

Privately printed edition of the diary, 12 Aug-25 Oct 1914, of Hugh John Sladen Shields, Medical Officer of the Irish Guards, killed in action on the Western Front on 26th Oct 1914

Publication/Creation

1914

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383

IN ARDUIS FIDELIS.
(Motto of the Royal Army Medical Corps).

A WAR DIARY

AUGUST 12TH—OCTOBER 25TH

1914

383
To E. Bruce Allnutt
1916 M.O. #12 Drott Ry.
PRIVATE
from T. Shields 1916.

R.A.M.C
MUNIMENT
ROOM

IN MEMORIAM *of his friend*
HUGH JOHN SLADEN SHIELDS

R.A.M.C. Historical Museum,
Queen Elizabeth Barracks,
Crookham,
Fleet 971. Hants.

Presented by
Col. E. Bruce Allnutt. CBE. MC

J. C. and A. T. Sawtell,
Printers,
Yeovil Road, Sherborne.



HUGH JOHN SLADEN SHIELDS

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART:
FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD."

"SORROW NOT AS OTHERS WHICH HAVE
NO HOPE. FOR IF WE BELIEVE THAT
JESUS DIED AND ROSE AGAIN, EVEN SO
THEM THAT SLEEP IN JESUS WILL GOD
BRING WITH HIM - - AND SO SHALL WE
EVER BE WITH THE LORD. WHEREFORE
COMFORT ONE ANOTHER WITH THESE
WORDS."

II. Thess.: ix, 13-18.

THE writer of this diary was HUGH JOHN SLADEN SHIELDS, elder son of the Rev. Arthur J. Shields, Rector of Thornford, Sherborne. He was born in Calcutta on June 16th, 1887, and was educated at Orleton, Scarborough; Loretto; and Jesus College, Cambridge. He graduated with honours in 1910, and took his M.B. degree in 1913. In 1911, he became a student at the Middlesex Hospital, of which he was a Scholar and Prizeman.

In 1912, he obtained a commission in the Royal Army Medical Corps. Prior to the outbreak of war, he was under orders to proceed to India in the autumn to be stationed at Poona, but when war was declared, he was attached to the Irish Guards, and as they were ordered to the Front at once, an abrupt end was put to the arrangements which were being made for his marriage with his cousin, Dorothy Hornby, third daughter of the late Colonel John Hornby (12th Lancers), which had been fixed for the second week in October. He left for the front on August 12th, and was killed in action near Ypres on October 26th, 1914.

A letter received later from a friend in the Irish Guards gives the following particulars: "The Battalion were in action in the Polygon wood $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles due East of Ypres. There were two companies in reserve; two in the main line of trenches; and a few outposts (rather a risky job unless in very good cover). Needless to say the usual place of medical officers is with reserves, or further back. On this occasion the cover for the outposts was rotten. They were fairly crawling along like caterpillars under rather a bad fire, till one of them was laid out, and lay there in the open thrashing about. Orr-Ewing (Scots Guards) at present commanding us, said at dinner the other night, that he was appaled to see Shields strolling out across our trenches (all our

men in the trenches with their heads down) and go and fish out some bandages, and tie him up. Needless to say that he was hit before he had been there one moment; the shot hit him in the neck and killed him outright."

He received Special Mention for services in the field in Sir John French's dispatches, and was recommended for the Victoria Cross.

He was a rowing Blue, and the following is a summary of his doings in the athletic world:—

(1) ROWING.—He rowed in the Jesus College head of the river crew, and stroked a University trial crew in 1909, gaining his Blue in 1910, when he stroked the Light Blues against Oxford; the same year, with Eric Fairbairn he won the Lowe Double Sculls. He also rowed at Henley in the Jesus Grand Challenge Cup crew, which three years in succession were runners up for that trophy, and won the Ladies' Plate in 1908. He rowed No. 2 in the Jesus crew—composed of past and present members—the first English crew to beat the Belgians, winning the International Race at Ghent in 1911. No less than four of this crew now rest in Belgian graves not far from the scene of their triumph. A scribbled memorandum in one of his pocket-books makes note of fifty-three races rowed between 1908—1911, of which forty-one were won.

(2) FOOTBALL.—He was Captain of the Jesus College Rugby Club, and when at the Middlesex Hospital was Captain of their XV. He played for the United Hospitals against the Army at Queen's Club in 1912.

(3) BOXING.—In 1912 he went in for the Navy and Army Boxing Championship, winning in the semi-finals of the Middle-weights, and was runner up in the Light Heavy-weights in 1913.

These activities had a fitting counterpart in higher things. He was on the Committee of the Cambridge Church Society, and took part in his College weekly Bible-reading. He was a regular teacher in the Jesus Lane Choir Sunday School. During his residence in

London, he took great interest in the Magdalene College Boys' Club in Camberwell, taking a Bible-class on Sundays, and spending as many evenings there in the week as he could spare from his work.

DIARY

August 12th.—The Battalion marched out of Wellington Barracks about 4 a.m. when it was just light, the band playing as far as Vauxhall Bridge. At this early hour there were few who saw the start. The train left Three Elms station and we went slowly to Southampton Docks. Three troopships were lying alongside quays and every two hours or so a ship steamed out crowded with troops amidst much cheering. They all seemed delighted to leave and one wondered how many of them would ever see Southampton Docks again. About 12 mid-day all our transport was on board and we left.

Passing the Isle of Wight several hydroplanes circled over us and soon a cruiser picked us up to escort us and we exchanged semaphore messages. I shared a 4-berthed cabin with another man and we fed off our tinned beef and biscuits.

August 13th.—About 5.30 a.m. we arrived at Havre and steamed slowly to our berths. As we came in we caused much excitement among some French Infantry on the quay. Unloading commenced. The embarkation officer told me I must report myself to the A.O.M.S., so I walked round miles of dock to his office, only to find he had left the previous day. About 1 p.m. we started to march to the rest camp. It was the hottest day I have ever felt, the troops fell out badly with heat exhaustion—some shamming but many really bad and unconscious. We got to the rest camp of our Brigade and some other regiments about 5 p.m., and had a tent to sleep in. We had dinner in a garden across the road.

August 14th.—The Battalion were marched down to the sea to bathe, as I was seeing sick, I could not accompany them but rode down later on my horse

and had a splendid bath. We had orders to march at 11 p.m. and started off. There were continual flashes of lightning which lit up an otherwise pitch dark night. A mile from the station it came on to pour and in a moment all were soaking wet. Entrainment of horses and waggons was carried out with difficulty in the dark and one horse had its leg broken in an accident. Then soaking wet everyone got into the train and hung up their clothes on the racks to dry.

August 15th.—About 5 a.m. Rouen was reached and rations served out, we stayed there 15 minutes and then went on via Amiens, Arras, Cambrai to Wassigny. We detrained at 11 p.m. in record time for regiments up to that time and were billeted in the village. Three of us found a loft with oats and corn in it. I slept on a pile of oats.

August 16th.—Had breakfast at the local inn and at 8 a.m. started to march to Vadencourt a very pretty little village, which we reached at 12 o'clock. We all had lunch at the inn, after finding billets.

August 17th—19th.—These two days were peacefully spent in the village, during which time I inoculated 750 of the Battalion against typhoid.

August 20th.—At 8 a.m. we started the march, a roasting hot day. The dust was very bad getting in eyes and throat. We marched up the valley past Han and Etreu and about 6.30 p.m. arrived at La Grosse where we billeted. I had to send the Quartermaster back from here as he appeared to have developed rheumatic fever. We eat our dinner by a fire in an open space by the street and I retired to an inn where I had a bed.

August 21st.—The march started about 4 a.m. and we soon got on to the main road from Guise to Landrécies. Again a baking day and men falling out rather badly. Marolles where we billeted was reached at 2 p.m. after about 10 miles marching. I saw the sick at 4 p.m. and slept in a tiny cottage where they were very kind and gave me a spotless bed in a minute room.

August 22nd.—At 5 a.m. I got up and the young mistress of the house made me coffee. I went to headquarters and found we started in a quarter of an hour, so bolted an egg and some bread. The days march of 15 miles took us to La Longueville near Bavai. I spent the whole afternoon from 2.30 to 4.30 seeing the sick which included a great number of very sore feet. At 5 p.m. I got some tea, having missed lunch. I then had to see an officer whose complaint appeared to be appendicitis, and so I had him removed to a hospital (French) at Bavai. I got the tail end of dinner and then came the order to be ready to start immediately and then the order to remain in readiness and finally came the order to be ready to start at an hour's notice. I slept on the bare boards of an empty room in an empty house. At 2 a.m. was woken up to hear we started at 3 a.m.

August 23rd.—The start was made in darkness, and gradually it grew light. We passed the monument put up to mark the site of the battle of Malplaquet. Then we soon passed the Belgian frontier and entered Belgium. The country was mining country and ugly, everything being covered with heavy black dust. Two and a half miles from Mons we halted, having come about 13 miles. It was drizzling and we turned into a stubble field on the roadside and eat our lunch. The Commanding officer then called for all officers and explained the situation with a few remarks as to one's behaviour and feelings the first time under fire. After waiting some time we were ordered to march to a village Quévy-la-petit about 4 miles off on our right flank. About 4 p.m. we got in and the men had tea and washed. I took off my boots and shirt, and washed, and changed my socks when the order came to fall in again. We were then marched N. to our front to a village called Harvenge. On our way down the gentle slope we saw German shrapnel bursting about a mile off and several burning houses. The first sight of actual live shell caused much interest. Harvenge was crowded with guns, cavalry and infantry. Moving slightly to the left, we were shown a ridge in front of us about 2 miles ahead with white chalk

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Moving slightly to the left, we were shown a ridge in front of us about 2 miles ahead with white chalk

August 23rd (continued)—

cliffs shewing up plain and our objective was pointed out.

