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THE AUTHOR, 1922

Frontispiece]

TRIPLE CHALLENGE

or

WAR, WHIRLIGIGS

and

WINDMILLS

by

HUGH WANSEY BAYLY, M.C.

a doctor's memoirs of the years

1914 *to* 1929

With 17 *Illustrations*

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To

MY DAUGHTERS

AND

THEIR GENERATION

OF

THE WOMEN OF BRITAIN

In full confidence that they will
Demand and Obtain
From their men
Those virile characteristics
of
Mastery, Service, Courage and Protection
Vital to the existence
of
Home and Nation

ENGLAND

England will live, her soul is undefiled—
The race that loves fair play and sportsmanship,
That loses life or game with smile and joke,
That gives clean justice to the weaker folk.
Deep in her heart—hidden by ribald jest
And camouflaged from every prying eye
By cold reserve and a proud privacy
That dare not show the stranger what she feels
And covers kindliness with pompous words,
Or makes pretence of callous selfishness—
Deep in her heart, enshrined, is sentiment,
Compelling sense of duty, sacrifice,
Devotion to the job she has to do.
England must live to carry on her work
For progress, honour, liberty and truth
With her unstinted courage, faith and love.
The tyrant and the bully know her strength—
The men of England with unflinching zeal
Just carry on 'gainst failure and rebuff
For their own satisfaction, not for gold,
And, never bitter, to their ideals hold.

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PREFACE

OF the making of books giving their authors' experiences and conclusions concerning the war and afterwards there is no end. But, as the war period of the lives of many of us was the most real and intense portion of our lives, it is not unnatural that those great days should absorb our thoughts, and that on them our memories should become concentrated.

Some, apparently, saw in the war only evil. To me that great event marked the triumph of good over evil; sacred years, when many of us for the first time were able to appreciate true values and value true appreciations.

Since the war I personally have just tried to "carry on", and what I have attempted, so unsuccessfully, has generally been only in response to the compelling urge of war memories.

More than half this book deals with the post-war years, 1919-1929, a time of political flux, industrial despondency, financial stringency and social change; nevertheless, years of most definite progress towards the achievement of greater happiness for the greater number. The fear of class war, the one horror that oppressed me in those years, has been lessened, and perhaps we are approaching a period of closer co-operation between social, financial, cultural and religious divisions.

Perhaps before many post-war decades have passed the country will have learned the lesson of the war—the satisfaction of service, the delight of good comradeship, the necessity for protection, the contemptibility of shirking, and the triumph of courage.

When so much is in the melting-pot many bubbles come to the surface. What this book records is a number of small bubbles, but perhaps they are worth recording, not for themselves, but as a sample of war and post-war work and thought of an ex-service man who could not forget the war, which was to him a glorious experience and a noble inspiration, *not* a foul debauch.

The experiences, hopes and opinions set out in these memoirs are those of an ordinary man without any claim

to inside knowledge of the thoughts of those in control, of War, Defence, Economics, or Political or Social progress. Many Great Ones have written many books on these subjects, so perhaps an ordinary man may now be permitted to give his views. I have called these memoirs "Triple Challenge" because three gloves were the arms of some of my Wansey ancestors, and seem a not inappropriate symbol for my twenty-one chapters on War, Politics, and Medicine.

Perhaps "The Fights of a Failure" would have been a better title for my reminiscences than that I have given : but so often the foundations of eventual acceptance of a principle can be attributed to the apparent failures of obscure individuals, that it is difficult to define with accuracy where failure ends and success begins.

October, 1930 H. W. B.

December, 1933

Since I completed these memoirs at the end of 1930 many of the occurrences that then threatened—the economic crisis, the split in the Labour Party, the formation of a "National" Government, Germany's repudiation of Reparations and the Treaty of Versailles, the increase in Unemployment, the menace of war throughout the World, and the vital need for the immediate strengthening of our Air Force (now shrunk to only the sixth)—have become facts.

The yearly increasing legibility of the writing on the wall since 1922 had pointed to the inevitability of such occurrences.

The "National" tinge of the political programme has, however, been far from prominent, and the futile chatter of Disarmament and Peace, in the face of the world-wide preparation for war of all great powers, except ourselves, appears to suggest that our politicians of to-day are as blind and deaf as those of the pre-Great War decade. Perhaps even more so, for then we had a Lord Roberts and his National Service League and an influential and popular Navy League. To-day Britain lacks a clear-visioned and truly "National" and determined leader, and though an Air League exists, its voice is so low as to be almost inaudible, we are almost defenceless against attack by air, and Pacifist propaganda pollutes Press and platform.

Amongst many young men of the old Public School class there appears to be a fashion for the feminine outlook and a loss of the spirit of service, adventure, and sacrifice. Many of the young women of the same class seem to possess nothing of that Spartan outlook that distinguished their mothers, but preach peace-at-any-price. When Beauty does not demand courage and protection from her lover, husband or sons the future of her nation is indeed in danger. Perhaps the elimination of the Squirearchy—in which the spirit of Service was so strong—by economics and the war and its substitution by the *bourgeoisie*—a class ever prone to be self-centred—may be the cause.

But the Blood and the People remain, and this unbiological phase must surely pass so that our men will soon be men again and our women women in every class.

I wish to express my grateful thanks, to Mr. T. Harrison of Nevett, Ltd., for giving me, so generously, the great advantage of his art, and experience, in planning the general construction of the cover and jacket of this book, and to Mr. J. E. W. Flood, for help in correcting the proofs.

PART I
WAR

TRIPLE CHALLENGE

CHAPTER I

ULSTER AND IRISH LOYALISTS

The Enniskillen Horse

IN the spring of 1914 it appeared to me that the policy of our politicians, the almost traditional policy of all British politicians in the mass, of sacrificing the loyalist to the traitor, of penalising the patriot and of surrendering principle to expediency, was unsound, seeing that loyalty to the Throne and Flag and to our historical and literary traditions formed the only cement by which our commonwealth of nations was held together.

I found it difficult to appreciate the subtle reasoning of those political advocates who only saw wisdom in kotowing to traitors and snubbing patriots. It seemed to be extremely doubtful if this policy was pursued to its logical conclusion—the obliteration and elimination of the loyalist and the encouragement and protection of the "anti-flags"—whether the British Empire would survive long enough to die of inanition.

Before such a peaceful end had been reached, it appeared probable that the Empire might be torn asunder, eaten and digested by some other nation who taught that patriotism and loyalty to the flag and nation were virtues and not something to be ashamed of and to be sacrificed, neglected or insulted on every occasion. So that, when the Liberal government threatened to move the forces of the Crown against Ulster, because that loyal province was determined to remain under the Union Jack and not to be under subjection to Southern Ireland—from which it differed in blood, culture and religion—I wondered what I could do to help my old South African comrades, the loyalists of Ulster and the South. It was in South Africa

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in 1900 that the cleavage in Irish opinion had first been brought home to me.

British and Dutch

History surely cannot record any nation with more abundant gifts of courage, adventurous spirit and love of independence, solidity, domesticity, artistic genius, or of doggedness in refusal to submit to tyranny, than the Dutch, and for that reason the circumstances which brought the British Empire into conflict with the little Dutch Republics of South Africa in 1899 were lamentably tragic to Englishmen.

The Dutch were a race that we honoured and admired because they exhibited many characteristics which we also admired in ourselves. In our own struggles for freedom, we certainly had never been called upon to exhibit such fortitude as they, as we had never since the Norman Conquest been compelled to submit to foreign tyranny, and our country had never been a cockpit of Europe. We joined respect to admiration of that gallant race which had maintained its own civilisation and culture in the face of odds apparently insuperable, and I consequently felt deep sympathy for the Dutch Agricultural Republics of South Africa. Indeed, among my fellow students at St. George's Hospital in the autumn of 1899, I was labelled a pro-Boer. Nevertheless, once political differences were brought to the arbitrament of war I realized that we must see it through to the end, and that another Majuba would possibly mean the break-up of the Empire.

Therefore, immediately after qualifying as a doctor in December, 1899, I enlisted as a trooper in the 47th Company of Imperial Yeomanry, consisting of public school and university men whom the Duke of Cambridge took under his ample wing, dined with in London, saw off at Southampton in February, 1900, and gave the right to call themselves the "Duke of Cambridge's Own" and to carry the initials D.C.O. on their helmets, caps and tunics. We were later brigaded with a somewhat similarly constituted Irish Company, the "Irish Hunt Yeomanry", commanded by Lord Longford, and the brigade was completed by two Belfast Companies of Imperial Yeomanry.

I do not propose to relate in this book my experiences during the South African War, but I take this opportunity

of mentioning two courteous opponents and chivalrous gentlemen whose names I either never knew or have forgotten but to whom I have long felt under a deep obligation of gratitude.

Chivalrous Boers

In the Boer War I was in the hands of the enemy on several occasions, and I can bear witness to being always treated not only with courtesy but with very great kindness by the Boers. On one occasion, when I was ill with enteric and left in a village our troops had evacuated, a Dutch Predicant and his wife daily brought me fresh milk, which was a priceless luxury, and when I went to bid them good-bye before starting on my fifty-mile journey across the veldt in a springless buckwagon, they insisted on opening their last bottle of wine (a half-bottle of champagne) to strengthen me for my journey.

Another time, after a rearguard action, General Ben Viljoen lent me his adjutant to come round with me when I was attending to British and Dutch wounded, so that I should not be interrupted. This young man said : "Doc, I've seen you before, and it was a damned lucky thing for you that you weren't in a hurry." It turned out that he had been sniping in a spruit, and had picked off three out of four of a Cossack post stationed on the crest of a bit of rolling burnt veldt where, of course, khaki stood out clearly. I had been informed of the casualties and had found one mortally wounded man being looked after by his comrade, who had carried him under cover. I had asked where the other two were and had been told "badly wounded up on top", so I dismounted and led my horse, believing that if the sniper spotted me as a doctor he would not shoot, in which I was right.

I always felt that this officer was an exceptionally good sportsman to give me the chance, for he could hardly have been certain that I was a doctor, because the brassard was worn on the left arm and my position in approaching the two dead men was with my *right* side towards the sniper. I asked him to come to our show and have a drink, but he said he didn't like to go anywhere where he could not take his rifle with him. He was killed when Ben Viljoen was taken prisoner some months later. A gallant and knightly foe, whose memory I salute.

Irish Rebels

In South Africa we heard rumours of Lynch's Irish Brigade fighting on the side of the Boers, and I learnt from experience at the Cape that while Belfast and the Irish sporting gentry were for Britain and the Empire, there was a strong, bitter, anti-British section among the Irish populace outside Ulster.

Colonel Arthur Lynch's life struck me in after years as being almost typical of the instability of Irish opinion in regard to Great Britain and the Crown. To command forces against England in the South African War, to be condemned to death for High Treason, but later to receive the King's commission as a Colonel in the Great War, was an example of Irish temperamentality and British magnanimity that must be rare even in Irish History.

As a young man Col. Lynch was a medical student at St. Mary's Hospital and duly became qualified, but if he ever practised it must have been only for a short time, for later he took up journalism and was a Nationalist M.P. from 1909 to 1918.

Self-Determination

In the early part of 1914, little Englanders, little Navyites, Irish Nationalists, pro-Germans and mean moonlighters were all clamouring for Irish Independence in the sacred name of what was later called "self-determination," while in the same breath they were refusing Ulster, one of the most loyal sections of the King's Dominions, any right whatever to self-determination of her own political position. The age-old argument of weak administrators and senile statesmen had been resorted to ; that because a province had always been loyal and peaceful she can be bullied and penalised, and because another province had been difficult and turbulent she must be placated and flattered and given everything she wanted in an always vain attempt to secure peace by surrender.

A London Troop

In March, 1914, there came a day when it seemed to me that deeds, however feeble, were worth more than words, however weighty, and remembering my old unit of

the South African War, I put a notice in the personal column of *The Times* asking :

> Any public school or university men wishing to join a London troop of horse for service with the Ulster Volunteer Force

to communicate with me.

This advertisement met with immediate success, and sufficient volunteers to form a troop were soon enrolled, and supplied the marshals who acted as guides to the various contingents arriving at the London railway termini for participation in the great anti-Home Rule demonstration that took place in Hyde Park in May, 1914.

The Enniskillen Horse

About this time Mr. W. Copeland Trimble, J.P., of Enniskillen, who had raised three squadrons of "Enniskillen Horse," invited us to form a London troop of his Horse. Unfortunately only a few were able to attend the training camp at Castle Hume on the shore of Lough Erne near Enniskillen, which was held for eight days during the first fortnight of June, 1914. Trimble, who himself commanded the Enniskillen Horse, had difficulty in obtaining the services of a surgeon for his regiment, as the medical practitioners of the district thought it advisable to keep clear of political movements. He, therefore, asked me to accept the post of surgeon to the regiment, which I did with great pleasure. A full account of the regiment and the training camp at Castle Hume will be found in Volume III of *Trimble's History of Enniskillen.*

General Sir George Richardson, commanding the Ulster Volunteer Forces, inspected the regiment on June 12. Over a thousand of the 3rd Battalion Fermanagh Infantry, Ulster Volunteer Force, under Major (now Sir) C. F. Falls, also took part in this parade and inspection, together with seventy-one nurses.

