria, and pellagra, the wretched men could hardly stagger, and there was not enough transport to bring them in on wheels. Many must have fallen out—for the last time—in the marching columns. It fell to our lines of communication office to improvise at railhead a tented prisoners of war clearing hospital. It was indeed an improvisation. Overcrowded, but the hand of Death was busy. I remember passing it on a morning ride, when "Dawn's left hand was in sky". In the growing light I counted four General Service wagons, each piled high with corpses. Death's bag in the night! I rose before dawn on September 23rd. Crichton-Starkey, my twin D A D M S and now a Group Captain in the Air Force Medical Service, stood with me on the roof of our convent. The front line was but some four miles distant. We could see the flashes from our barrage. For the last time in the war I heard the thunder of guns. In twenty minutes it died away.

During the morning reports of victory kept pouring in. By noon our cavalry were off the big-scale map on our office wall. Already they were behind the Turk. Next day Starkey and I took the road in one of the H Q cars. Near Rantieh we were tempted to get out. "Let's have a walk round the Turkish front line", we thought. We stepped carefully to avoid trip-wire and stick bombs said to have been left behind as booby-traps. I saw a Gurkha lying in rough grass. "Silly ass", I thought, then realized he was dead. All other signs of the previous day's fighting had been removed. Perhaps the Turks had retreated before we attacked. The position, though it looked strong, had been hammered by our barrage, and the defenders may have heard of our break-through on

the coast We pushed on over the plain to Tul Keram The enemy in his confusion had left everything behind The roads were littered General Lyman von Sanders, the German Commander, had fled that way, leaving behind, amongst other of his possessions, a pair of pyjamas We met an Army Service Corps officer with a bottle of whisky—very welcome

Our medical administration was busier than ever after the Turkish collapse for the few weeks before the Armistice Amongst other problems we had the rapid advance of our own troops to keep in touch with

When the Armistice came I was doing a tour of inspection round our furthest back Indian hospitals at El-Kantara and Suez Actually on Armistice Day I was in Port Said, visiting the Port Embarkation Office The place was "en fête" Judging from the majority of national flags everywhere displayed, a stranger would have thought that the war had been won by the Greeks and Italians I returned to Kantara in the afternoon. Two incidents of that day remain in my mind The first a visit to Ordnance Stores I wanted to buy a khaki shirt I filled up the usual forms in quadruplicate, signing to my name, "Major, Indian Medical Service" "Excuse me, sir", remarked a sergeant behind the counter "you speak English very well" The second was a remark made by an R A M C Colonel "Thank God the war's over We can get to real soldiering again!" But I was not in a mood to be amused on Armistice night I left a concert-party early to go to bed The moment seemed to me a solemn occasion for taking mental stock, paying tribute in thought to those who had fought and to those who had fallen My thoughts were with my friends, not only those who had gone, but those I might look to see again now that the bad times were over For I dared to look forward—perhaps after an absence of over three years I should soon see again my wife and children

The hope was granted Two months later I was sent to England, nominally an invalid, actually only tired, but sick leave was the easiest way to give me a rest

VI

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE 1919-1930

IN January 1919, through a mist of rain and fog, from the deck of a hospital ship, I caught my first glimpse of England after an absence of over three years. We had crossed from Havre to Southampton in the night, and had hardly recovered, any of us, from the rigours and discomforts of a three days' journey across France, mostly through snow and in carriages which, if not quite of the "Hommes 40, Chevaux 10" variety, were unheated.

Home at last! I was excited and sleepless. After a few formalities I obtained my freedom, and a month's leave! My wife met me in Brighton for a post-war honeymoon at the "Albion". I thought her thin. Feeding oneself and two children on the ration scales of 1918 was more difficult than many people remember, and she had been hard up on little more than remittances from a Major's pay.

The year 1919 found most survivors of the war tired, disillusioned, and ready to air grievances—wanting something to kick.

My object of resentment, quite unreasonably, was the Government of India. Why go back to the "land of regrets", to a soulless regime run by a crew of "heaven-borns"—as Indian civil servants were nicknamed. The adjective was generally applied without malice, but sometimes one got the idea that the I C S looked after themselves first before taking up cudgels for subsidiary services such as the Police, Medical, and Educational. Then "heaven-born" became an euphemism for "too bloody superior—or selfish!"

But Government, meaning mostly the civil servants behind the scenes, is fair game. For myself, I have been a public servant for nearly forty years. If I have criticized Government—who that is of independent mind does not, especially in his salad years?—this is a privilege of democracy, and generally exercised good-humouredly.

In fact the I C S is a top-hole Service. Whether in his

"Whitehall" at Simla or in a provincial capital or in his district headquarters, after the I C S man has concocted a scheme on paper he has to put it to the practical test, to administer it, to go out and tour the land. If in the districts the scheme does not work out as nicely as it looked on paper, it is he who has the practical snags to meet. He has to eat his own pudding, and thereby test its digestibility. From my also fairly long experience of Home civil servants, their schemes not only begin, but often end, at the office desk! But in 1919 the Government of India was the particular cat I wanted to kick. My annoyance had begun as far back as 1916, at the time of the "Kut" muddle, in which my own Service was quite unjustifiably criticized. The strain of war and long separation from family made one more "bloody-minded". And I wasn't well mentally. Stimulants and sedatives can tide a man over for a time, and on account of sleeplessness I had got to that in the last days, but four years of war, trying climates, too much male society—from which one got no privacy—had taken their toll of me. One of the symptoms of my neurosis was restlessness—anything for a change of life. This was largely responsible for my leaving the I M S. How soothing, I thought, it would be to send in my papers, to lead a regular life, to don a bowler hat and travel daily to Town by the City-gents' train! I did not foresee that my fancy was soon to be realized, or that I was to become so bored by a repetitive existence that outlets would be inevitable, and some of them bound to be mischievous.

Chance dealt me another card! This new R A F had started its own Medical Service, and Matthew Fell, embodiment to me of common sense since Mesopotamia days, was reorganizing it from fantastic beginnings, fitting it into the general scheme of Air Force organization from which at first it had been wildly divorced. Was there a place for me? I went to see him. He was massive, florid, twinkling-eyed and genial as ever, but he could promise nothing. The Treasury had not, as yet, approved the grant of permanent commissions. I knew what it meant to get anything out of the Treasury, didn't I? I didn't—then I do now. It might take weeks, it might take months—it did! It was maddening, for he had his eye on a number of men he would like, but it was unfair to encourage them if, as was quite possible, the Treasury would reject the scheme for a per-

manent Service Matthew was too honest for that But would his little band of would-be recruits drift away to more certain employment? A number did He wanted an officer with Indian experience, a Regular if possible, and had already earmarked my friend E A Roberts if he could get him from the I M S ' Nothing doing for me ' Then Chance dealt me an ace ' Roberts threw in his hand—he wasn't interested His brother, Charles Roberts, ex-Under-Secretary of State for India, tried I know, to persuade him into acceptance Roberts ' I have never been fonder of any man He was drowned a year later sea-bathing in Madras I wonder how he would have done in the R A F ? Fell sent for me Would I care to gamble? I would It committed me to nothing I need only be "seconded", and could go back to the I M S if the gamble didn't come off Later there was great difficulty in getting me transferred from the I M S to the R A F The more the Air Ministry asked for me, the more highly the Government of India seemed to value my services The question of my permanent transfer was kept alive for about eighteen months Official channels must have risked blockage by cables and despatches My position remained vague Uniform was still being worn by the Services in the England of 1919 I wandered about garbed as a Major I M S I supposed I was temporarily attached to the R A F , but I don't think I was ever gazetted All that summer the Government of India were taking no interest in me Perhaps they thought I was still on sick leave—perhaps officially I was ' Fell wanted me to go to India, as the first Principal Medical Officer there, and to report on whether a separate R A F Medical Branch was wanted, or whether the R A M C should be asked to take over the R A F work there—we had only six flying squadrons

When in October I was about to sail I bought the uniform of a Wing Commander

"You'd better look like an R A F officer, even if you aren't one", I was advised, and my post, if established, would carry the rank of Wing Commander My tailor was weak on the dress regulations for the new Service, but he rose to the occasion—in fact, he overrose He made me a tunic of khaki drill The R A F followed the Navy in badges of rank I was to be a three-striper, but he put eight stripes on the sleeve I felt there was something wrong with this outfit the moment I put it on "What d'you think you are—a

ruddy Admiral, and wrong at that?" I was admonished when first I appeared in it. In Simla I was, in fact, mistaken for an Admiral and saluted by a Major-General on the Mall—I think he mistook me for the C-in-C of the East Indies Squadron. He had some excuse. As a novel apparition I made a reasonable imitation. R A F medical officers then wore a crimson band round a gold-laced peaked cap. Whereas in London this hat might merely get one mistaken for a commissioner, in Simla it suggested high Staff rank. Add the light blue stripes on the sleeves, riding breeches and shiny brown boots, the "tout ensemble" well mounted—Ardua was one of my good investments in horse-flesh—and no wonder the General saluted.

I began my days in the R A F by studying the special medical problems of aviation. I saw applied the physiological tests of Martin Flack—would-be pilots still hold their breath and blow up tubes of mercury! Generous, gesticulating, tubby, vain, warm-hearted Flack was always getting brain-waves—not always good, but sometimes very good. When he got a new idea his dark eyes twinkled over his pince-nez. Alas! mortal disease lurked in his heart. His death was a loss to applied physiology, to the R A F, and to me. Lazy, kind, walrus-moustached Clements with his visual tests opened up to me new ideas in ophthalmology which might have aroused over-enthusiasm. But at hand to advise was a critical mind belonging to one in the first rank of real scientists—Sir John Herbert Parsons. I always put him and Sir Charles Sherrington together in my mind as two men who have not as yet—they are still very much alive—any successors in the field of biological science, utterly honest and uncompromising, and, like all really great men, humble and kind. Parsons' large blue eyes flash, and the hackles of his tooth-brush moustache go up—I am not sure his grey hair doesn't rise—when he hears of things not being done properly, and above all above-board. Sherrington merely looks gentle, as though the thing wasn't possible, but then he has something of the poet in him. He says little at meetings, listening interestedly whether the speakers are talking sense or rubbish, but when he does speak—usually prefaced by a deprecating cough—his knowledge and common sense are devastating.

I had never before met the scientific world, with which I have been at such close quarters since. In 1919 the death

of W H R Rivers had just left a large, almost an irreparable, gap among the psychologists. For Rivers, as is Charles Myers, was "pukka", an F R S, a physiologist, and an anthropologist. Apart from Birley, who was serving with the R A F, it was left to Henry Head, a neurologist, to put my infant footsteps on the paths of such modern psychological knowledge as befitted a medical officer of the new aviation service to know.

Bearded, excitable, squeaky-voiced Head. He again was in the "great" class of scientists. I was to get much more mixed up with psychology and psychologists after I left the R A F. Having watched the Air Force medical tests in practice, the medical inlet tap to the Service, I went to the outlet tap, the invaliding boards. At the same time I did a concentrated course of medical forms and statistics, hearing for the first time the name of Professor Major Greenwood. In the summer of 1919 it was thought—I fancy I suggested it—about time that I got more practical experience of flying.

So I "proceeded"—to use the Service term—to Salisbury Plain, to a Flying Training School. To my surprise I was not met with the usual "Who the hell are you?", I was actually expected by the C O, who bore the good St Andrews name of Playfair, and has since made it better known. The school was near a village nestling under a chalk cliff in the miniature valley of the peaceful winding Avon. On quiet summer evenings I fished, as usual fruitlessly. Every day I flew, and a different instructor took me in hand. I was beginning to dream of getting my "wings"—the flying badge—when a telegram arrived, and I was whisked off to Scotland "for experience with airships". The Air Ministry had found out somehow or other that I was learning to fly. Medicine was my job, not, I was told, to become an aviator.

At East Fortune I saw an airship close for the first time, and lived for the first time with the Navy. The station was run in proper naval style. Our huts were "cabins", the walls marked "port" and "starboard", the floor was the "deck". I did not wire to my wife when I arrived. I "made her a signal", and had to get the Yeoman of Signals to make it for me. But I got my biggest surprise the day after my arrival. We had finished lunch. The mess-room—or was it "ward-room"?—door opened. I heard a voice. "The liberty boat is waiting, sir, to take the officers ashore!" We

rose from the table Golf clubs were snatched up We filed down a cinder-path and climbed into a motor-bus The "liberty boat" was taking us "ashore" to golf at North Berwick

Airships were amusing, but to me both frightening and erratic Frightening because in their vast sheds they reeked of fumes, a mixture of petrol and hydrogen gas! Before entering the hangar one was searched for matches and made to put on rubber-soled shoes Even from a boot-nail a stray spark might be struck! Once in the air the fumes dispersed, but on being cut off from earth various metal points in the ship accumulated electric potential—positive or negative—and created a new possibility of sparking As for the engines with their red-hot exhausts—well, they were in gondolas well below! Airships were erratic because so dependent on weather Going up for a few hours' "flip", the crew and passengers might be very hungry before they set foot on earth again Not that food was lacking—the difficulty was to serve it hot Cooking on the engine exhausts was none too successful—at first As the ship plunged the chop would fall off, probably into the sea Someone had the bright idea of putting a grid over an expansion to the exhaust Even then the chop had some way to go—from the gondola to the hull A vertical iron ladder led to a small opening Once inside the hull the only passage was a very narrow footway The Navy had a special stretcher—originally invented for hauling wounded aboard—a sort of wicker cage called the "Neilson" You hauled the man up by the head Encased, he looked like an embalmed mummy It came in useful to the R A F During early post-war days in Iraq we used to strap the mummy-case to the top of a Bristol Fighter—a horrible method of ambulance transport, and I'm glad I was never sick and transferred thus

What a bother there was in landing—or should I say "mooring"—these airships! It took the best part of a battalion of soldiers hanging on to guide-ropes to bring the ship into port (? hangar) A puff of wind comes, and lo! the bow of the long gas-tube is lifted sixty feet in air! And if any man hung on to the rope too long, he was for the high—and sometimes fatal—jump! Meanwhile, unintelligible to the landsman, someone was continually shouting through a megaphone something about Port and Starboard anchors

Airships were expensive to maintain At breakfast—I

don't think the Navy have a special word for it—I would overhear the Captain of R 34 bickering with the Gas Officer "Gas, I want 70,000 cubic feet of puff" Gas is horrified "Can't be done, Skipper!" Hydrogen costs about a pound a cubic foot" "Airships cost a darn sight more, if she falls on her side, where are you? I can't stop the ruddy things leaking!"

Skipper would get the gas

I went on leave to Campbeltown, and whilst there got word that our passages to India had been arranged There was hurry! This was September, and we were to leave on the *Czar*—date of sailing, September 10th We dashed to London I rang up a man I knew on the War Office Embarkation Staff "*Czar*! My dear chap, she's in Archangel" She wasn't fitted for tropical waters, he said, and he didn't believe she was going to India He was right I have forgotten the name of the next ship we got orders to sail in The port was Plymouth—the date late in October A misguided I M S officer sent his heavy kit ahead He had just acquired a bride It was months before they and their wedding presents came together I was wiser, for when travelling I never believe in getting separated from my belongings

Still we waited I think we spent most of that year 1919 in a state of uncertainty I wished afterwards that instead of hanging about waiting for something definite with the R A F I had taken a real holiday I have no clear recollection of how we did amuse ourselves. Some theatres and dances—the immediate post-war girl was rather a horror On July 5th, 1919, we saw the triumph of the new style over the old at Wimbledon—Suzanne Lenglen's first victory in the finals. She was all short skirt and bounce Mrs Lambert Chambers, steady as a rock, wore a skirt that almost swept the ground—and petticoats! In the third set the elder only needed the match point to win She sent a low swift drive deep to Suzanne's backhand "That's won it" I thought with joy But it hadn't Prices were high that year In January we paid £2, 5s for standing-room in a train from Brighton to London!

In October my wife had plenty of time to settle the children Our son Malcolm chose that inconvenient moment to get pneumonia at Littlehampton, but we had time to see him convalescent. Eventually, on November 6th, we sailed from

Southampton in the *Braemar Castle*. She was a "trooper", but for some reason I was not put on duty.

In 1914 we had left India in company with a battalion of Royal Scots. In 1919 we returned with that battalion of Royal Scots, to find, alas! that most of our *Aragon* friends had "gone West".

Voyages are like Chinamen to me—all alike—and by 1919 the novelty of a voyage to India was outworn. Deck-games are a poor imitation of the real thing. One plays them—at least I do—for exercise. I prefer a real floor to a deck for dancing on, and even sea air does not reconcile me to overeating. Moreover, I have never yet found the right kind of literature to go with a deck-chair. Think of the apparently interminable hours voyagers spend on deck-chairs gazing alternately at the page of a book and the heaving horizon. One can always talk, of course, and I am not surprised that talking on voyages between opposite sexes sometimes has such surprising results—one thing leads to another! No, I am not very fond of the sea. My wife loves voyages—she is sociable. So I remember nothing of that voyage but the usual deck-games and dances and—oh yes, in the midst of the turmoil of landing in Bombay the wife of a senior I M S Colonel—the MacNabs and ourselves are old friends—setting up on the deck an easel which none of us had seen during the voyage. She sat, in a cool linen dress, placidly sketching the harbour whilst her perspiring husband fussed about the luggage. Where were they keys? I have rather a nice sketch she made of Simla's pine-woods.

Expecting the usual confusion and hanging about waiting for orders which often attends disembarkations, we were met by an efficient R A F Staff Officer with a car. Our tickets had been taken, and within a few hours we were on our way to Delhi. When I walked out early into the compound of "Maiden's Hotel" and sniffed the cold-weather morning air, I was content. India was not so bad a country after all, and Delhi was a dream!

The startling efficiency which had got us to Delhi within forty-eight hours of arrival in Bombay was not so obvious in R A F Headquarters. The "Hot Air Force", as I regret to say we had been nicknamed, was stationed out at Raisina, a part of New Delhi seven miles south of the city. The new capital of India was still at the foundation stage. I should like to see Viceregal Lodge now. Reporting my arrival,

I sought the office of the Air Officer Commanding. The A O C was no other than my friend "Mac" from Mesopotamia—Norman D K MacEwen, cheerful and "full-out" as ever. The titles of the Air Force ranks were brand-new. Practically no one had any idea what they meant. I am still sometimes addressed on envelopes as "Air-Vice Admiral". I was a Wing Commander then and liked the sound of it. "Mac" was an Air Commodore, but to Delhi he was just "General". "Squadron Leader" puzzled most. "My dear, I simply cannot introduce anyone as 'Squadron Leader'—the tongue refuses!" Mac wasn't in when I reported. His personal assistant would see me. I entered. An apparition greeted me. It had fair hair, "bobbed" rather long, a new fashion then, framing a bright face—its name was Bright! It was smoking a cigarette in a very long holder. Its chair was tilted back to allow its feet to rest upon the office desk. It wore a short khaki skirt and a jacket with—I think—the badges of a Flight Lieutenant's rank upon the sleeve. It put up a long-handled lorgnette. "I'm Mrs Bright."