The Battalion advanced across the fields in artillery formation (diamond) platoons collectively but well separated from one another. Coming to a road sheltered we advanced in columns of fours, myself in rear, with stretcher bearers. As we advanced up a narrow lane we heard bullets whistling by high up and suddenly a man fell out saying he was hit. He was laughed at, but declared he was. When I looked at him I found a rent in his trousers below the knee, and undoing his putties, and rolling up his trousers the nose cap of a shell fell out, weighing about 2 lbs. We were then in the private grounds of a big chateau and so he was sent back there on a stretcher. As we mounted we came to a big road running diagonally up the hill sheltered by a bank 12 feet high. Here the Battalion halted, after a little I climbed the bank and cautiously looked over, but I ducked twice hastily and involuntarily as a bullet whistled past sounding as if it was 2 inches over my head and not wishing to look absurd I came down again. All I had seen was a turnip field and further a line of trees. In the meanwhile the fire overhead grew hotter till the air was filled with the whistle of bullets and the scream and bang of shrapnel, and the rapid phew-phew-phew of a machine gun firing. The shrapnel bullets were knocking up the dust on the farther side of the road, but we were nice and snug. Then the command came for a company to advance, and soon a man came back with a bullet through his arm. After a quarter of an hour the fire slackened and another company got the order. I got the stretcher bearers, and went with them. We searched the turnip field for wounded during which a bullet went through the pack of one man and knocked off the heel of another's boot. Across the field, a line of trees marked the sunken road which the enemy had been shrapneling heavily. I attended several wounded here, and soon darkness came on. We had seven wounded altogether and had not fired a shot. The

August 23rd (continued)—

wounded from the Irish Rifles and Royal Scots, who entrenched in front had suffered heavily, were all taken to the Chateau, where I now went, half a mile to the rear. I did all I could here and the owners gave me some dinner. As I was returning and passed Brigade Headquarters where a telephone operator was sitting with a lamp by the roadside, there was a sudden burst of firing from the enemy and bullets hit the bank and whistled through the air. The lamp went out like a shot and we all hurriedly fell into the ditch together. After a minute I got out again and walked on to our original place under the bank where I lay down to sleep at midnight. I had lain down a quarter of an hour when I heard "Medical Officer" mentioned.

August 24th.—I got up and found the Commanding Officer who said we were to retire at 2 a.m. and I was to try and get the wounded back. I collected all stretchers and bearers and all spare lost men from various regiments and went down to the Chateau. We had ten stretchers and I picked out twelve men to move. One I put on my horse, and one could walk, and ten we carried. We had three bearers to a stretcher. In inky blackness the procession moved off. We carried for ten minutes and then halted for two or three minutes. It was the hardest work I have ever done as I took my turn and we had to find our way across country, but struck off a village called Harvenge all right and got there at 4 a.m. fairly exhausted. I put the wounded in a Belgian Red Cross Hospital and took my bearers off to get some food and ordered them to parade at 6 a.m. again. I got breakfast for them at two houses and went off with a Belgian to get food myself. A farmer gave me some newly brewed coffee and bread and butter, and I went back to the hospital. To my disgust, I found the men I had put there, still lying on the floor covered with blood and dirt. The Red Cross idea was to give drinks and cigarettes. I suggested a wash as a good thing, but had to leave. I found from Divisional Headquarters which I came across, where the Battalion was, and arrived back at

August 24th (continued)—

Quévy-le-Petit about 10 a.m. to find them entrenching a position. We sat there till 5 p.m. while the Germans did some ineffectual firing. Most of the afternoon I slept. At 5 p.m. (being the rearguard) we left and marched till 9.30 when we came to a field near Bavai and bivouacked. The men had been on their feet with hardly any food since 2 a.m. the day before. My horse dog tired and with both his hind shoes coming off, I tied behind an ambulance waggon and sent my servant for it. For some reason he did not go directly and when he did, the waggon could not be found or the horse, and no one knows where they have got to, so I expect I have seen the last of my horse and all my kit.

August 25th.—We started off again at 5.30 a.m. and are now passing hundreds of refugees, fleeing with their household belongings. The Germans in the battle I told you of attacking our trenches, collected all the women from the town and marched them in front of them till finally we had to fire with the result you may guess. I think they are behaving in a purely barbarous fashion in every way and always fire on the Red Cross. These poor wretched women and families in carts carrying their things is a most pitiable sight. I don't seem to have washed or taken off my clothes for weeks, but it is only days. We have to be a lot worse before we are better. We shall have a huge battle soon.

After a tedious march we got into Landrécies about 4 p.m. We had not been there half an hour and had just settled into billets when there was an alarm that Germans were entering the town. The men got excited and rushed out with bayonets fixed. Rifles went off in every direction and the streets were most dangerous. Order was restored in a few minutes and we waited. It was then said that it was a false alarm, and we retired to our billets again. We had dinner at 6.30 when some desultory fighting was heard west of the town, and soon all was ordered rush and hurry. I heard we were being attacked, and so took a house and prepared it with mattresses,

August 25th (continued)—

etc., for the reception of wounded. I also collected the stretcher bearers and put them in safety under a big arch off the main street. When all was ready for the reception of wounded down to the preparation of hot Bovril I walked out to see the position. The Irish Guards were in reserve and were busy barricading streets and knocking holes in houses in commanding positions. All the time, except at intervals, a roar of rifle fire and machine guns was going on. Shells were dropping in the town, and wounded kept coming into a Field Ambulance which had opened up. There was little of the fighting to be seen and after noting the position of the Irish Guards I returned to my temporary hospital. On my way back I passed two stretcher bearers with a stretcher. They asked where they should take their burden, and I brought them on with me. He proved to be a Grenadier officer badly wounded in the head, and moribund. Ten minutes later I covered him up, found out his name, and put his equipment beside him. I then lay down to sleep.

From letter. "The Germans made a night attack on the town we were in, but did not get in. They lost about 500 to our 200. The Germans came on dressed in French uniforms shouting "Vive la France" etc., and the deception was not found out till they were right on us. They were driven back, and the fight continued the whole night at about 50 yards range."

August 26th.—I was woken up by Aubrey Herbert saying the battalion had left the town an hour previously. It was then about 5.30. Only a few stragglers were to be seen, so I hastily got the stretcher bearers together. The orderlies packed up all the medical equipment on the cart and we started the way the Battalion had left. An hour and a half later we caught them up, and marched on with them. My horse I was lending to men too done to march. Everyone was absolutely on their last legs. I had had two hours' sleep in the night which was more than most. Our last proper night's sleep had been

August 26th (continued)—

on the 20th, and it was now the 26th. At every halt I just lay down by the roadside, and almost before I had lain down was fast asleep, and had to be roughly shaken before I awoke after ten minutes' halt when we went on. It was the same with almost everyone. At last after 15 miles marching we turned into a field on the left and soon everyone was asleep and slept for an hour or so. Tired as I was, one could not help being struck with the look on the faces of men and officers. Weariness such as would be impossible under any other conditions shewed itself. Grey, drawn, and haggard is not an expression, but a literal description of their appearance. During 6 days and nights they had marched nearly a hundred miles, been in action three times, and had had between thirteen and fourteen hours sleep.

Then the men were told to entrench themselves, and digging started. I went down into the village of Etreu to find a good place, with another medical officer, for a dressing station, and after spending some time getting my cart and things put in a convenient and sheltered spot in case of battle returned to the field. It was raining hard, but I lay down by a hedge in my greatcoat and slept soundly till next morning.

At Landrécies the 3rd Coldstreams had borne the brunt of the attack, but the details of the fight, and how they accounted for about 2000 German casualties is common history. One interesting thing was told me by an eye-witness that when the men who had been firing all night came back and some bread was given out, some of them mechanically took it and pushed it into the magazine of the rifles as though it were ammunition.

August 27th.—At 8 a.m. the march was resumed. I lent my horse all day to an officer with very bad feet. We marched twenty-seven miles till 7 in the evening, passing on the way the village of Vadencourt where we had so lately spent a few peaceful days. All day and every day we heard the booming of artillery in

August 27th (continued)—

our rear, sometimes far off, sometimes close. When we got in, we were told to bivouack just outside a town through which we had passed—on a road at the top of a hill between two high banks. We had begun to settle down when we were moved on and were told we might be attacked. The name of the town was Mont d'Origny just south of the river Oise. No sooner had we reached our next bivouack than we were marched a mile back to our old one. There we were allowed to remain, eat some dinner, and go to sleep. During the night my horse which was tied to the saddle and picketed, broke loose,—broke the girths and lost his blanket and was found 100 yards down the road next morning.

August 28th.—We started marching about 4 a.m. and during halts I mended the girths, so that I could put the saddle on, which I did. We marched through La Fère, where we had some food. Then on again across the Aisne to the neighbourhood of a village called Andelan. Here we bivouacked in a large field of stubble. The day had been very hot. The men's feet after all their marching were in a terrible state, and many had fallen out.

From letter.—“I have lost count of dates, and no one seems certain. I am writing on the march in a halt. Everybody is done to the world. Practically no sleep for eight days. Nothing but marching, and some fighting. We have marched about one hundred and forty miles in eight days. The men are worn out with lack of sleep and nearly all have dreadful feet and no time to attend to them. Washing and shaving can seldom be done and then only a hurried scrub over one's face and hands. I can't tell you our real position but I gather we are opposed to two and a half times our strength of Germans and are in a pretty hopeless position. The French seem to be doing nothing to help us. The Germans burn wholesale everything they come across. Personally I am very fit indeed, only a bit tired, but have had more sleep than most, as I have no outpost duties at night like they have.”