I remember meeting a sergeant of the 2nd Battalion of the Bedfordshire Regiment soon after its arrival in Enniskillen, which town it entered with fixed bayonets, but was much surprised to be welcomed with flags and cheers by the inhabitants. I asked the sergeant : "What will happen if you are ordered to move against us ?" His reply was :

"You needn't worry. Ninety per cent of us will come over to you."

There seems no reason to doubt that the troops at the Curragh were equally determined not to be made a cats-paw of by the politicians and would have refused to bear arms against Ulster-men whose only crime was that they were loyal to that flag which the dictators of the British Government—the Irish Nationalists—tore down from their public buildings and did not even permit to be used as a pall at the burial of British soldiers in the South of Ireland.

So near to open mutiny did Mr. Asquith's Government drive the British Army. Yet could it have rightly been called mutiny, when it was the spirit of the Army that was true to British tradition, and the spirit of the politicians that was false to the flag? Civil war was nearly reached, but if it had come Mr. Asquith's Government would have fallen almost with the first shot.

The majority of English people did not realise either the determination or the preparedness of Ulster. I wrote a letter to the *Daily Mail* on my return to London, emphasising the seriousness of the position in Ulster, and challenging Mr. Churchill to come over to Ulster to see for himself, but if I remember rightly the Editor deleted the final sentence containing my challenge to Churchill.

A postscript at the end of the third volume of *Trimble's History of Enniskillen* refers thus to my attempt to enlighten the British public :

> On his return to England Dr. Bayly tried to assist the Ulster cause by letters to the London Press pointing out the loyalty and determination of Ulster and the justice of her cause, and in writing of the Enniskillen Horse he said :
>
> "English people who have not visited Ulster and had the privilege of intimate association with her covenanters, however ardent they may be in the profession of their unionist faith, have no real idea of the depth of this faith amongst the covenanters. It is a faith indissolubly woven into every fibre of their being and an essential and integral portion of their minds and bodies ; it is a faith for which they are prepared to sacrifice their time, their money, and if needs must their lives.
>
> "The Enniskillen Horse were a typical example of the spirit of the Ulster Volunteer Force. In this regiment were gathered together representatives of various sections of the community, united together for the common cause



From Trimble's "History of Enniskillen"] [*By kind permission*

INSPECTION OF ENNISKILLEN HORSE BY GEN. SIR GEORGE RICHARDSON, JUNE 12th, 1914

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> of the defence of Protestantism and the Union against opponents who openly asserted their hatred and contempt of the British Throne and Flag. The conduct of every man in the Enniskillen Horse was exemplary and throughout the training camp there was not one single case of rowdiness, drunkenness or insubordination. Sober determination to fight for what they believed to be right was the prevailing spirit—it was the spirit of Cromwell's men, the old covenanters—and round the camp fires in the evening on no single occasion did I hear a modern music-hall song but the songs of Ireland and songs of William of Orange, and the quiet strength of those who sang those songs was most impressive."

Several deputations from political organisations, some Unionist and some Liberal, visited the camp during the training and appeared to be both surprised and impressed at what they saw, particularly at the number of rifles and the amount of ammunition in the armoury.

Odium Theologicum

What struck me more than anything during my period at camp was that the political question appeared to be quite secondary to the religious differences. The mutual intolerance was so extreme that there was practically no intercourse between the two opposing branches of the Christian religion. In the town of Enniskillen there was an hotel, a butcher, baker, grocer and caterer practically reserved for clients of one or other denomination, but none whose clientele consisted of both Protestant and Catholic. I was told that if a Protestant offered to purchase from a Catholic shop, or vice versa, the salesman or saleswoman would refuse to sell. Also, that if it became known that any individual had tried to patronise the shop of the opposite religious sect, quite possibly he would not be accepted as a purchaser when he returned to a shop of his own denomination.

Coming from London—where neither in politics nor business nor social life does a difference in religion obtrude itself, or prejudice friendly association—to Enniskillen where rigid religious intolerance obtained, was like moving back the hands of time to the narrow-minded centuries of the past. When men of the Enniskillen Horse discussed and argued points of future strategy or tactics, or referred

to opponents, they never used the word "enemy" or "nationalist" but always "papist."

Before joining the Ulster Volunteer Force I had become a covenanter, and wore the badge which was the best possible introduction to all Ulster Unionists, assuring a warm welcome and complete confidence. Like many Englishmen, however, I had Catholic relations and Catholic friends, and was horrified to find that at any rate on the Ulster Border it was taken for granted that a Protestant must personally hate a papist, and vice versa.

On one occasion, when giving a lecture to Ulster Volunteer nurses, I emphasised the point that it would be the duty of medical and nursing personnel to attend such of the enemy wounded as fell into our hands with as much care as we gave our own wounded ; imagine my astonishment when one of the nurses, a lady of birth, education and culture, said : "I couldn't do that, I want to see them lying stark before me." Such was the bitterness of the hatred, historical, traditional and racial, handed down from the days of Cromwell and based on the ancient *odium theologicum.*

There can be no doubt that the growth of the Ulster Volunteer Force caused the Government to delay its attempt to force Home Rule on Ulster until it was clear that such coercion was impossible. Ulster was saved for the Union by her own courage and determination, and in spite of Mr. Asquith's Government. Once again deeds proved more powerful than words.

Directly the Great War began many of the Enniskillen Horse at once volunteered for service. Of these a number enlisted in the North of Ireland Horse, and other local units. But, sufficient remained to form one squadron, and Trimble handed them over to the command of Captain O'Neill, under the title of the "Service Squadron of the Inniskilling Dragoons" which was attached to the 36th Ulster Division.

I do not know how many men of the original Enniskillen Horse of the Ulster Volunteer Force made the supreme sacrifice for the Flag and Empire, but it is on record that seventy-one old boys of Portora Royal School, Enniskillen, had this honour, including Noel Trimble whose father, the Commandant of the Enniskillen Horse, was unable to serve himself, being sixty-four years of age. One

old boy of this school gained the V.C., nine the D.S.O., and thirty-five the M.C. Surely a record to be very proud of, and a school worth saving for the Union, seeing that it was only a comparatively small school of day boys and about a hundred boarders.

Britain's Feeble Weakness

Moral cowardice appears to be the only possible explanation of failure to introduce conscription in Ireland. It would in all probability have been accepted with little demur, for without doubt many South of Ireland men would have welcomed an excuse that would have enabled them to say, "I am only going because I am forced to." Once at the front they would have fought as courageously and loyally as Irish regiments always do.

Similarly, after the War, if General Strickland had been given full power and not hindered by the politicians, there is little doubt that the rebellion would have been wiped out. I remember being told by a regular Army officer whose regiment was stationed in Ireland, that on Sundays when off duty it was a not uncommon "sport" for several officers to go for a motor car drive "ambush hunting." They would hide their rifles and bandoliers and try to give the impression of being unarmed and on pleasure bent, which was the kind of target beloved of the Irish rebels, who would not venture to attack an obviously prepared armed party.

On one occasion they killed several ambushers and took one prisoner and handed him over to the local military authorities, who in turn passed him on to General Strickland's Headquarters. A court-martial was held at once and the prisoner shot next morning. If similar prompt methods had been the rule and not the rare exception, there would soon have been no Irish trouble. My old friend Norman McMullen, who, with myself, was the only survivor of our sub-section of Yeomanry in the South African War, was living in Kerry at that time, and was a magistrate. He told me that frequently they knew the names and addresses of rebels who burnt houses, raided livestock or murdered a loyalist, and sent these particulars to Dublin where, invariably, nothing was done. It was the British Government alone that was responsible for making British Justice an object of contempt and derision

to Southern Ireland. General Strickland had a great reputation for discipline and for supporting the actions of his officers whatever the result, if such action was directly based on his orders and did not exceed them.

Probably the Irish Revolution would never have taken place and the whole of Ireland would now be prospering within the Union if the British Government had been able to realise that a strong hand, firm justice, and the unflinching punishment of malefactors, was the way to produce peace and prosperity in Southern Ireland ; not by pandering to crime, not by cowardly negligence to maintain or even to attempt to maintain law and order, not by surrender of all the duties of Government. Small wonder that Irish loyalists came to realise that the King's peace did not exist in Southern Ireland and that the Irish rebels treated the English rule with the contempt it deserved.

Ireland's False Friends

When a Parliamentary candidate in 1922, I stated that I could never accept the leadership of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, or Lord Birkenhead, as I considered that they had repudiated their pledges, jettisoned their supporters for political "expediency," and deserted in their hour of need those who had trusted them. In my opinion such behaviour should never be forgotten or forgiven.

With the signing of the Irish Treaty, another page of the rather gloomy history of Ireland had been turned.

Internal peace in Ireland had not been reached ; the gunman still intimidated the public ; exports decreased[1] ;

[1] *December*, 1933

An Irish friend who knows the border well, tells me that the only flourishing industry in that district is cattle smuggling. Frequent cattle trains run from Sligo and Letrim through Northern Ireland and out again and on to Glasslough in the Monaghan salient.

The cattle are detrained at Glasslough whence they are smuggled into Northern Ireland and thence into England free of duty.

I was told of a case of herding cattle for 24 hours in a customs officer's meadow during his absence for a week-end holiday.

The imports smuggled into the Free State across the border are chiefly manufactured articles.

The following example is not devoid of humour. A high Free State customs official (C.O.) and a North of Ireland Justice of the Peace were acquaintances and both owned the same model of car. The C.O. required a new battery for his car so he suggested to the J.P. that he should cross the border with the new battery in place of that in

poverty increased ; Free State Government finances appeared to go from bad to worse, many of the best citizens had emigrated, many of those remaining wished for a return of the English and looked back on the first decade of this century as the golden age. The educational authorities in the Free State instead of moving forward like the progressive Turk (who has adopted Roman in the place of the ancient national characters), had moved backwards, and had made the teaching and learning of Erse compulsory in the schools, although this language was unspoken and unknown over most of Ireland and would be entirely useless outside.

The salvation of Southern Ireland still appeared to lie in the divorce of religion from politics (as has already occurred in almost all other nations of the world), and in a realisation that the time had come when the welfare of her people, humanity, and common sense, demanded that ancient antipathies based on deeds of long ago should be buried and forgotten.

Irish Psychology

The psychology of Orange Ulster is simple and bears clear resemblance to that of the Puritan of the interregnum ; that of Southern Ireland is obscure and differs widely with class, locality and individual. Who does not number amongst his friends members of old Irish families, either Catholic or Protestant, whose devotion to duty, kindness of heart, nobility of character and brilliant intelligence place them on the highest level of human moral, social and intellectual development. On the other hand, there seems to exist another type of Southern Irishman that is by nature treacherous, pleasing in manner, but quite unable to take a long and logical view about anything ; a creature of emotion and impulse, uninfluenced by reason or justice, who delights in mysterious meetings, secret conspiracy and treacherous espionage, and does not stop at heartless assassination and cannot realise the dishonour of cold-blooded murder. These are certainly not Nordic in character and may possibly have acquired their unreliability from the oriental Phœnicians of the pre-Roman

his car, that the new battery should be disconnected and deposited at an arranged place and that the car should then return across the border on its dynamo and without a battery. This was done and the C.O. was jubilant at avoiding payment of the high duty on an imported battery.

era, and their good manners from the Spaniards cast ashore on the southern coasts of Ireland. The south of Ireland was certainly less influenced by those strains conspicuous for a love of law and order, such as the Romans, the Saxons and the Normans.

Unfortunately the higher proportion of the good type of Southern Irishmen is found amongst the gentry and that of the bad type amongst the proletariat. That the Irish Revolution was largely in the hands of the lower types of Irish is clear from the murder, rapine and arson associated with it, so it is not surprising that after the Revolution many of the Irish gentry left Ireland. But they are going back, and it is a matter of the utmost importance to Southern Ireland that the Government, and the framing of future Free State Policy, should not be left entirely to persons recruited from those very unstable sections—the proletariat and lower middle classes.

It is not a question of class but one of strain. In England, for instance, the strain of very many of the lower middle classes and the proletariat is of a fine ruling type, more capable of soberly and justly carrying out government and initiating national policy than many members of families who have recently acquired power and wealth, and yet are descended from a servile strain.

Perhaps the mass of the population of Southern Ireland is not suited to democratic government, and having a large strain of Mediterranean blood would be happier and more contented under a very strict government amounting to a dictatorship based on popular sanction, such as now flourishes in several Mediterranean nations.