"I've come to report arrival", I said.

"Oh, we know all about you!"

"Do you!" I said to myself. "If I'd known all about you I doubt if I should have joined the show."

First impressions, as often, were wrong. She was clever, charming and as competent as any officer on Mac's staff, and knew more about a horse than any of us. They had bought me a horse, Ardua, knowing that I should want one—a slightly premature buy, as I was stuck with a bill for three months' keep!

This Personal Assistant to the Air Officer Commanding messed with us—and in the evening wore a full evening-dress toilette, becoming a pretty woman. This struck me as incongruous, but H Q, R A F, India, gave me several shocks. "Come in", said she that first morning. "I'll get the Rolls and we'll go down to Army Headquarters. I'll introduce you. We'll rag Huddy." The Rolls Royce, gift of a generous Rajah—for officers only—was in frequent requisition. "Huddy", last seen by me fifteen years before in Ambala as Major Hudson of the 19th Bengal Lancers, of which I was M O, was now Lieut-General Sir Havelock Hudson, Adjutant-General in India. To rag him appeared to me "*lèse majesté*". But Mrs Bright did, to the extent

of asking him if he was doing any work that morning; also the Q M G, my friend and helper in Mesopotamia, Sir George MacMunn

I presented myself, armed with Fell's letter of introduction, to Lieut-General Sir Charles Burtchaell, Director of Medical Services to the Army in India—when the fighting finished he was D M S in France “Uncle Charles”, an immense, burly, bushy-browed, red-faced Irishman, had made a name for himself as an “inspecting terror” Assistant Directors of Medical Services and Officers Commanding Hospitals stood in awe of him He had a hot temper, combined with the extreme efficiency which cannot suffer fools gladly A bully, perhaps, but no one has ever been kinder to me When in 1920 I went down with paratyphoid in Simla, he used to visit me almost daily in hospital He was, in fact, essentially and Irishly warm-hearted Attached to his staff, I made with him in 1920 a tour of the N W Frontier, living in our own railway carriage Returned to it after the day's work, “Uncle Charles” said to me one evening over a drink, “I think I was rather rude to that fellow to-day” I agreed—he had been blistering “I'll go and apologize”, he continued, “to him and to his wife too” We had to walk a long distance, and in the end brought back the ticked-off officer to dinner

Raisina, where my wife and I spent the cold weather, was the quarter allotted to the R A F, nicknamed by them “Upper Tooting”, perhaps because the houses were in rows, or from the fact that Raisina was then a suburb remote from Old Delhi We lived in a house destined for a Member of Council I don't know why they pushed us out so far That the Air Force was an upstart—then two years old—may have been a reason I know that being fast in the air was thought to be connected somehow with being fast on the ground, and that we were supposed to have unlimited motor transport at command Our staff Rolls was certainly a godsend Goodness knows we needed transport, for there was no bazaar in Raisina Our cooks had to be sent to Delhi to do their morning's shopping Most of the Raisina colony bought bicycles, not for themselves but for their servants Our house was grander than any we had lived in in India before From the drawing-room the great tomb of Safdar Jang was vignettied in the archway of the porch My wife used to place her chair where she had but to lift her eyes to

see it. Morning and evening changing lights played on its lofty dome

With Delhi in the cold weather few climates can compare. Morning air is like champagne, rose-pink evening glow transforms to fairyland the strong ridges, so bare in the hard light of noon. Remains of former capitals are scattered over an area of miles. The Delhi proclaimed capital of India by King George V was, I believe, the eighth. We were on leave in England at that time, and heard the news with surprise. When we left, Calcutta was the capital. On our way back, a day out of Gibraltar, we passed the ship carrying the King and Queen back to England. The date was January 29th, 1912. I was celebrating it as the tenth anniversary of my first commission. To port the snowy coasts of the Sierra Nevada were clearly visible. A cold wind blew off them. However many Delhis there were before the New Delhi designed by Lutyens and Baker, it was said in the bazaars that Delhis always fell, and that when this new one fell it would mean the end of English rule in India. The wish is father to the thought, maybe, with the Congress Party, and anyway, this is the kind of stock prophecy which would be invented by somebody, even if it had never been made before.

Where now lie but a few ruins, there flourished a Rajput capital in Delhi before the days of the Mahommedan conquests and when England was ruled by Saxon kings. Kutab-ud-Din, the slave king, built a Delhi in 1206. The Kutab Minar stands, a show monument, and in the courtyard of the mosque an Asoka pillar originating who knows where in history. Not far away, tombs of the Lodi kings show where once another Delhi stood.

Humayon, second Moghul Emperor, built yet another capital. The towering walls of his "Purana Kila" stand at the end of a long avenue leading from to-day's Viceregal Lodge and fill the end of the vista. Humayon's tomb hard by is, I think, one of the most perfectly proportioned of buildings. I judge this because it seems to me to look as imposing from ten miles away as it does close at hand.

But who can describe the famous buildings of the Great Moghuls? Not I, nor can the guide-books more than hint. The Palace and the Jumma-Masjid Mosque of Aurangzeb's Delhi, Fatehpur-Sikri, the city of Akbar the Great, and, Monument of all time, the Taj Mahal of Shah Jehan!

Yet, of all the Delhis, we liked best, my wife and I, the rock city built in 1325 by fierce Mohammed Tughlak. It is said that its stones were cemented by the blood of conquered Hindus. The ruins stand some ten miles from the latest Delhi—an ideal picnic distance.

“Dark banyan trees midst yellow mustard fields,
There crumbling walls of Tughlak’s fortress stand,
Raise sheer from bastioned rock their height,
To ruin touched by Time’s unsparing hand
But touched to beauty in the sunset light.”

This is not poetry, but a verse I wrote after a picnic there.¹

Tughlakabad, built on a ridge of red rock, rises abruptly from a stony plain. It stands in an oasis of fertile land. Thick clumps of banyan, peepul, and mango grow between the crops, vivid with yellow mustard in the spring. The Northern India spring is all too brief, the grass appears and vanishes, the trees whose fragrance scents the evening air flower but for a week or two. It was spring when last we went to Tughlakabad, and the air was crisp and clear—no dusty haze yet, no brain-fever bird, and no electric fans in the club.¹ I have a photograph taken on that day of picnic. It shows how many of the walls are fallen into ruin, how many are still intact after six centuries. The outer walls are sheer with the rock on which they stand. Within, what had once been living-quarters for guard and courtiers are now crumbled heaps. The jungle has crept in, courtyards are overgrown. I remember quoting Tennyson that day—“Then rode Geraint into the castle court, his charger trampling many a prickly star.”¹ Does anyone read Tennyson now? The erstwhile audience-chamber of the Emperor is roofed by spreading foliage, the roots of that great tree have split the masonry floor. Hardly changed after all these years but for dangerously crumbled and overgrown margins, an enormous tank excavated from the solid rock remains to show what was the main water reservoir of the capital. Originally it must have been some eighty feet deep, for even dry and silted up its bottom is nearly level with the surrounding plain, one could only guess at how they used to fill it.¹

A winding road leads from the main and only gateway at the level of the plain up to the interior of the city, cutting through the rock hewed out in our Edward II’s time. In that year our King Edward caused the Skinners (my City Company) and the Merchant Taylors to make peace with

one another, and to ratify it ordained that we should dine together twice a year. We have done so ever since. So one links up history.

I do not think that another six centuries will make much change in Tughlakabad—but what of New Delhi? Who, I wonder, in 2038 will drive—or fly—the ten miles out to Okhla to catch whitebait in a limpid stream, if it still exists, and eat them fried for tea? That was a favourite Delhi excursion. One might find half the Secretariat of the Government of India there on a Sunday. I'd like to see Delhi again!

And many other places that I saw for the first time during that last year in India. I think of Quetta, seen first in deep snow and later when the peach-blossom was full out, and of a day when I played so-called golf on a stony stretch of ground misnamed a links. Unaccountably failing to find my ball after a straight drive, I discovered the reason. A strange animal was perched on it—a "jerboa", cross between a rat and a kangaroo, of the smaller animal's size, and with the eyes and ears of a gazelle!

I think of Bangalore, cool and clothed in greenery when the Punjab plains were baking, and of an evening in the club there, when one of the new-style post-war R A F wives shocked the "qui hais". What is a qui hai? A qui hai is old. He or she is British and has been many years in India. Door-bells in the old days being unknown, a caller would walk on to the verandah and yell "Qui hai?", meaning "Who is there?" to summon the servants. That was still the custom in my time. The "bright young thing" (R A F) owned a pet mongoose. She had a trick of putting the animal in at the neck of her dress and retrieving it somewhere from her knickers. This caused a sensation in the Bangalore club one evening I was there.

I think of Mhow, quaint old-fashioned cantonment tucked away in the heart of Central India. On its black cotton soil flowers flourish like weeds—but during the rains aircraft land with difficulty! So now it is not an R A F station. But we woke it up for a bit!

I think of Kohat, "Pearl of the Frontier", its glades carpeted with sweet-smelling violets at Christmas. I was not new to Kohat, but I saw it again when on tour with "Uncle Charles". There was a day when he and I inspected separately. I went to see the proposed site for an R A F squadron, he to bully the A D M S, with whom and his wife, incidentally,

we were to dine—Lieut-Colonel Foulkes of my own old Service, the I M S, he was Aryan, but dark. Coming back early, I accompanied his little daughter Hilda for an evening drive in a bullock-tonga. The bullocks belonged to the Foulkes, and Hilda loved them. We got on famously. I am not, as a rule, at my best with five-year-old girls, but she was a dear. A few weeks later Afridi bandits raided Kohat. They murdered the Foulkes. Hilda escaped, hiding under her parents' bed, but she saw it all. I have wondered since how much that tragedy has affected her grown-up life. Psychologists lay stress on mental injuries in childhood as sowing the seed of future emotional disorders, and surely no child can have had a more brutal mental injury! Round about that time these tribal outlaws kidnapped from Kohat a Miss Starr, a schoolmistress—and in her "nightie". My friend of 1903 in Sarwakai, Kuli Khan of the Political Department, ventured into Tirah and rescued her single-handed. For this deed he was decorated. I wish I could shake him by the hand, but I suppose I shall never see him or hear of him again!

I think of Peshawar in April. Never have I seen such a profusion of roses. And again in July, when the nights stifled the breath and I drove at break-neck speed up the Kurran Valley to Parachinar—the weather was too bad to fly—with a loaded revolver handy, the political weather was too bad for journeys in safety through the Kohat Pass!

Parachinar, almost surrounded by Afghan territory, is an emerald oasis in an iron setting of barren mountains. I had some scratch polo there, and for the first time heard from an aircraft speech coming from the ground. I thought it magic, but wireless speech is still magic to most men of my age.

Tyssen was the C O, he who had started to teach me the art of flying in Netheravon. I know another Tyssen, a planter in the Duars, who told me that once, when he was riding through the forest, he saw a buffalo grazing. Suddenly a tiger roared and flashed across the ride, clearing the buffalo by inches. The buffalo fled. Tyssen, according to his tale, waited. The tiger disappeared. Next morning he visited the spot again. He saw no buffalo, but there was the tiger—practising "short leaps". That Tyssen was a good liar.

In March 1920 the Government offices began their annual exodus from the plains to Simla. The R.A.F. moved with

them, and we with the R A F , having sent our heavy baggage ahead

My pony, Ardua, marched the whole way, arriving ten days later. My wife and I made the journey in our "tin Lizzie", spending one night in a rest-house in Karnal and another in Ambala. Quarters in Simla had been allotted to us—at a price! We arrived to find our furniture dumped, but not installed. What an arrival! I thought I should never make the steeper of the climbing turns en route, and had no time to look at the scenery, which all the way up the Kulka-Simla road is on the grand scale. Mr Henry Ford's product played up, and we did arrive. Ignorant of our way, we drove along the Mall. It seemed empty of traffic, and no wonder, for only the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief are allowed there in car or carriage! Commoner folk go on foot, in rickshaws or on horseback. No one stopped us, and we found a place in which to store the car for the next six months.

The C-in-C, Sir Charles Monro, of Gallipoli evacuation fame, had been kind to us in Delhi. We had connections, though not related. His forebears were noted professors of Anatomy in Edinburgh. The "foramen of Monro", an opening in the structure of the human brain, is permanently and internationally named after one of them. Lord Chelmsford, the Viceroy, was also hospitable, we were often in Viceregal Lodge. Early in the Simla season I was buckling on my spurs at Annandale, in preparation for polo. "Excuse me", said someone. I was blocking the pavilion gangway. I looked up. "Sorry", I said, and then added. "Haven't I met you somewhere recently?" "You might have", the Viceroy replied.

By an arrangement which suited me down to the ground, Webb-Bowen, who had succeeded "Mac" as A O C in India, fixed our office hours in Simla from 9 a m to 2 p m. The Army began later, had a decent interval for lunch, and finished after tea. Thus I could—and did—play polo three days a week. What mattered lunch!

Annandale is a pocket-handkerchief ground, lying thousands of feet below the main ridges of Simla and encircled by pine forest. It was considered a feat for our R A F Tweedie, son of Mrs Alec Tweedie the traveller, to have landed the first aeroplane there.

Polo field, racecourse, horse-show, and tournament football

ground—round the green sward of Annandale centred a good deal of Simla's social life. And Simla is social. During the months we were there—I was much on tour—my wife and I rarely dined alone. We had guests or dined out. Dances, parties, and theatricals!

I have done a good deal of amateur acting in my time and in India with the Darjeeling A D C., but the Simla A D C. amused me, particularly because of the respect paid to rank and position. One of their productions that year was the "Pirates of Penzance". Simla was stiff with pretty young girls. Were they in the first row of the chorus? No! Promotion to the front row went by rank of husbands that year.

Simla itself is disappointing. The bazaar clings in a higgledy-piggledy way to the steep slopes. The ravines are dry—when they aren't torrents in the rains—repositories of refuse, and rather smelly. The big houses are scattered anyhow. "Jakko" is not so romantic a peak as Kipling makes out.

If Simla is not all beauty, its surroundings are. Would I could ride again—in fact, one was generally carried by coolies in a rickshaw—via Wildflower Hall, with its views and its snows, to the nine-hole golf course at Naldera, some eight miles out. Short crisp turf, crazy golf, breath-taking views, and a sliced ball would be lost for ever a thousand feet below, where the monkeys chattered in the trees.

Our temporary home in Simla, "St Bernard's", nestled on a forest path half-way down from the Ridge Gap, where stood the Railway and Chamber of Commerce offices, to Annandale. When we first went to it, five steps from our door violets were blooming on a grassy bank.

Our only Simla season passed, with all its gaiety. October arrived. It was time for most of Government to descend, back to the plains again! The R A F were not to return to Delhi. Ambala was to be its winter H Q. Our luggage was packed on bullock-carts, for we were sending it well ahead and going to an hotel. I saw the last box loaded, then turned to my wife. "I'm feeling rather rotten." She took my temperature—103° F.

I spent the next two months in the Walker Hospital. Whilst convalescing from my paratyphoid I got the news that I was recalled to England. On December 19th I received my permanent commission as a Wing Commander—having masqueraded as one for a year. On January 1st I was gazetted

a Group Captain, which put me next to the D G at the head of the list of my branch in the R A F

In December we left Simla—unwillingly. A great peace descends upon the summer capital of India when the tennis courts are turned into skating rinks and the gay crowd have left. We trundled down the hill, coasting most of the fifty-eight miles to the plains. In the old T2 Model Ford, with the engine switched off, the horn could not be sounded, and a horn is a necessity on that steep twisting road where a bullock-cart may be met at any corner. We bought a toy tin trumpet—my hunting horns were packed. My wife was to blow it at corners. It proved quite useless, but we met no bullock-carts!

Shortly after I rejoined at Ambala my relief arrived from England. In the meantime I had put in a fortnight of convalescent leave. We embarked in *Lizzie* for a tour on the Grand Trunk Road—Ambala, Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, and back—our last tour in India. Eighteen years before, I had marched along that road with the Guides. Ambala is 120 miles distant from Delhi. I hear that the road is now tarmacked and that the journey can be made in under three hours in a fast car—but I find it difficult to believe, unless bullock-carts have been “liquidated.” We thought it a day’s journey, and it was, for we never averaged more than 20 m p h in *Lizzie*. She began to shudder violently at 30 m p h. Delhi to Agra is 100 miles, and Agra to Cawnpore 180 miles. The last we reckoned it rather a feat to have done in the day. In some places the dust lay over six inches deep on the road, so that we left a “pillar of cloud by day” behind us—and what sights we were ourselves at the end of the day! The clouds made by the one or two cars we met on the road could be seen miles away.

We stopped one night at Lucknow to see the Residency, still bearing marks of its Mutiny battering, and a few days at Cawnpore with friends. The memorial over the famous well is a Victorian atrocity—in a different sense from that perpetrated by the Nana Sahib. I’d have another Cawnpore Massacre, this time of marble! One night we spent at Delhi as guests in the Viceregal Camp, but the acme of our tour came with the couple of days we spent in Agra.

I cannot write about the Taj Mahal, white marble mausoleum raised by the Emperor Shah Jehan—he of the Peacock Throne—to the memory of his beautiful and beloved wife

Mumtaz Mahal The everlasting flame is still kept lit for her within the tomb "Wonderful" is the genuine adjective—no hyperbole—for the Taj We were lucky to see it by the light of a full moon I walked into the inner courtyard I saw water, two lines of dark cypresses, and the towering dome of the Taj itself I gasped "This", I thought, "is for once the realization of a fairy dream"

On Christmas Day 1920 we drove the few miles from Agra to picnic and laze in Fatehpur-Sikri The capital of Akbar the Great also must be seen, it cannot be described It is indescribably impressive, built of red stone, including the huge entrance gateway The arch of the gate crowns, I believe, the highest portal in the world Coloured inscriptions run round it the attributes of Allah the Almighty and All-Merciful, texts from the Koran, and in Arabic "Jesus the Prophet, on whom be peace, hath said that sooner may a camel go through the eye of a needle than a rich man enter the Kingdom of Heaven" Akbar was catholic in his religious tolerance In his round debating chamber in Fatehpur-Sikri the Emperor sat in the centre Four spokes radiate to the circumference At the end of each spoke there sat an exponent of a different theology, Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism, and Christianity Akbar wished to introduce a religion combining the best points of each One of his wives is said to have been a Christian This was in the days of our Good Queen Bess!