August 29th.—In the morning the Commanding officer called for the officers and told us what our position was, and the line to be held in case of attack. Two companies were told off to hold a bridge crossing a canal just South of the Aisne, with the remark that they had to hold on till the last gasp, and the C.O. hoped that some of them might get back. I got my surgical haversack and followed these two companies down shortly after. I rode over a rough road for a mile over perfectly flat treeless country. I thought over what the C.O. had said and quite expected to lay my bones there as no one could have retreated over that country and escaped being shot. The reality was a bit of an anti-climax, as after the village and bridge—by means of barricading and loop-holes in houses, and by skilful entrenchment of machine guns—had been made as strong as possible, we sat down to an excellent lunch of bread and butter, and cheese and wine. Early in the afternoon, we were ordered to return. We found our bivouack had been moved to a delightful field with a stream running through. Here I stripped, and washed in the stream, and after dinner retired about 9 p.m. to a soft couch of brushwood.

August 30th.—We were not allowed to sleep too long as we marched again at 2 a.m. As the sun rose it became hotter and hotter. We marched till 12 mid-day, having covered about 25 miles, 20 of which I walked. The Divisional General and the Brigadier watched us march in to our halting ground and complimented the Colonel on the Battalion which unlike every other Battalion had lost hardly any by falling out. In the early days I had been very brutal and spent no sympathy on men who fell out; so that no man fell out who could possibly go on. I heard myself described in uncomplimentary terms by the men as a ——— bully, but it had its effect. Any man, who in my opinion, fell out needlessly, was sent before the C.O. and now having weeded out the real incapables, we reaped the good result of the minimum of stragglers.

After lunch we moved on two miles further to a

August 30th (continued)—

beautiful spot on a hill, overlooking Soissons, with a beautiful spring of pure water.

August 31st.—Another long and very tiring march in broiling weather. I had again lent my horse, and after about seventeen miles I began to feel that my legs could hardly carry me—just like the end of a boat race when one's legs feel almost paralysed. However we had a halt for lunch, and after lunch I took my horse again and rode till we got to our bivouack, five miles further on. We passed an ammunition waggon which had caught fire, and burnt to ashes. We bivouacked on the road outside a village called Coevry.

September 1st.—About 3 a.m. we were told to move two miles further on to some high ground, and the 4th Brigade was to act as rearguard to the division. Some artillery was with us and the 2nd Coldstreams—in rear of our Battalion. We had some breakfast of bully and biscuits and the Irish Guards took up their stand across the road, two companies behind a wall prepared for defence by the sappers, and another company on a hill overlooking the village of Puiseux. While there the 2nd Coldstreams retreated through us, and our artillery opened fire on the advancing Germans. We saw a few Uhlans appear on the sky line, and disappear. The order then came to us to retreat; the companies did so up the road entering a dense wood of thick beech trees, with a thick undergrowth of blackberry bushes. While waiting in the wood for further orders, Major M—— of the 2nd Coldstream Guards came down the road from in front and asked us what our orders were. On hearing we had none, he rode back to find out, but a minute later galloped back, having run right into thirty Uhlans between us and the main body. At that moment firing was heard east of the road and behind us. I gave my horse to a drummer to hold and went into the wood where the platoons were engaged. I crept up keeping very low as there were plenty of bullets, and lay down with Alex on the right of the firing line. We could just see some

September 1st (continued)—

Germans about two hundred yards off on the edge of the wood. After a minute a C.S.M. was hit on the left of the line and I walked along and lay down beside him. The bullet had cut the side of his cheek and gone through his right shoulder. While dressing him, the platoons retired and we were left. When I had finished, there was no firing in front, so I told him I would help him to some cover twenty yards in our rear, if he got up. We were then lying down behind a thick beech tree. We had not taken six steps before they spotted us, and opened fire again. This time a machine gun chipped in. We flopped on our faces again behind a very thick tree and huddling close together, endeavoured to completely flatten ourselves on the ground, while the machine gun pumped bullets all round at the rate of three hundred a minute plus the rifle fire. However though some of them were quite close enough and broke twigs and chucked up earth, we were not touched. To add to the amusement a shrapnell shell hit the top of a tree about 40 yards ahead. The top slowly broke off and fell in a cloud of yellowy black smoke. When that was over we started back again this time crawling very slowly. Then I went back to the wood, and found many men dead and wounded lying along it. Firing was going on from both sides of the wood and ahead. The wounded I dressed and dragged under good cover, getting very hot in the process, so I took off all my equipment and put it beside my horse which was lying dead about 100 yards from where I left him with two bullets through him. I continued up the road doing my best for wounded and came across Major Crighton dead, evidently killed outright. While getting up from looking at him I saw some Germans cross the road fifty yards ahead. They beckoned to me and I walked up shewing my Red Cross. I then asked to go back and get my kit, as I had only my clothes and water bottle, but they would not let me, and took everything themselves. A fellow with a fixed bayonet marched behind me. I passed Castlerosse lying wounded and tried to stop, but was poked on

September 1st (continued)—

the back with the bayonet and moved on quickly. I was taken back to the village of Vivrières where the head of the German column was waiting. A private soldier came up and removed my spurs, at which I remonstrated to some senior officer, but he merely grinned and looked pleased. I waited during the afternoon at a school where their wounded were brought in, and where their field ambulance was stationed. In the evening a German medical officer came and said I was to give anaesthetics for them. I gave chloroform till 11 p.m. when I was so tired I went to sleep twice standing up and let the poor patient almost come round. I thought this was not good enough. I had had hardly any food and had a very tiring day. I found a corner which in the morning turned out to be a bathroom, and slept on the floor.

September 2nd.—In the morning I thought I had better get some food, and seeing rations being given out, I went up and made signs for some food whereupon a private soldier gave me a bag of small biscuits. As no one paid any attention to me I thought I would try and escape, and at the same time go back to the wood and see if I could get any private property from Major Crighton. I climbed over a wall at the back and walked across fields to the wood. I could not find anything on Major Crighton, as his pockets had been rifled. So I left him, and then some more Germans appeared and asked for my permit. I had not got one, so was promptly sent back in a waggon with a wounded man. They then told me that a number of our own wounded were in a church, and I was taken up and left with them. There were about eighty-six lying on straw in the church and I had no dressings. I collected all the first field dressings from slightly wounded, and some prisoners who were there, and started. Finding them hopeless for the purpose, I went up to the chateau which the Germans were using for their wounded, and where they had about three hundred, to ask for dressings. While there, to my great joy two more R.A.M.C. officers turned up, and one could more or

September 2nd (continued)—

less make himself understood. They detailed two houses for our use, and we got some prisoners for fatigues. We filled the ground floors of the houses with straw, and then collected all the stretchers, and set the prisoners to work carrying in the wounded. One of the R.A.M.C.—Captain Sinclair had got a waggon, and two panniers of dressings with him, and as the senior he took charge, and the question of food came up. By means of taking men and going into empty houses and collecting chickens and rabbits, we got enough, so in the evening we had a meal of stew and beans, and so did all our wounded.

September 3rd-12th.—These days resembled one another so much that a separate account is unnecessary. On the third day we were joined by a fourth Medical Officer, Capt. Wetherall of the 4th Hussars. There was now a staff of four. We had seventy-five wounded men, of whom the majority were severely wounded. In addition, we had about fifteen men who were prisoners, and whom we employed on cooking and fatigues, a total of nearly a hundred. The Germans did not pretend to supply us with food, and said we must look after ourselves. Capt. Wetherall, as senior, took over the general management of discipline and fatigues. Capt. Sinclair undertook the commissariat department and Lieut. Rankin and myself divided the cases to look after.

Food was obtained by fatigues taken out to collect rabbits, chickens, etc., and occasionally a sheep. Once the Germans sent us an old ox. We were lucky in finding three sacks of flour, some sugar, jam and chicory. The patients had three meals a day, of very much the same character—a stew thickened with flour and sometimes some chupatties and chicory. The lack of bread was rather trying, and of course there was no butter, dripping nevertheless being a good substitute. We had four wounded officers with us, and they and ourselves had a private mess, with a man who cooked fairly well in the kitchen to provide the meals. The patients' food

September 3rd-12th (continued)—

was cooked in the garden. Tobacco was conspicuous by its absence.

As regards the surgical side, we started dressing at 8 a.m. and with half an hour off for meals were rarely finished before 7 p.m. Dressings were scarce and we had to resort to towels and torn-up sheets, boiled to sterilize them in a large cauldron. The wounds were with few exceptions, very bad, and suppurating. We lost about seven besides thirteen who died on the first day, while still in the church. Later on we had five cases of tetanus of whom four died. Four men had to have amputations performed by the Germans at the chateau, who were well set up with all appliances. Every day we heard artillery fire between us and Paris, sometimes sounding near, and sometimes far off. We tried to conjecture what was happening every day.

The news supplied by the Germans was dull, as it partook too much of the nature of a daily repetition of the same thing. It generally ran thus, "we shall be in Paris in two days: the Russians are flying before us, and last night we completely annihilated one of your army corps." One day the firing was distinctly nearer, and from the upper windows of the house, we saw the Germans going back. Next day the Germans were still retiring, and during the morning, we heard a machine gun not far off and some rifle fire. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th, there was some rifle fire on both sides of the village, and in a few moments some French cavalry came in, amid much cheering from our wounded. All that evening, infantry and guns came through, and the artillery took up a position 400 yards in front of us, and started hard firing, while the infantry advanced in open order. Evidently they had come up against the German rearguard.