Although the Republican Party in the Free State have tried hard to keep the traditional hatred of England and the myth of British tyranny from becoming forgotten and unreal, the Constitutional Party realise that membership of the British Empire has some advantages after all. Now that the Irish Free State has been responsible for its own affairs for six years, it can no longer blame the tyranny of Britain for lack of Utopian prosperity and content.

Lord Roberts and Lord Carson

My brief association with loyal Irishmen in the South African War and in the "Ulster Rebellion" was a great privilege, and amongst the men of the Empire whose names

will ever be remembered with gratitude and honour wherever the Union Jack flies, a place will surely always be found for those fine Irishmen—Lord Roberts and Lord Carson.

I joined Lord Roberts' National Service League several years before the Great War, and it is well that Englishmen should never forget that it was the great little Irishman, "Bobs", who laboured earnestly during the years (when he might have enjoyed rest) almost alone, and in spite of the sneers of the politicians, in trying to warn the country against the German menace which his great mind saw approaching. In a book called *The Writing on the Wall*, published by the National Service League—several years before the War—a prophecy was made that Germany would declare war within six months of the completion of the Kiel Canal. War began within three months of its opening ! So convincing did Lord Roberts' arguments and deductions appear to me that I became very ardent in his crusade for National enlightenment, although many of my friends looked upon me as a crank.

Only on one occasion have I met and talked with either Lord Roberts or Lord Carson, but I treasure the memory of both those meetings. Each had that characteristic of great leaders, of inspiring not only respect, enthusiasm, confidence and love, but also the feeling that they took a personal interest in, and valued the friendship of, their most humble and obscure follower.

Irish Loyalists

Letters of mine appeared in the *Morning Post* of 9th June, 1923, and of 11th February, 1929, drawing attention to past pledges by eight responsible Ministers of State that "the Irish Treaty could only be permanent if the Irish Government abided by the spirit and letter of the treaty and carried out their undertakings to protect the loyalists to the utmost of their power."

On 19th February, 1929, Mr. Baldwin and his Government surrendered in the House of Commons—with a bad grace—to the revolt of the back benchers against the Government's failure to protect the interests of the Irish Loyalists, and Mr. Baldwin again promised to do so. I distrusted this capitulation and promise obtained by *force majeure* and my distrust is yearly becoming more justified.

On the 3rd August, 1914, I sent a telegram to Mr. Copeland Trimble notifying him that I had volunteered for service in the Navy in case of war with Germany, and that if the Navy wanted me I must resign my surgeoncy in the Enniskillen Horse. This terminated my actual association with Ulster and the Irish Loyalists.[1]

[1]*December*, 1933

All the safeguards for the Irish loyalists have now gone ; the oath of allegiance, the veto of the Crown, the King's Representative, the right of appeal to the Privy Council.

Those who desire evidence of the perfidy of Mr. Baldwin and his Ministerial supporters could not do better than read the Hansards of the Commons Debate of 19th February, 1929, and of the Lords Debate of 6th December, 1933.

In both debates the Government completely lost face.



From Trimble's "History of Enniskillen"] [*By permisston*

SOME OFFICERS OF THE ENNISKILLEN HORSE AT CASTLE HUME

Middle Row: Major Martin (Second-in-Command: Killed in action in Great War); W. Copeland Trimble (the Commander); Capt. Wailes Fairbairn (Squadron Commander: High Sheriff of York, 1915)
Front Row: J. Leigh (Scoutmaster); the Author (Surgeon)

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CHAPTER II

THE NAVY AND THE ADMIRALTY

The Yoke of Tradition

A WEEK before the outbreak of the Great War I went to the War Office and offered my medical services for the War. I do not recall the name or rank of the gentleman I saw, but he asked : "What war ?" I replied : "The coming war with Germany." He told me that it was doubtful whether we should be involved in a European War, even if it eventuated ; that quite possibly our part, if any, would be purely Naval ; that in any case we should not send any expeditionary force of more than 50,000 men and that "no civilian help was required, thank you." I became rather nettled and told him there would be war within a month, that we should be in it, that our part would be more than Naval, and that they (the War Office) would send far more than 50,000 men and would need civilian help badly. We parted not the best of friends, but probably his ignorance was only diplomatic.

The Admiralty

On 29th July I visited the Admiralty, whose reception of me was entirely different from that of the War Office. The gentleman I saw said he thought we should be in it, that they were very short of doctors, that I was the first civilian volunteer, and that my name and address would be taken.

No special arrangements for temporary surgeons had then been made, and I had to go through the ordinary routine medical tests. It must have been a comic sight to see a man in early middle age, soft from a London sedentary life, with a slight inclination of an approaching paunch, stripped to the buff, swarming a rope and hopping round the room on one leg ! However, I passed this medical examination satisfactorily on 3rd August. As gossip said that the military age for volunteers was to be 40, and as I

had reached my 41st birthday in May, I thought it safest to give my age as 39. Birth certificates were not asked for, and at that time I looked young for my age, so the return I gave was never questioned, although my correct age was recorded in various directories. Probably I might have been accepted for the non-combatant medical service even if I had stated my true age, but I did not like to risk it. My commission was dated 3rd August.

Snub by Hospital

I had informed the medical superintendent at St. George's Hospital—Dr. Nackbar—that I was booked for the Navy in case of war.

Dr. Nackbar, who died some years ago was, I believe, of foreign (by rumour, German) descent, and did not encourage medical officers of the hospital volunteering for service. I was then Assistant in the Bacteriological Department of the hospital, and looked after the blood work, and I had had considerable difficulty in obtaining leave for the Ulster training camp in June. When I told Dr. Nackbar that I might have to leave and join the Navy he was quite annoyed and said : "Your first duty is to your hospital."

No man of true British blood could have felt, much less said : "your first duty is to your hospital", when the day had dawned when England had need of the whole-hearted and uncalculating service of her sons and daughters. Those who thought and acted on the ungenerous assumption that their first duty was to themselves, their family, their firm or their professional or business careers, were unworthy of their flag and their citizenship.

R.M.S.P.

I had had a very severe illness in 1904 and had been advised to go to sea for a year to regain strength, and had spent a delightful time in the service of the R.M.S.P. Company.

During this year I had one very interesting professional experience, for on the way back from the West Indies, after consultation with two other doctors, I operated on a soldier during a storm for a perforated duodenal ulcer. At that time, successful operation for such a condition was rare even in a London hospital with every resource in surgical and nursing skill, instruments, etc. However, this

case proved successful and we put into Plymouth to land the man at hospital, and when on the following day we arrived at Southampton we were greeted with headlines in the papers: "Wonderful operation at sea by London surgeon." As I had never been an operating surgeon, and this was indeed the only major abdominal operation that I had ever done, it was rather amusing. The man recovered and I received a War Office letter, dated 22nd June, 1905, containing a fee and the thanks of the Army Council for my services "which were attended in exceptional circumstances by such satisfactory results." I subsequently published the case in the *Lancet*.

When I left the service of the R.M.S.P. Company, after a year, Mr. Owen Philipps (now Lord Kylsant) was kind enough to give me an interview, in which I laid before him certain suggestions for the equipment of a hospital and staff for third-class steerage passengers on large ships. I also published a letter on the subject in the *British Medical Journal*, which was quoted in Australian and other papers, and I have had the satisfaction of hearing that at least some of my suggestions have been carried out in various Lines.

Now the R.M.S.P. Company's uniform was very like that of the Navy, so when the Medical Director-General of the Navy asked me on the morning of 4th August whether I was prepared to go to sea that day, I dug out my old uniforms, had R.N. buttons put on, ordered new uniforms from Gieves, was told I must have a sword, which I think I only wore once at a funeral, asked my part-time secretary (Mrs. D. Evans) to let my flat and pay my bills—which she did although refusing to accept any salary after the date of my joining up—and off I went.

Naval Log

During my Naval service, although I did not keep a regular diary, I wrote down from time to time some of my personal impressions of naval life and my views of the more interesting events as they occurred to my civilian mind. On leaving the Navy in August, 1915, I put these notes into a sealed envelope marked, "Not to be opened until conclusion of peace", and placed them in a deed box and forgot about them. This envelope was, indeed, never touched until I began writing this chapter in

February, 1929, when it was opened in the presence of my friend, Captain Frank Kingdon-Ward, the explorer-botanist.

The third and fourth chapters will consist of the major portion of these notes, as impressions of events and environment recorded at the time are perhaps of more interest than a review of experiences made long after the events occurred. Being only the observations and deductions of an uninstructed civilian, wholly ignorant of naval tactics and strategy, I hope my friends in the Navy will not think me impertinent for laying my limited experiences and amateur opinions before the public.

The British public, however, often seem to place as much weight on the opinion of the ordinary man as on that of the expert, and as the ordinary man decides national policy as much as he decides whether a man is guilty or not guilty of crime, perhaps the placing on record of the opinion of an ordinary man on the naval experiences that came within his orbit during the first year of the War may be excusable.

I had the great advantage of having as my observation post a ship of the first battle cruiser squadron—the *Princess Royal*—that took part in two naval actions in the North Sea, that crossed the Atlantic and acted as a stop to the Panama Canal, in case Von Spee's squadron had selected this route to leave the Pacific ; that convoyed the first contingent of Canadian troops and that was for a short period Admiral Beatty's flagship.

The Admiralty had told me that they could not appoint me to a ship, as such appointment would be made by the Fleet Flagship, but that the choice of one of the many ships that had a vacancy for a surgeon would probably be given me. On the way up to Scapa Flow, therefore, I studied Jane's *Fighting Ships* with some care, and came to the conclusion that the battle cruisers would probably see the cream of the fighting. So when reporting to the *Iron Duke*, I asked whether there was a vacancy in a battle cruiser and was told that I might go to the *Princess Royal*, and I was accordingly gazetted as surgeon to this splendid ship.

Amongst my notes I find a short article undated but evidently written directly after the tragedy of the sinking by submarines of the three old cruisers Hogue, Cressy and Aboukir in 1914—I had called it "The Yoke of Tradition"

and I evidently felt that these casualties were unnecessary. Here it is :

The Yoke of Tradition

Of all services and professions, except perhaps the Church and Law, the Navy is the most conservative, the most sceptical of new methods and ideas, and the most intolerant of suggestion from outside its own ranks. In the preface to *Naval Occasions*, which lays before the public some of the everyday features of naval life, the author, a naval officer, points out this characteristic of the Navy. He writes :

> Fondness for the ancient order of things is still a feature of this navy of ours. There never was a ship like our last ship : no commission like the one before this one.

This inherent conservatism pervades every rank and rating. Of all professions the Navy is the most isolated, with customs, interests and outlook different from and unknown to the great majority of our population that carry on their life work on land. Circumstance, tradition, and regulation unite in raising a barrier that almost completely cuts off the Navy from those outside during the whole period of active life in the Service. And within this barrier, secondary fences have been carefully erected, which divide officers from men and different ranks of officers from each other. I think that it can safely be stated, without fear of contradiction, that no one outside the Navy is in a position to give an authoritative opinion on the view of those in the Navy ; and those in the Navy are not allowed to speak. If a naval officer on the active list were to venture to express his opinion in public on any question of naval administration, equipment or strategy, or to criticise in any way the personnel or material of his service, he would very seriously prejudice himself with the authorities. The Navy has not received the title of the "Great Silent Service" on baseless grounds, but only after many generations of sailors have proved their loyalty as much by their silence as by their acts. Reticence is now recognized as an almost constant and typical virtue in the Navy amongst both officers and men. And this reticence and unwillingness to discuss naval matters, either privately with civilian friends, or publicly on platform or in the press is not due to any fear of breaking regulations, but to the wholeheartedness of their devotion to the interests of their country and service. They all seem, in a way that is all too rare on these days of "every man for himself," to realise the grave and personal responsibility that each one bears, and take it as a matter of course that devotion and duty to their service should always be their first consideration.

The Medical Department is the least identified with the spirit of silent mystery that envelops the Service. For, unlike the executive officers, who mostly enter the Service in early youth, or the officers of the Engineering or Pay Departments, who enter in later youth, the surgeons do not join the Navy until they have reached manhood. They are not moulded in their plastic years by their education and environment into a model that accepts the traditional dogmata of the Service without question or demur. Even the Medical Department, however, is securely muzzled by regulations, and no surgeon may submit an article or letter for publication in a medical journal without first submitting it to his senior medical officer, who may veto it, or who may in turn pass it on to the Director-General of the Medical Department, whose sanction must be obtained before the contribution is permitted to be forwarded to the Editor of the medical journal. Owing to this censorship, free discussion on medical organisation, diagnosis or treatment in relation to the Navy is entirely barred to naval surgeons. As a result it is not a matter of wonder that some discontent exists in this branch of the Service.

I have mentioned the medical department in particular because it is obviously a branch of the Service that contains no secrets the publication of which might be of value to a potential enemy, but on the contrary free discussion could only make for efficiency. If, therefore, the Medical Department is muzzled, it is not surprising that the other departments, dealing with subjects a detailed knowledge of which would be of very great value to an enemy, are much more closely guarded.