I once saw the sword worn by Akbar in his conquest of India, now owned by his descendant, the Rajah of Dholpur The Rajah sent a messenger several hundreds of miles to fetch it, merely because my wife had expressed a wish to see it This was at a dinner-party just before we left India finally We were among the guests—a number of them R A F—invited by the Maharajah of Patiala to stay for a week in his Palace Guest-house—overflow in tents! Everything done de luxe—we could have champagne for breakfast if we wanted, and as for entertainments! Did one want to ride? The Master of Horse would give one the pick of a hundred horses I had my last pig-stick that week Shoot? Game was provided, and beaters, and for practice a clay-pigeon trap Tennis? There were courts There was even an aeroplane to fly in, only it wouldn't fly! A point-to-point paper-chase, polo and cricket matches At a State Banquet my wife sat next to the Maharajah He told her the

romantic story—she had been prompted to ask for it—of the great diamond he was wearing in his headdress. As I remember the story, the jewel came first into British hands through one of the Cenci family, presumably given or sold to our Ambassador in Italy. It is, I believe, known as the Cenci diamond. Somehow it was added to the English Crown Jewels, and when James II fled to France he took it with him. A messenger bringing it back to England was set upon and killed by highwaymen on the road from Paris to the coast. The diamond was presumed stolen, but the messenger had swallowed it! Many years elapsed. The story leaked out. The messenger's grave was found—how I do not know—and amongst his rib-bones the Cenci diamond. Napoleon gave it to Josephine, and in France it remained until after the Franco-Prussian War, when it was put up for sale to raise money for the indemnity to Germany. Patiala's father, rich and eccentric, bought it. My wife admired it, and also the pearls, big as marbles, which Patiala was wearing round his neck.

"Call these pearls!" said Patiala, or words to that effect. "You should see my cousin Dholpur's. Dholpur, who was present, duly showed off his pearls, nearly as big as hen's eggs! It was then that he mentioned the sword of his ancestor Akbar the Great. When brought, it wasn't much to look at—dull and brown—but it gave me a thrill to touch it. Dholpur also showed us an emerald—a sort of plaque about three inches square and half an inch thick. "Cameo" would describe it better, as it had engraved on it a scene from the Hindu epic "Ramayon". Unfortunately it was flawed.

The hot weather began early in 1921. Before we left India the insect plagues had found their wings. But I was about to escape from nights of wakeful unrest, when, hot, sticky and uncomfortable, one listens for the "ping" of mosquitoes. Insects, the discomforts and diseases that they bring, are the chief curse of hot climates. I never want to see again a mosquito, a sand-fly, a green-fly, or, if it comes to that, a house-fly. House-flies, I fear, have got to be put up with even in England—but not in battalions! Nor a snake, though most snakes are harmless. India has a bad name for snakes. I have known people who went in constant fear of being bitten. Yet snakes are so rarely seen that the average inhabitant of India forgets their existence, and behave as do Italians who live on the edge of Vesuvius, careless of eruptions but carrying

umbrellas when it rains. One would not see a snake for months, and then on the same day would meet two of a deadly kind, a cobra or one of the two most-feared vipers, a "karait" or a "Russell's viper." Chance happenings, or, as the statisticians put it, frequency distributions, are like that.

My bearer, Moolla Bux, woke me up one morning. There was a cobra on the front-door step, and a karait in the bath-room, he said—and it was so.

Once he was more perturbed—we were in camp at the time—when he drew my slippers from underneath my camp-bed and a viper fell out. His eyes, too, nearly fell out. He swore it was a karait, and perhaps he was right. On a cold night a snake will creep under the flies of a tent in search of warmth.

A "chowkidar" is a servant engaged as a night-watchman to patrol the bungalow. In fact, he sleeps on the verandah, waking to cough loudly from time to time, just to advertise his presence. I believe that chowkidars cultivate bronchitis, though I have never heard of one who, when applying for a job, claimed to be a good cougher. When for a short time I was Civil Surgeon of Puri—now called the Brighton of Calcutta—I had an official chowkidar who was bitten in broad daylight by a Russell's viper. There was no doubt about it—the snake was killed and brought to me for identification. "Sāmp hai, sahib" (Here is the snake!). Fang-marks on my chowkidar's arm showed where the snake had struck. I put a ligature on, opened up the punctures and rubbed in crystals of Potassium Permanganate—the orthodox treatment. Then—by request—I brought a bottle of whisky. My patient lapped at it. Work stopped. All the servants assembled on the verandah. They crowded round the dying man. "Did it hurt?" "Any messages for relatives?" "It will soon be over!" Very comforting! The Russell's viper is so deadly that I had little hope myself. An hour passed. He complained of a swimming in the head. Ah! the first symptom—rather delayed—poor fellow! Another hour passed and I took off the ligature. He was still giddy. That was the whisky? He fell asleep, and woke up well, save for the hang-over! In fact, the snake's fangs had struck a glancing blow—yet I could have sworn that one had penetrated.

I had a more alarming experience with a large cobra. Creeping in to find a warm place to sleep, it found a bed beneath the bonnet of my old No. 1 car. I had to go out

that night By the light of a hurricane-lamp I was swinging the starting-handle when something made me look up—and then leap Cobra was poised, ready to strike! I ran like a rabbit scurrying in the dark through the long grass of my compound, where ordinarily at night I carried a lantern in case of snakes! I settled that cobra's hash by giving him both barrels of a 12-bore in the head

Insects and reptiles are not the only pests in India (I do not include the Scots, whom some consider to have overrun Calcutta) There are also Indian servants who cannot help doing everything upside-down, and have a nimble excuse or a blank denial for every misdeed "Your Honour knows that I am a poor man and would not tell a lie!"

Yet they are extraordinarily good servants, honest as a rule—on a commission basis—faithful as dogs, born cooks, deft and quiet in the house I except Allah Dya, one of our butlers, who used to pour drink into the napkin-ring instead of the tumbler But then he was short-sighted, with a squint to boot! They share with children, whom they greatly resemble, a habit of saying what they think you would like them to say

The house we occupied in Delhi was, I believe, designed by Sir Edward Baker, and I think in one of his "off" days Who, having designed an indoor kitchen—a mistake in the first place, for cook-houses in India are better apart from living-quarters—complete with an English range, would then put an indoor coal-cellar *between* the kitchen and the dining-room?

Our cook, thinking we wanted him to say so, declared that it had been the dream of his life to cook on an English range, and in the English way, with coal "Everything", he exclaimed ecstatically, "can be cooked on the one cooking-place!" But the English range emitted mostly smoke, which drifted into our living-rooms, and from the coal-cellar black dust invaded the passage Indian servants go bare-footed in the house Passage from the kitchen to the dining-room blackened the soles of Ali Khan's feet On our light-coloured drawing-room carpet (why don't Government departments make more use of women's domestic wisdom?) "Man Friday" footprints multiplied themselves—and when it rained! The house was built round an atrium on a South African model—another of Baker's foibles, we understood. This may work in South Africa Heavy Christmas rains poured off four

sides of sloping roof to flood our atrium. The servants had to splash through water. Damp coal-dust leaves an almost indelible mark! In the end, the coal-cellar was shut, the use of the English range confined to boiling our bath-water in a kerosene tin, and a cook-house—Indian pattern—was built in the compound. Cook was pleased.

During our last days in India we had a handy boy. In memory I call him "Wondermist", from the stuff he used to clean our car with. He made it to shine like a new pin. He came to Bombay with me to look after our kit and to see us off on our farewell journey. When the moment came for him to leave us and go ashore he kissed our feet—and he meant it! Our hearts were touched. Yes! the inhabitants of Hindustan are as human as the rest of mankind.

On April 7th, 1921, we saw Bombay lights astern for the last time, and watched them fade into the darkness. My wife was seedy, and a desperately hot journey from the Punjab had not made her any better. She might have been pleased to be on the first stage of the journey to home and children—but she wasn't. She was sad to leave the land where we had been happy together, and there were lots of places in India she had never seen that she wanted to visit. We had planned to take leave in Kashmir. But I was set for England, a regular life, and a bowler hat. When I got what I imagined I wanted, it soon began to pall! Sufficient on that last voyage to laze on deck, to bask in the sun, to splash in a sail-bath rigged up by the skipper. The ship was a German prize, ill-adapted for tropical voyaging, but Boreas brought cool breezes from the coasts of Araby. Only eight passengers made the trip, six men and two women, both R A F wives—a friendly company. I occupied time in writing "Notes for R A F officers proceeding East", the first draft of an Air Ministry publication which has run into many revised editions. We played Bridge, and I'm not sure that we didn't get up charades. On a previous voyage to India in the *City of Paris*, sunk by enemy action in 1915, I was O C Sports and Entertainments. On a hot night in the Indian Ocean we were playing at charades. One scene was to depict the letter "N" "Nero fiddling whilst Rome was burning". The purser was cast for the part of Nero—a toga was improvised. The purser was a Scot. The curtain was ready to go up, but no purser! I went in search, to find him in his cabin, half-

dressed and perspiring freely "Am I to keep on ma semmit?" he enquired (Semmit is Scots for a vest)

On our last voyage the little company dispersed at Suez. An R A F officer had been detailed to meet my wife and myself. He looked gloomily at our kit—27 items, mostly large packing-cases. We were bringing home from India all our worldly belongings. But the Services rise to occasions. Somehow our boxes were put aboard a train. For the next three weeks, whilst we toured Egypt and Palestine—I was inspecting R A F units—they were stacked in the hall of Geoffrey Salmond's Headquarters in the Villa Victoria at Cairo. In Cairo we made our temporary home at the "Hotel Continental", in Jerusalem at the "Hotel Allenby", known to me three years before as "Faletti's".

In Egypt we climbed the Pyramids, we visited the Sphinx by moonlight. In Palestine we dashed up from Ludd to Jerusalem, on the old remembered road, in a car of which the improvised body was made from old soap-boxes. The Air Officer Commanding in Palestine—Willie Welch—was at the wheel, Peake Pasha, the well-known head of the Palestine Police, made the fourth.

We started our Palestine pilgrimage by train from Kantara—a night journey. Little Richardson—now Air Marshal Sir Victor Richardson, Director-General of R A F Medical Services, my successor's successor's successor in this post—knocked at the door of our sleeping compartment. He popped his head in. "I think you will need this", he said, handing in a tin of Keatings. We did. The first-class carriages of the Egyptian State Railways appeared luxurious, but the velvet upholstery covered a multitude of insect life!

Palestine in May is past its best, but Jerusalem is ever beautiful. We ran into the Greek Easter. On the day of the celebration the narrow lanes of the city, smelling worse than usual, had collected denser crowds than Oxford Street at Christmas shopping-time. In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre masses of the devout clung to every projection and balcony. They clustered like flies on a wall. On the floor the people were packed like sardines in a tin, save for carpeted lanes that were kept clear for recurring processions of priests and acolytes. Ecclesiastics of the Latin and Greek Churches—there were Copts as well—do not mix well, rather like the apprentices of the City Livery Companies in the old days of processions on Lord Mayor's day in London. The Merchant

Taylor and the Skinners (my own Company) used to break each other's heads in the streets of London. Since 1327 our friendship is closer than that of other City Companies. In that year Lord Mayor Bilsdon, to whom the King had complained of our unruliness, had us before him and delivered a judgment of Solomon. Skinners and Merchant Taylors were to take precedence alternate years. To cement this we were to dine together, each with each twice a year. I attended the twelve-hundred-and-somethingth dinner recently. We drink the same toast of Skinners to Merchant Taylors, Merchant Taylors to Skinners. "Root and branch may they flourish for ever." Once, I believe, in the sixteenth century, the dinner took place on our barges, moored together in the river, but the experiment was not repeated. The casualty list was too high.

In Jerusalem peace is kept between the sects by allotting them different carpeted lanes in the Church and different times of procession. Since the Juggernaut Car Festival in Puri I had not seen mass hysteria grow to the pitch it reached in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, that Easter, fanned by the seemingly endless processions and chantings. The moment the Divine Fire issued from the reputed tomb of Christ, the crowd scrambled over one another, each in an endeavour to light a taper from the parent flame, or from as near a source as possible—a priest for choice. They rushed about like lunatics. But for the help of two British N C O's my wife and I were in danger of being trampled underfoot. I wonder if the miracle of fire would have arrived at the expected midday moment supposing anything had happened to a tin of kerosene which I noticed being carried into the Church about half-past eleven¹.

We left the Middle East Command in pouring rain—unusual in May, embarking at Port Said on the S S *Amarapoore*, on her way home from Burmah. She had a skittle alley—the best deck-game I ever played—and I spent most of my days playing it.

We landed in England, on May 24th, 1921, in a land already beginning to be parched—but not to my eyes, colour-parched in the East. In that wonderful spring, followed by an equally wonderful summer, Kent looked incredibly green. Cascades of white blossom covered the hawthorn bushes. We hoped to see bluebells, but their blooming was over. Later in the year we spent an August golfing holiday in Grange-

over-Sands Lancashire made one of the few green spots in England that summer, but the rain it raineth most days in the Lake District On our way north-west we passed through a dry and yellow countryside which might almost have been the Punjab

Here I was in England again after a mere eighteen months' absence, the shortest tour of duty abroad I had ever made, and the only time we had been separated from both our children Other relatives could wait! Malcolm, a fifteen-year-old schoolboy, was at Tonbridge I made my first visit to the school, little guessing that in years to come I was to play a part in its destinies Tonbridge, since its sixteenth-century foundation by Sir Andrew Judde, erstwhile Lord Mayor of London, is administered by the Livery Company of which he was Master—the Worshipful Company of Skinners, fifth in order of the Twelve Great Companies In 1894 I had been apprenticed to a Mr Reginald Poole, an Elstree pupil of my father, then a Freeman of the Company I was solemnly sworn, and bound myself, I remember, to serve him faithfully for seven years, my wages being the price of a peppercorn—the lowest remuneration recognized by law! In his turn he swore to feed and keep me and to teach me the trade of skinning! I was not to marry during my apprenticeship, and there was something about not brawling in taverns We adjourned to the Guildhall Tavern for lunch, and I have never seen my master since Home on leave from India in 1911 I took up my Freedom Made a Freeman of the City of London by the Lord Mayor, I received at the same time a little red book entitled “Rules for the Conduct of Life”, a mixture of maxims religious and severely businesslike.

Now I am a Warden and one of the Court of Governors of the school that taught my son—and several nephews and nephews-in-law

Tonbridge is a good school, where they “play to the whistle”

We had friends at Harpenden, and Islay, a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl, was at the Co-Education school there I am not sure that co-education has proved itself a success, but it didn't do my daughter any harm

I spent most of that 1921 summer either on leave or preparing for my new post I was not to sit in the seat of authority till the autumn Matthew Fell went I took over, and from thenceforth entered on a life of files and depart-

mental routine. Could anyone write interestingly about the work of a Ministry?!

But I made many friends amongst the much-maligned Civil Service. It is easy to carp at "red-tape." I remember a picture in *Punch*, somewhere about 1917. In the middle of a battle, Battalion H Q. is being rung up. "Your return of empty jam tins for last week is not to hand!" Yet returns are inevitable.

No country in the world has ever had—or ever will have—a more able, devoted, utterly honest body of men and women than our civil servants—and incidentally quite human when they are allowed to be! But there is something wrong about a machine that has too many cogs! Too little delegation of authority and responsibility—too much "Passed to you" coming up through a bottle-neck to the top. One of my friends who had taken a double-first at Oxford spent his forty-fifth year checking the travelling claims of officers. Waste! And always as a bugbear the Treasury and the Parliamentary Question! Is it "*lèse majesté*" to snipe at Parliament or Treasury?

I am not a red-tape addict, due, I suppose, to my life of irregular action (and at times behaviour) and to my being interested more in people than in things! I certainly find it much easier to get things done by trotting round and arguing the point than by labouring it in writing on a file. When in boasting mood, the boast I like best is that when I left the Air Ministry a number of civil servants stood me a dinner. They said I was "human"—and every year since, on the anniversary of my retirement, we have celebrated in a lunch, swapping reminiscences. Most of us, alas! have retired, but most attended on the eighth anniversary!

A Service Department has its special difficulties. The serving officers—from Air Marshals to Flight Lieutenants, to use the Air Ministry as an example—are technically the professionals. It is for them to initiate policy, to say what the Service wants—but they are here to-day and gone to-morrow. The civil servant is there to ensure continuity, to criticize, and to see fulfilled the ideas of the fighting men. Such an admixture is like oil and water—clashes and jealousies are bound to happen. Yet, like most of our haphazard institutions, it works! Well, I was lucky. I got every help from Service chief and civil servant alike. Not that I did not have many difficulties in seeing my new Service through

its teething troubles Any unorthodox proposal was met with "The Army, or the Navy"—the one was played off against the other—"have never asked for this", or "If the R A F get this the Navy and Army will want it too!"

Well! I saw a few innovations introduced, but, generally speaking, had to conform to pattern There is sense, of course, in this—that the conditions of service of the three Fighting Arms, and the Regulations which govern them, must roughly correspond I wish I had sixpence for every Regulation for the Royal Air Force I had a hand in drafting! There have been many attempts to combine what are called the ancillary services of our War Departments—the Supply and Medical Services, for instance The Goddes Committee on Economy in 1921 was a determined attempt Out of it arose a Cabinet Committee, of which I was a member The proceedings of Cabinet Committees are secret, but it is giving away no secret to divulge that I went to that Committee quite prepared to throw the new R A F Medical Service into the pool It seemed to me that a doctor was a doctor whatever Service he was in, and that, however great the differences between life on sea, on land, and in air, a man could learn them and choose the career he wanted—under a single administration I suggested the Ministry of Health. Possibly that was a foolish suggestion—I think so now—and at any rate I was laughed at! The Army and Navy Medical Services could never be combined—that was rubbed into me But either of them could take over my infant Service Here the fight began Co-ordination—certainly! Subordination—no! The battle was won I'd like to be able to give away some inner incidents of the fight My Department could never have won it alone, but there were giants behind me Trenchard is too much of a contemporary force for me to write of him, except to opine that this England has never had a greater public servant Philip Game is another. What lure is there, I wonder, in flying that attracted—and attracts—so fine a quality of man? For they were good, those pioneers, and their example has held! Trenchard, the Salmonds, Philip Game, "Josh" Higgins, Ellington, Charles Longcroft, "Stuffy" Dowding, "Ginger" Bowhill, "Ginger Mitch" (Mitchell), "Biffy" Borton, Cyril Newall . but this is not the social column of a newspaper, though I could go on adding to the list of the men who made the Air Force, most of whom are alive and many of whom I

still see, though not so often since the R A F Display at Hendon—a great day for meeting old friends—has been given up. I think I could write without fear of libel action, but would I emulate, if I could, the “Londoner’s Diary” in the *Evening Standard*? No!

These men made the Air Ministry in the early days a cheerful place to work in. It may have been dull drafting Regulations—how many hours of my time were thus occupied?—but it was never dull discussing them. I have never been one to write unnecessary minutes or files. I used to put them under my arm and trot round the Ministry on a circular tour. Many a point—to become a precedent for the future—was settled thus in conversation. We would record briefly on the file the result of the argument. Conferences are valuable provided that they are not big and that real decisions are reached. I found the most useful kind to be a conference “à deux” between myself and one of my Service chiefs or a civil servant.

If I had one ideal for my new Medical Service, it was that the officers should be doctors first and not become too military, and I believe it was attained: conversely that they should be an integral part of the R A F organization and not Service within a Service. I used to tell the candidates for commissions whom I interviewed that they must learn to know everything about the R A F, even to how an airman got his boots. Many of the medical officers learned to fly, though flying training for the ancillary branches was difficult to arrange for. There were the problems of making a career for the non-commissioned ranks, the medical airmen, the problems of a new Nursing Service, and all the problems of building, staffing, and equipping sick quarters and hospitals without duplicating the arrangements of the two older Services of the Army and the Navy, and on a scale that would be efficient without being too expensive.