Early next morning a staff officer appeared. He had been informed of our position by a Grenadier drummer who had escaped, and found his way to the English army. He gave us all directions, saying that the French were arranging to evacuate our

September 3rd-12th (continued)—

wounded. Rankin and myself were to report at army headquarters and proceed to our units again. That evening we got most of our wounded off in motor busses which the French sent up to us, and they were taken to Paris. Next morning Rankin and I got two German horses from the Chateau stables. They belonged to three German Medical Officers who had been left behind in charge of two hundred of their wounded. I got an enormous horse about 17-3. We stuffed some bread and meat into our wallets and having got a map, started to ride to Army Headquarters at Ferè-en-Sardenois, twenty three miles away. We arrived about 4 p.m. passing on our way the Flying Corps camp. We reported to the A.G.'s office and were sent up to see the A.G. General McReady. He shook hands and asked us to say what had happened to us, which we briefly told him. Major Cummins, R.A.M.C. the Headquarters Medical Officer took charge of us, and gave us tea, bread and butter, and chocolate biscuits—great luxuries. After tea, and a wash and shave—the first shave for three weeks, we were told that we should be wanted for duty that night at the clearing Hospital at the station. Here we made our way, and did some work, seeing sick and deciding on those to be returned by train to the base. An Ambulance train was in the station, and the staff asked us to dinner with them. We had a very nice dinner in the train, and then went off to an inn by the station, where we had got beds.

After a peaceful night we again did some more work in the morning and then were told we could go. We got our horses again, and found out where the headquarters of the 1st Army Corps were. The headquarters were at B— just south of the Aisne, and thither we went on, another twenty mile ride. We had lunch on our way and fed the horses. We got to B— at about 3.30, and then were told that the headquarters of the 2nd Division were at Verneuil, north of the Aisne. The bridges had been broken by the Germans, and we crossed by a pontoon bridge. All that day on our left we had seen a battle

September 3rd-12th (continued)—

going on, and shells bursting. We came to a fork in the road, and while wondering which to take, a heavy lyddite shell burst in the middle of one road a hundred yards up, so I promptly took the other road where I saw a lot of cavalry. I was waiting to go through a gate, when I saw Charles Hornby and shouted. He didn't recognize me for some time.

Then I went up to the village, which was being heavily shelled. As I entered the street, a shell burst at the other end of it, killing twenty horses and knocking a large hole in the wall. At Divisional Headquarters I was told where the Irish Guards were, and went off to the west, to the village of Soupir. As I entered the village, I saw some of our transport. Some of the men rushed up and shook hands, and took my horse, and offered me food, and said they were glad to see me back as it had been said that many men had seen me dead at Villars-Coterêts. Wounded were coming in all the time and I heard there were a lot in the church. I went down and found about fifty. I got straw put in, and the wounded laid on it. I went round them all, putting the dressings on satisfactorily, giving morphia and putting on the casualty labels. From there I went up to the village school and found about twenty wounded. Here also I found my orderly Sergeant and R.A.M.C. Corporal who had just brought in Lieut. Watson, R.A.M.C., the medical officer who had been doing my jobs in my absence. He had been shot in the abdomen by a German twenty yards off, while dressing another wounded German. In the school also I found one of our officers wounded in the arm. It was then about 8 p.m. and with the Lieut. and Corporal we had some food. I was then told there were many wounded in a cave up the hill and so I went up, and did what I could there, collecting the stretcher bearers and supervising the carriage of the wounded. We finished about 2 a.m. and I lay down outside for two hours' sleep.

At 4 a.m. we eat some more food, and leaving instructions as to the care and feeding of thirty

September 3rd-12th (continued)—

wounded in the school, I went up the hill to find the Battalion and report myself. I got a reception which was very pleasing, and both men and officers were very nice, and expressed pleasure at seeing me again, as I had been quite given up for dead, as men had sworn to seeing me dead. I learnt that at Villars-Coterêts we had lost three officers killed—the commanding officer, senior Major, and senior Captain, and several officers wounded. The previous day three officers had been killed and two wounded. The Battalion were then in trenches on the edge of a wood. In front was a grass field, and on the far side four hundred yards off were two or three haystacks.

Beyond that again, reaching to the sky-line, were turnip fields,—the sky-line being about eight hundred yards off. The whole area in sight was littered with dead Germans, and some of our men dead, and wounded. Round the haystacks, dead and wounded were piled thick for a radius of ten yards huddled close together. We went out and picked out some of the wounded to bring back, and got back a good many, but had to desist soon as the Germans opened a desultory fire. I then rode back to the school in the village, to see how the wounded were getting on, and sent back twelve men who could walk, in the direction of the Field Ambulance. It soon started to rain which it did more or less continuously for three days. All the wounded were removed that evening in ambulance waggons. The night was one of the worst imaginable: very cold, pouring rain, and nothing but mud everywhere. I lay down by the side of the track which ran along behind our trenches, and got some sleep. I put on my greatcoat, and over that, my burberry, but nevertheless was soaked to the skin. Next day they shelled us heavily with shrapnell. The trenches were well dug, and behind was a small quarry, open to the front. The battery firing fortunately, was up to our right, and so the right-hand side of the quarry was pretty safe. Alex and I sat under the shelter of it together, with the company in reserve. We had it for two hours in the afternoon. The noise of shrapnell is very

September 3rd-12th (continued)—

distinctive—a loud bang followed by a scream of bullets, a great rattling among the trees, and branches falling down. Besides that, there were snipers in the turnips five hundred yards off, who did a lot of shooting but with little real damage, as during the five days in those trenches, we had only about three killed, and eight or nine wounded.

We got in a mail that day with tobacco, which was a great blessing as there was none in the whole battalion. Rations were brought up after dark, and we sat in the muddy trench and fed. They generally brought us up a hot stew which was delicious.

September 16th-19th.—These five days I remember incidents in, but cannot say which days they occurred on, so will have to describe them collectively.

The Germans had got a battery of heavy 8 inch howitzers about four miles off, with which they did some very good shooting. It was more terrifying than dangerous, unless it should happen to land in your trench. We got plenty of it one afternoon. As I was sitting in the sheltered side of the quarry, one burst ten yards off. It was like a young earthquake. Large bits of rock and young trees hustled through the air. An enormous report and a column of black smoke and mud shot a hundred feet into the air. The hole it leaves, as I measured in softish ground is about three feet six inches deep, and fourteen feet in diameter. Two landed within ten yards of the trenches. For some reason this gun was always familiarly referred to as "Jane." The days in the trenches were monotonous. We generally got worst shelling about 4.30 in the afternoon. As someone put it, it was a life of boring monotony punctuated with moments of acute fear. The nerve racking thing was to wake up at 2 a.m. in pitch darkness with a roar of rifle fire and machine guns. The first impression was that the Germans were about five yards off. One groped anxiously in the mud for one's revolver, and waited till it was again silence. Perhaps someone fancied they had seen a German—

September 16th—19th (continued)—

perhaps they had and the shooting had been begun and taken up.

One morning I had been in the village, and was standing beside my horse, talking to another man when with a sudden whistle, a large jagged piece of iron from a shrapnell hit the wall a foot from my head and was almost too hot to touch when I picked it up. That same morning I had returned to the hill, and was standing in the courtyard of a farm when I heard a distinct scream which gradually grew louder and I knew something was coming for me, so I stood still and waited till another large bit again hit the wall—this time two or three feet away.

On Wednesday the 16th, just as it was getting dark, the Grenadiers and Coldstreams on our left, and ourselves, sent out all stretcher bearers to bring in all the wounded Germans we could. We got about forty before it was too light to continue. The poor fellows had lain there in pouring rain since Monday night without food or drink—not our fault, as we couldn't get them sooner. Round one haystack there must have been at least fifty dead and wounded lying piled together, and the fields were literally covered with German dead who lay there, and never got buried, though we buried all we could. While there looking round, I saw one of our men kneeling absolutely motionless. I watched for a few minutes wondering if he was one of those rare cases of men shot dead remaining in that attitude. However, I went up to him, and spoke, and he answered. I looked at him, and saw he had been shot through the head just behind the eyes, and was stone-blind. He had evidently been unconscious till that moment. He walked down to the farm with my arm under him and there lapsed into unconsciousness again after he had had some food. I found Lieut. Huggan, R.A.M.C., at the farm—a Scottish Rugby International, and he and I dressed and fed the wounded Germans, and put them on straw in a barn. After that we had lunch. The men of his regiment, 3rd Coldstreams, where he was obviously very popular,

September 16th—19th (continued)—

brought us a magnificent lunch, three eggs apiece, rice pudding, wine and nuts. We sat and smoked our pipes and talked of the war, and what we would do when we got home. Very shortly, they began to shell the farm and buildings hard with high explosives and shrapnel. I was standing just inside a doorway when a shrapnel came through the roof of a barn in front and burst inside. There was a shout of "medical officer," and out I dashed and found a man in the barn wounded. I had no sooner bent down over him, when there was a crash above and a shell burst. I put my head somewhere between my ankles and doubled up so that I might almost have got into a thimble while slates and stuff rained down, and bullets from the shell appeared to me to come down all round. When all was over, I uncoiled again and rather to my surprise found I was all right and so was the man. We shifted him from there with record quickness. Immediately after, the barn adjoining that in which the German wounded were, caught fire from a shell, and we had to get the Germans out. No time was to be lost as the flames spread rapidly and already the beams in the next barn were giving way and falling. Nothing could be considered. I seized No. 1 by the coat collar and regardless of his screams dragged him through the filth into the middle of the farm yard. Then the next, and so on, till I had got out about twelve, and other men turned up, and helped.