At all costs our valuable and perhaps vital secrets in respect to gunnery, torpedoes, submarines, wireless and the engine room must be kept from prying eyes and ears. Such a necessity for secrecy is fully realised by all the personnel of the Navy, who accept it and carry it out with an uncriticising and silent loyalty and patriotism that is altogether admirable.

The Captain, in the great majority of cases, lives a life of "splendid isolation," takes his meals in his own spacious, comfortable, but lonely cabin, and only occasionally honours the wardroom or ante-room with his presence. Etiquette does not permit him to descend to terms of friendship or familiarity with his junior officers, and the formal little dinner parties that he sometimes gives are overshadowed by a sense of discipline, and tend to be far from amusing functions.

This isolation of senior ranks prevents a free interchange of experiences and theories, and the conclusions based on them, and favours the development and fixation of an immutably conservative loyalty to the school of thought in which the officer has been educated.

The executive officer is caught very young, and in the impressionable years of youth and early manhood is so influenced by his companions, instructors and superior officers that however much individuality he may possess, it is almost impossible for him to escape being moulded to such an extent that the impress will last all his life. Certain traditions and dogmata are so driven home to his consciousness, both by example and precept, that they eventually filter through to his subconsciousness and become an article of faith, an *idée fixe*, from which there is no escape.

It requires an exceptional and rare amount of individuality, force of character and intellectual ability to get out of a groove in the Navy. In the great majority of cases grooviness increases *pari passu* with seniority until, by the time Command or Flag rank is reached the officer is incapable of any other point of view than that restricted one of big ship, destroyer, submarine, gunnery, torpedo, or yacht. If he has not specialised, he is apt to lose perspective and think the appearance and routine of his ship a matter of supreme importance. But whatever rut he has got into, his views in regard to strategy and tactics will be influenced also by the historical and Nelson tradition that he absorbed in youth.

If at any period, therefore, some new invention for offence or defence emerges in the evolution of fighting material, it naturally, and often most beneficially, meets with criticism and opposition from those whose faith remains loyal to old established methods.

This opposition between old and young, passive and active, reaction and progress, experience and adventure, discipline and initiative, must ever exist ; the former in each case as a check and brake on the latter, and the latter as a spur and stimulant to the former. Each point of view and each argument is equally true, and each is the essential corollary and complement of the other.

The progress of the present war on land seems to suggest that Germany has perfected the discipline of her armies beyond the point of maximum benefit, and at such an expense of initiative as to render her army less efficient than ours under equal conditions of numbers, material and position. Similarly, in the South African War, the Boer forces, whose discipline was very lax, more than held their own against our disciplined troops owing to their superiority in initiative, and we were only victorious because we had the advantage of numbers and material.

On this meagre data, initiative appears to be more valuable than discipline, though both are necessary to ensure success. The relative value of these two military virtues appears, how-

ever, to vary in different circumstances, and it is probably impossible to evolve any system that would offer the best combination in any case that might arise.

In the modern Navy, consisting as it does chiefly of gigantic and intricate mechanical devices based on mathematical formulae, the need of initiative amongst the lower deck does not seem so urgent as discipline, while the contrary is the case with the commissioned and warrant ranks, whose initiative appears to be most essential.

The Captain who suffers from "cold feet" and lives in perpetual fear of the Flagship and the Admiralty, who hastens to kotow to their wishes, and is servile in his obedience to them, may certainly secure promotion and the praise of those who sit in high places, but he will not have the respect and confidence of his officers and men. Nelson will always be remembered as the man who put his telescope to his blind eye, and he would not have risen to become the saviour of his nation and the idol of his countrymen if he had placed discipline before initiative. The tradition of discipline amongst officers is strong and tends to increase the difficulty of ensuring a free passage of new ideas upwards to senior ranks. For senior officers, as the result of the discipline tradition, are liable to think that new ideas being junior to old ideas *must* be wrong !

The struggle must always end in victory for youth and progress, but the battle was still undecided at the outbreak of the present War in respect of the submarine. The majority of senior officers had, until the naval manœuvres of 1913, looked upon the submarine as a toy. The submarine service had been continually snubbed, and its officers were consequently very eager to have an opportunity of demonstrating the enormous possibilities of offence that lay in the new craft, which they were confident would emerge triumphant from the severest test the most carping of critics could demand.

Until 1913 submarines had not been permitted to take part in manœuvres, and the result of their inclusion was a complete vindication of the claims of their officers. The success of this branch in the 1913 manœuvres was remarkable and complete, battleships and battle cruisers being torpedoed on the high seas, or when entering or leaving harbour, notwithstanding the employment of every precaution in the way of lookout, high speed and zig-zagging.

The question of the vulnerability of the submarine to attack by gunfire or ramming could not, of course, be tested, but as the presence of a submarine was not usually suspected until after its attack had been delivered, this question was not one of great importance.

On several occasions the captain of a battleship, feeling

perhaps that his dignity was infringed by a lieutenant popping up in a submarine 400 yards away and claiming to have put him out of action, refused to admit the claim on the first occasion. When the attack was repeated, using this time a torpedo with a dummy head, the impact of which was felt by all on board the battleship, the captain was obliged to admit the claim of the impertinently efficient lieutenant.

On the first occasion that the submarine had been permitted to take part in manœuvres she had flung back her disparagers' criticisms in their astonished faces, and had given the Admiralty, admirals and captains food for much thought. The Submarine Service alone was not surprised. The Admiralty was so impressed by the achievements of the submarine that it was agreed to have another four days' trial in order to test their capabilities of attack on the high seas, and their ability to find the enemy when the submarine was unsupported and working at a considerable distance from their base. This test, however, was never carried out in a satisfactory way, as the first two of the days selected were considered too rough, and on the third day when the submarines were permitted to go to sea they were accompanied by big ships, and acted in conjunction with them instead of independently.

When War was declared with Germany, therefore, full efficiency of the submarine had never been completely proved, and many senior officers were still of opinion that it was of little value for picking up and attacking a fleet at sea. So the Admiralty and senior officers hardened their hearts to the possible menace of enemy submarines, and, faithful to the naval creed in which they had been brought up, obsessed with shibboleths of the Nelson tradition, and firm in the determination that, as ever, England must keep the seas at all costs, they gathered together the Grand Fleet and proceeded to sweep the North Sea from the Shetlands to Heligoland. They then boasted that the blockade of the German coasts was complete and that England was mistress of the seas.

But all the time the junior officers were waiting, waiting for the inevitable attack from the unseen enemy, waiting for the toll of blood and treasure with which England always buys experience, waiting for the eyes of their seniors, dazzled by too long gazing at the shining past, to see the present and the future with clearer vision. Every time our great Armada left harbour the juniors expected the Admiral to return with a smaller fleet and a larger respect for the submarine. Every time a capital ship hove to, to send a boarding party to search a 500 ton tramp, they realized that the tramp might be accompanied by German submarines. Every time they carried out tactical manœuvres at ten knots they expected to hear an explosion and

see one of the great ships take a list and perhaps sink. Every time that gunnery practice took place they wondered whether the boom of the guns would signal their whereabouts to an unseen, but not necessarily far-off, enemy.

Yet for a time nothing serious happened, except occasionally a battleship, steaming in a calm sea in the middle of the fleet, just escaped a torpedo discharged by an unseen submarine. Sometimes a submarine was sighted and fired at; or it was reported that "something that looked like a torpedo track had been seen to cross the bows about a cable's length ahead."

By these tokens and the occasional reports from trawlers that they had "sold some fish to a German submarine" or had "sighted two submarines steaming north," it was realized that we were gambling with fate. True, our old-time luck held, that wonderful British luck that for so many generations had stood our friend since the rain storm of Cressy, and the Spanish Armada gale. But those lieutenants with submarine experience knew that the majority of the German submarine officers were not sufficiently experienced to make the most of their craft; that many of the German submarines were of the obsolete pattern having only one bow tube, so that the submarine itself had to be trained on the ship which was to be attacked They knew that skill must come with practice, and that the new super-submarine with beam as well as bow and stern tubes would be a very different proposition. Granting the Germans the possession of one submarine officer of four years' experience and one super-submarine, and it was a practical certainty that some of our capital ships would be sunk if the Grand Fleet continued its dignified patrol of the North Sea.

But our luck held, and the first big ships to be sent to their doom by submarine attack, and destined by their fate to mark the dawning of a new era in naval strategy, were the three old cruisers, *Aboukir*, *Cressy* and *Hogue*. It has taken the authorities two months of war experience to realize the folly of using valuable armoured ships for the purpose of examining, boarding and searching small foreign merchant ships within the radius of German submarines.

So began the difficult task of putting young heads on to old shoulders and the grafting of new strategy on to old strategists.

Visionaries like Jules Verne and H. G. Wells had forecast the coming of the submarine and the conquest of the air by the heavier-than-air machine, and they had been laughed at as those whose vision extends beyond the immediate present always have been. Even the grave and reasoned warning of Sir Percy Scott was hardly listened to, for, as ever, England would only listen to the voice of experience.

Fate has, indeed, been kind to us in bringing the "Great

War" at such a period of flux when the big ship has not yet ceased to be an important and probably deciding factor, and when we have our ally France, who, with her inventive genius and prescient intellect, had long ago realized that the old order was passing and had spent her brains and treasure on submarines and destroyers rather than big ships. In another ten years the big ship would have passed, and probably Germany would have been our equal, if not our superior, in super-submarines and super-aeroplanes. While the majority of craft, either for trade or war, float on the surface of the sea, there can no longer be such a thing as the "command of the sea" while the enemy possess one ocean-going super-submarine ; and the submarine of the future will rapidly grow in size, speed and radius of action until, with a radius of six thousand miles, no harbour or ocean will be so remote as to be safe from submarine attack.

Let us recognize that the Nelson tradition of keeping the seas and holding the command of the sea, which saved Britain and Europe from Napoleon's autocratic and aggressive hegemony, must be set aside ; set aside with the gratitude and reverence due to a tradition to which we owe so much and which was perfect and complete in its day. That day is now past and lies buried off the Hook of Holland, where, deep down, the twisted wrecks of the *Aboukir*, *Cressy* and *Hogue* mark its grave.

In modern naval warfare casualties will probably consist chiefly of deaths (as the result of explosions or by drowning), scalds and wounds by fragments of shell or splinters of the ship's structure. There will be no possibility of moving from one part of the ship to another during an action. While fighting is in progress, therefore, the surgeon can do nothing, and afterwards he will be wise to attempt only first aid, and to await the arrival of the hospital ship or the return to harbour. A fighting ship, even in peace time, is quite unsuited for the conduct of serious surgical operations, and during an action the unprotected upper works may be blown away and the space available for hospital purposes greatly curtailed. Yet every large ship carries three surgeons, and the hospital ship does not accompany the fleet or squadron. The tradition in the medical branch remains unchanged from the old days when the ratio of wounded to killed was relatively large and the slowness of transport rendered long-continued treatment on board ship necessary.

That tradition, and especially such a glorious one as that of our Navy, is a priceless national asset, is self-evident, but its worship may contain a few elements of harm amongst the wealth of good, if such worship is unreasoning, dogmatic and servile.

We must not permit our tradition *on* the sea to impede our progress *under* and *over* it. In the future we shall still have to struggle against our inherent conservatism and love of the past, still stop our ears to the siren song of outgrown tradition, however glorious and splendid it may have been.

. . . . .

When I read in 1929 these pages that I had written in 1914 I was astonished to find how little the passage of a decade and a half had altered the opinion I then set down.

There is a legend that Reginald McKenna when First (Civil) Lord of the Admiralty (1908-1911) tried to break down the barriers that had previously existed between the Civil Lords and the Sea Lords. It is told that when appointed he sent for the First Sea Lord, who came and stood strictly at attention at the other side of McKenna's table. McKenna asked him to sit down and have a chat, but it took some time to break down the barriers of officialdom and seniority. Eventually McKenna told the Sea Lord to come into his room whenever he liked without knocking, to smoke if he liked, to swear if he liked, and to say anything he wished, and to try to be human. Whether McKenna's attempt to humanise and democratise the Admiralty had any permanent effect I do not know, but I believe that it was an historical fact that before this occasion no Civil and Sea First Lord had ever met for friendly discussion at the Admiralty.

Admiralty Out of Touch with Fleet

The Admiralty never seemed to know, understand, or be really interested in the altering conditions under which the Fleet lived, moved, or might be called upon to fight. Whether the Admiralty gave orders, or refrained from giving orders, in the opinion of the wardroom, it showed complete ignorance of essentials, although it seemed to interfere in the game and move important pieces, and neglected obvious precautions in a way that made the men on the spot livid with rage. For instance, the futility of going on night firing practice at midnight in June north of the Shetlands where it was quite light all night ; the danger in ordering capital ships to stop and board small tramp steamers : to pick up targets : to manœuvre at ten knots in the southern part of the North Sea : the terrible risk of

depleting the battle cruiser fleet by sending two to the Mediterranean, two to the Falklands, and one (ourselves) to the West Indies, so that the North Sea Battle Cruiser Fleet might have to meet the German Battle Cruiser Fleet on unequal and disadvantageous terms—were all obvious even to a civilian, and doubtless much more so to naval officers of all ranks.