The R A F Nursing Service owes its, to my mind, exceptionally high standards to its first Matron-in-Chief, Dame Joanna Cruickshank. I was lucky to have her help. Indeed I was lucky in all my staff. If I have received some honours and awards they have been for work done by others for which I got the credit. One cannot write about one’s work without being egotistical, let alone being dull, so the less written the better. Those who work easily and get people to work for them easily are generally second-raters like myself. To

the first-rater work is "blood and tears" To squeeze the best out of his mind he has to concentrate, a thing not lightly to be faced when he knows the cost The first-rater cannot switch his mind on and off in a few moments Often the first-rater has not the knack of easily getting people to work for him, either because he is too exacting or because he cannot suffer fools gladly

A life of files leaves few memories of work worth recording, though many of men and women, and during these years one was continually making fresh "contacts" outside the Service I met M P s, of some of whom, from having to deal with their Parliamentary Questions, I had no great opinion Of Harley Street, the leaders of the medical profession, I discreetly reserve opinion I made friends there, but I have no stories to recount I dare not, anyway, for most of them are still alive and it is easy unintentionally to offend I can state this, that their advice and knowledge were of great use to me in my administrative work—as also that of the scientific bodies, which I was not too shy to seek I did not know then that it was to benefit me personally, but it did, for I left the R A F to join the staff of the Medical Research Council

Actually I remember most about those years—the difficulties of finding the best place to live in, and the discovery by car of Britain's roads and Britain's beauties Also the number of golf courses I competed on Vain now are regrets! Why beat a golf ball if there is a horse to be ridden? Golf is nearly as expensive as hunting and polo—for a Service officer, but I did not know that till too late! Nor had I realized how easy it is to live in country of one's choice and still travel daily to London No regrets are felt for the golf Totting up the other day the courses I had played on, the total overpassed the century The mere names bring back good days In my better years I played near the top of the Air Force team, and occasionally headed it Brancaster and Hunstanton with a cold wind breezing off the North Sea and blowing the sand into our faces bring memories of springy seaside turf, sunshine and singing larks Sunningdale and Walton Heath stand for emerald greens set in heather Berkhamsted is for mellow gold on autumn beeches and yellow on the gorse But I am not writing a guide-book to golf courses, nor am I a Bernard Darwin

A "dark impenetrable wood" in rows of serried pine

suggests to me New Zealand on days when members of the Court and Livery of the Worshipful Company of Skinners met to contest with their friendly rivals, the Merchant Taylors. For the space of a day we would monopolize club and course. In the afternoon, after a generous luncheon, the chief sound to be heard would be the crack on tree trunk of golf balls, struck erratically by elderly gentlemen, breaking the sleepy sheltered silence of the woods.

I'm a rabbit now, and a fair-weather golfer, no longer braving rain and sleet, with icy fingers trying to feel the grip. The R A F Golfing Association held their Easter Meeting one year at Porter's Park. My partner on Medal Day still had his pyjamas on—underneath his trousers—maybe a Naval custom in icy weather, for he was an ex-Naval officer and the weather was bitter. Nearing the end of the round I had ceased to take much interest in my card, but he was still going strong. Prizes and sweeps seemed well within his grasp. Disaster overtook him at the 16th—a short hole. His ball pitched on the green, but overran it, to find a resting-place in a deep ditch. He should have “deemed it unplayable”—as in fact it was—picked up and dropped behind with loss of two strokes. But he must needs have a try at getting it out. He did—eventually—and missed a short putt for a snappy 9. Hurling putter away, he exploded. “Mr blank blue-pencilled Porter can keep his blue-pencilled blank Park.” His language was Naval too. The satisfaction—in a tense moment—to sink the winning putt! and best of all when it means victory for the side—the putt is on the last green, and a silent group—friends and enemies—is gathered round to watch, but I have only known that last excitement vicariously. I saw my sister do it.

The old last green—now the 17th—at St Enodocs in Cornwall is a punch-bowl save for the opening by which it is approached. The steep and grassy sides, on which the wild thyme grows and the bents sprout, make an ideal open-air amphitheatre for watchers. A sandy path, not twenty yards in length, leads up to where the old 19th hole used to stand, the wooden club-house shadowed by a few pines. We in the club-house who had finished our game would bring out our beer and sit on the slopes of the amphitheatre to watch the finishes. There were few watchers on that day of desperate downpour when I spied my sister coming in, but some there were, for this was a blood match and my sister



R A F & ARMY AT SUNNINGDALE MARCH 9th 1922

Author driving it was a damned good drive

is known as a dour fighter. Word came ahead that the match was all square and one to play. As they came nearer it could be seen that the battle was "*à l'outrance*", for not a word was being spoken—the opponents stalked apart. Both balls were on the green in the like number of strokes—all depended on the putting. My sister's opponent putted first, and the ball lay dead. My sister's ball lay some ten yards from the hole. She had to hole it to win the match—a long putt. The rain fell incessantly, both ladies were "*drookit*". My sister called for her putter. Her hands were wet and slippery. She raised her skirt and wiped them on a garment! She grasped the putter firmly—and rammed the ball into the back of the hole! Silence greeted this feat—feelings were too deep for words—but my sister as she turned to her caddie threw a look at her opponent which said "*Yah!*" as plainly as a look can speak. I laughed so much that I was almost too weak to walk the few yards to the club-house. (I have only once in my life had to go on hands and knees from weakness, and that was, I remember, in 1902, after a bout of malaria.)

When one has children, August is of necessity the holiday month, spent by us year after year golfing at Machrihanish. One of my last days there comes to mind. It is September 2nd, and to-morrow we must take the road again for London. I am standing on the first tee, waiting my turn. Facing me is the great sweep of Machrihanish Bay. To take the straightest line from the tee I have to drive across a corner of it—daunting for the first shot of the day. The sea is ethereally blue, fringed with breakers, startlingly white against the yellow sands. A line of sand-hills covered with grey-green bents borders the shore. Beyond are hills purple-patched with heather. On their skyline I can see the ancient fort of Ronachan. Northwards the water pales till I can hardly see where sea and sky meet. Fleecy clouds hang round the faintly pencilled Paps of Jura. The island of Gigha, shaped like a crouching lion, lies dark upon the water. In Kintyre the evening light takes long to fail in summer. Golden evenings come to mind, when we would climb the hills after dinner, plunging through bracken and heather to where, below us spread, sea and islets stood clear in the glow, and Arran's peaks rose high across the Sound.

And Paddy chased rabbits! Paddy has passed away. His daughter Prudence is now grey in the muzzle and nearly

in her teens. Even his granddaughter Patience is getting on. Irish terriers are grand dogs. All dogs are good—it is trite to say that the dog is man's best companion. If I were to be a Robinson Crusoe I'd rather have my dog than a Man Friday. He had both, of course.

The trouble comes with the parting. Alas! that dogs, and horses too, live for so short a span. Animals look to you, depend on you, trust you, and love you, and never let you down. They get their fun from you, and what a lot of fun you get from them!

One of my deprivations of the last war was not having a dog, though for a short space in Mesopotamia I looked after Betty and Diamond, wire-haired terriers who had been through the siege of Kut. When Kut fell, and their owner, General Melliss, V C, was taken prisoner, the Turks allowed him to send the dogs down-river en route for India. They were less starved than some of the Indian troops, who were so sick that they were allowed to leave. Poor wrecks, they were out of the war for good and all. I saw then, for the first and I hope the last time, extreme starvation, in limbs hardly thicker than pipe-stems.

St Andrews is one of the few links I know where dogs are welcomed—even encouraged. But I used to take Paddy along to all my golf matches. It seems on looking back that I spent nine years doing nothing much but work, travel to and fro between my office and the various temporary abodes we called "home", play golf, and make excursions into the country at week-ends—car picnics. It shouldn't have been a dull life, but in the end it palled.

I doubt if I achieved much in those years at the Air Ministry even though I got on well with those I worked with. That is something. Matthew Fell had built the framework of the organization. All I had to do was to fill it in. It would have needed a better man than myself to break tradition, to plan and carry out something new. But I did reduce red tape to a minimum—that I'll swear to. And I enjoyed fighting for what I wanted.

Congresses were all the rage in the days following 1914-1918 War! Congresses in London. Congresses at the Hague. Congresses in Paris, Rome, and Warsaw. Warsaw! I spent ten days there in 1926 at an International Congress of Military Medicine and Surgery. All of us wore uniform. My opposite numbers in the Navy and Army brought no mess-kit. Officially

they were correct, but I brought mine and thereby was one up on them in the opera-house and in the ball-room. The R A F mess-kit caught the fancy of the Poles.

Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Joseph Chambers, the then D G of the Naval Medical Service—and one of the best—went from his normal crimson to plum in the face when he saw me bow to kiss the hand of a Polish countess. He said it wasn't British!

An aircraft was placed at my disposal. Skarjinski, commandant of an Army Squadron, used to fly me. He lives yet, and is, I hear, an "ace". He was a star pilot then, and a most efficient squadron commander. No British unit could have shown better barrack discipline. But once in the mess, with a glass of vodka in hand, he came all over Tchekov—why are we here? what is life? and what does it all mean? In my bad French—faint yet pursuing—I contributed fuel to his philosophical flames.

As an "apéritif" vodka has a kick to it. It has too many kicks when one has to respond individually to one's health drunk by each officer in a Polish Army mess. Waving good-bye at the car one does not like to miss the step. And vodka should not be an all-evening drink.

On my way home from Poland I stopped a day in Berlin, in order to confer with a German professor—an expert on the physiological problems of flying. I had hoped to repair my digestion, suffering from vodka and interminable dinners. At the end of a day's stuffing with snacks of raw ham and sausage, washed down with assorted German wines, my host took me to a well-known restaurant—the "Femina", I think. "What shall we eat?" he asked. "For me", I said, "some bicarbonate of soda and a liqueur brandy."

Warsaw—a night in June! On the floor of hall and gallery, trodden once by the Sobieski Kings of Poland, we waited ranged against the walls. Chandeliers—no longer candle-lit—threw glittering shafts on polished parquetry. Jewels and orders sparkled. The women were in gala dress, we men in uniform. Up in the gallery the conductor raised his baton. The opening bars of Chopin's "Polonaise in A flat" swelled out. We sprang to attention. Pilsudski appeared, and beside him walked the President. What a contrast between the two men, the gentle chemist and the once peasant, the scientist and the soldier. They passed, bowing to right and left, and we mingled with the staff that followed. I was privileged that

evening to clink a glass with the liberator of Poland. Later there was an out-of-doors entertainment. In the *Parc Łazienki*¹ is a large lake. At a spot on its shore a former ruler of Poland once built on its bank a stone amphitheatre as an auditorium. Not more than twenty yards separate it from a small island, which makes a natural stage—so natural that no stage properties are needed save its own trees and grass.

That night the stone seats were cushioned and the island stage was lit. From the centre of the front stalls where I sat, one looked across the narrow channel of dark water. The orchestra of the National Opera was cunningly concealed in an underground chamber built into the bank of the island. The evening was devoted to Polish national dances. The players were men and girls—to each man his girl.

As the programme neared its end, small boats drew up beneath the stage against the island's bank.

Two by two, man and girl, the players began to steal away, and as each couple embarked they launched a water-lily on the water. Each lily carried a lighted candle. The boats floated away into the distance, and as they went the couples in them sang. Soon the darkness of the lake was dotted with fairy lights, and from far-off came the refrain of the singers carried across the water.

At length but one pair was left upon the stage—then they too went.

The orchestra went on playing—it was a haunting plaintive air—until the last of the players were lost in the distance. The Polish stage was empty!

The worst of Congresses, for me anyhow, was the liability to be called on for a speech without due warning.

In 1927 an International Aviation Congress was held in Paris to discuss the medical uses of air transport. The discussions were amusing, the official entertainment well done—including a first-rate performance of "Tosca" at the *Comédie Française*.

That Congress lasted a week. Twice in that week I knew fear. A visit to Rheims had been arranged. We were to be shown the Heidseick champagne cellars, and afterwards to be entertained at a luncheon in the "Mairie". I was a guest of high rank—an Air Vice-Marshal—so I was to be flown. I shared an aircraft with Professor Charles Richet, a once eminent French physiologist, then a good deal past

¹ A crossed Ł in Polish is pronounced "W".

his prime, Mlle Martineau (?), one of the early French women aviators, and a politician whose name I don't want to remember if I could, a Député whose finger-nails were in mourning

We arrived. We went round the "caves", tasting by the way. In the "Mairie" a lunch de luxe was put on. Speeches were made and toasts drunk in different brands of champagne which we were asked to sample. I reached a peak of fluency in French that day. Celebrations over, I repaired, feeling happy and a bit light in the head, to the aerodrome rendezvous. Our pilot, too, had been lunching. He was full of verve—and champagne! He took off very neatly, and I breathed more easily—till he announced that he was about to give us a close-up view of the damage, then still being repaired, done by the Germans to Rheims Cathedral and he flew across the West face in an absolutely vertical bank. My heart was in my mouth. He straightened out, and made for Paris. I sighed, relaxed, and fell asleep, awakened only by a cessation of noise. The engine had been cut off for our landing at Le Bourget.

My next fright was mental. The Congress was being wound up at a meeting, open to the public, in the great Hall of the Sorbonne, under the auspices of the University of Paris. The War Minister was to be on the platform, and Marshal of France Lyautey—France's greatest colonist—was to be in the chair, to sum up the results of the Congress. The old man had been a pioneer, apparently, of ambulance aircraft in North Africa.

About an hour before the show began I was asked, as head of the senior delegation present, to make the reply to Lyautey—in French—and there was no getting out of it.

The hall was full when I arrived. So was the platform. I took my place in a row of Professors, Politicians, and Generals. Lyautey rose. He started to speak. I thought he was never going to stop. The palms of my hands were moist. My forehead, I am sure, shone. I have never been so scared in my life. The Chief of the French Air Staff, who was sitting next on my right, did his best to soothe my fears. He said it didn't matter if I couldn't speak French. Then my eye fell on the British Air Attaché in Paris, sitting in the front row below, and panic grew. Lyautey worked up to his peroration. He sat down—now for it! He rose again to announce that the band of the National Guard would play

a selection of music For me a cruel reprieve At length came unmistakable closing bars—the conductor's baton sank The old Marshal rose again and I heard the expected words "La parole est à Monsieur l'Air Vice-Maréchal Munro"

Once in action, funk fled, as it does from most people I remember that I began by apologizing for my bad French, then suggested that since the war an English accent was neither unknown nor unwelcome in Northern France Loud cheers! After that I could have said anything I did make the trite reference to "la belle Paris", and made a hit by referring to Lyautey as the "doyen" of France's soldiers At the dinner which followed I sat next to the old soldier, unfortunately on his deaf side, but I judged that he was a man to be venerated

Whilst in office at the Air Ministry it fell to me to sit through many dinners The season began—if it could be said to begin anywhere—when the Medical Schools opened for the winter term with dinners to most of which the medical chiefs of the Fighting Services were asked Bart's, Mary's, or whoever the hosts, I used to enjoy whatever feast I went to, and meeting there the leaders of my chosen profession It was over the port that I first became friendly with Walter Fletcher Food and wine often tasted better to the palate than speeches to the ear, but there were notable after-dinner speakers—Lord Moynihan, Sir Sinclair Thomson, Sir John Bland Sutton, stood out

Spring and summer brought a crop of invitations from the Royal Colleges and the learned or professional Societies, such as the Hunterian or the Medical Society of London At a Royal College of Surgeons' dinner in Lincoln's Inn, Rudyard Kipling, surrounded by museum specimens of human development, maladjustment and disease, sketched to us the progress of man from monkey in a masterly speech illustrated from Indian jungle and village life

Service dinners, either medical, such as the annual I M S. dinner, or mixed, such as the R A F dinner, and reunion dinners of 1914-1918 war units, went to fill the round I am glad, for the sake of my liver, that I was not then on the Court of the Skinners Company

The St Andrews University Club in London dined twice

a year These were convivial occasions The last one I attended as Rector and Chairman, with Sir John Anderson, Cabinet Minister and Member of Parliament for the Scottish Universities, as guest of honour on my right In a very different style in the early nineteen-twenties, when we used to dine informally in the Holborn, I sat one evening next to a fellow-student of my own time We shared a bottle of whisky, but he drank most of it Later, on my way through the hall, I saw him asleep in a chair His feet were on his hat, and on the floor was a broken pair of spectacles Taking pity, I roused him "Come on", I said, "I'll take you home" He suffered himself to be led, but to questionings made but the one answer—"— live in Ishleworth!" By train and tram I took him to Isleworth Guards and policemen grinned And then I couldn't get his address Eventually, with erratic steps and by devious roads, he led me to one in a row of small houses, a long, long way from the tram terminus He couldn't speak, but he could find his way I roused the house I pushed him into his landlady's arms The time was well after midnight All trams had stopped I walked for miles along deserted streets, then knocked up a police-station I told my story Could they get a taxi-man to drive me home? They could, and did, and, whilst waiting for the man to come, gave me a welcome cup of tea I arrived at Onslow Gardens, where we were living, at about 4 a.m. My wife, anxious, was sitting up She too had been in touch with the police, thinking I had met with an accident I got little sleep, as I was due to start at 7 a.m. for Southampton to see off an R A F troopship sailing for the East I rather envied them The last time I left Southampton Water for a voyage was for a trip in a Saunders-Supermarine Flying Boat with the late Sir Sefton Brancker, lost in R 101, but that was a very short voyage, a round trip to Cowes and Portsmouth!

At Celebrity dinners we entertained from time to time distinguished airmen The American Army airmen who first flew round the world dined with us one night at the R A F Club They were tired men, with the last lap of their journey still to make I sat next to Lieutenant Wade, whose hair was greying "You seem a bit old for this racket," I said, "though I dare say, like me, your hair makes you look older than you are" "You have very distinguished hair", he replied simply I remember our R A F Pulford telling me

that his famous long-distance flight had been a gorgeous holiday

I once had the honour of sitting at table with the late King George V at a dinner given to senior R A F officers by Sir Samuel Hoare in his own house. Our Secretary of State did it well—I had never eaten strawberries and cream in an English March before, nor have since!

In a short conversation with the monarch—he put me at ease at once—I had the temerity to ask him if he still shot as well as ever. He said that his eyes were inclined to water in a wind—whose don't?—but he thought his hand retained its cunning, and held it out to show me that it was steady as a rock—which led on to smoking and its effects, if any, on hand and eye co-ordination. He told me that when a middy in the Navy he used to indulge in surreptitious cigarettes, and he told me how many a day he now smoked. I wish I smoked as few.

The run of coincidences is notorious. I met the King again—twice within a short time—at a tea-party in Buckingham Palace, and as a delegate at the Lister Centenary. The second time, he himself remarked on the fact that he had seen me recently. Very little escapes the Royal eye—or memory.