The sight was one never to be forgotten. Men with broken arms and legs roughly seized and dragged out screaming and groaning. The doorway blocked with wounded crawling on all fours, squirming on their bellies, and dragging themselves by their hands to escape. At last all were out, except two. These it was unnecessary to take out, as in the meanwhile a shell had come through the wall smashing a hole, filling the place with dust and putting an end to the miseries of the two. It was none too soon, as the next moment that barn was on fire, and blazing furiously. When the shelling started, I had taken the precaution of cutting a hole in a wire fence so

September 16th—19th (continued)—

that wounded from the farm could be moved out to a cave a hundred yards back, almost under shelter the whole way, and by this track the few British wounded in the farm were safely taken. At the mouth of the cave Huggan and I parted, as it was time to get back to the Irish Guards' trenches. Three minutes after I left, one of "Jane's" shells pitched there, killing poor Huggan, and causing forty casualties. Huggan was buried in the farmhouse garden, and a rude cross erected with his name,—another grave added to swell the awful number of graves on that hill where hundreds of men have their last resting-place. So long as the rough wooden crosses remain scattered thick in the fields and woods, marking the spot where men were buried—not singly, but by tens and twenties; so long will the casual tourist gaze on the crop which has sprung from the seeds sown by the ambition of one single man.

September 25th. (Extract from letter).—"Our trenches are along the rise of a hill about a hundred yards from the summit but almost flat so that one can see the enemy's trenches about a thousand yards off. Headquarters of the battalion are in a convenient and comfortable cave below the crest. They shell us all day, and every day with lydite and shrapnell but do little damage. In the lulls of shelling, one walks about and visits friends in other trenches. About 4.30 p.m. today, a man came back with a message from the forward trenches and said his companion had been wounded on the way about 50 yards behind the trench by one of the snipers who lie all day in a turnip field about three hundred yards in front, so out I went. As I did not know where he was, I had to look about a lot, which I did by short runs and lying down, as the snipers had ten or more shots at me all very close, one covering me with earth as I was squatting down for a breather. When I found him, he was dead. It is a strange thing, and rather contrary to what one expects, that though I have been under fire of all sorts, shell and rifle, and have many times been missed by inches, I have never

September 25th (continued)—

been acutely frightened, but the immense excitement of it acts as a kind of stimulant. I can't say I wouldn't rather stay in the cave than go out to be shot at by a crack rifleman four hundred yards off, but the thrill of excitement rather overweighs the fear. My friend the sniper however had killed this fellow pretty dead. I am afraid I have had so many narrow shaves I shan't be believed. Last night for instance, there was heavy firing going on, and so I climbed to the crest, and stood up to see what I could, a few stray bullets were coming over when a shell passed a foot or two off me about the level of my hips, and burst behind me. The wind was tremendous; I almost fell over the crest in my hurry to get down again.

I make a point of entirely disregarding fire when it comes to the point of seeing to a wounded man and pay no attention. I don't believe precautions beyond the ordinary ones of not exposing oneself more than one can help do any good. After all I always think if one is killed doing one's duty, one can't help it and it is the best way of coming to an end, and so I mentally repeat that to myself when I am getting plugged at. Somehow I don't feel that God means me to get killed yet, though before I came out, I had a conviction I shouldn't come back alive. Of the officers of the battalion who came out from the start, about twenty-eight, only twelve are now left, which shows how heavily we have lost.

I should think when it is all over and one has time to count the cost, it must then make its weight felt. One gets used to discomforts like dirt and so on, not having one's boots off for a week, not changing one's clothes for a month, or even getting them off. Biscuits and beef to live on largely. There is fortunately plenty of tobacco, as we open the cigarettes, tobacco and chocolate of all officers who have been killed and wounded and have no further use for them up here. I regret to say that almost everything I now possess belonged to officers now dead, but as I had nothing left after the Germans

September 25th (continued)—

took everything, I have had to recoup myself. I am really very fit and well, and now get as much sleep as I want on straw in this cave; but in that march from Mons back, I have felt the extremes of weariness, when one fell asleep in a five minutes halt by the road, and just dragged oneself along. We had for about fourteen days, an average of three hours' sleep, and all the rest was spent in marching or preparing for battle. In six days we had twelve hours sleep and marched ninety-six miles. Most of it I did on my feet as I lent my horse to officers with very sore feet to save them a bit."

Diary.—There is a very fine but grossly inartistic chateau in this village (Soupir) and here the 4th Field Ambulance opened up. The grounds were very fine but too artificial for English tastes. Beautiful glades and grassy lanes were spoilt by collections of pedestals bearing large arms and statues etc., along the sides about a hundred yards apart. The grounds were looking the worse for wear as nearly every spot of open grass was used for picketing horses etc. Canals and lakes divided up the grounds, in which men off duty used to fish. There were fine "duckeries," or places where all kinds of duck were kept. There were magnificent stables and kennels, and a fine vegetable garden. Various kinds of orchids were growing in the hothouses. The landscape was badly defaced with "Jane's" holes which made enormous craters in the soft earth, and had smashed numbers of trees. One day I went with another man, and watched our various batteries in action. There were two heavy R.G.A. howitzers which were amusing, as owing to some defective ammunition, there had been some accidents from premature bursts and the men now laid the gun, and then climbed down into pits, and fired the gun by pulling a cord. The officers entertained us to tea and we returned to our billets in a motor lent by an officer in the ammunition column.

After two (?) days in billets we had orders to go to other trenches half a mile to the left of our previous

September 25th (continued)—

ones. The first night we went up, the enemy were shelling the road with shrapnel. After one burst, the stretcher-bearers and myself flung ourselves under the shelter of the bank. When the contents had passed we got up. As I did so, some part of the shell came down and struck large sparks from the road, six inches from my boot. One of the men, in an Irish brogue said, "You moight have lit your poipe from that, sorr." The new trenches we were to occupy were more comfortable as far as the headquarters and companies in reserve were concerned, as we remained in caves under a high bank, from which we could defy all "Jane's" efforts. She smashed trees and dug holes all over the place, but never did any damage. The duties of a Medical Officer are not always those of attending to men wounded by the enemy, as the following incidents will shew. At 7.30 one night I was called to see a man who had shot himself through the arm, while cleaning his rifle. At 11 p.m. I was again called to see a man who had slid down a bank on to his bayonet which had gone through his leg, and again at 2 a.m. to see a man accidentally shot by his neighbour in the leg.

For the period in these trenches we used to share duty with the 3rd Coldstream Guards, taking twenty-four hours on, and twenty-four hours off, in billets. We were in these trenches for about a fortnight without much incident of any kind. Men used to get hit occasionally by shrapnel, going to the farm to fill their water holders. The poor old farm had had a bad time since I first saw it. Holes in walls, roof, and everywhere, all windows broken, and bullets even in the furniture of the rooms in the upper storey.

(Extract from letter) "I think this war will be a case of who can last the longest, and the cheering thought is, that of the four of us, we three ought to be able to stick it out longer than Germany can, we certainly can't stop till Germany is smashed utterly. I wish every nation would join in to crush her once and for all, as in Belgium there is no doubt they intentionally

Extract from letter (continued)—

set out to terrorise the country by sheer brutality. I wonder if half the German brutalities mentioned in the papers are true. To my certain knowledge, they have been guilty of things quite as bad. The white flag is not recognised now as they only use it to induce our troops to come out into the open, when they fire on them. They also shot a wounded officer up here, when they passed him on retiring. There is a man named Maitland come to the Irish Guards, who stroked Cambridge in 1901. He knows several friends of mine."

September 29th.—If this war goes on at this rate, there will soon be plenty of applicants for all the various hospitals at home. I think it would be rather a good way of getting a holiday to get wounded, and go home to recuperate for a bit. I quite envy some of those who are wounded, but unfortunately one can't choose the spot to get hit in. I am now allowed to say that at this moment we are spending our time just north of the Aisne, entrenched along the brow of the slope of hills overlooking the valley. Perhaps now it might interest you to know as far as I can remember the places we went through. We disembarked at Havre, and after two days there, we were trained via Rouen and Amiens to a small place Wassigny. We then marched to a village called Vadencourt, where we spent nearly a week. We then marched with the 2nd Division for several days through Etreux, Landrécies, Marolle, Bavay to Mons, passing over the battlefield of Malplaquet (N.B.—The village of Vadencourt is near Guise). We had our first little fight three miles east of Mons and then retired the way we came to Landrécies where the Germans made a night attack, but were beaten off, losing about 1000 men; we passed back through Etreux, and then marched off through La Fère to Villers-Cotterêts. Here I had ten days with the Germans, and then rode to Fère-en-Ardenies, and came on due north from here next day where I rejoined.

About October 1st we were ordered to go into trenches

October 1st (continued)—

three miles further to the left and a quarter of a mile East of a village called Vailly, and in these trenches we did duty for forty-eight hours at a time. The view from the top of the ridge N. of the Aisne was beautiful. We could see miles up the valley with the Aisne flowing down it, and beyond it a canal. The hills on the other side beautifully wooded and the spurs and ridges on one side, partly wooded and partly cultivated. Villages dotted here and there, and solitary farms. All was lovely, and one felt the whole thing was just spoilt by the war; never for a moment hardly did the scream of shell in the air cease. The farms in so many cases—mere ruins, perhaps smouldering, and in the distance, the smoke and glare of a burning stack or building. Aeroplanes were continually visible in the sky. Ours invariably fired at by German guns firing shrapnel. The burst to all appearances never got within one mile of them.

One day in Soupir, while wandering in the chateau grounds, we came to a clearing, and looking up we saw an aeroplane some thousand feet up, and immediately above half a dozen white puffs of smoke. We watched and one of us remarked "I wonder what happens to all the stuff they fire, it must fall somewhere." In a minute, we knew where it fell. It started to rain bullets and bits of iron, and we bolted for a thick tree to get under.

The fields of the valley swarmed with game, hare and partridges, and we managed to procure a couple of guns, with which shooting parties used to go out. At our new trenches, we had not the benefit of caves. I lived in a beautiful little hut, eight feet by four feet, partly cut out of the bank, and partly built up with sods and earth and covered with boughs and straw, and lined with straw.