The Admiralty also must be held responsible for the apparent waste of man power and unnecessary restriction of recreation. It always seemed to be necessary to order many men to do work that could be done by a few, and both officers and men—but particularly the men—were treated very shabbily as to leave. Also more shore sports and football matches and tournaments for the men could surely have been encouraged without endangering efficiency.

The Admiralty must be held responsible for the pre-War delay in making preparations so that Scapa Flow, Cromarty, the Forth and the Tyne, could afford safe anchorage, and for the delay after the outbreak of war in placing boom defences at the Flow and Forth.

A trifling but significant example of lack of common sense was the instruction that the order to "darken ship" at night should be applied to Kingston Harbour, Jamaica, where in spite of the stifling heat and the impossibility of destroyer or submarine attack, all scuttles were closed !

Smoke

There was always a moment's thrill when, returning from afternoon shore leave in Edinburgh, we first caught a view of the Fleet, and saw whether smoke was coming from the funnels, suggesting that we were getting up steam, or not. After a while the Fleet used a camouflage smoke to deceive spies into thinking we were getting up steam when we were not, but the expert eye of an engineer could usually tell the real from the false.

Torpedo Nets

I was never able to understand why we were equipped with torpedo nets which must have necessitated a definite though perhaps not great sacrifice of precious weight which might have been more usefully expended in coal or ammunition, or even armour. We used nets at Scapa Flow and at Invergordon, when we had the submarine scare, but we

never used them at the Forth ; or at the Flow after the boom defences had been fixed up. Nobody seemed to place any reliance at all on nets as a protection from submarine attack when at anchor, so they appeared to be only a vestigial organ like the appendix, remaining at considerable disadvantage to its bearer after its use and value had passed away. Just another example of the yoke of tradition, I suppose.

Our Secret Service

The Navy had great confidence in the efficiency and cunning of the British Secret Service, especially in regard to the German High Sea and Battle Cruiser Fleets. One of the "buzzes" was that the reigning mistress of one of the leading German Admirals was a British Secret Service agent, who had a wireless installation on the top floor of her house and that, having by feminine wiles extracted information regarding weighings and destination of fleets, she would, fresh from the Admiral's embraces, retire upstairs and wireless our Admiralty.

The Dogger Bank Action (see Chapter IV) was an astonishing example of the efficiency of our Naval Intelligence. At 7.30 p.m. on 23rd January, 1915, one hour after leaving the Forth, we were told that we should sight the enemy at 7.10 a.m. They were sighted at 7.20 a.m. !

Our Admiralty must have known the hour and minute that the Germans put to sea and their exact course and speed ! Later the wardroom gossip said that an aged professor had been discovered who since his retirement many years before to the depth of the country had made a hobby of code deciphering. This old man's wizardry and genius was reported to be such that few if any of the German Wireless Fleet Messages were undecipherable by him ! It was only in 1929 that I found that the wardroom gossip was founded on fact.

It was no dug-out professor, however, but Sir Alfred Ewing, Director of Naval Education (later Principal of Edinburgh University) who was the cryptographic expert to whom the Nation and the Fleet owed so much. Professor Ewing was the first occupier of the then new Chair of Applied Mechanics at Cambridge when I was an undergraduate at Clare in the early nineties. His elder brother, Canon Ewing, married my mother's sister, and I have

pleasant and grateful memories of Professor and Mrs. Ewing's hospitality in those far off days, and it was a delight to me to learn of the great work that he had been able to carry out for Britain during the War, perhaps work that did as much to "win the war" as that of any other single individual.

This seems to be the appropriate position in which to begin my log on the *Princess Royal*, in which I recorded my experiences from Sunday, 2nd August, 1914, to 3rd August, 1915.

Not a word has been added to the manuscript as written in the *Princess Royal*, and sealed up when I left, and very little has been deleted.

When I opened the envelope in 1929 I wondered whether I should find that the impressions I had jotted down in that noisy cabin of mine in "A" turret lobby, just behind the chain lockers, with the fo'c'sle breakwater over my head, and a loose torpedo boom banging at the side, were sense or nonsense. My log makes no reference to ordinary wardroom gossip, pink gins at 2d, excellent cigars at 3d., the really tophole messing, the weird "Bridge" with Fleet-Surgeon, Fleet-Paymaster and Engineer-Commander, partaking more of Poker than Bridge. It is a simple record of the impressions of an unimportant civilian observer.

MY NAVAL LOG

August, 1914, *Joining Up*

On Sunday, 2nd August, came the report that the neutrality of Luxembourg had been violated and that several slight brushes had taken place between the French and German outposts. In view of England's obligation under the Treaty of London and the Entente Cordiale it appeared reasonable to conclude that we could no longer honourably maintain a position of neutrality in the great European struggle that had already begun.

In the afternoon, however, ominous rumours began to circulate in the clubs that the Cabinet contained a strong anti-war minority, and the depression deepened when the lengthy Cabinet sessions failed to produce any definite announcement of policy. That was probably one of the most anxious days ever experienced by those who felt that England's honour and dignity were at stake and that she might possibly fail in her duty to her friends, be false to her high destiny, and discard

the noble traditions of her glorious past for the sake of a selfish peace.

Even if the odds were against us, and although we had no direct interest in the Austro-Servian campaign, and if we had nothing to gain and much to lose by entering the arena of war, it must, nevertheless, be obviously preferable (to those who hold the unstained honour of our flag to be above any advantage measured in terms of money, power or comfort) that we should meet our obligations at all costs.

In the evening of Monday, 3rd August, I received orders to report at Haslar Hospital on the following day and so I again visited the Admiralty on Tuesday morning to see the Director-General and explain to him that I had volunteered for service at sea and not on shore. He most courteously arranged for me to join the Bibby liner *Oxfordshire* (Hospital Carrier No. 1) en route for the Battle Fleet.

The First Fortnight

We sailed at 11.45 p.m., 4th August, and on our way down the river received the news that War had been declared against Germany. Everyone was delighted that the Government had done their duty. We steamed up the East Coast close to land most of the day, passing numerous trawlers at a very short distance, and arrived at Scapa Flow, Orkneys, at 4 p.m. on Thursday, 6th August.

On Friday I visited the *Iron Duke* with Fleet-Surgeon Bolster and received orders to join the Dreadnought Cruiser *Princess Royal* at the first opportunity. After leaving the *Iron Duke* I went to the repair ship *Cyclops*, and then on shore to Kirkwall with Fleet-Surgeon Sutcliffe to arrange about fitting up a hospital on shore.

When in the *Iron Duke* I was informed that the periscope of a submarine had been seen at sea only about 200 yards from the ship, but that no torpedo had apparently been fired, and that the submarine had dived at once. We also heard that a German minelayer had been captured and sunk, and later that the *Amphion* had struck a mine and sunk with the Paymaster and 130 men, the rest of the officers and men being saved.

On Saturday, the 8th, I went into Kirkwall again to get some hospital stores and coming back had a rough time in the hospital motor-launch, which was open, and being only a Thames motor pleasure-launch not suited to the dirty weather then prevailing. On my return to the *Oxfordshire* I was informed that the *Princess Royal* and the rest of the Cruiser Squadron had arrived, the Battleship Squadron having sailed the previous evening. A steam pinnace was sent for me at 7.30 and I joined the *Princess Royal* at 8 p.m., 8th August. We sailed at mid-



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THE AUTHOR, 1914

night. I heard that a submarine had appeared close to the *Monarch* and discharged two torpedoes, neither of which hit her.

On Sunday, the 9th, news was received that the *Birmingham* had rammed and sunk the German submarine U.15. During the day a submarine was sighted by two ships of this Fleet (twenty Dreadnoughts and Super-Dreadnoughts), both of which opened fire on her but probably did no damage. We steamed about all day in the middle of the North Sea, about midway between Scotland and Norway. All chests-of-drawers were removed from cabins and stowed below the water line.

We all expected at least one ship of the Fleet to be torpedoed by a submarine during the day, but the German submarine service does not appear to be nearly as efficient as ours, as with similar opportunities we should certainly have sunk six or more of the enemy's ships.

As this huge Fleet (the Grand Fleet) comprises all the best ships of the Navy, and owing to the area covered offers an almost unconcealable and unmissable target to submarines by day and destroyers by night, it is to us a matter of great surprise and thankfulness that we have for the first week of the War escaped casualties.

Owing to the great coal consumption of this class of ship frequent returns to Scapa Flow are necessary for replenishing the bunkers. The authorities evidently do not consider Scapa Flow safe from submarine attack (although the strong tides and narrow channels must make it almost impossible for a submarine to enter submerged), and have applied for eight more destroyers for patrol purposes, and two old battleships with small guns to guard the entrances from destroyer attacks. When these arrive we shall perhaps be permitted a few days' rest in Scapa, as the engine-room hands will become worn out if these very frequent coalings are repeated indefinitely. The boiler uptakes also require cleaning, which, of course, can only be done when the fires are drawn, as they become filled with soot, which burns, and if the uptakes became burnt through, the ship would have to lie up until new ones had been fitted.

We have this afternoon, the 10th, left the Fleet and proceeded north of the Shetlands, where we divided, the *Lion* and *Queen Mary* proceeding to Faroe Isles while we swept in a southerly direction to the west of Orkneys and Shetlands. Our object is to capture German shipping and, if possible, discover and sink the German cruiser that is acting as depot mother ship to the German submarines.

Part of the rest of the Fleet proceeded to Stavanger, Norway, where a German liner is reported to be acting as an auxiliary cruiser and where some German destroyers and submarines are believed to have established a base.

We, the Battle Cruiser Squadron, returned to Scapa Flow at 2 a.m. on the 12th August and weighed anchor at 2 a.m. on the 13th. We enter and leave at night in order to minimize the danger of submarine attacks, which are most unlikely after dark owing to the lack of illumination for a periscope view. Also submarines usually come to the surface at night to charge their batteries, which cannot be done when submerged.

A surgeon's life on board under present conditions is extremely lazy as all sick are removed to the hospital carrier at once.

When in Scapa on the 12th, I took a man with acute nephritis to the *Oxfordshire*. and visited the *Carisbrook Castle* (Hospital Carrier No. 3), which kindly supplied us with some hospital stores we needed. I was informed that a spy had been discovered in the Hospital Carrier No. 2 amongst the surgical staff, that he had been communicating with confederates on the Orkneys, and that he and thirteen shore spies had been taken prisoners and removed to London for trial. I also heard that four of the enemy's submarines had been seen by a trawler off Hull and were reported as steaming north-east.

The opinion on board is that we shall rejoin the Grand Fleet (from whom we parted on the 11th) either to-night or to-morrow and all sail to some safe anchorage on the west coast of Scotland, where our base will be situated until the North Sea has been cleared of submarines.

We have twice seen an aeroplane over the Orkneys, but do not know whether it is ours or the enemy's. Anyhow, we have nothing either of offensive or defensive of any use against aircraft.

We received a wireless last night stating that War had been declared against Austria. I am hoping soon to hear that Denmark has thrown in her lot with us, as it is obviously to her advantage to see Germany crushed, when she might increase her territory down to the Kiel Canal, which might be made a neutral and international waterway. With a composite allied force advancing south through Schleswig-Holstein on to the Kiel Canal the Fleet would be obliged to put to sea.

It is amusing and instructive to see how even now, at the beginning of a pan-European war, the peace-loving folk who do not seem able to read or understand the past or the present, and so cannot be expected to be able to judge the future, are quacking about the present War being "the last." For, surely, History clearly proves that it is Utopia with its universal peace and brotherhood that is the "Great Illusion," and that existence and progress are founded on struggle and opposition.

We imagine that the British Expeditionary Force must have crossed to France, as home letters report activity of transports on South Coast last week, and we suppose that our dash

southwards in the North Sea last week was to bring us within striking distance should the German Fleet leave harbour with the object of attacking the transports and convoys.

We have now been cruising up and down the Atlantic between Faroe Isles and Orkneys for two days, and are all very bored.

I "double round" with the men every evening for ten minutes, which does me a lot of good, as otherwise I should have no exercise and no work, and should spend my time eating and sleeping.

On 15th August we returned to the North Sea, steaming slowly all day in a south-easterly direction. The Commander addressed the ship's company, telling them to look out particularly carefully to-night and to-morrow night for torpedo attacks, and also stating that sixty-four bags had been lost at the last coaling and that it was most important that bags should not be lost as it was impossible to obtain new ones and the deficiency meant slow coaling.