The last time I saw His Majesty, whom I had served for the whole of his reign, was at his Jubilee, when he reviewed the R A F at Duxford. Few kings have had and deserved in greater measure the affection of their people. His daughter was the Patron—or Patroness?—of our Princess Mary's R A F Nursing Service, and her I used to meet when she came round our hospitals. She took—and takes—a keen interest in the Service which Dame Joanna Cruickshank did so much to build up, and of which I was the titular Director. The Princess, once the ice is broken, is very easy to show round—for one thing, one could listen indefinitely to her lovely low speaking voice. At a tea-party, I have heard her exchanging with my wife methods for killing wire-worm in potatoes. One might have thought them two women chatting over the garden-fence of their respective vegetable plots. Incidentally, ours is just a plot!

My time in the R A F coincided with great mechanized advances, now being even more accelerated. I do not pretend to have more than a superficial knowledge of aircraft, but

I have served my apprenticeship with the internal-combustion engine. Think of how reliable cars are now, comparing them with the cars of two decades ago, though Mr Henry Ford's T2 Model, now extinct, seldom really let its owner down.

It sometimes did. On the way south from our summer holiday we stopped a night at Kendal—or was it Keswick? There was something wrong with the car which meant an adjustment in the gear-box. I had it done in a local garage. We went on. In Yorkshire I lost my way. The second-class road I was on became a third-class road, then a track, and then a dead-end. I stopped the car and put it into reverse. Nothing happened. The engine apparently had seized—but it wasn't even hot! No, it must be something in the transmission! The car could be moved with the clutch taken out, so it must be in the gear-box! We walked a mile to the nearest habitation, the small village of Thorner, where we found a good Samaritan named Rigby. Mr Rigby also was a Ford owner. He was an enthusiast. He had more gadgets on his "tin Lizzie" than I had on mine, and those were the days of extra air-inlets, Runbaken commutators, and numerous other extra devices for which the advertisers claimed wonderful results—smoother running, economy in petrol, and what not, not always so good in practice as the advertisements claimed! Mr Rigby towed us into the village. There was no repairing garage nearer than Leeds, fourteen miles off. We telephoned. The day was Saturday. No help could be got till Monday. A blacksmith in the village had a car. He also had a pit. Most private garages had pits then, for one spent quite a lot of time beneath one's car. Till late on Sunday the blacksmith and I worked on that car. We practically took the gears to bits. In the end we found a broken piece of a file jammed between cogs, and evidently dropped into the gear-box by a mechanic in Kendal—or Keswick. I tried later to get compensation but the garage denied liability for their carelessness. If in the beginning we had simply rocked the car to and fro, I believe it would have fallen out and saved us our trouble.

Thorner boasted no hotel, but we struck lucky in meeting traditional Yorkshire hospitality, as warm-hearted as exists anywhere, and in this instance worthy of being put on record. Mr Rigby had a business in Leeds. He and a daughter lived in a small house in Thorner. They insisted on putting us up. My wife and I had the best room. My son Malcolm

spent a fairly uncomfortable night with Mr Rigby, who, he said, kicked in his sleep. Islay slept with Miss Rigby. How they fed us! Miss Rigby's cooking! I had never tasted Yorkshire pudding before as a separate course with gravy. That was real kindness. We exchanged Christmas greetings till recently. I can see them waving as we drove off.

Planter hospitality in the Indian province of Bihar was proverbial and extensive in time. It could hardly be overstayed, and when it was, there was one delicate hint that some hostesses used to put out. We came across it first when we had staying with us the wife of a Superintendent of Police. Her husband was on a fortnight's tour, and we had invited her to put up with us. Two or three days after she arrived, my wife produced curried eggs for tiffin. Our guest was visibly embarrassed. "You don't mean you want me to go!" she stammered, laying down her spoon. We were bewildered. She explained. In Bihar, to serve curried eggs meant that the hostess was at the end of her food resources, as she must be in India if she has to come down to the common egg.

Planters in India have more than a leavening of Scotsmen, and we Scots are also hospitable—sometimes to excess. Two of my friends were driving home from an evening in a house where the host was a bachelor Scot. Their way lay along a road which crossed a river by a bridge at a sharp angle. "Look out for the bend!" said one. "What, aren't you driving?" exclaimed the other, and snatched at the reins. Too late—they toppled over the embankment. They would have done better to have left it to the pony, who knew his way.

A queer crowd, the Scottish planters. Davidson, of Meen-glass Tea Estate, told me in 1914 that his chief literary food was Carlyle, Ruskin, Froude, the Bible, and the *Spectator*—and that his tastes were a fair sample of others'. Many of them led solitary lives, unless their human appetites caused them to take mistresses from amongst the coolie labour, which they rarely did after about 1910, when the Duars became healthier (due to anti-malarial measures) and wives began to be brought out from home. But I once played Bridge in a planter's house with a dusky partner who was sketchily clad above the waist and who made her bids in Hindustani. She played a good game too. I noticed a bottle of dill water on a shelf and thought, "Ha! a baby somewhere!"

Dr Graham of the Kalimpong Mission, ex-Moderator of

the Church of Scotland, did really noble work in taking these unwanted half-breeds, giving them a sound Scottish education, and placing them—away from India! In 1914 I danced a reel with him at 2 a.m. This was at a Planters' Camp Week. Planters were not exactly all teetotal, but some were. One of these, asked to dine in the house of a Greek—Ralli Bros. had many agents in India—refused whisky. He said he was teetotal. Mysterious whisperings between hostess and the servant waiting at table, who disappeared and presently returned bearing—a cup of tea! Kindly Mrs Lambropoulo. She had lived nearly a score of years in India, but even yet had not mastered the intricacies of the English language. She thought the word teetotaler meant one who always drank tea!

The T2 Model Ford, though engined to 23 h.p., was unequal to some of the steeper gradients. Somewhere about the Lorna Doone Valley in Devon, in foul snowy weather, having failed at a steep hill, I had to let the car run back to the bottom. A countryman was standing there. "Do cars get up this hill?" I asked. "There be cars as do, and there be cars as do'ant", was his non-committal reply. I tried again, and did, anyway, she would climb the side of a house in reverse.

"Rest-and-be-Thankful", the pass between Arrochar and Inveraray, with its appalling surface and hairpin bends—gradient about 1 in 4 at the top—furnished in 1922 a stiff reliability test. I had to decant my passengers before reaching the summit, and at one moment was scared stiff that I was going to fail. It presents no terrors now.

The road from Fort William to Morar, though not so hilly, used to be about the narrowest and foulest in surface in the British Isles—it cost me £4 to get a break-down gang from Fort William when I got my car ditched by its side. As a road it makes up for its badness by its beauty. I think it about the wildest and loveliest of all the West Highland roads—and all are lovely. Yes, beyond compare, for they are unique. If it comes to that, most scenery has its own individual characteristics, as, closer to London, had the scenes of our Sunday excursions, the heathery hills, sky, sandy, pine and bracken-clad commons of Surrey and Sussex. Oxshott and Esher, Puttenham, Frensham, Pulborough. It is always fine when I think of them, but perhaps we only went out on fine days!

Towards the end of my time in the R A F we decided to build a house—if the money could be raised! We picked on Wendover, near Halton Camp, the chief medical centre of the Air Force and therefore much visited by me—had I not played my part in building it? Our own house we decided to build on a spur of the Chilterns overlooking Aylesbury. The decision was made suddenly, one golden summer evening. Previously, from 1924 to 1929, we had lived in Hampton-on-Thames in a small suburban house. The place was handy for the daily trek to work, and that is about the best that can be said of it, unless that it was within easy motoring reach of the South Coast in summer. How many different and lovely country side-roads we found winding over the North and South Downs! And Fulwell golf course is good of its kind. Towards the end of our stay there, on my fiftieth birthday, Saturday, June 23rd, 1928, to be exact, I drove the thirty-three miles from Hampton to Halton to play polo. After my first game for years, it took ten minutes of the combined efforts of an Air Commodore and his batman to pull off my boots, and only once, when I rode a camel sixty miles from Dera Ismail Khan to Paniala, have I ever in my life been so stiff as I was that night. Stiff, but happy. I had got back to horses again! I cursed the eight preceding years devoted to golf, and made up my mind to hunt in the winter.

On that golden evening my wife and I were driving through Wendover, two miles from Halton, after polo. Looking up to Coombe Hill, high above us, she spotted a new house in course of building. We were interested in houses, for the idea of settling somewhere at last had long been in our minds. "Let's go and look at it!" We went, and standing in a field adjoining the site we looked over the Vale of Aylesbury bathed in evening light. This was the ideal site! We could see four counties, though we did not know it then—Bucks, Beds, Herts, and Oxon. Where we stood we would build—and we did!

In a big Air Force station friends we knew would be around, and the atmosphere of Service which we knew so well. Hunting, polo, and golf. One descends from tiger to rabbit at golf, but whilst one can totter one does not grow too old for golf, and one can ride a horse as long as one can sit him.

I was growing too old for fast games on foot—though not on horseback—unless a set or two of garden-party

tennis be counted. There is a time for relinquishing games. It is wise to say a graceful farewell, and not to try a come-back.

I played Rugby football for the last time in Calcutta in 1912¹. The date was my birthday-eve, in the middle of the hot weather. No wonder I never played again! Rugby is not a game for the tropics. But I played hockey up to 1914.

Winter sports, except skating, which I still enjoy, are also a young man's game. I returned from a Christmas at Wengen with my son in 1928 a mass of bruises and sprains. It had taken me over two hours to descend from the summit of the Mannlicher to Grindelwald, by the route on which the race for the Golden Ski was won by Waghorn of the R.A.F. and Schneider Cup fame in some incredible time like 11 minutes. But then he did not cannon from tree to tree, and went straight, not zigzag. I put in a burst towards the end! Shooting past the guide, my son, and the other members of our party, I successfully turned a sharp and icy corner with a double-stemming turn, and was so pleased with myself that I waved both sticks in the air and gave a "View holloa!" Fatal! I crashed and gave my right great toe a wrench from which it has never recovered. The gout got at it later!

Luckily for me, it was at the end of our holiday. On my first day back the Chief of the Air Staff sent for me. I limped into Trenchard's room. "What have you been doing?" he growled in his deep voice.

"Trying to ski, sir."

"Trying to do something you are twenty years too old for!"

Had I not gone young to India, I think I should have been a keen and regular club cricketer. I did play a little in India, and have played in scratch and in country-house matches in recent years. Not many years ago I was invited by Bill Lowndes—his son carried on the family cricketing tradition by captaining Hampshire—to play for the Hunt Members of the Old Berkeley *v* The Farmers. "Have you been playing much cricket?" I was asked. "Hardly played since last century", I replied. Lowndes must, I think, have mistaken this answer for "I have hardly played since *my* last century", for when the batting order came out I was in first, and played so carefully that when I had made 14 in three-quarters of an hour I was told by the captain to hit out, a polite reminder that this was farmers' half-day match.

In the last match I shall probably ever play in I was out for a blob—but I did make a good catch. This was a real village cricket match, Widford *v* Much Hadham, on Mr Pawle's well-known private ground, and had one of the most exciting finishes I have ever seen. From an apparently hopeless position of last man in, who hardly knew one end of a bat from t'other, half an hour to go and 24 runs behind, we (Widford) made the winning hit on the stroke of time. Both villages by then had yelled themselves hoarse. Our hero was the kennel huntsman of the Puckeridge, who cunningly sneaked all the bowling.

I am sorry that my days of team games are over. Still, one can always watch them! I go whenever I can to get a thrill at the Service Rugger Matches. The other day I came across in a drawer a cricket card dated August 14th, 1926, the day England, captained by A. P. F. Chapman, beat Australia at the Oval—Hobbs not out 37, Sutcliffe not out 76.

Well, we built our house, and it was fun watching it go up. We migrated to Wendover in June 1929, and went into the new house on October 3rd, the twenty-fourth anniversary of our wedding-day. I was still in the R.A.F. In January 1930 I was lunching with Sir Walter Fletcher at the Athenaeum to talk over some research scheme, I remember. Over a glass of port I said to him, "I've been nearly nine years at the Air Ministry. It's time I made a hole at the top, there'll be mutiny else. Can you think of any job I could do?" He answered, as it seemed, without pausing to think, "Come and join me at the Medical Research Council."

I put in my papers that afternoon.

VII

1930-1939

WHEN Walter Fletcher made me his offer, my age was fifty-one. It is not easy for a man with the best of his active life behind him to find new and more interesting work, but I struck lucky again. There was I looking for something to do at the precise moment when Walter Fletcher was looking for a man to fill the place of Duncan Wilson (now Sir Duncan Wilson, H M Chief Inspector of Factories). D R Wilson, the first and original secretary of the Industrial Fatigue (now Health) Research Board, had been seconded from the Home Office for ten years. Now he was wanted back. Moreover, Fletcher wanted someone with medical knowledge as well as administrative experience. I was, he thought, that kind of person. No doubt he could have got better men than myself, but I was on the spot at the right moment—and we liked each other! There's a lot in luck!

It was a privilege to work with Fletcher—a privilege, alas! not long to be enjoyed. He died four years later. It is said that nobody is irreplaceable, but by Fletcher's death a gap was left—not only in the scientific world—which to my mind has never been filled. His was a national loss. I still miss him, still often say, “I wonder what Walter Fletcher would have thought of *that*?” The first-rate scientific mind is rarely to be found combined with a flair for administration, with the body of a trained athlete, with the manners of a man of the world, the face of an intellectual, and the distinction of a statesman. Himself an original contributor to physiological knowledge, he knew just what is meant by the word “research”. Unerring in discarding essentials, he got to the heart of a problem whilst taking a broad view of it. Everything that had to do with the activities of the human body he regarded as within the scope of medical research.

The Medical Research Council, with its sister body the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, owe their

essence and inspiration in great part to the genius of A J Balfour, who realized that there is no official brand of knowledge and that seekers after scientific truth, wherever it may lead, are unlikely to solve their problems on lines dictated by a Department. It may be objected that these two new bodies are also Government Departments. True, but they are staffed by scientists who know what research is, and by being placed under the Privy Council—a non-executive impartial body—are removed from the possibility of being directed what to research on, and from being asked to turn out results to order. The experiment has been a success. First-rate scientific workers have been attracted who, left free to tackle the problems in their own way, have made great advances in knowledge.

Was there a niche for me in this organization? It seemed doubtful. What I knew about industry could have been written on the back of a postage stamp. Nevertheless, I became Secretary of the Industrial Health Research Board, and eventually of a number of the Council's scientific committees dealing with a varied assortment of physiological, medical, and biochemical problems ranging from those concerned with Hearing, Vision, Mental Disorders, and Toxicity of Industrial Solvents, to Dental Disease. A mixed bag! And I became a member of several other committees that had a connection with Industrial Medicine and Hygiene, and of the Governing Body of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine—a post-graduate School of London University.

My only previous experience—little enough—of conditions of work in factories had been gained in jute-mills near Calcutta and on tea-gardens in Northern Bengal. For a short time, in addition to other duties, I had been an Inspector of Factories for a group of jute-mills on the River Hooghly, and later a Medical Inspector of tea-gardens in the Duars.

I was equally ignorant of applied physiology and of industrial psychology, though in the R A F I had been interested in physiological and psychological problems of selection. Of psychologists I had often asked myself: Can they detect and differentiate human qualities sufficiently accurately to predict the work a man is best fitted for—the problem of avoiding the square peg in the round hole? It is known that native wit and natural aptitudes for skill can be measured with some degree of prediction by tests. Roughly, at any rate, the sheep

can be separated from the goats. Unfortunately, to be intelligent and handy is but a potential possession. It is no passport to success in life. The use made of these abilities is what counts, the interest and zest that informs that use. When temperament can be tested for, then vocational psychology will be playing on a sound wicket.

Psychology is a term I dislike. It seems too highbrow a word to apply to the art of human understanding. To understand the attitudes, fears, and all the reactions to life that go towards the mental make-up of an individual is for the commanding officer, whether he be soldier, industrialist, or administrator, the secret of success. It is more important for a practising doctor than the most accurate assessment of the patient's physical and chemical diathesis (to use a term as old as Galen). At a recent International Congress on Psychotherapy a serviceable collection of points of agreement among different schools of psychotherapy was put forward, but these concerned principles of treatment rather than of theory, on which the psychotherapists do not always meet each other on common ground as do, say, the "straight" neurologists.

To cure, one must first understand as well as please. This is common knowledge, yet psychology occupies little of the medical students' curriculum, possibly because its terms are as yet but ill-defined. Men engaged in more precise branches of science are apt to call psychology "muck", thinking of the flood of nonsense let loose by the wilder disciples of Sigmund Freud, though few deny the value of his contribution to the better understanding of mental phenomena. Many of the concepts of his school have become established. Complexes and repressions are current coin of everyday speech. The layman and the doctor can understand them, or think they do, which comes to the same thing in practice. But some of the jargon invented by the psycho-analytical school is only to be understood by themselves, and it is certainly not this language which those who demand more "psychology" in the curriculum wish to be taught.

Philosophical psychology may be speculative, but it has inherited respectability from its ancestry. There is nothing disreputable about Descartes and Bishop Berkeley, Locke may compare the human understanding to that of an oyster, but nobody minds, for the argument is purely academic, and to read Hume is surely a mental exercise. So, also,

experimental psychology, when it sticks to controlled methods and abides by statistically valid conclusions—as in its special-sense investigations—is properly scientific in its methods, and thoroughly respectable in its results. In its application to industry, under the name of industrial psychology, it has proved of great value, though it has claimed too much—notably, as I think, for the predictive value of tests.

Since, so far, in this country we have been more cautious in the acceptance of the value of “tests” of various kinds than our American friends, it is permissible perhaps to digress for a moment to discuss their limitations. For there are signs that deductions are being drawn too lightly not only from the answers to innumerable questionnaires but from the results of “tests” of intelligence or capacity even when these tests have been critically planned.

Tests are fascinating toys, but it is easy to take more interest in the toys than in the human being they are designed to test. To fulfil their purpose they must be predictive, and this they cannot claim to be until failure or success in them can be shown to correspond with after-performance. For some tests it may be possible to find a measure of practical correlation in a short time. The physiological tests for Royal Air Force pilots, devised under the stress of war, soon found a body of evidence in support (or otherwise) of their predictivity. But as a rule there is no short-cut. To devise tests is relatively easy, to enter the lists with the statisticians in order to prove that they are reliable requires faith, courage, and figure-proof armour. The path of scientific proof is long and arduous. That many of the so-called psychological tests are still but in a hopeful experimental stage only means that they have not yet passed through this discipline.

If this applies to the simpler tests—for example, to those for skill in various occupations, where the tests may be either a reproduction of the operation itself or an imitation of its component factors, and where the tester has some idea of the qualities he is testing for—how much more does it apply to vocational guidance tests, when the qualities which make for a successful career are so unpredictable. I have always thought that if vocational tests are to be universally applied, it is the person in authority who needs them most. If I ever became a dictator (which God forbid) I would make my purge not on racial but on temperamental grounds.