The village of Vailly was badly shelled many times and every third house wrecked. The 16th Field Ambulance was here, and one fine morning, three large shells fell in the house they used as hospital. One sad incident illustrates the uncertainty of war. Though for the moment, one may imagine there is

October 1st (continued)—

no such thing as danger, yet suddenly the fact of war is brought home forcibly.

One day, when we had been remarkably free from shells, during the afternoon one of our officers went down the hill to walk back to Soupir. He had reached the road and walked a hundred yards, when three howitzer shells fell on the road, one striking eight yards from him, and badly wounding him. He died two days later. These were the only three shells fired that day. He was very lucky in being found. At that moment a message was coming through on the field telephone from Brigade Headquarters. As the report of the shell happened, the message stopped. The signalling sergeant said that the wires must have been cut, and sent a signaller to see, and mend it. He went down and found George Brooke, the wounded officer, and signalled back for me. The same shell that wounded him, cut the wire. If this had not happened, he might have lain there for hours without being found.

On October 14th we got the order that we were to be moved by train, and so an exact month at Soupir on the Aisne came to an end. We left buried in Soupir four of our officers.

October 6th.—Went to hospital for some business. Followed by dog which I have appropriated. Afternoon spent in trenches where German trenches may be seen, heavy artillery fire going on—shrapnel and lydite. Saw German 2000 yards off, Hamilton made him run like a hare after a few shots. German patrol seen in wood 200 yards away. Met by our patrol which shot their N.C.O. dead. Rifle, bayonet helmet &c. taken as trophies and N.C.O. buried. Don't mind hearing they have just shot a German, but less pleasant going through letters from his wife found in pockets—also a diary found, but very dull. Return to Soupir this evening, too dark to read at 5.30.

October 7th.—Spent day in billets, fine and warm. In afternoon rode over to — and saw T. L. Hardy who is civil surgeon with — Field Ambulance. Met Eric Gough our transport officer, and rode back

October 7th (continued)—

with him in dark. Enormous and luxurious dinner including *butter*.

October 8th.—Uneventful morning. Saw sick, inspected billets with commanding officer. T. Hardy came over for lunch. Took dog for walk in park in afternoon. Battery 100 yards outside village, got some shelling from enemy. Had tea at hospital. Walked out to trenches 7 p.m. very cold night. Managed to procure a pair of "Lord Roberts'" field-glasses.

October 9th.—A gun having been procured in morning went with Commanding Officer, Scott, and Pesey to shoot. Total bag for an hour, one pheasant and three partridges. Went later to hospital and had tea. Vailly in bad state after shelling in morning, three shells in hospital had caused ruin, but no casualties.

October 10th.—Dog went off to trenches in morning and not seen since, walked round trenches. Afternoon—walked to Vailly and had shave and hair cut, no signs of hound. Luxurious tea with egg and fresh butter. Returned to billets in evening.

Sunday, 11th.—Went to Holy Communion in chaplain's room in hospital at 6.30 a.m. In morning, inoculated thirty more men. Afternoon, rode to Field Ambulance and had tea with Hardy. German aeroplane passing was fired at by our men and falling bullet flattened on ground one yard in front of us. Got new pony, very nice one. Beautiful day.

October 12th.—Fine day, told we were to move same night, but countermanded later. Enemy started heavy shrapnel firing causing some casualties. Spent night in billets.

October 13th.—Showery day. Morning, took pony for exercise, found she is a good jumper, afternoon, walked and looked all over chateau with Alexander. Dinner at 4.30, Battalion left at 6.0 p.m. and marched nine miles to P—. We were held up by artillery fire for a long time and got in at 10.30. Slept on straw in small room in cottage with two others.

October 14th.—Breakfast at 6.30, biscuits, bacon and tea. Entrained, started 9 a.m. and train left at 12.30. Provision boxes put into carriages. Hear we shall be two days in train. We are 1st Brigade of 1st Corps to move. Six in our carriage (headquarters carriage). Got post before train left. Quite pleased to leave front for a bit. The first day since August 23rd that I, at least have not heard continuous artillery firing.

October 15th.—Had a rather cramped night in our carriage. At 8 a.m. had bread and marmalade and cocoa made with water from the engine (a bit tasty). At 8 a.m. had fifteen minutes in station at E—S. French ladies busy giving out coffee and cigarettes. Had a cup of tea: hear we have seven hours more in front of us. London Scottish guarding the line here, passing at present moment famous French seaside golf links, L—T—. Sandhills and pine country, ideal for golf.

12.20 p.m. Were thirty miles from English coast. Passed Belgian Red Cross train. Arrived at destination 4.45 p.m. Spent some time finding billets for headquarters. This is a big town and 8 miles from fighting. Germans have not been here. Had dinner all together at hotel.

October 16th.—Got up at 6 a.m. Coffee at hotel. Had to attend boy hurt by bayonet while man was cleaning rifle. Saw sick and sent off half a dozen to hospital. There are 50 fine motor ambulances in this place under some major—a very good fellow. These ambulances, of which there are three fleets, look an enormous boon. Each carry two lying down and about eight sitting. After lunch went and looked at armoured train which came into station. It had mounted on it three 4.7 naval guns in charge of naval men who were teaching Belgian volunteers. They had been doing good work, and our men could not speak too highly of the Belgian soldiers. Walked round the town, and bought toothbrush, nailbrush, etc. Had tea in party of eight in café. Went for walk with Alexander and dined at hotel. This civilization is very pleasant. Sleep on mattress

October 16th (continued)—

in sitting room of house whose owners have fled. Probably move early to-morrow, but no definite orders.

October 17th.—Wakened up at 4 a.m. to hear we had orders to march at 6.30. Got up at 5, did a few duties, and got breakfast in hotel—omelette and coffee. Marched leading horse thirteen miles to new billets. Billeting self in room of new built cottage, quite bare. Shall get hay to lie on; good stable for horse. Lunched in inn, after inspecting all billets. Seeing sick at 4.30 p.m. Two French Battalions have just passed while I was washing and changing socks and shaving. Hope we shall get a mail soon. Went to the inn and talked French for an hour with the "patron," disqualified from fighting with a broken leg. He had captured five spies in the village and was very proud. People here speak Flemish and he taught us some words while we taught him "good-night" and "good-morning." He was a most amusing man and very entertaining.

The Germans had been in this village for three days, and they say, were most of them dead drunk all the time. The whole Brigade and 4th Field Ambulance is in this place, so it is pretty crowded. We are now waiting till our Army Corps is complete again before we attack.

October 18th.—Breakfast 8 a.m. Received mail letters. 10.30. Short voluntary service in field—nearly all officers present and about fifty men (nearly all Battalion are Roman Catholics). Wrote letters afterwards. After lunch walked up hill and looked at view. Had tea and wrote up diary. We hear artillery in the distance but I believe it is a long way off. The staff seem very pleased with the situation generally. We are now having an easy time, but I don't expect we shall be very long before we get on to bullets again. These roads here are all roughly cobbled and are horrible for marching on, as they make the men's feet sore, and also the horses are apt to cast their shoes on them. It is now regular autumn, and many trees are quite devoid of leaves

October 18th (continued)—

altogether. We can get eggs and butter and milk in this place, which we hadn't had for a very long time.

October 19th.—Morning. Saw sick. Did twenty inoculations and inspected all billets. Went for ride after lunch and got children to collect blackberries. Several windmills all round here. More inoculations at 4 p.m. Wrote up diary. Dined with No. 2 Company; orders came to be ready to move at a moment's notice. Went and packed haversack and wallets.

October 20th.—3 a.m. came orders to march at 6 a.m. I had breakfast at 5.15 and had to see about getting the men I had inoculated the day before—sent to hospital for the day. Marched at 6.30 via ——— and ——— to Ypres. Here we arrived at 11 a.m., and piling arms by the road till 2 felt very cold. We then moved on to the village of St. Jean, where various rumours came in, and we billeted at 4.30 and had some tea.

Extract from letter.—“We have been passing endless streams of refugees to-day—women and children pushing and pulling every kind of vehicle loaded up with household goods—a most pitiable sight. I am writing from an inn, our headquarters, which we reached at 4.30, after a long wait in a town on our way up here from 12—2, during which as one man played the concertina, some of the men danced in the streets with the younger female population of the town, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. I saw my name with about a thousand others, as mentioned in despatches.”

October 21st.—Got up 4 a.m. Breakfast 4.30 Started to march at 5. Marched three miles, and then Brigade piled arms in a field for two hours. Ordered to move on to attack. Irish Guards in reserve. Advanced very slowly for about eight hundred yards from one hedge to another. Furious artillery fire on both sides and a few stray bullets. Got some shrapnel close, one pitching in road twenty yards away, and not doing any damage to machine gun

October 21st (continued)—

horses only five yards off. Spent the whole day near small and dirty cottage. Casualties one killed, five wounded. Hear that 3rd Coldstreams have lost their medical officer wounded. Watched a battery two fields off getting a most frightful shelling. All who could not crouch under guns had to run, but returned immediately it slackened, and opened fire again. They were getting shrapnel and percussion shells. On day's work we may have driven Germans back a very little way. 5.30. Got orders to attack, and advanced in section formation across turnips. I followed rear section. We are in for some unaimed fire, but had no casualties. In darkness I lost battalion which wheeled to right. While looking for them, got sniped at about eight times. Finally gave up as bad job, and went into farm to sleep, with my Sergeant. Here joined by Headquarters' signallers. After an hour, adjutant came along, and told me where Battalion was. Found they were lining a road in trenches facing Germans. In house found five wounded, Queen's Regiment. I dressed them, and they were removed by Field Ambulance that night. No sleep for anyone that night, as it was very cold, and no one knew in the least what was really happening.