CHAPTER III

MY LOG IN H.M.S. "PRINCESS ROYAL" AUGUST—OCTOBER, 1914

Heligoland Bight Action ; Convoying Canadians

August, 1914

ON the morning of Sunday, 16th August, at 10 o'clock, we reached a point 100 miles off the German coast. The Light Cruiser Squadron was thirty miles nearer than we were. Last night we passed two steamers, one to port and one to starboard, but did not investigate them. The Battle Squadron was about twenty miles behind us. Our object was apparently to lure the German Fleet out with our light cruisers as bait ; they would then retire upon us, and we would keep going until the arrival of the Battle Squadron.

Nothing occurred, however, no German warships were sighted, and at 10 o'clock we steamed north again. Of course, we may have come south to protect a convoy of troops crossing to France or Belgium, for we had heard no news whatever of the Expeditionary Force.

About 11 o'clock the *New Zealand* signalled that she had sighted a partially submerged submarine about 1,000 yards away. The submarine was steaming at full speed. The *New Zealand* turned and charged and the submarine disappeared without inflicting any damage. We do not know whether she fired a torpedo or not, nor whether she had time to dive or was rammed by the *New Zealand*, who was steaming at twenty-two knots. During the morning we spoke to two Norwegian trawlers but did not board either of them. From what I can gather, the lower deck think that all ships seen should be boarded for investigation, and the wardroom is of the same opinion.

The wardroom has been discussing Germany's food supply, and while the majority are of the opinion that Germany will soon be starved out, and that the War will end by October, a few think that Germany must have thought out some trade route and made arrangements for food supplies, and that the War will last at least six months.

I cannot myself take the optimistic view of those who think that a Great Power like Germany, who has been preparing for this War for many years, can be knocked out in the first round.

As long as Italy, Norway and Sweden remain neutral it appears possible that foodstuffs can be imported in neutral bottoms to these countries and then forwarded from Italy to Austria by land, or from Norway or Sweden by sea.

The fact that Germany's first act of war was to obtain the command of the Baltic and Gulf of Bothnia might possibly mean that some arrangements had been made by which foodstuffs from North or South America were taken by a North Atlantic route, passing just north or south of Iceland, across to the north of Sweden, and then by rail across to the Gulf of Bothnia, where they would be carried to German ports in German ships. Or, if delivered to northern Norwegian ports, the cargoes could there be transhipped into German bottoms, which could steam down the Norwegian coasts within the three mile limit of Norway's neutral territorial waters.

It would be very difficult for us to obstruct this trade route as we could not interfere with the delivery of cargoes to neutral ports carried in neutral bottoms, or with traffic in the territorial waters of a neutral state.

The following amusing parody of a German Press wireless message was sent us the other day from another ship, and quite deceived a few of the inhabitants of the wardroom :

> It is a matter of congratulation that General Swankenstein has met with complete success in making his strategical movement to the rear. In order to increase the mobility of his division and so strike with greater force he left some of his guns on the frontier. The glorious German Navy, fighting with its back to the wall, has been completely successful in outmanœuvring the combined fleets of England, France and Russia without incurring any casualties whatever. It is proposed to celebrate their success by a banquet at Wilhelmshaven should the food supply permit.

On the 19th and 20th I went on shore to Kirkwall, from 3.30 to 6.30 p.m.

Kirkwall was full of Territorials and I heard that encampments have been made and guns mounted at all the entrances to Scapa Flow.

The doctor at the Burgh Red Cross Hospital (which is now completed and ready to receive patients) told me that he had heard that several trawlers had been boarded in the neighbourhood of the Orkneys, and although flying the English flag were found to have a considerable quantity of oil fuel on board, presumably for use of enemy submarines. The doctor told me that the trawlers were sunk and the crews taken prisoner.

On the 22nd August the squadron had battle practice with 13.5 in. (four rounds per gun) and 4 in. guns. I was in the after turret "X." The left-hand projectile cage did not work very smoothly while the right cage stuck after three shots had been fired. One of the other turrets jammed and could not be

used at all. I cannot help feeling very disappointed at these *contretemps*, which if they occurred in action would mean that three out of our eight heavy guns were not available for use.

After the gunnery practice, the jamming of one turret, and the cages in another turret, was found to be due to one of the hydraulic engines being out of gear, the other not having sufficient power to work all the turrets.

I am quite persuaded that the day of the big ship is gone and that the future will be to the submarine and the light fast cruiser. The newest pattern submarine of over 1,000 tons displacement and with six or more torpedo tubes (bow, stern and beam) must in experienced hands become an almost invincible engine of destruction to the slow big ship of to-day.

One of the midshipmen on watch reported having seen the periscope of a submarine at 6 p.m. At present the majority of authorities consider that the safest course to pursue when a submarine is viewed is to charge her, for then your bow is directed towards the torpedo, which will only give a glancing blow and probably be comparatively harmless. You may also ram her if you are going at a good speed as it takes her a little time to increase depth to below your keel.

To-day, the 25th, we received a rather doubtfully worded "Poldu," by which I judge that the Allies have not defeated the Germans in the big battle now raging in Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine. As reported, the English troops held their position, but owing to the capture by the Germans of the Namur forts, our Army was obliged to retire with the French to the original line of defence along the Franco-German and Franco-Belgian frontiers.

Any postponement of success to the allied armies on land makes us realise the tremendous importance of the Navy's work, and we are happy and proud to feel that while we hold the seas England will remain inviolate, and our folk at home can work and eat and sleep and await with patience the ultimate victory of the allied armies on land.

We are painting the ship a French grey to-day at which I am pleased, for on the first day I joined I asked Hunt, our Gunnery Commander, why we were painted nearly black, when a French grey would apparently be much less visible.

I was awakened at 2 a.m. on 26th August by our siren blowing three blasts, and from the engine throbbing I knew that we were going astern. Going on deck I found we had stopped and that the whole sea was dotted with little groups of three dancing lights, and we were evidently in the middle of a fishing fleet. A slight fog was lifting, but it had been thick, so thick, indeed, that we had found ourselves at one time in very

uncomfortable proximity to the *Queen Mary*, which was the cause of our going astern.

We arrived at Scapa Flow at 7.30 and expected to have a rest of forty-eight hours in harbour, but at midnight received orders to sail at 4.30 a.m.

This morning, the 27th, "the pilot" told me that we were making a sweep to Heligoland and that the destroyers would go as near as ten miles.

When making a reconnaissance in force the formation is first line destroyers, second line light cruisers, third line battle cruisers, fourth line battle fleet. Our squadron will, therefore, be the first heavy ships to have a chance of getting a shot in. We shall not get nearer than thirty miles to Heligoland.

Battle of Heligoland Bight

At 9 a.m. on 28th August we received a message stating that our destroyer flotilla was engaging that of the enemy. Later we heard firing from which we presumed that our Light Cruiser Squadron was engaged, and we hurried to their support, steaming at twenty-seven knots. At 11 a.m. we sighted what at first we thought was a submarine wash, and the *Queen Mary* opened fire with a 4 in. gun. When we got nearer, however, we saw that it was apparently a floating spar. Shortly afterwards we sighted some light cruisers on the starboard bow, and general quarters for action was sounded. The cruisers, however, turned out to be our own Light Cruiser Squadron, which was returning in support of the Destroyer Flotilla. We were told to look out for submarines and a little later one of our destroyers opened fire on what she believed to be a submarine. At 11.45 we passed a disabled German light cruiser, the *Mainz*, that had been put out of action by our light cruisers and had struck her flag. She was on fire amidships and two funnels and one mast had been shot away. She subsequently sank.

I was just washing my hands in my cabin preparatory to lunch when General Quarters Action was again sounded. I went to the forrard distributing station and remained there for a quarter of an hour. On returning to deck I saw another German light cruiser on the port bow. She opened fire, but her shots did not reach us. When the shots began to get nearer the S.M.O. and myself went back to the distributing station, which is under B turret and protected by 6 in. armour on the ship's side and 3 in. armour round the base of the turret. Our 13.5 guns soon opened fire. After waiting for half-an-hour I got bored and paid a visit to A turret (Duff Dunbar's), going via the shell room, magazine room and up the chimney into the turret. "Cease Fire" sounded shortly after I got there and we

scrambled out on to the roof of the turret to have a look. I could just see the German cruiser through the mist. As we were watching her she apparently fired again, and the *Queen Mary* fired one shot, which seemed to hit her amidships. We then went down to the turret again and almost at once Duff Dunbar said that she was sinking by the stern. The bow stuck up for about two minutes after the stern was under water, and then sank. Although on fire and sinking she did not strike her flag, but went down with colours flying and working her forward gun to the last moment. Only a light cruiser, she had engaged the whole of our Battle Cruiser Squadron for nearly an hour and had sunk after putting up a splendid fight, and was game to the last. Her name was the *Köln*.

I could not help feeling great respect and admiration for the very gallant way in which her officers and crew had fought against odds which, from the first moment, only gave them the choice of death or surrender. Her armament consisted of 4 in. guns and two submerged torpedo tubes, and her armour was practically nil. Our duty, however, would not allow any other choice than capture or destruction. She chose destruction, and it was with a heavy heart that many of us saw her sink. Her name will doubtless live in naval history as one worthy of a place beside our own *Revenge*, and we can but salute her memory and pay tribute to the fine example of naval courage that she gave us. She went down with all hands, the destroyers sent to search for survivors being unable to find any.

Although this action was of the nature that could only give glory to the enemy, it nevertheless gave the opportunity for the exhibition of a fine spirit in our men. The majority of them were below, in engine-room, stokehold, bunkers, shell rooms, only the gun crews having any idea as to the number of the enemy or the progress of the action. Most of the ship's company, indeed, were under the impression that we were engaging the German Battle Fleet, and worked splendidly with a most cheerful and courageous industry.

In the shell room the men wrote little messages on the projectiles, such as "A sausage for the Kaiser, hoping he will like the taste of it—it bursts."—"Hoping it will find you as well as it leaves me"—"Put this in your pipe and smoke it, but take care it doesn't burn your moustaches," etc.

During the whole action in which Destroyer Flotilla, Light Cruiser Squadron and Battle Cruiser Squadron were engaged, the enemy's casualties were : "two destroyers sunk and several injured ; two light cruisers sunk and one badly injured and probably sunk—while our casualties were only one destroyer badly damaged (and had to be towed) ; one destroyer damaged and one flotilla leader light cruiser, the *Arethusa*,

damaged. As regards personnel, the German casualties were probably nearly 1,000, while ours were only one officer and one or two men killed, and a few wounded.

The *Princess Royal* was hit once on the after-deck and our picket boat put out of action, one 4 in. gun chipped but not really damaged, and a small hole made in the ship's side. Our only casualty was a man with a trifling wound in the buttock from a splinter, so the engagement was christened "the battle of Hartnell's Rump." The *Lion* was hit five times, a fluke of one of her anchors being carried away, a few small holes in her forward funnel, etc. One of her turrets was struck, but the hit was not felt inside and the armour was not dented.

The nine German officers and eighty-one men picked up by the *Liverpool* were taken to Leith. The men told us that their officers said that they would be shot by the English if taken prisoners. They were enthusiastic about the food we gave them, saying that it was the best they had had since the declaration of war.

As we had been steaming fast since we left Scapa we had to return for coaling, but shall probably not spend long in harbour as the lower-deck prisoners report that the German Battle Fleet is shortly coming out if it is not out already. The German officers quite properly plead ignorance as to all possible movements of their ships.

We reached Scapa Flow on the evening of the 29th, and on the following day, the 30th, heard that our total casualties were sixty-nine, including two officers and thirty men killed. The light cruiser *Arethusa* and the destroyers suffered most. One destroyer was hulled fourteen times above the water line.

The German casualties appear to have been about 600 dead and 100 prisoners rescued by our ships. Another 300 were apparently rescued by their own ships, according to enemy reports.

We coaled ship all Saturday night (I ran a barrow from midnight to 3 a.m.—excellent exercise).

At 5 p.m. we weighed anchor and steamed for a point where the Admiralty had received information that German minelayers were proceeding, convoyed by a battleship of the Deutschland Class (four 11 in. and fourteen 6.7 in. guns).

During the night we received a wireless stating that trawlers reported having seen mines in this vicinity, so we were not surprised to find on our arrival that the birds had flown and as they probably had twenty-four hours start of us pursuit was useless.

September, 1914

During the morning of the 1st September, we boarded and examined two small Norwegian steamers, which were apparently

"all correct." We also stopped a steam trawler, which to my mind had a suspiciously new Red Ensign and nice clean, newly painted sides, but we did not board her, but allowed her to proceed —even when we do board a ship the boarding officer does not "off hatches" and examine the cargo, so the efficiency of his work appears rather doubtful. In any case there would always be plenty of time for the ship to throw overboard any mines she was carrying before we signalled her to heave-to.