One trouble about simple tests is that they do not allow

for effects of practice if a test is simple it is easy to learn. Intelligence plays a great part in all these tests. This is sound ground, and has been relied on by University examiners since time immemorial. But often vainly, as everyone knows, for the firmament of medicine is starred with men who were thought stupid as students, and who took a low place in examinations. "It is not enough to be stupid, one must also have good manners", said Voltaire, but it would perhaps be unfair to apply such a cynical remark to a profession in which faith has to be justified by works!

Psychology as a whole is a dog that has been given a bad name and has itself a good deal to blame for it. The term is used so loosely that scientific men are apt to prick up their ears and shy whenever they hear it. So are practical administrators. I once said to Lord Trenchard, "I think you are a bit of a psychologist!" He exploded. "All I meant to say, sir," I apologized, "was that I think you understand people rather well." "Of course I do!" he growled. "Why didn't you say that before?" To learn to understand people rather well—this is the sort of psychology a doctor needs but it can only be acquired in the course of the broader education that life brings, and can hardly be imparted to any student.

Yet something can be done by enabling the young to train themselves and each other. For a doctor to be prepared for the most important human problems he will have to face, he needs the best all-round education—a University education, in which the medical part should preferably be prefaced by an Arts or Science degree, in order to get a general cultural background, such as is provided by the older English and the Scottish Universities (I can't speak of the provincial Universities, for I know nothing of them).

The narrowest education in medicine, I believe, is to be found in London. The boy who goes straight from school to one of the London hospitals experiences none of that microcosm of life that makes a University. He is lucky if he finds the fundamental sciences well taught, for there are not enough first-rate teachers to go round. Moreover, the general attitude of the teaching staff seems to be—I may be wildly wrong—"Get on to the beds, the clinical stuff!" So, when he is qualified, the young man who has been educated entirely in a hospital medical school knows more of disease than of health, and is apt to interpret life

in terms of clinical symptoms of objective pathology. He learns better in time, and the more remote his work from centres where he can get help in the solution of his daily problems the more quickly he learns. The country doctor, by the time he gets to the age when a Government servant has to retire on a pension, is generally a good psychologist, he has to be. Father-confessor, guide, and friend, wielding an autocratic authority, he has seen the babies he brought into the world become grown men and women. He knows all about them and, except for their minister of religion, he is the only person they can go to for advice. Or so it was, I wonder is it so now?

What do I wish now—that I had been better taught? Or probably I should put it, that I had taken more interest in (or been cleverer to absorb?), not psychology—rather, I think, the sciences fundamental to medicine than clinical knowledge, which, like psychology, can and must be consolidated by daily experience later. I wish, for instance, that I was a mathematician, and could understand the formulae applied by statisticians. χ^2 is literally and metaphorically Greek to me! Though actually, unless one is a professional statistician, understanding of how to select sufficient, proper, and comparable data for mathematical treatment is more important than knowledge of the particular methods to be applied. It seems mostly a matter of common sense. A training in logic may help, though I don't know that formal logic as taught in the last century in a Scottish University has helped me much. I was too young to benefit by it anyway.

Not to understand the science of abstractions cramps a scientific education later on—not only in physics, I think, but in biology and physiology, where it is essential to understand clearly what exact method leads to. I dare say it does not need a scientific mind to make a kindly and efficient doctor, but no thinking medical man can keep abreast of modern knowledge—still less advance it—unless he has been well grounded in the fundamental sciences.

These are my later musings. When I joined Fletcher I had to go back to school, to study the previous published reports of the Medical Research Council and of the Industrial Health Research Board, to rub up my physiology, with a bit of physics and chemistry thrown in. I waded through tomes written about Scientific Management—can one teach

management from books?² I learned to talk some statistical jargon, and may have deceived one or two who were *not* statisticians into thinking I knew something about it. The development of Industrial Psychology—from Taylor and Galbraith to Myers, Elton Mayo, and our own investigators—and the history of Industrial Medicine and the Factory Acts sound dry enough reading, but the human problems of industry—and we are all workers—could be interesting if only scientists and others who write books and compile reports could express themselves a little less dully! One can't expect a scientific monograph to be a popular thriller. The evidence must be produced and it cannot be oversimplified, but how I have yawned! I must confess that when I myself came to drafting prefaces to scientific reports I found it difficult to make them snappy. Solemnity creeps in. Why should it? Anything new that can be written about the conditions under which men work should be interesting, even about how their work-places should best be lit, warmed, and aired. For comfort spells content—and output. That damned word output! Used as a measure to judge the good or ill effect of what particular conditions of work we were investigating, it has by many workers come to be regarded as the object. Science only improves working conditions, they think, in order that employers may profit by increased output! Yet output remains often the best concrete measure of the results of human energy, the means, not the end, by which to judge the effects of our experiments to conserve effort.

I came to be mixed up in all this—to be in close contact, and even on the committees, of the unofficial bodies concerned with welfare and the human factor in industry, such as the National Institute of Industrial Psychology and the Industrial Welfare Society. God helping my ignorance, I have made speeches on the problems—or results—of industrial health research at congresses, lunches and banquets, where I have talked of industrial incentives, of skill, and methods of acquiring it, of plateaus of learning, of time and motion study, and goodness knows what else! Of accident proneness, for instance, the characteristic which makes some people's fingers all thumbs, tests to detect it, and—vain crusade—measures that could be taken to remove the accident-prone from positions, such as at the wheel of a motor-car, where they are a danger to themselves and others. Of sick-

ness absence and sickness records—how difficult they are to get and how unreliable (especially from some panel doctors' certificates), and how often in the industrial "misfit" the labelled disease is but a cloak to hide some deeper discontent with working conditions! Ah! those industrial "misfits"—the naggers in authority have much to answer for

I learned from books—a little, from visiting factories—more, from scientific committees—a lot, but from having to criticize the plans and progress of our own investigators' work—most of all I did something to spread the gospel by planting them at University centres, where they could combine their research and field work with a little higher teaching

Our Board's investigators might research into hours of work, rest-pauses, and the like, but I myself did not suffer from industrial fatigue. Office hours were what I chose to make them, and when work was light I thanked God for it and found some other form of amusement, hunting every Saturday in winter—and one day a fortnight besides—and playing polo of an afternoon in summer. Happy days! Our office is a happy, friendly family. A small family, six in all, the Medical Research Council must be the smallest Government Department ever. Large—in body, mind, and heart—Sir Edward Mellanby succeeded Fletcher. He looks, as he is, a Yorkshireman and a good example for his own nutritional discoveries. Arthur Landsborough Thomson, of the best type of Scot, has the best Staff-officer brain I have ever met in the Army or out of it. He proved it in the last war and has more than proved it since.

One's work brought one in contact with the best brains in the world of biological science. Why men of the rating of Sir Charles Sherrington and Sir John Herbert Parsons are willing to spend hours of their time—a free gift—on our scientific committees I don't know. And why are the really great truly humble?

When the passion for scientific truth and honesty moves them, such men are dangerous. Interesting men, not all scientists, met together on the Industrial Health Research Board. Sir Arnold Wilson, soldier, scholar—and indefatigable quoter of the Scriptures and the Classics—and prolific writer, was my first Chairman. E. P. Cathcart, Professor of Physiology in Glasgow, outspoken and downright in his Scottish speech

—and wise, succeeded, he had ever been interested in the application of physiology to everyday life. With him in the chair our discussions were always interesting.

Ernest Bevin—not only one of the leading Trade Unionists in the country, but a genuine social reformer! One has to get up early in the morning to argue with such men. They know their stuff, and how to handle men. They ought to, for to get to the top they have been through the mill. In my experience of conferences where they meet employers round a table—I've been at a number when we were investigating alleged unhealthy conditions in various industries—they have often shown themselves superior to catch the point of argument. Is not this to be educated? When Bevin leaned back, eyes twinkling, and, twisting his mobile mouth, said, "This is what we 'ad ought to do", he was generally right. A chance remark he made to Cathcart in my hearing asking why his busmen carried soda-mint tablets in their pockets led to one of our statistical investigations (they do take a time!) which proved that busmen do, in fact, suffer unduly from digestive trouble, and thence to an inquiry into the conditions in their work that cause it.

Fred Marquis, tall, blond, and shrewd! Also a social reformer to begin with, but now busier in reforming business and Government administration. I had better not write about him, for (a) he is now a peer (Lord Woolton), (b) he is a friend—his sister-in-law, May Smith, being one of our investigators and a close friend to me, and his son one of my apprentices at Skinners Hall.

One could not—I don't say I did not—talk rubbish with such men as these or with the real scientists on the Medical Research Council's Committees and get away with it. I sometimes suspect that I got away with it when talking to lesser men.

Shortly after leaving the R A F I was made a K C B, and I noticed that some who before this honour was conferred on me would probably have said, "Munro, you are talking through your hat", now said, "We are pleased to hear Sir David's opinion."

The K C B was unexpected. Returning from my morning ride, I found a pile of letters on the hall table. "Bills!" I supposed. I opened the first—"Congratulations." I rushed for the *Times*, and there it was! I yelled the news upstairs.

to my wife. We were due to motor to Birmingham after breakfast, where I had some work to do, and didn't we make a holiday of it! We never enjoyed a drive so much, except our honeymoon drive to Murrce. Lilac and laburnum were in full blossom and the June sun was shining. We picnicked light-heartedly on the banks of the Grand Union Canal. I have known lovelier drives down the side of Loch Ness, for instance, a year or two later, where my wife claimed, and with some supporting evidence, that she had seen the monster, and was cross with me for driving on without turning my head. Neither of us could have been cross on the K C B day. We were happy. This was a culmination of achievement. I felt as George V must have felt on that great day when we all celebrated his Jubilee (we had a good seat on the Mall, and what a bonfire in Wendover!)—that life was rounded off, that nothing more could happen to disturb our peace. Couldn't it!

In this last decade it is not work that has mostly touched my smouldering memory to flame. It is a truism that as age advances, memory for recent happenings is dimmed compared with that for earlier events. But this, I think, is as much a function of Time as of Age. Whilst one is in the wood one cannot see it for the trees. Only when one has climbed the mountain and looked back do the outlines of the wood stand clear. If I were to be vouchsafed another thirty years of life—which God forbid!—I believe that I might remember the events affecting myself in recent years as clearly as now I see in memory's looking-glass the happenings of thirty years ago. Perhaps not, for one can hardly hope to have escaped the inevitable degeneration of vital functions implied in the term "senility." Alas! as the physiologists tell us, decadence begins in the seventh decade, if not before, for some are "wizened old dotards at five", and the falling-off, once begun, is rapid, with notable exceptions of men and women alive and active far beyond their years. Why? Is there perhaps in them a better circulation of the blood, bringing more oxygen to the brain? Have they good livers and digestions or a low blood-pressure, or is it active habits of exercise that keep their bodies fit? The last two conditions fit me, who am—touch wood!—bright and fit for a man of my age.

No! My outstanding impressions during the last decade

have been gained neither in my office nor in factories, interested though I am in the apparently inexhaustible ingeniousness of machine design, and wonder-struck afresh each time I see the various processes by which things are made—from the raw material to the manufactured product—but chiefly it has been the beauty of our countryside that has deepened its spell on my memory year by year.

In fact, my London office might almost be in the country. Three french windows open on a balcony overlooking Birdcage Walk, giving me a fifth-storey view over St James's Park—the lake, the ducks, the pelicans, bird-sanctuary island, and the trees. In summer I could imagine myself looking out from some window in a stately home of England—the park needs only deer. Glances of Carlton House Terrace through trees and the top of the Duke of York's column are the only buildings in direct view, though on my right I can see a bit of the Horse Guards Parade and the back of Whitehall.

Even in winter the view is spacious and park-like enough to give the impression of "*rus in urbe*". In my almost daily walk from the office to the Athenaeum for lunch I have got to know every tree by the way. I could pass with credit an examination on which are the first to burst into leaf. Year by year in spring I have watched from my window big bright patches of yellow crocus appear across the lake, admired in May the tulips, in October the dahlias, massed in beds, and never failed to be amused by the antics of the birds. Quarrelsome little beasts!

My own house, high on the Chilterns, affords a wider range of view.

The Vale of Aylesbury! I think I know nearly every field and farm in it, and if not all the farmers, at least a majority of those who hunt or love to see hounds on their land. I have drunk beer with them in country pubs or market town, and tea—or something stronger—in their homes. For we who love the country, horses and hounds—and I am one of that brotherhood—know what a debt we owe to farmers.

Mine I can never repay. From the privileged freedom of their fields I have gained enjoyment beyond price. Except the sport, they themselves have little to gain from hunting. Unless checked by a competent Field Master—such as Lord Rosebery, under whom I have followed hounds in the Whaddon

Chase country for ten seasons—crowds of horsemen cut up their fields, make gaps in their fences, frighten their stock, and, if specially naughty, trample down their seeds and mow of the field—especially those who patronize (appropriate word!) a pack in the home counties—are strangers, who give large subscriptions but often forget thank-you's. Why do the farmers put up with it? Because a love of sport for its own sake is part of their conservative tradition and of their love of land and country. Even new-style farmers, who do not themselves ride, will place and foster a litter of fox-cubs in a field drain help with earth-stopping, take down wire when asked to, and will love to see hounds coming their way. What do they get in return? Of rewards temporal, some recompense from the poultry and wire funds, their fences repaired, and yearly a dinner or two and a dance in a county hotel, plus a marquee lunch at a Point-to-Point. Of rewards spiritual, freedom and friendship on equal terms with the many kinds and conditions of men who care for country life and sport and respect the farmer as the backbone of the country. "Yeomen of England" is a popular song at a farmers' "do". I kept a sort of hunting diary. Here's a random sample, written in February 1934.

"Meet of Whaddon Chase at Oving. Rain at first. Cleared up later and colder. Left trailer at Whitchurch, and hacked on with the Padre. Most of the usual crowd out. Found about 1 o'clock in Lionel's Thorns. Fox made to point up-hill towards Pitchcott Farm, turned right-handed and crossed Aylesbury-Buckingham road. Swung left to Cieslow Ridge. Left-handed again and recrossed road below Hurdlegrove Hill. Check at Guy Thorns. Lost him somewhere on Maynes Hill Farm near Cecil Drabble's. Probably slipped off to Xmas Gorse? Scent poor. Hacked back to Lionel's Thorns, drew blank. To Quarrendon—blank. 3 p.m. found in Evelyn's Patch. Ripping run to Weedon, then left-handed, leaving Aston Abbots on right, over Norduck and on to Cublington, where killed. Three mile point? Self not very far behind. Tiger jumping grandly."

How good scent often is, in the afternoon of days that start mild and rainy and then turn colder!

Though much has been written, little is known about scent, but it seems probable that scenting conditions are most favourable when the earth is exhaling warmth into a ground layer of condensing colder air

On such a November day recently I was standing outside covert as far forward as I dared to get a good start. Our ears were pricked, Tiger's and mine. The note of a horn sounding the "Gone away!" or the waft back of a "View holloa!" might come at any moment. My eyes were strained for the sight of a russet fox as he slunk away, yet consciously they noticed the last of summer's leaf in yellow splashes on the elm tops. Hips and haws clustered scarlet and crimson on the bushes. In the covert one spindleberry tree was touched by the sun. It was massed with pink berries, open to show the orange in their hearts. The under-carpet of green which spread from hedge to hedge across the fields was still covered by a patched mantle of summer's dead grass. The hedges, though leafless, showed purple and silver where the light slid along their twigs. Add to the scene the coats of huntsmen and hounds, scarlet and black and tan, and a bluish mist in which they were shortly to vanish! I saw it all as a colour scheme. When I got home I wrote some verses. They were published in the magazine of St Andrews University, probably because I am the Rector. The lines are forgotten, but I remember the emotions that led to them.

At these times of excited anticipation all the senses are quickened to concert pitch. Everything in nature is noticed far more vividly than during a humdrum country walk. I hardly talk to anybody during a hunt, except when hacking to the meet or homewards at the end of the day, for I am so absorbed in watching and feeling! Aloofness is not one of my failings, but after years of hunting with several packs it is a fact that, except by sight, I know very few of the usual habitués. Even at moments when I might be overheard—but I don't care—the exhilaration of a fast run makes me break into tuneless and toneless song.

"When the great big world keeps turning"—a revue hit of the last war—fits well to the beat of galloping hoofs (or should it be "hoooves"?). In my more excited moments Tiger used to hear the "Siegfried" motif from the "Ring". I kept that for Tiger, and, except as a tribute to his memory, never

whistle it now that he is gone, as I used to when we landed as one over a big fence and I patted his neck. Tiger, I hope, is in Valhalla with Siegfried's horse Grane. He deserves to be. In my dreams I ride him again. Perhaps my dreams may come true.

The Tring and District Farmers Drag hunts in the Old Berkeley, South Oxford, Whaddon Chase, and North Herts countries along the line of the Chilterns to the north-west. Tiger and I spent some of the best Saturday afternoons of our lives with them. The first time I ever jumped a five-barred gate was on Tiger during the second line of a Drag hunt. He jumped it, I didn't. I knew ecstasy at that moment. "Tiger has jumped me into Paradise", I thought, and have never gone back on that thought. And I bought him for £50—the best buy of my whole life.

Staghounds chase a stag (nowadays, except on Exmoor, mostly tame), foxhounds chase a fox, harriers chase a hare, as do beagles when "Puss" is hunted on foot, but draghounds—superannuated fox-hounds—merely chase a smell. Their reward at the end is offal—in a sheep's paunch! But they tear it and eat it eagerly. Perhaps they think it is a fox. Some fox-hunters put on airs about a Drag. They will go with harriers or even on foot with beagles, but a Drag is despised as imitation hunting. It may be but it is a devilish good imitation. I have twice been invited to be Master of the Tring Drag, and wish I could have accepted. Lack of spare time—and spare cash—forbade. To be a successful M D H is practically a whole-time job. Master—and Secretary—must be in close and continuous touch with the farmers over whose land the hunt is going to ride—roughshod! This needs the exercise of tactful persuasion, and some expenditure on beer. Especially he has to look ahead in making arrangements for his "lines". A Drag generally runs three or four lines, each of which probably crosses the land of several farmers. Permission from the farmers having been obtained, the lines are mapped out, and the scent laid early in the morning of the day fixed for the meet. A mounted hunt servant or friendly farmer drags the "scent", or "drag" attached to a rope, along the ground behind him. A usual drag is the skin of an old vixen dipped in a mixture of fox urine and aniseed. When the line-layer comes to a fence he hauls in the slack of his rope, thereby

lifting the drag from the ground, before he jumps. At the end of a "line" he hauls it up permanently, thus imitating the check in a real hunt. The following hounds will run out of scent there. For the next line the Master will have to take the field some distance to the spot where he knows that scent begins again and he can lay on hounds. Scent is so strong that hounds get it breast-high and run at a clacking pace. The good point about a drag is that the field are guaranteed a fast gallop over plenty of fences, which they would not get on a bad scenting day with hounds. But—and it is a big but—they will get none of the unexpectedness of the real fox-hunt, nor the pleasure of watching hounds work out their line for themselves. They will know the fences are reasonably safe—no excitement of wondering whether they are making for an awkward place.