October 22nd.—Before light we moved to a new position, quarter of a mile in rear, and men entrenched themselves. Headquarters are in a very dirty farm. I found a wounded man in it and dressed him. Our total casualties the previous day were two killed and eight wounded. 3rd Coldstream Guards had lost heavily, and had had their medical officer killed—the second one. I also found two wounded engineers in a house near. A waggon was sent up, and all were put in, and taken off. I then washed and had an hour's sleep. A cavalry man came in and said there were two wounded lying out about four hundred yards in front of our previous night's trenches, so I got them in—apparently no Germans within a mile of the spot. They started heavy shrapnel fire while we were coming back. There was heavy firing on our right all day. Slept the

October 22nd (continued)—

night on four chairs, in preference to stone floor—very uncomfortable.

October 23rd.—Reports this morning that we might be attacked and at 12.30 the post came in to say that the enemy were advancing just over the sky-line one thousand yards away. I had lunch and then taking the surgical haversack went along to our trenches and got in one. About 2 p.m. the first German appeared. They are now firing from houses and fields in front, and we are firing at any we see. A maxim gun fifty yards off on the right is blazing away, and our guns are shelling the village. Bullets come buzzing over all the time hitting the ground or some houses behind. I am sitting nice and safe. One man is dead and one wounded. When the bullets are thick I can't do much good, but when it was very slack for a few minutes I ran along to the wounded men. The bullets at present are pretty thick.

Evening. The battle is now over and I am sitting with a wounded officer in a cottage waiting for the ambulance waggons to come up. The French came up behind us, and attacked. Our artillery in support fired as fast as they could and of course the Germans turned a hot fire on them. The whistle of bullets and roar of artillery made a deafening noise. They came on splendidly in short rushes, and went through us. On the whole they had very few casualties. I had an exciting afternoon running down the line behind the trenches to see wounded men. The men appreciated it very much, but on the whole I doubt if it is good enough and whether the benefit derived is proportionate to the risk run, as if one continues to do so, one is bound to stop a bullet sooner or later. We had only two killed and five wounded in the trenches, but the French whom I also attended lost more. There was one humorous incident. A Frenchman got hit about forty yards in front of our trenches and started to crawl back. I ran out to give him a hand and at the same time a corporal up the line did the same, and we rushed him back together. The men clapped. It was all done in the approved

October 23rd (continued)—

heroic fashion and the only thing that spoilt it was that at that moment there were not enough bullets to make it really dangerous. All the wounds to-day are clear punctures and none of those beastly smashes. On the whole it was rather enjoyable and quite according to one's idea of what a battle should be like. What strikes one is the minute number of casualties to bullets fired. When the French came up and a hail of bullets swept overhead, one looked, expecting to see them falling all around, but only a rare case here and there was hit. One gets up in an appalling funk to start a run down the line when it sounds as if there are hundreds of bullets and all fired directly at one, whereas I have no doubt if one could only see them, they would be yards and yards away really. We may be moving to-night, in which case I shall wait and see the wounded safely off, and follow on my horse.

Extract from letter October 23rd.—“I am writing this just after finishing my diary, as I am sitting in this cottage, having finished dressing the wounded and must just wait till an ambulance arrives. There are some houses on the sky-line one thousand yards away with Germans in, which they were firing at and they can bring a field gun up to one hundred yards away, and are going to let them have it point blank. There won't be many Germans left in it long. There has been a continuous battle on our right and left for two days, but this is the first time they have attacked us. Have just heard Battalion is moving, and so I shall have to follow later with bearers.”

October 24th.—As no ambulance arrived I got my horse and rode back five miles to a Field Ambulance and brought back two waggons. We filled them up and sent them off, and then my small command of about four started off to follow the battalion to the place they had gone to—six miles off. It was rather hard to find the way in the dark, but we got there at 5 a.m. and I slept for $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

At 9 a.m. we were moved out again, and took up a position to defend, then we were marched three miles

October 24th (continued)—

off, and the whole Brigade was collected in reserve in some fields, which were very damp. The remainder of the day was spent in waiting for a long time in one place, then marching half-a-mile somewhere else, and again halting. Finally at 7 p.m. we landed up in the dark in a stubble field. We had some food, bread and tinned beef, the first since 7 a.m. We slept in the field, six of us together on a waterproof sheet covered with straw, with straw over us—there was a heavy dew, but close up together we kept pretty warm, and had a good night, though we had to keep all our equipment on.

October 25th.—Breakfast: biscuit and bacon 5.30.

CLOSE OF DIARY.

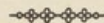
Extract from last letter, October 25th, the day before he fell.—“I haven't had time to write much lately, and am writing this sitting in a ploughed field behind a wood. There is going to be a big attack to-day and we hope to get the whole line right through and on. We had a stupid day yesterday, just marching about and halting as nobody knew where we were wanted, though there was a very fierce battle going on. Some battalions lost frightfully heavily. We have been moving about and doing a bit of fighting and had no leisure at all. Last night was spent in a stubble field. We lay close up together, and covered ourselves with straw, and were quite warm and comfortable. Everybody is riding about most excitedly, and it looks as if things will move a bit soon. I do hope there won't be many casualties among us. The enemy are beyond the wood which screen us from them. A great many German prisoners were captured yesterday though there was one critical moment when some Germans got through our lines, but they got driven out and many captured. I have a beastly sore throat which doubtless won't last long. An enormous post came in yesterday, and I got a parcel of tobacco and chocolate from Durham. At that moment we got orders to fall in and march out

Extract from last letter (continued)—

immediately, and I am afraid many parcels were left behind. We had a bit of a battle two days ago when the Germans attacked, but we lost very few men, but one officer was badly wounded. I got the wounded off at 2 a.m. after riding about the country to get some ambulance waggons, and then followed the battalion on 7 miles to another place where I got in at 5 a.m. and had 1½ hours' sleep. Last night I had an excellent sleep in the field. I must say it was very frightening work running up and down behind the trenches to see men who were wounded, as the bullets were rather thick at times.

I was very interested to read your cutting about Huggan; as a matter of fact it is a little incorrect, as on the occasion you mentioned about him being recommended for the V.C. I was with him. The farm was being heavily shelled, and we divided the work. He took the English from the *farmhouse*, and I took the Germans from the *barn* which itself was not blazing, but the adjoining one was. I doubt if he was recommended really, as people told me I had been and nobody in their senses would consider it worth a V.C., as if they got V.C.'s for so little they would be cheap as dirt. I believe he *was* recommended for the V.C. at Landrécies for his work. Another Medical officer was killed yesterday. I am beginning to feel quite nervous. Poor Rentoul the third Coldstream Guards Medical officer lay out twenty-four hours, and only died two hours before they reached him. To-day is going to be a beautiful day, rather clear for aeroplanes though. I rather think if this day is successful it will have a great effect on the course of the war. I wonder what will happen, or if nothing will happen, before I finish this letter I shall know.”

THE END.



The following letters, among many others, were received after his death:—

From the Commanding Officer of the Irish Guards,
LT.-COL. LORD ARDEE.

27-10-14.

"I regret to have to report the death of your son who was medical officer to the battalion under my command. He was killed while attending to a wounded man in the firing line during an attack on Reutel, 8 to 10 miles E. of Ypres. I cannot say how much we all sympathize with your loss and how much we feel it all ourselves. The way in which he insisted on attending to wounded men under fire was the admiration of all of us. On more than one occasion I have advised him not to expose himself so much, but he always would do it, out of a sense of duty. He was shot in the mouth and through his neck while bending down and was killed instantly. I did not see it happen myself but I am told this was the case.

I write to let you know how we sympathize with you in your loss, and the esteem in which we, all ranks of the Irish Guards, held him. A better and braver man never was."

From the same (29-10-14).—"I have received the enclosed letter from Father Waggett who buried your son. I have asked him to have an oak cross put up so that the grave can be easily recognized."

From FATHER WAGGETT to Lord Ardee.

Dear Lord Ardee.

27-10-14.

I have just buried dear Shields here in these grounds. He was moved by so great an affection for his regiment that he could not separate himself from their dangers. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Though I have known him so short a time I feel the keenest sympathy with you in your loss.

Yours sincerely, F. N. WAGGETT.

[The place is called Huize Beckenhorst, Zillebeke.

From MAJOR IRVINE, R.A.M.C.

Headquarters 2nd Division, 28-10-14.

"I have had the privilege of knowing him throughout his service in the R.A.M.C., as he served under me when

at the R.A.M.C. College, and indirectly under me while in this Division. He was one of the very best of officers with a very keen sense of duty and a capacity for hard and useful work, and as such, I have often pointed him out as an example to other young officers joining the Division. N.C.O's. and men of the Irish Guards who were in hospital here when the news of his being killed arrived, were genuinely sorry, they said he was a rare good officer and didn't know what fear was. Time and again I have heard of his gallant conduct and was looking forward to seeing him duly rewarded. He ably fulfilled the motto of his corps 'In Arduis Fidelis.' He died killed in action doing his duty like the brave man he was. The fact of their medical officer being at hand has a great moral effect on the men in a tight corner—poor Shields appreciated this fact and made his presence felt. Again I venture to offer my most sincere sympathy to all his relatives and friends, his parents should feel proud of having given his Country such a gallant son."

From LIEUT. (now Captain) THE HON. H. ALEXANDER
(Irish Guards).