In the afternoon we received a signal from the Flagship ordering us to board all ships and examine cargo and papers thoroughly. The afternoon was misty so we were glad not to meet a German battleship as such weather would enable her to approach near enough to use her 6 in. guns with great effect, while the advantage of our powerful long range guns would be lost, and our 4 in. guns could not compete satisfactorily with her 6 in. We also received a wireless telling us to look out for submarines between Norway and the Pentland Firth, Scotland, and keep clear of that line.

We heard at Kirkwall that a considerable force of Marines had been landed at Ostend, and that two army corps of Russian troops were being moved there via Archangel and Aberdeen, so we imagine Ostend is to be made a base from which the Germans may be attacked in the rear. We hope the German Fleet may be tempted to try to cut our communications with Ostend and bombard the town, and that we shall be able to cut them off and force a fleet action. We received a message in the evening stating that an English trawler had reported a large German submarine off the Humber, which lay alongside her for some time and bought some fish from her.

It has occurred to me that intelligently commanded German submarines, when aware that our warships are boarding all craft in the North Sea, will soon follow merchant ships, and have an excellent opportunity of torpedoing us while we are hove-to for the purpose of boarding. It would therefore appear unwise to use valuable capital ships for police duty which could equally well be performed by destroyers or light cruisers.

On the 3rd September we joined up with the rest of the Grand Fleet for manœuvres and later proceeded east towards Norway.

We steamed down the coast of Norway on the 4th to near the north coast of Denmark, hoping to receive news that our destroyers had sighted three German cruisers with their convoy of mine layers, which we had reason to believe were then in that vicinity. We failed to get any news of them and the three small tramp steamers we boarded—English, Norwegian and Swedish—were reported as correct.

At 7.30 a.m. on the 6th we anchored off Rosyth, about a mile above the Forth Bridge, and spent the day replenishing

our supply of coal, oil and stores. We heard that the gunboat *Speedy* had struck a mine and sunk yesterday, and later that day we received similar bad news about the scout *Pathfinder*, which was either mined or torpedoed forty miles from here and sank in four minutes. There were 200 casualties.

It is obvious that the Admiralty will be forced to take some strong action as regard shipping in the North Sea, as these mines must be laid by steamers flying neutral flags which have succeeded either in eluding our patrols, or in deceiving our boarding officers. The simplest method would appear to be to close the North Sea to all foreign ships unless convoyed by a warship of their own nationality. Every stray ship would then be sunk at sight and the possibility of a German minelayer reaching our coast would be greatly reduced, and both our own and foreign shipowners and merchants would benefit. We still appear to be playing at war in the good old English way and to be pursuing our old policy of drift until a calamity forces us to be sensible.

On the 8th we weighed at 6 p.m., and having been joined by the *Indomitable* our squadron now consisted of six ships divided into three divisions of two, *Lion* and *Queen Mary*, *Princess Royal* and *New Zealand*, *Inflexible* and *Indomitable*. As we steamed under the Forth Bridge we were heartily cheered by troops and civilians on the north bank. The six huge ships steaming slowly out was a splendid sight. Great secrecy has been observed as to our destination, of which the wardroom is ignorant, but in the evening we received a message from the Flagship stating that a fleet of aircraft was reported to have been collected to act in conjunction with the German Battle Fleet, and gunnery officers were asked to suggest schemes for using our guns against aircraft. We hope, therefore, that there may be something doing this trip.

We also heard that a Dutch trawler had reported "two battleships and twelve cruisers, probably German," sighted in the North Sea. But, of course, these may have been our own ships.

On the 8th, at 1 p.m., three pigeons passed us flying east and coming from the direction of a sailing vessel sighted by us on the horizon. We hope that this is not a warning to the enemy.

When we were in the Forth the coaling was done by a shore party of miners who, we heard, were paid 7s. 6d. a day. The coaling was very slow and the general feeling was that it would have been performed more satisfactorily if done by the ship's company as usual, and if they had received an additional 2s. 6d. to their pay they would have been delighted, the coaling would have been quicker, and the expense smaller. Indeed,

owing to the very frequent coalings the men deserved a little extra pay, and it was not nice for them to know that civilians were paid 7s. 6d. for work for which they only received 2s., and such an arrangement might lead to discontent.

On the 9th September we proceeded south with a screen of six destroyers. Something important was evidently in progress and we had no idea as to our destination or the strategy or objective of this trip. In the afternoon we received a message from the *Lion* stating that there was a possibility of attack during the night, that as the moonlight was bright searchlights should not be used unless absolutely necessary, that torpedoes were only to be fired if a hit was certain, and that if we met the enemy near dawn we were to try and get between them and their base and postpone an action till daylight if possible.

Great enthusiasm prevailed, but the night passed without incident. I got up at 6 a.m. and went on deck to find that we had come into glorious warm summer weather. The sea was absolutely calm with a slight haze over it.

We were about fifty miles to the south-west of Heligoland and steaming westward. Later in the day we turned north and were joined by the whole of the Grand Fleet. The sea seemed full of every possible kind of battleship, cruiser and light craft, which was a very impressive and beautiful sight in the softening haze of a still and almost tropical September afternoon.

Everybody was very disappointed at our failure to get into touch with the enemy, and in consequence rather depressed and short tempered. We cruised about all day but failed to see anything of any hostile craft.

On opening my scuttle on the morning of the 11th, I found that we had struck cold and wet.

We did not weigh again until 7 p.m. on the 16th and so had our record rest in harbour since the War began. A report was about that German Zeppelins had been seen cruising over the southern part of the North Sea working in conjunction with submarines and towing something behind them. The report said that Germany now possessed twenty-seven Zeppelins, but this must be a gross exaggeration. We received one 3 in. anti-aircraft gun, and mounted 3-pounders, one on the port and one on the starboard shelter-deck. We also received a little ammunition, but only seventy rounds for the A/A gun, which will eventually be fixed on the after shelter-deck in the centre, near the range-finder. The sights for the 3 in. and some other parts did not arrive, so that this gun will be useless for the present.

On the 19th, in the morning, "full speed" was suddenly ordered, a German battle cruiser being reported on the port bow, which, however, turned out to be our *Drake*. We heard

later that the battle cruiser *Seidlitz* had been reported at sea and this probably accounted for our "panic."

On Monday we returned to the patrolling of the Skagger Rack, and heard the report that two of our submarines were going on a reconnaissance to Kiel Harbour. We also heard that two German cruisers, destroyers and submarines, were out proceeding northward from Skagger Rack, and we took part with our light cruiser squadron in a sweep up the coast of Norway. At 5 p.m. on the 22nd, the *Southampton* reported a strange warship which, however, turned out to be one of our own ships. No luck again ! The report of the sighting of a German warship now leaves us quite cold, and we take it for granted that such reports will turn out to be erroneous.

During the night of the 22nd we steamed west, north of the Shetlands, into the Atlantic with a view to sub-calibre gun-practice. All day on the 23rd, however, there was rain and mist so that the gun practice could not be carried out. In the morning we heard the sad news that our cruisers *Cressy*, *Aboukir* and *Hogue* had been sunk by seven German submarines off the Hook of Holland, not far from our position on the 21st.

So my prophecy of some weeks ago is fulfilled.

In cruising about the North Sea at eight knots, continually stopping to search merchant ships, we were "asking for trouble," and for trouble that must eventually befall us. The work of searching small merchant ships cannot be the work of capital ships, but rather of destroyers and light cruisers.

Now, after we have lost three large cruisers, the Admiralty in their belated wisdom have just issued an order that "armoured ships are not to search merchant ships, and if an armoured ship is disabled by the enemy her consorts are not to go to her assistance." We shall, however, doubtless continue to do P.Z.'s at eight knots in the southern part of the North Sea !—until another catastrophe occurs, when the Admiralty will issue another belated order.

It appears to me that if a fast hospital ship, well equipped with easily-launched boats and rafts, were to accompany every fleet, many lives might be saved, as she could approach a sinking ship and rescue the survivors.

October, 1914

On October the 3rd we weighed anchor early in the morning and headed for a point about thirty degrees west, where we were to pick up the fleet of transports convoying the 1st Canadian Contingent. We arrived at the rendezvous on the 7th, but the fleet of thirty-six was late, and did not arrive until the morning of the 10th. The fleet was convoyed by the *Glory* and several small cruisers and an auxiliary cruiser. We were the only capital

ship, the convoy, until we joined, consisting only of old ships of low speed and inferior armaments. The transports were arranged in three lines of twelve, abreast each other, and our position was about six miles on the port beam of convoy. The journey was uneventful, but one night we intercepted a German wireless apparently given off at no great distance.

On the 12th we passed down the starboard side of the northern (port) line of the transport fleet, "manned ship" and played the "Maple Leaf" and "Canada" as we passed each ship. We "cheered ship" also and our cheers were returned in the most enthusiastic way by the Canadian troops.

Our first orders were to convoy the transports into the Channel where they would make for Southampton, while we would go to Plymouth for coaling. On the 13th, however, we received fresh orders to return to Queenstown for coaling; the transports to proceed to Plymouth. This change of plan was probably owing to the fact that a German submarine had been reported in the Channel.

We arrived at Queenstown at 4 p.m. on the 14th, and left again at midnight on the 15th, proceeding via the Irish Sea to St. Kilda, which we reached at 9 a.m. on the 17th, anchoring about half a mile from the shore for six hours. There was no leave, so I did not go ashore, but I was told there are about seventy inhabitants on the island occupying twenty cottages. The minister is the head of the community and science is represented by a trained nurse placed there to supply medical aid and to endeavour to teach some elements of hygiene. The chief industry is weaving homespun in the winter. Their own sheep, of which they have about a hundred, do not supply quite all the wool, the extra being brought over from the Hebrides or mainland.

On the following day, the 18th, we reached Loch Na Keal (Mull) where we found the rest of our squadron, a light cruiser squadron and some destroyers. The repair ship *Assistance*, a store ship and several colliers arrived during the day. We coaled during the afternoon.

On the morning of the 21st October we heard by wireless that the *Hawke* had been submarined off the coast of Norway at the latitude of the Shetlands, and that very few lives had been saved. An unofficial report also reached us that three German submarines had entered Scapa Flow only one hour after the *Iron Duke* left. Luckily the harbour was empty of all battleships and cruisers at the time. One submarine was reported to have been sunk by a destroyer.

On our return to the North Sea we did our usual sweep down to the Skagger Rack, patrolled the mouth of it all the 23rd, and on the 24th packed up and made for Cromarty,

where we arrived at 6 a.m. on the 25th, and anchored off Invergordon.

On the morning of the 26th we received a signal from the *Lion* that a submarine was reported to have entered the harbour. All the 4 in. guns on the port side were manned, but we could see nothing to fire at. The *Lion* and the *Queen Mary* panicked and fired twenty-six shots all over the place toward the southern shore of the Loch. Many of them went into a wood to the east of the small village of Jemimaville. The *Queen Mary* claimed to have sunk the phantom submarine and sent a picket boat to buoy the spot, but on approaching this spot the picket boat stuck in the mud ! As the depth of water here was only about four feet, while a submarine submerged draws 20 feet, the assurance of the *Queen Mary* shows no lack of imagination ! Several of our lower-deck hands also, and some people on shore (including two officers of the Cameron Highlanders), were positive that they had seen the submarine. The following casualties occurred at the "Battle of Jemimaville"—one horse killed, one cottage severely injured, one baby wounded.

CHAPTER IV

MY LOG IN H.M.S. "PRINCESS ROYAL" NOVEMBER, 1914—JULY, 1915

Halifax (Nova Scotia) and Kingston (Jamaica)

Dogger Bank Action

November, 1914

WE remained in Cromarty until the 3rd November, when the squadron suddenly put out to sea at 2 p.m., only to make a sixteen point turn at 5 p.m. and to return to our old anchorage at 8.15 p.m.

We heard later that we had gone out to intercept a German force reported to consist of four cruisers and four Dreadnoughts which had been reported off Yarmouth. As, however, they retired almost as soon as they had been reported, we could not possibly have intercepted them. On the following day we heard that Submarine D.5 had been sunk by a mine dropped by one of these German ships during their retirement.

On the 5th we received news of an engagement off the Chilian coast, not far from Valparaiso, in which five German cruisers —*Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Dresden, Nürnberg and Leipzig*—engaged Admiral Cradock's squadron, consisting of the *Good Hope, Glasgow, Monmouth* and *Otranto*. The Germans claim to have sunk the *Good Hope* and to have driven the *Monmouth* on shore on fire. They state they themselves suffered little damage and that the *Glasgow* escaped. No mention is made of the *Canopus* which should have joined up with Admiral Cradock's squadron. Even if the *Canopus* had joined up she might not have been engaged, as Admiral Cradock would have had two choices, namely :

(1) to keep the whole squadron together, when the Germans would, owing to their superior speed, have been able to attack, or retire without permitting an engagement, or,

(2) leave the slow old *Canopus* which can only steam about fourteen knots and force an engagement on the Germans with his inferior force of speedier ships.