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright" I used to murmur as I patted the old horse's back. I don't know why, but nor did Blake! The memory of my Tiger burns bright, and especially of a day at the end of his last season.

It was, in fact, the last day of the Whaddon season—a day in early March. The meet was at Swanbourne. I have a one-horse trailer, made cheaply in Tingo to the design of an R A F friend. It hitches easily on to the back of my car, lets me get afield to the more distant meets, and has saved man and tired horse's—particularly horse's—old legs many a weary hack. I trailed Tiger that day to a spot about a couple of miles from the meet, unboxed him and hacked on by a side-road. The trees were casting pale shadows which told the time of year, as their direction, east by north, dialled the hour of day. The hedgerows on either side of the road were bare, but their banks were sprouting green with wild parsley. High in the blue, and veiled from sight, exulting larks were singing. Old Tiger felt the breath of spring. Tossing his head, he flicked his ears and trotted out briskly. In the lane I overtook a farmer and his daughter. We rode along together. Daughter's bowler hat appeared about as many years younger than father's as she than father. Said she wistfully, "I'm afraid it's our last day. Can't we persuade the Master to give us a bye-day?" I shook my head. I knew that idea was no good. At a corner we fell in with a stream of riders to the meet by another road. We turned uphill through the village. I caught a scent of violets from a cottage garden where a bed of daffodils was flowering early "catching

the winds of March with beauty" On either side of the road, ivy-clad stone walls basked in the sun

We arrived at the village green Red coats and black, top-hats and bowlers, breeches and skirts were gathered there We were just in time to see the Master come out of a hospitable house—wiping his mouth! He stood a moment under a clump of larches, emerald-green and pink-tufted Spring came early that year He mounted "Hounds, gentlemen, please!" Sterns waving, all bunched beneath the huntsman's dangling whip, the pack took the lead We fell in rank behind "Jog-jog" we went for half a mile or so, and then turned through a gate (where the Secretary collected "caps") We were on grass Tiger humped his venerable back and threw a buck "Steady, boy!"

We moved across the fields, now hopefully showing their spring carpet of green "Winslow Spinneys, I suppose!" someone remarked, and correctly The Spinneys lay warmly lit The trees, though leafless, were far from colourless mossy or bright-barked silver trunks of elm or birch, twigs covered with buds about to burst, made a patchwork of purple, green and silver, splashed with the yellow of the dangling catkins, hazel and sallow Tiger and I stood at a corner by a stream that rippled along the outer edge of the covert On its banks enamelled celandines shone like yellow moons I faced him down-wind on purpose—the fox should break that side The old horse stood patiently, not so I, listening for sound of horn, for voice of huntsman, or for crack of whip But stillness brooded on the wood If hounds were in, their tongues were mute Tiger was the first to prick his ears, to hear the "Hollos" back Our fox had broken up-wind—the hunt was up and we were in the tail of it Bustling back, through a glade starred with golden coltsfoot, we had to wait our turn at a gap—the rest of the fence was wired As it happened, we lost nothing Hounds ran three fields and then threw up their heads None knew better than they that scent was catchy On such a dry and sunny day, when lambs are frisking in the fields, the hunting season nears its close From field to field we trotted or cantered The day wore on to afternoon—each covert the huntsman drew was blank We halted Grouped in a grassy bottom we were chatting I was smoking a cigarette Hounds were rolling on the grass There was a sudden stir! We heard a "Hollos—Whi-a!-a!" Outlying in the field, and

resting from his night of love, a dog-fox sprang up in full view

Scent had improved with the promise of evening chill. Hounds raced up the slope to a crest whose line was cut clear against the blue sky, as though the month were June. Tiger found the place for a start—a stake and bound with ditch on either side—no one ever saw him turn his head from an awkward place. Although his top speed was, so to speak, on second gear, he always stood well back and jumped well out. We were still with the first flight at the top of the rise. A steep descent! Tiger accelerated. Though not built for speed, he was fast downhill, especially as he was generally bolting! Turn right, and a brook in front, its taking-off much higher than its landing side. Some went round to look for a bridge, but I couldn't stop Tiger anyway! He cleared it like a stag! Then a steep hill. Tiger laboured to the top. Swanbourne Vale stretched before us, a chequered vista of field and hedge. The smoke of farmsteads toned with the misty blue of distant Chiltern hills. Hounds were a couple of fields ahead, and at that pace would soon be out of sight. Tiger plugged on, fencing unfalteringly, but we fell behind in that three-mile point. I patted his neck, sang, and called him "Grand old horse." When we came up with the hunt, our fox had gone to ground. No use to dig, too late to draw again. It was the end. The small remaining field were gathered round. We trotted towards them. There was a low grass kerb beside the road. Tiger stumbled on it, and we fell—he nearly rolled on me. I rose unhurt. What was wrong with Tiger? Nothing that I could see or feel—then! It came to me that Tiger was old, Tiger was tired—had had a gruelling run—and that was all—or was it?

A long note from the horn blew hounds out and signalled the end of the season. It had been a good day. We started homewards along a road leading to where I had left the trailer, not very far away. Alas! Tiger began to go short. The old horse was lame. I got off and led him. Beneath a bank of cloud the western light suffused a quiet world with brilliance, touching to richer hues the reddening buds on hedge and tree. A dam with her foal came cantering up a field towards the road. She thrust her nose over the hedge. Tiger stopped and neighed loudly. I had never heard him neigh before. Suddenly my uneasiness was focussed to a pang. I realized that for Tiger and me the day of parting

was drawing near, and my affection for the old horse was one of my few unselfish emotions. Was this for him the last day of his last season and the twilight of a hero? I banished morbid thoughts, and as we walked along my spirits revived. A summer at grass, Tiger would be good for several seasons yet. But he wasn't.

Tiger (rest his gallant heart) could not compare in looks with Silverreen, a dapple-grey, well-bred, half-Arab polo pony, which I bought as a seven-year-old for £75. I was lucky. In another week she would have been snapped up, I think, by an Indian rajah who was in England looking round for ponies to complete his string, and probably fetched several hundreds of pounds. Major Leaf, who took the last English team to America, had been her original owner, and she had played in the Inter-Regimental Tournament. She was fast, but could never have played in first-class games. No one could ever teach her to change feet or to lead on her off-fore. Then she went lame, and was sent back to Frank Rich, who had bred her. The lameness was nothing but bad shoeing—she was never lame on the feet again. Frank was living near-by then, and playing polo with us, so I did a private deal with him. I've had eight seasons on her and she has played in the R A F and Navy match at Roehampton, and several times in the Kirtlington Park tournaments. She owes me, as they say, nothing. Our R A F Club played polo three afternoons a week on the Halton aerodrome. It would doubtless be reckoned second-rate stuff, but we enjoyed ourselves, and one of our teams generally managed to win a cup at Kirtlington. Some of our best players were not R A F, but outside members, including ladies—Lady Priscilla Willoughby, Mrs. (Joyce) Greenall, and the two Cowdray sisters (Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Guerdon) played regularly with us in different seasons.

I picture Silverreen at the end of a "chukka". She is being sluiced down with water. Her tail is well arched, her flanks are heaving, and the nostrils in her lovely head are dilated like saucers. I approach her. Her great dark eyes seem to say, "I know you've got a lump of sugar!" And she nuzzles me for it. Silverreen was unanimously voted by girls a beauty, and was always being spoiled for her affectionate ways.

It has been my summer habit since 1928 to rise early, drive to our Command stables, mount my pony, ride to the

aerodrome, knock a polo ball about for ten minutes, ride back round by the hill through Halton beech-woods, change at the camp swimming-bath, swim a couple of lengths, put on my town clothes, and get back in time to breakfast and catch my London train. This sounds a mere time-table, but those mornings were worth rising early for. From the stables to the aerodrome Silvercreech and I had a choice of paths. One of my favourites led by the edge and across the corner of a patch of wood, over a canal by one of the Rothschilds' ornamental bridges, across a field, into a copse, over a stream, and through the big covert called Rosemead intersected by grassy rides—dark aisles between tall trees casting long shadows. Looking back, the hill filled the gap. Part of the covert was a thick jungle of the bush—one of the honeysuckle tribe—that produces as fruit the white ball I was taught to call snowberry. I can never remember the botanical name. Rabbits love its cover. In the early morning—rabbits' breakfast-time—they would scuttle across the dewy rides, so many at a time that Prudence and Patience were bewildered. They never knew which to chase, and being Irish barked themselves hoarse. Sometimes I entered the wood by a little-known gap and plunged through the jungle. Sometimes I rode by the canal bank, picking as I went a blossom to bring home to breakfast—may or wild cherry in spring, dog-roses in June, later tall scabious, meadow-sweet or rosebay.

In spring and autumn the Chilterns are at their best—and their best is good. And Wendover one of the picked spots. Wherever the Rothschilds have lived they have planted trees with imagination and taste. In Halton Park the delicate spring green of the native beeches is interspersed with the tawny red of the copper beeches. Weeping beeches intermingle with ashes, elms, ilex, double-blossomed cherries, and full-grown yew and box. Avenues of limes and chestnuts make a pageant in early summer. Imported rarer trees have been nursed to hardiness. Autumn's a riot of colour. No wonder Silvercreech and I loved our early morning rides. A pool half in the woods and half in the meadows is fed by a spring that gushes from the hillside, cold from the chalk. A swimming-bath has been built round it, terraced and balustraded. The woodland, and where the stone terrace is over-shadowed by dark yews, might be Classic. The open meadow end is wholly quiet England.

Silverreen went down to grass in winter. Polo ponies have a harder lot than hunters, who luxuriate in the lush grass of summer. Tiger's successor was Peter, a more manageable horse than Tiger, and with a better turn of speed. For the first time in my life I was able to dream of riding in a Point-to-Point, though by modern standards Peter was no point-to-pointer. I extracted a lot of fun trying to train him over a practice course round the aerodrome, and in 1936 I entered him for the R A F Race in the Middlesex Yeomanry Meeting at Kimble, riding my first steeplechase at the age of fifty-eight—and only getting a third of the way round! The crash came at the open ditch. Racing requires experience. I knew that one of the competitors was a wild horseman, had been told that his mount would probably be out of control, and warned to keep clear of him. But not being up to race-riding tricks, and full of excitement at my first race, I saw a chance of taking the lead, and dashed for it. Up till then I had been taking my fences with extra care, keeping well away from everyone on the right of the course. Neglecting to keep my eyes skinned, I failed to notice a horse coming in from the left until it was right across my line. Peter was thrown out of his stride, and had to take off before he meant to. He jumped short, scrambled over somehow, and fell. When I came to the race was nearly over.

Next year we did better, but not much—one of the disappointments of my life! We were just behind the leader, and Peter was pulling hard. The favourite had fallen. The going was terribly heavy after rain, favouring the hunter as against the steeplechaser stamp of horse. I felt sure of a place, if not a win, when, as I landed over a jump, a stirrup leather gave! I was out of the race. I cursed the groom afterwards, but the blame was as much mine. One should look to one's gear before a race. It poured with rain that day! Several people said to me—or rather at me through my wife in the paddock, "Surely your husband isn't going to ride to-day!" My wife looked uneasy. I began to have in a more exaggerated form that sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach which comes on most acutely as the bell rings to mount. The parade was about to go down to the starting-point when Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Sir John Salmond, came up. He patted Peter on the neck. "I envy you, David," he said, "being able to get this sort of thing!" "Do you? Well, get up and take my place!" It is extraordinary how



MEET OF THE WHADDON CHASL AT R A F MESS HALTON
NOVEMBER 1936

Author on Peter

quickly "wind-up" goes once one is in action, and my personal experience of life is that the jobs I've been most frightened to tackle have been the best done

Point-to-Points come when the hunting season has finished. It will be months before one will again get up on a hunting morning to scan the weather. From my house, when I look out across the Vale of Aylesbury to the north-west and see an opal streak in the horizon above the ridge opposite, I know that however rainy the dawn the day will clear.

Anticipated joys are often better than the realities. The beginning of the hunting season has a special appeal. Cubbing mornings! They bring the first suggestion of autumn, the first hint of dying summer! The fields are all dewy. As I trot past a farmhouse, the low level rays of the newly risen sun are gilding the whitewashed wall of a barn. Against it a motionless cow is silhouetted black. The west is smoky with haze—it is going to be a fine day. In the soft mist the full-foliated wood looms big, still and apparently impenetrable. Within the wood the note of horn and huntsman's cries sound faint. Out come hounds and flash into a patch of wet kale.

The sun is well up when we get home, hungry, to breakfast.

These happy years of horse and hound, of polo and Point-to-Point I owe to one man—Group Captain the Rev. H. Beauchamp, M.C., Roman Catholic Chaplain-in-Chief to the Air Force, Pontifical Prelate to the Pope (have I got that right?), and owning other ecclesiastical titles—widely and better known as just "The Padre". Few men, I imagine, are better known or more popular (with both sexes) in the hunting world, or hail-fellow-well-met to so many farmers, to not a few of whom in illness or misfortune he has managed to do some good turn or other, like helping with a child's schooling, for his right hand does not advertise what his left hand doeth. I doubt if he knows the number of his trophies, for he has always had a horse or two to win a Point-to-Point on somewhere. Needless to remark, he is an Irishman, bronzed-faced, wide-mouthed, with dark, twinkling eyes and a figure more soldierly than priestly. He would have been both a century or two ago, and probably ended up as a Cardinal. I think he may do that yet! He has all the wit and guile of his people, and I think has kissed the blarney stone harder than most of them, for if he wants a thing he gets it. He will advance thirty-seven arguments

why he should have it, most of them good and expressed in a soft Irish accent. By the time he comes to about the tenth, the man he is arguing with will say, "Oh! for God's sake have it your own way, Padre!" He is, in fact, an arch-wangler. And a man of the world to the extent that is no Anglican clergyman or Scottish minister that I have ever met—a judge not only of a horse but of the world's material comforts, with a shrewd business head thrown in. Yet he does not neglect things spiritual for things temporal. R.C. priests—and I have met a number—seem to me like that, when they are good they stand out. They are so much in touch with the ordinary affairs of the laity. Perhaps it is their training in psychology (which is good). Does the Confessional help, I wonder?

Harry Beauchamp ran our hunting stables and our polo seasons—himself playing for years in the R.A.F. v Navy annual Polo Match. He kept my horses for me in the big stables at Halton, of which he was the efficient stable-master. Our horses were always well looked after, for he knew how to make grooms work, and well fed, for he knew where to buy best and cheapest. I could not have afforded to hunt and play polo but for his advice and friendship. He even advised me on my purchases of horse-flesh, and did not let me down—he could not in decency perhaps take advantage of my ignorance—but he did buy and sell horses, and I should be surprised if anyone ever got the better of him in a bargain, for he is of the type of Irishman in whom knowledge of horses is bred in the bone.

It's a pity there are not more like him. A pity, too, I used to say in the R.A.F., that more young officers did not take to hunting and polo. Theatres, dinners, dances in town—with a girl—come expensive, and by forgoing a few town pleasures they could have afforded horses.

During these years I had a double set of male acquaintances—my country life and my club. Members of the Athenaeum are not all "intellectuals"—I should think that I am the least intellectual member of the present General Committee—but few of them are sporting. I brought in one day a couple of polo sticks which I had just bought in Holbrows, and handed them to the hall porter to put in his cabin whilst I lunched. The old man is dead now. "Excuse me, sir", he asked, "but what *are* they?" I told him "Never seen

one of them before," he said, "but I've not been here so very long." I asked him how long, and I think he said forty years, but I may have misheard. If so, I scored a record in the club, for in the last century polo in England was practically confined to cavalry, and I doubt if any polo-playing British cavalry officers were members of the Athenaeum.

After the age of fifty, sins and afflictions find out the joints in one's physical armour. In 1931 gout laid me by the heels—or rather the big toes, both of them, followed the next year by a sharp attack of sciatica. One does not parade one's ailments—that I have lost the hearing of one ear from Menière's disease was a curse at the time, but has compensations now, for I can sleep in the noisiest surroundings by turning my sound ear to the pillow. But my gout, more constitutional, I hope, than over-indulgent in origin, had consequences, physical and emotional. It was the main factor in breaking the custom of the annual golfing holiday to Machrihanish. Form at golf, once lost, is not easily regained in advancing age. Mine has gone for ever—along with my feet—and this has taken the edge from the pleasure. A confession of faulty temperament and character, I know, and I still like pottering about on the links, but the keenness has gone. A month in a Campbeltown hotel, spent almost entirely in one room with feet up on a chair and feeling ill, is an unhappy way of spending a holiday. Unreasonably, I "kicked the cat"—I blamed the place. Actually, though I did not then know it, there were working within me deeper, and not physical, causes of discontent. Call it boredom—the feeling that the yearly round had got on to a circular and immutable track. The path of life seemed to stretch dull and unvaried to the grave. The last kick against approaching elderliness, I suppose! Now that I know, I have forgiven unoffending Campbeltown, scene of many happy memories, and place of many friends. The boredom has gone, but I'm not sure that I would not wish it back. Substituting for Campbeltown the Continent, Austria, Germany, and Italy, I became an August wanderer, but ill-equipped linguistically with English, schoolboy French, Pushtu, Punjabi, and Hindustani—the last up to "memsahib's" or kitchen standard only and not of much use in Europe anyway. Not everyone can keep their languages separate. Like most ex-Eastern Service men, I expect, I intersperse my bad French and German with Hindustani, especially when I am racking

my brains for the right word. Habit—perseveration I think the psychologists call it. I learned my smattering of French at night-classes in the Air Ministry, got my small store of conversational German at a Berlitz School, where they taught me well. When I opened my mouth to utter German it was at any rate understood what language I was talking. “What do they know of England who only England know?” Contrast is the salt of feeling, and no wonder our grandfathers thought the Grand Tour a proper coping-stone to a young man’s education. I had seen East and Middle East, but was yet to draw breaths of wonder nearer home. “See Venice and die!” Who said that I do not know, but I know why, having seen the Piazza of St. Mark’s by full moon to music and a softly murmuring crowd—and in happy company. I remember Venice as I saw her first, her towers mirrored across the lagoon, and Venice again seen from an Ala Littoria flying boat as it glided down towards the Lido. Light falling vertically plays strange tricks with a landscape. The aircraft had crossed from Trieste towards evening, with the Gulf of Trieste a thousand feet or more below, glowing shadowless under a light which might have shone from a rainbow—earth and sea seen through a spectroscope. Landwards, the coastal plain was tawny yellow, below, the shallow water iridescent amethyst, to seaward the deep a pure emerald green.