"You know Hugh was a great friend of mine, and a pluckier fellow never lived. I think the nicest thing I ever heard was said by one of our men, who said 'Mr. Shields is the bravest man I ever saw.' The officers said he was too brave and told him, but he always said he felt it was his duty to help wounded men whenever he could. If anyone has done his duty and a great deal more, *he* has. He was with us all the time up to Villers-Coterets where he stayed behind with the wounded and was taken by the Germans, that was September 1st. He rejoined us again at Soupir. It was here that we went up the Castle together. It was at Soupir where Hugh did such frightfully good work by carrying the wounded, both English and German, out of a burning farm which was being very heavily shelled. We moved from there about the 20th of October to Ypres. Hugh died in front of a place called Roulers—he was attending to a wounded man in the open during an attack not more than 200 yards from the enemy. We are all very sorry, as he was so popular in my Regiment, but there is consolation in the thought that he himself would not have wished a better death and he could not have died more gallantly."

From THE HON. AUBREY HERBERT, M.P., attached Irish Guards, who was among the wounded at Villers-Coterets:—"Your son was such a splendid Englishman, and so big in the things he did, I shall never forget my debt to him."

From the MOTHER OF A PRIVATE in the R.A.M.C.

"Last week many wounded soldiers were brought in to the 2nd Southern General Hospital, Bristol, and while my son (who is in the R.A.M.C.) was doing some little service for one of them, he told him the following little incident. He said while in the trenches with many wounded around him, with shot and shell flying about them, a young doctor was calmly passing in and out among them, and after carefully attending to two men near him, he commenced to attend to him, when he was shot: he said 'that brave fellow was not only a doctor, but a brother, as he could have done the same as others, viz.: remained in the hospital but he gallantly came out to them, and gave his life to do others good.' My son asked the doctor's name and he said Shields. I was so impressed when my boy told me the tale, that I have carefully watched the papers each day for the name, and in yesterday's 'Times' I saw it."

From a Letter from FATHER WAGGETT to the Master of Jesus College, Cambridge.

"I must write to you even after all these days a word of sympathy for your loss of dear Shields. I saw a great deal of the beloved and brave man at Soupir where he accomplished a most gallant and charitable work by clearing under shell fire a burning farm of German wounded. He loved his men from the heart and could not be separated from them. I buried him at Huize Beckenhorst, Zillebeke on October 27th, and left a rough cross with his name on the spot. But on account of the position of affairs I have not yet been able to take there a more solid cross which I had made at the request of the Irish Guards, and on which I have had written: 'Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends.' Everybody in the Irish Guards and who knew him in the R.A.M.C. and beyond, is greatly attached to Shields. Lord Cavan, the Brigadier, told me first of his gallantry and devotion before I met him."

From LIEUT. T. LIONEL HARDY, R.A.M.C., a fellow-student at the Middlesex Hospital.

"I am sure that no man ever had a better friend than I had in Hugh, and there will be hundreds who can say the same thing, for he was the best loved fellow I ever came across. And now he has gone and joined those many thousands who have laid down their lives on the battlefields of France and Belgium. It seems only a few days ago that he came over, and had lunch with us at a small hospital we had near his Regimental headquarters; this was shortly after his release by the Germans. Even then he had already been recommended for the Victoria Cross, and I learn on the best authority that on the day of his death he had performed actions deserving of the V.C. at least half-a-dozen times. He told me of his marvellous escapes earlier, and several of us urged him to be cautious. And now he has died the death of a most gallant gentleman. It will be some consolation for you to know that his death was instantaneous and he suffered no pain. He was buried at the little village of Zillebeke by Father Waggett who, I know, had a great affection for him."

Later, from the same.

"His loss is very deeply felt by a great circle of friends and I was very much reminded of this when I visited Middlesex Hospital a fortnight ago and talked about him to many there. Lord Ardee's words that 'a braver and better man never lived' were quite perfect. One ought not to have any regrets at all as he died a noble death and one that he certainly would have wished for himself, but I am selfish enough to wish that he had been spared for a long life of usefulness, which was undoubtedly in front of him. He was, I think, a really great man, instinctively knowing the right path and taking it and helping many another to do the same; always obviously honest, simple and sincere. I shall never meet a man with whom it could be a greater pleasure to live. I remember well our one brief quarrel about such a trifling matter as football and all because I did not, or probably would not at the moment realise that whatever he did, he did thoroughly, and his football for the Hospital was just as much a duty with him as anything else. I don't regret it for I knew him much better and admired

him the more for his attitude, which was so plainly the right one. There is much truth in the saying that 'whom the gods love, die young.'"

From the REV. E. G. SELWYN, Warden of Radley College, Berks.

"I should like to write a line to say with what great sorrow I have read of your son's death in to-day's 'Times.' There is no one of the friends I had at Cambridge to whose friendship and example I look back with greater gratitude and pleasure. I think it must have been in my third year that I first got to know him: at any rate it was in connexion with the Church Society. He was on the Executive Committee, as I expect you remember, and I can remember how much we always trusted in his judgment. Many times the discussion would seem to be leading to no definite issue, when his combination of strength and sanity would show what was best to be done. I always felt about him at Cambridge that he was absolutely fearless about his religion—not a common thing in that atmosphere; and that the thing he cared most about was the service of his Lord and Master. And yet there was never the suggestion of a prig or a partisan. He was just a glorious example of what a young Christian man can be.

I have just been reading his letters in the 'Cambridge Review' of a fortnight ago—how wonderfully characteristic they are! He was fitter than most men to be called away, and you must be proud to have given the Country such a one as he. Yet none the less, the loss is bitter sorrow. Please accept my warm sympathy with you and his mother—a sympathy all the greater because he and I so often 'took sweet counsel together, and walked in the House of God as friends.'"

From H. D. B. HARFORD, St. Paul's School, Calcutta.—"There was hardly anyone whom I admired more than him—his influence in the Boat Club at Jesus College was unique. I don't think anyone would say a beastly thing in his presence. And I learnt from him many a lesson of the straightness and courage of Christ."

From H. M. MOORE, Ceylon Colonial Secretary's Office.—"His was a strong character, devoid of all cant, and he had the happy knack of taking his religion naturally

and making no fuss about it. There's not a man who was up with him at Jesus who will not say he was the better for knowing him."

From H. M. GOLDSMITH—a fellow Rowing Blue, himself since killed in action.—"No one knows what an awfully good friend 'Willoughby' was to me and how fond I was of him, he was quite the best fellow in every sense of the word that I have ever met."

From the MASTER OF JESUS COLLEGE.

"I can think of none who in the daily course of peaceful Cambridge life was always so truly and unspottedly God's soldier—none certainly whose loss the whole College—in our blind human way—does not so grudge and deplore. We think of his honour—to have died in the relief of others—we can't think of ours at such a time, but to have had among us one in life and death so true is an honour which Jesus College will keep fresh in long years to come."

FROM THE COUNCIL OF THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.

"The Council of the Medical School have learnt of your son's death with most profound regret. He was a student who brought much credit to the School, and the manner of his death add a nobility to its traditions. Their sorrow is mingled with feelings of intense admiration for the courage and devotion with which your son laid down his life in the Country's Cause."

From C. ERNEST LAKING, Esq., M.D.

"Easily the most popular man of his year at Hospital by reason of his true worth and manliness, he never made any bid, as so many do, for such fame.

I have had many men through my hands at Hospital but I can think of few who were possessed of such transparent honesty and nobleness of character. He truly hath laid down his life for his friends, and of him I can say with no fear of contradiction 'The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God.'"

From COMYNS BERKELEY, Esq., M.D.

"May I tell you—as one of his teachers—what a great loss the Hospital Staff feel the Hospital has sustained in the death of your son. He was one of our most popular

and hardworking students, greatly respected by us all. One of our Staff was back from the war last week for a few days and he told me that he had heard that the men of his regiment 'worshipped your son, they looked upon him as a god and would have done anything for him or have gone anywhere with him.' He appear to have been possessed of a lion's courage, he was utterly regardless of danger and on countless occasions risked his life to help some wounded soldier."

From CAPTAIN R. C. CARLYLE, R.A.M.C.

"You may have heard Hugh mention my name, at any rate he was a particular friend of mine both at Aldershot and London. My reason for writing is to pay the only respect I can to the best fellow I ever knew. I never met any fellow who had better earned the name of 'gentleman' than he had. I used to box with him, and hit him as hard as you like and he smiled, but if he got a blow home, which was often, on me, he was full of apologies. He almost got disqualified in the Army Championship because he was too soft-hearted to knock his man out."

From the SECRETARY OF THE MAGDALEN COLLEGE CLUB, Camberwell, London.

"We were all of us exceedingly sorry to see the announcement that your son, who had helped Harding with our Bible Class when the latter was our manager, had fallen in battle. He was a man whom we all liked very much indeed. His letters to you which appeared in the 'Cambridge Review' I was reading to my boys here, when, although we knew it not, his end on earth was so near. His work here, both in the Class and in the Club, has borne fruit."

From the WIFE OF HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER IN THE R.A.M.C.—"He was with us at Caterham, and my husband thought so very highly of him in every way, and indeed we all loved him. My children were devoted to him, he was always so charming with them—ever ready to play with them or help them. His was a most loveable character, and I assure you everyone who knew him around Caterham mourns his loss. My little girl just nine years old cannot speak of him now without crying bitterly to think she will never see him again."

1924.

TELEPHONE:
HENLEY 865

LEANDER CLUB,
HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

Hugh Shields & I first met
at the Club at Henley Regatta
1908-1912 - we both competed
in Eights for the Grand Challenge
Cup. And became great friends -
he was at the Niddlerex Hospital when
I was at St Barts. From July 1912 till
early 1913 we were in the same boat
on Probation Course at Millbank & at
Aldershot, & used to row a Pair-oar
together at old Windsor during weekends.
The D.N.S. India had us posted to Poona
to row in the R.A.M.C. & VIII. IV & Pair
in the 1914 Regatta there at K. K. K.
I reached there in time to row in April 1914.
But Hugh's posting in September 1914 was
cancelled as war broke out 4/8/14 & went
to France with B.E.F.