The start that morning had been made from the harbour of Lussinpiccolo, stony-hilled Italian island of rocky bays fringed with myrtle and pine. The little cove of Cigale, how limpid and warm its blue waters! I swam across it at midnight—naked, and slightly less naked at most other hours of the day, till the sun gave the signal for the evening walk, the café, the apéritif, and with darkness the dinner, lantern-lit beneath the pines. The murmurous Mediterranean laps a man to sleep. As in St. Andrews, in a very different scene the sea sings low. As R. F. Murray wrote

“ It sings a tune well loved and known
Of days gone by ”

Hydropathy and ultra-violet light, in other words swimming and sun-bathing, were the main objects of my pilgrimages. And mountains and music—the Tyrol and Carinthia for mountains, Salzburg and Munich for music. Climbing one evening through the forest from the little hamlet of Seefeld

to reach the snow-line where grow the Alpine roses and the edelweiss, I and my companion turned in for a drink at the "Rosse Hutte". In the Tyrol, the snow-line and the beer-line practically coincide. But the Tyrolese know how to place their beer-huts at lovely view-points. We walked over to a little crag. The sun had already left the valley, a sheer thousand feet below from where we stood. The village was in shadow, the surface of the Wildsee a sheet of lead. That morning I had plunged in its bright waters, lazed on its heathery banks. To the west, Hohe Munde heaved up its great conical mass—Hohe Munde or the High World—dark against the sun. Through a gap beside its peak, range upon range of mountains shone in sunset light, distant and yet more distant, stretching to dim infinity. One could imagine them the golden roof of the world. Before the descent was over, lights were twinkling in the village, brightest from the café. There was just time for an apéritif before dinner. Afterwards I watched the Tyrolean lads and lasses dance.

Next year I went to Carinthia, to a valley—the Gailtal—well off the beaten track. Few there had ever spoken to an Englishman or knew one by sight, except the Duke of Windsor, who was staying in the Schloss Wasserleonburg at Notz, near the mouth of the valley. He was well known because they flocked to see him. He was then awaiting the date on which Mrs Simpson would be free to marry. Two trains a day go up and down the valley from its mouth at Villach to its head at Kotchak-Mauthem. Whilst one is dawdling up the other is creeping down. The one whistles—piercingly. The other makes a noise like a cow in pain—through a horn, presumably! They were the only noisy things in that quiet valley. I used to imagine—fancifully—that these "Zugs"—German for trains, and sounds like a wild animal—were the only dangerous denizens in the deep dark woods that clothed the mountains, wild beasts that ranged the valley twice a day. "Nazis" were not known then to be so dangerous.

I went up the valley in a "whistler", on a day when rain streamed from low clouds. Damp heat from bodies of packed passengers obscured the window-panes. We sat on wooden seats—there is but one class in these trains. A bundle of an old lady, covered with smaller bundles, sat opposite to me. "When do we reach Presseger See?" I asked. This was my destination. "Next station", she told me. Our Zug jolted to a stop. I opened the door. The train stood in the midst

of fields, a lake visible in the offing with dim outlines of mountains rising above it. The valley was swept by mist. Of station there was no sign—only a man and a girl standing by an open shed. A brigand apparently! On his head a conical hat with feather pointing rakishly upwards. On his lean brown face a black moustache drooping gloomily downwards. He wore a dark green cape and leather shorts. Guy Fawkes come to life! He was my host, Herr Filippitsch, mathematical master in the school at Hermagor—a small town four miles away—and State chamois hunter! A likeable fellow when I came to know him, but I think now involved in politics as a Nazi agent (this was 1937). He was always dashing about in a car—one of the few cars in the valley. He knew no English. His girl companion at the train-halt had in charge a wheelbarrow, which I judged—and correctly—to be the station taxi. We moved off, Filippitsch leading, the girl behind trundling the wheelbarrow with my luggage, and plunged into a deep, dark, and at the moment dripping, pine wood. The path was narrow. I wondered whether Guy Fawkes carried a knife, and where the wheelbarrow might deposit my corpse. Then he smiled—and I was reassured. The air was sweet-scented from deep-magenta clumps of flowers with which the wood was carpeted, thick as bluebells in an English spring. I stopped. “Cyclamen?” I exclaimed excitedly. “Ja, Cyclamen”, he replied briefly, with the tolerance of a father humouring a child. He was used to them.

His home stood in a forest-clearing—pine branches brushed my window—with a view of the Presseger See. I recall that inland lake in the low light of sunset, the deep chill shadows cast by the mountains creeping out upon its rippled gold, and in the moonlight silver, bright and solemn in setting of black and grey. And on an almost too bright early morning when the mists were still rising and the trees and mountains were mirrored on its calm surface. There was a bathing-place with a water-chute I used to slide down. Feeding was rough in the Filippitsch menage, all the courses heaped on one plate, but beer and wine were good.

I crossed from Kotchak-Mauthem into Italy by the Monte Croce Pass. Climbing through the forest by a winding road I might have been in Kashmir but for the clumps of blue salvias on the banks. Returning by Villach, I drank the best part of a crusted bottle of Burgundy—the last of its bin—

that had been lying in the hotel cellar for five years, and slept comfortably on the Munich train

They do Wagner well in Munich at the Prinz Regenten Theater, especially the scenic effects. In the first scene of "Tristan and Isolde"—my favourite opera—by some illusion of tricky lighting the ship appears to heave, and on the sea—a silk veil presumably—white waves are seen foaming from the prow. My companion, a bad sailor, almost reached for his Mothersill! And "Die Meistersinger" was superbly done, so well that we spent half the night drinking beer in the Loewenbrau cellar discussing it! I own to having a passion for Wagner. It may be a low taste. Not that Mozart leaves me cold, especially when conducted by Toscanini. In 1936 the streets were lined to greet Toscanini on his arrival at Salzburg to conduct in the Festival Week. He might have been Royalty. I cheered with the rest, standing on the steps of the Festspielhaus. Schubert's "Seventh Symphony" as heard on a gramophone record does not make any great impression—on me anyhow, but when Toscanini dropped his baton at the end of it I turned to my neighbour—a Dutchman as it happened—and said, "My God!" My pulse was beating ten to the minute quicker. What is the secret, I wonder, of the great conductor? When Toscanini breathes, his orchestra breathes with him. I suppose a perfectly trained orchestra is essential, and a note-perfect knowledge of the score, but there is more than that to it. There is the genius that divines what the composer was feeling when he wrote it.

From Munich—mad King Ludwig knew something about town-planning—to the scene of "Die Meistersinger", Nuremberg, which ranks with any old walled city in the world for quaintness and historic interest. One could spend weeks there, but I didn't, only a few days, walking the city walls, exploring the Castle and the cafés. And making "Ausflugs" or excursions in the common "charabanc". The well-farmed country, the gentle contours of the hills, the roadsides flanked with orchards and chicory of heavenly blue, make an August delight of Southern Germany.

Rothenburg is a gem. Red, as its name implies, and circled by a battlemented wall. That, too, is centuries old. A path follows the top of the wall. Leaning over the parapet, one looks steeply down, and at each turn gets a fresh view of hill and valley. On the city side the fronts of old houses

are decked with window-boxes (why don't we any longer see flowers in window-boxes in London?) and covered with espaliered fruit trees. It is difficult to believe that anything much has happened to that city since the Thirty Years' War. Red-roofed Dinkelsbühl—storks' nests in its chimneys—is the show village of Bavaria, but to my mind, after Rothenburg, is artificial. I was standing with an American party there—no excursion is complete without Americans—when one of them remarked, "Say, this fellow Bayern must have a pull here, his name's on nearly every shop." I explained that Bayern meant Bavaria.¹ The party then proceeded to buy up most of one shop. My fault. I had shown them a brooch which I had bought there to take home to my wife.

That year I wandered on towards the Rhine. Crossing Lake Constance, an elderly German sat opposite to me at the luncheon-table in the saloon. We got into conversation. He turned out to be an industrialist, and in rather an odd line. His firm specialized in botanical glass-houses. I rather think that he told me they had executed the contract for some of the big houses in Kew Gardens. I know he had been in England, though he spoke no English. I supposed he was on holiday. He was pained by the idea. In this year 1937 German business men worked, leaving holidays to the children. He had not been on holiday for years. They worked in order that the new German youth might enjoy the fruits of their labours. He enthused about Hitler. To a country in which everyone had been at sixes and sevens before, the Führer had brought unity "Einzelheit, Einzelheit"—he repeated the words several times. The old men were proud to work for the brave new Germany their sons were to inherit. Poor devil! I ventured to remark that Hitler had been a bit "stark" with the Jews. He replied that to do business with Jews one needed an eye at the back of one's head—but he thought the persecution overdone. I said a lot more things about Herr Hitler—not nearly enough—careless because I was going down the Rhine next day on my way out of the country. Let them arrest me! In Munich I had gone one day into a large clothing store. "Heil Hitler," said the shop assistant at the counter. "What do you want?" "Heil Hitler," I replied. "I want a pair of shorts." I regret that "Heil" now. It should have been "Hell." I voyaged down the Rhine. Much has been written and sung about

the Rhine as a river I think that there is too much of it But then I arrived in Cologne hungry and short of cash

In May 1938 the most unexpected letter arrived for me at the Medical Research Council's offices It came from the President of the Students' Representative Council of my old University—St Andrews The Rector, Lord McGregor Mitchell, fellow-student of my time, had, as I knew, just died This was an invitation to stand in his place I took the letter down to Dr Landsborough Thomson "Here is to-day's joke," I said, thinking of the men who during the last two decades had delivered Rectorial Addresses at St Andrews Bairie (whose address on "Courage" is a classic), Kipling, Grenfell of Labrador and others These addresses form a mosaic in which the picture of leadership is clearly revealed by men well qualified to speak of what experience had taught them To regard myself as in this line of succession seemed to me nonsense But Thomson, more versed in the affairs of a Scottish University—Aberdeen—advised that this was a real compliment, not to be treated lightly I agreed to receive a deputation of leading students It—there were two of them—drove to London from St Andrews in the tenth-hand remnant of an open touring-car Hatless, hair tousled, in student garb of baggy grey flannel trousers and gay-coloured flying scarves, they arrived in my office I took them to dine at the Athenaeum Not one of the elderly gentlemen dining in correct evening kit so much as raised an eyelid Only a waiter, when I had asked one of the deputation what he would drink, and got the answer "Whisky and ginger-ale!" said politely, but incredulously, "Did you say ginger-ale, sir?" I got their story The students were mildly in revolt against the administration, which they thought too much concentrated in the hands of one man, the Principal and Vice-Chancellor They wanted a working, not an absentee, Rector, a man who could take the chair at University Court meetings—his statutory function—and take it regularly They wanted a Scot, and if possible a St Andrews graduate—hence their approach to me

Now, I knew Principal Sir James Irvine—had he not been a student with me at St Andrews! I knew that he was one of the ablest men in Scotland, that no Principal had ever done more for a University than he had, and that he loved St Andrews with passion. I saw myself, if elected,

playing on a sticky wicket. This I explained to my deputation. If elected, I said to them, I was not going into a fray as an opponent to the administration. All I would promise was to attend Court meetings as regularly as I could, and that any grievance put to the Court on appeal by the students would get a fair hearing, and if turned down they should know why. With this they professed themselves satisfied.

In passing, I may say that I have kept my promises, and can without conceit say that I have brought some peace into University politics previously stormy.

The deputation left, having sworn me to secrecy—the election was not due till November, and I was to be sprung as a surprise. In fact, I forgot all about it during the ensuing months, for it seemed to me hardly possible that I should be elected.

The right to elect the Rector of the University is a democratic privilege peculiar to Scottish students—a unique and romantic honour which they hold in their hands. On the institution of the University in 1411 the first Rector, Laurence of Lindores, was Inquisitor for the Kingdom of Scotland (of which St. Andrews was the capital) under a Papal Commission. Not much intellectual freedom, I imagine, existed under his rule! A history of Rectors for the past five hundred years would make good reading, but only for the interested few. There was a long period in which the students lost their democratic rights, when their choice of a Rector had become limited to a selection from their own Principals and Professors, with Principals and Professors sharing with the students the right to vote—judges and jury too! The choice being restricted, the issue became a foregone conclusion, the election, in which only a proportion of students played a part, a dull and formal affair. So, being democratic Scots, the students revolted for their rights. In 1825, believing themselves free to choose from outside, they picked on Sir Walter Scott. The account-books of one Duncan Dewar, who was a student then, have fortunately been unearthed and published. He paid a shilling for his share in the expenses of that election, and must have bought his excitement cheap! "Sir," the students wrote to Sir Walter Scott (the students of 1938 wrote a very different kind of letter to me), "Our University will esteem itself highly privileged by your acceptance of the highest honour she has to bestow, and your refusal, which we do not antici-

pate, will, whilst we deeply lament it, animate us to take what measures we can for an ultimate change, in effecting which object we look for any aid or advice you can furnish " Not very snappy!

They got neither aid nor advice, but Sir Walter Scott was elected. The Principal declared the election null and void. So Scott could do no other than withdraw, which he did very politely. "I do not hesitate a moment", he wrote to the Principal, "to decline paltiv from personal considerations, but more from my sense of the great detriment likely to ensue to the University and the students from the discussion which my acceptance of the honour which they meant for me must necessarily have involved."

No Rector was elected that year. If the students could not have Sir Walter Scott they would have no one. We Scots are not biddable.

In 1843 they revolted again, and some of them were admonished by the Senatus for having elected the famous moral philosopher, Dr Thomas Chalmers. They returned to the charge in 1858, and elected Sir Ralph Anstruther, another outsider, though only through the casting vote of a retiring Rector. This decision was challenged, but on appeal upheld by the great Lord Inglis, Lord Advocate of Scotland (of Madeline Smith trial fame), who later clinched the decision by establishing the principles and procedure for electing a Rector which exist to this day in the Universities (Scotland) Act of 1858. But in defending their ancient privileges the students were near to losing them.

I wonder they didn't lose them when, in 1866, they elected John Stuart Mill—was he as heavy-going as those books of his which for my sins I've had to read? I think he must have been, for his Rectorial Address lasted three hours—but then he was a civil servant. But a staunch upholder of liberty. I wonder what he would think now could he return to an office chair in Whitehall? He who was so sensitive of encroachment on liberty that when for a short time he was a member of Parliament he even distrusted the system of voting by ballot. As he saw it, anonymous voting tended to merge the individual in the mass. He foresaw that a State machine might easily gain control of those regions of individuality where a State has no rights, that men and women might lose their sense of responsibility because they were not called upon individually to answer for their actions. Might he not

think that we are in danger now of losing our individuality, that our opinions are mass-produced?

In November 1938 I was elected—and by a handsome majority—Rector of St Andrews University. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes was my opponent—far more distinguished, but *not* a St Andrews man who had promised to be a working Rector!

Some who were interested in records for their own sake—in the style of Wisden's "Cricket Almanac"—wrote to tell me that I was the first permanently commissioned officer of the R A F and the first officer of a State Medical Service ever to be elected Rector. Well, one must start somewhere! By my time, Rectors had exchanged the substance of their ancient powers for the shadow (but quite a strong shadow and constitutionally upheld) of authority. Laurence of Lindores, for instance, had the right to excommunicate. Well, that ancient custom is outworn! Then for many years the Rector, resident in St Andrews, held court, and, subject to appeal to the Court of Session, who were shy of interfering, made final decisions on matters of University discipline. He had powers of a magistrate within the city, and even civil offences of Town *v* Gown were reserved for his judgment—in fact, a full-time job. I have found my present duties sufficiently exacting.

In April 1939 I started for St Andrews on the way to my Installation ceremony. I was to be flown the last part of the journey. My Rectorial Address was in my pocket—mixed musings of a sixty-year-old. I had decided to speak about freedom and discipline, and how the one cannot be gained without having the other, a well-worn theme perhaps, and one that it is very difficult to say anything new on.

It is strange to think that our intellectual freedom came originally from the Italian Universities in the Middle Ages (I don't go back as far as Greece), and to reflect on the state of the European Universities *now*—their best men gone, and the teaching of the remainder fettered by official doctrine—as are their countries. What would Garibaldi say now could his ghost return to the country of his birth? He might quote his contemporary, Wordsworth, whom he probably knew, for he was often in England. "Whither has fled the visionary gleam? Where is it now, the glory of the dream?" For Garibaldi had a passion for intellectual as well as personal freedom. It dominated his mind and dictated his acts.

"Liberta", he cried, "non tradisce i volenti"—"Freedom does not betray those who serve her willingly," and he might have added, with discipline

What is freedom in the University sense of the word? I had wondered, for I was to talk about it. I conceived it as the liberty of students to think for themselves in the pursuit of intellectual and scientific truth—"whose service is perfect freedom". But this pursuit must be disciplined, as scientists know, before the truth can be won. The path to knowledge is hard—"Per Ardua ad Astra", to quote the motto of the Service I served for long.

The Gods sell all things at a price: neither freedom nor knowledge fall into one's lap, their price is service.

These things I wanted to make clear to my students, and above all I wanted to express my own deeply held conviction that nothing worth winning in life can be achieved, however disciplined, however free one is, without aim, without eagerness, without happiness. It is one of the strangest things in life how few people have settled in their own minds what it is they really want or who will take the trouble to be happy. When life misfires, the fuel that is lacking is an interest—not a rule of health (of the bravest and best of men many have not been strong physically), a desire—not a drug, a purpose—not a distraction, and faith to believe that when the back is against the wall it is not a blank wall. In other words "guts", which count as high as brains—"fire in the belly" Walter Fletcher used to say.

All this I meant to say—and did, and quoted lines written by myself, for I knew that no one would publish them else!

We who have reached our closing span
Hold fortune good if life so far
Has let us use as best we can
That heritage of gifts, our own to mar
If still we scent the violet in the spring,
Still keenly feel the pang to lose a horse,
Have joy in life, can take upon the wing
The point of argument—we steer our course
But when our interests cease, emotions fail,
When we can love no more nor fight, nor sin,
No longer strike a ball, nor tell a tale,
Then let us pass—what is there left to win?

But it was not of to-morrow's address that I was thinking as I sat in an Anson aircraft. On the contrary, I was retrospective—and to begin with, about air. I remembered when

twenty-six years before I had seen in Calcutta my first aeroplane, and remembered—for it was the eve of an anniversary—the actual date, January 5th, 1913. How we rushed from the tennis lawn to the roof of our house! The machine passed just above our heads to land on the crowded “Maidan” just beneath us. The occupants, two Frenchmen, got out and kissed each other on both cheeks. The flight had lasted ten minutes and reached a height of a few hundred feet. I swore that nothing on earth would get me up in one of those contraptions. Within three years I broke my oath. I reflected on my days in the Air Force. As the coast of Fife came into view I began to think of St Andrews. The escort, two aircraft, joined me off the Isle of May. Nearing St Andrews, my pilot signalled to them to close formation. Flying low over St Andrews, we were almost wing-tip to wing-tip. We crossed dead over the roof of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and swept out over the links. My pilot, a Canadian who had not been long in England, had been chatty and informative. He kept it up. “There”, he said, pointing down, “are the ancient golf links of St Andrews.” “You’re telling me!” I yelled. We circled to land. Below me on the aerodrome I saw serried ranks of blue—the Air Force guard-of-honour paraded to meet me. The line continued in scarlet—the gowns of my students gathered to welcome me.

I felt myself at the zenith of my career. I had left home to begin life in St Andrews. To St Andrews at the last I had returned. The end was the beginning.

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