We also heard that the German cruiser *Yorck* had sunk near the entrance to Wilhelmshaven on returning from the Yarmouth raid, but whether the loss was due to striking one of



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H.M.S. "PRINCESS ROYAL", 1ST BATTLE CRUISER SQUADRON, AUGUST, 1914

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their own mines, or to an attack of one of our submarines, is not certain.

On the 11th we heard that the *Emden* had been sunk by the *Sydney* off the Cocos Isles and that the *Koenigsberg* was being blockaded by the *Chatham* in the Rufigi River in German East Africa.

At 2 a.m. on the 12th November we weighed and steamed for the Atlantic, and later were informed that our destination was Halifax, Nova Scotia. We experienced continuous dirty weather, culminating in a hurricane on the 16th, when we were obliged to heave-to from midday to midnight.

It was the biggest storm that the ship had yet met. The seas were exceptionally high and steep and the wind about "12." The ship rolled 33° and two torpedoes broke loose and were damaged, while two 13.5-inch projectiles also came adrift and caused some anxiety.

Cooking was impossible, so dinner consisted of sardines and cold beef and bread and butter, taken according to catch-as-catch-can rules.

The last time I had experienced such weather was in the China Seas on my way home via Canada from the Boer War in 1901 when the little German ship, the *Chow Fa*—in which I was travelling as the only passenger—struck a typhoon.

I remember feeling at the time that the German officers did not appear to be sailors by nature, or to have the born sailors' philosophy; for they seemed worried by the typhoon, and went off their feed—we all took our meals together—and I chaffed them and said: "If we are going to be drowned, I see no advantage in being drowned on an empty stomach."

Owing to the overcast sky no observations had been possible since we left the North Sea, very heavy weather had been experienced most of the way across, our course had been by dead reckoning alone, and yet on the 20th November, 1914, the *Princess Royal* picked up the Halifax buoy in a fog. Full marks for our "pilot"—Le Mottee!

On the 24th November we weighed anchor at 5 p.m. and steamed south-east, and on the 26th we heard that the *Karlsruhe* was supposed to be going to attack the *Lusitania* on her voyage to New York, and we were going to try to get in touch with her.

An absurd fuss was made at Halifax in regard to maintaining secrecy in our letters about where we were! I am quite confident that within twenty-four hours of our arrival the German Admiralty and all German ships in the Atlantic and off the Pacific slopes of America knew of our arrival, as Halifax is only six hours by rail from American soil where, of course, telegrams could be sent.

December, 1914

I woke at 7 a.m. on the 1st December to find that we were under way and bound for Jamaica ! The temperature rapidly became warmer and we entered the tropics on the 4th, and were abeam of San Salvador light at 11.20 p.m. The temperature was now 80° so I slept on the port upper shelter-deck in the lee of the casemate.

We arrived in Kingston Harbour, Jamaica, at 8 a.m. on the 6th December, and anchored about half-a-mile off the Market Quay.

As we spent the day coaling and the temperature in the bunkers was about 120° the P.M.O. thought it advisable that two surgeons should be on board during coaling, so I was only ashore for 1½ hours, spent at the tailor's obtaining "whites" and at the Jamaica Club.

The behaviour of the men was altogether admirable throughout this coaling, when the temperature in the sun was 130°, and in the bunkers the high temperature was combined with lack of air and thick coal dust.

We had come direct in five days from a temperature of 15° of frost and previous to arrival had spent sixty hours in the tropics. The ship's company numbered nearly 1,200 men, and, consequently, hammocks had to be slung close together and, with hatches closed, the ventilation was poor and the heat intense on the men's and main decks. This ship is not built for the tropics, her thick armour retaining the heat, and with closed scuttles she feels like one large oven.

In these circumstances the cheerful and willing industry of the men throughout this arduous day's work, under a scorching sun, filled me with respect and admiration. If any section should be specially selected for praise, I think probably most would agree that this honour should fall to the R.N.V.R. These men, many of them of gentle birth, and all accustomed to the luxuries and refinements of middle-class homes, whose occupations at home were for the most part indoor and sedentary, have faced the discomforts, hardships and fatigue of lower-deck life with a splendid courage that is but little short of heroic. They have no separate mess of their own, but are distributed amongst different Messes, and the *matelot*, though a most excellent fellow, is in manner, language, interests and outlook a member of quite a different world to that of the Volunteer who is, therefore, alone in a strange and hard world, where every custom, tradition and habit separates him from his mess-mates. As his sacrifice is, therefore, so much greater he is surely deserving of greater praise.

I was very much struck by the absence of any colour bar in

Jamaica, as men of every shade from black to white are members of the clubs and the majority of the well-to-do residents—planters, business men or Government servants—show unmistakable evidence of more or less black blood. This is equally true of the ladies outside the garrison.

On the 8th I was on duty until 3.30 p.m., when I drove out to the Knutsford Park Races. The circular course, an excellent grass one, is beautifully situated in the middle of Liguanea Plain with the Blue Mountains as a background when viewed from the Grand Stand. The course has a "Tattenham Corner" similar to the Epsom one in regard to position and slope, with one rather nasty bend in it ; otherwise the bends are easy and well planned.

Tea was served in an enclosure having on one side a pergola covered with a mass of purple bourgainvillea, and the brilliant tropical vegetation, the chattering and brightly clothed women, and the excellent music provided by the West India Regiment band, combined to produce an impression suggestive of musical comedy at the Gaiety.

There are no bookies, but only a "tote" with dollar tickets for a win and £1 tickets for a place. The racing gave good sport with several close finishes.

On the 10th I went to the last day of the races. One winner —Sir Martin—paid £33 10s. on a dollar ticket ! Only five tickets were sold. I backed this horse on the first day of the races when he finished last ! Everyone said he was doped with cocaine when he won.

We have apparently been sent to Kingston to act as a stop to the Panama Canal in case the *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, *Dresden*, etc. should escape the Japanese and English Fleets now rounding them up in the South Pacific and double back to the canal. We might also be of use in preventing their entrance into the Northern Atlantic should they succeed in evading our fleets in the South Pacific and South Atlantic. We are also hoping with luck to come across the *Karlsruhe*, which is too fast for anything else in the North Atlantic.

Everyone was enthusiastic over the news we received this afternoon of the sinking of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* by Admiral Sturdee's squadron. We are personally feeling rather disappointed to be out of it, and envious of the *Inflexible* and *Invincible*.

I expect now that we shall say good-bye to Jamaica and her sunshine, warmth and beauty and return home, as it is unlikely that the Admiralty will spare such a valuable ship to look after the tiny *Karlsruhe*.

We weighed anchor at 8 a.m., 11th December, under orders for home via Halifax, and on the 12th investigated a suspicious collier bound for Cuba (Norwegian S.S. *Dayland*) but

allowed her to proceed. On the 13th, at 12.45 a.m., we received wireless instructions from the *Glory* to proceed to the Tongue of the Ocean, where the *Karlsruhe* had been reported ; we therefore altered course and at 24 knots made for Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas. We sighted it at 1 p.m., took a signal and proceeded past the west of Providence Island and entered the Tongue of the Ocean at 2.30 p.m.

We saw nothing of the *Karlsruhe* on that or the following day, the 14th, when Burke left the ship at 4 p.m. in command of a picket boat (with two torpedoes and a dropping apparatus) to search in the south-west channels where the *Karlsruhe*, which only draws seventeen feet, can easily go, but which are impossible to big ships of deep draught.

At 10 a.m. on the 15th, we sent a cutter to the schooner *Rosedale*, of the Bahama Bank Patrol, who stated that the *Karlsruhe* had been reported in the south channel on the 12th. At noon Burke and the picket boat returned, having seen nothing. At 3 p.m. the *Berwick* joined us and we made for Kingston.

At 11.30 a.m. on the 16th we passed a fine U.S.A. collier. With her comparatively small navy, the U.S.A. possesses eleven of these valuable ships which can carry 10,000 tons of coal and are capable of coaling at the rate of 1,000 tons per hour. Such colliers would have been of the greatest use to the British Fleet, but, alas, we possess only one, and she is not so good.

We arrived back at Kingston at 6 p.m. on the 17th December. In the channel between Port Royal and Augusta Fort we passed a Norwegian steamer outward bound. On the bridge, draped in an old Red Ensign, were three girls who waved their handkerchiefs to us—they evidently did not wish us to make any mistake about *their* nationality.

On our arrival we heard of the German bombardment of Hartlepool, Scarborough and Whitby and of the "escape of the German squadron in the fog" after half an hour's stay, during which they did considerable damage to non-belligerents' life and property, and had one of their ships set on fire by the Hartlepool Batteries. The *Jamaica Chronicle* was furious about it, and blamed our Navy and asked why we had been taught to believe that "Britannia needs no bulwarks nor tower upon the steep."

On the 19th we weighed at 6.15 a.m., passing the French cruiser *Conte* at 6.45. We are bound for Halifax, but opinion in the wardroom is divided as to whether we shall return home from Halifax or be stationed there. There seem to be insufficient reasons for keeping us over this side.

I am convinced in my own mind, although I am opposed by most of the wardroom officers, that the German High Seas Fleet will come out some day, but not until every form of

strategy has been exhausted by which we can be forced to meet them at a moment when our Fleet is not at full strength.

On the 22nd we went into blues, having been in whites since December 4th, so we have had a very pleasant little three weeks of summer in December. By noon the temperature had fallen to 60° and on the following day, the 23rd December, to 20°, and when we arrived at Halifax at 5 p.m., to 10°. That night the thermometer stood at two degrees below zero, and as the noon temperature at Kingston was 108, we had had a drop of 110° in five days !

Christmas Day found us bound for Scapa Flow, which is the dullest and dreariest of the North Sea bases, as we lie a good way off the beach and when we do get ashore there are no walks and nothing to do. Moreover, it appears to me that both Scapa Flow and Cromarty are unsuitable bases for a battle cruiser squadron, and that these ships would be much more serviceable, and more able to perform the work for which they are designed, if they were based on the Forth, the Humber or the Thames—or even Dover.

It appears impossible, or at any rate, highly improbable, that the squadron will ever be able either to cut off or force an engagement on any German Fleet that raids our eastern coast, as long as they are based on Scapa or Cromarty. These bases are too far away and we shall always arrive a day late for the fair.

Now the Forth above the bridge can be made absolutely safe against destroyer or submarine attack by blocking the two side spans and closing the central span with a boom. But there is only one passage, and there is always a danger of submarine attack off May Island. This danger does not, however, in my opinion alter the fact that the Forth is the best base for the First Battle Cruiser Squadron, for it is surely better to take a small risk and be useful than to take no risk and be useless. Strategy and war consist of weighing probable losses and gains, and risks must be taken if there is sufficient probability of advantage to make the risk justifiable.

"Nothing venture, nothing have," and the risk from submarine attack is minimal, when ships are some distance apart and steaming over 20 knots and zig-zagging.

The Channel could always be swept for mines, and we should be within striking distance of a naval raid. I have, therefore, made a bet with one of the officers that we go to the Forth within the next three months. The Humber and the Thames may possibly be equally suitable to the Forth, but I have not been stationed there and so cannot give any opinion.

On Boxing Day, Guy Colebrook, Lt., R.N.V.R., and I gave a dinner in the lobby opposite the wardroom to the fourteen

R.N.V.R. men on board. The messman fixed up quite a good menu (oysters, soup, cutlets and chips, turkey and sausages, plum pudding, mince pies and dessert). We gave claret with dinner and port with dessert. The toasts were "The King," the "R.N.V.R.," "Our Allies," "Sweethearts and Wives," "Absent Friends," "Confusion to the Kaiser and success to our Armies," "Admiral Beatty and the 1st Battle Cruiser Squadron," "Captain Brock and the *Princess Royal*." Everybody enjoyed themselves.

On the 27th we heard from the *Poldu* that a fleet of eight of our ships accompanied by submarines and hydroplanes had made a raid on Cuxhaven on Christmas Day. Apparently we did little damage and lost three hydroplanes. It is extremely difficult to see the justification for such a raid, unless it was an attempt to decoy a German fleet to sea and to destroy them with submarines. We seem to have escaped both mines and submarines, which was almost greater luck than we deserved. We always seem to select the wrong and least advantageous occasions for the display of either recklessness or caution. It sounds as if Churchill and his love of melodrama and theatrical journalism had engineered this bit of "masterly strategy" as a set-off to the Germans' raid on Yorkshire and with a view to big headlines in the daily Press.

On the 28th of December one of my cases in the Sick Bay told me that he had a "stitch in his stomach." On investigation it turned out to be an acute appendix already suggesting an abscess. The P.M.O. operated at 2 p.m., evacuating a small, offensive abscess and removing a perforated gangrenous appendix. I gave the anæsthetic. The operation lasted one hour but he took the anæsthetic well and had no vomiting afterwards, at which I was rather pleased, as I had not given an anæsthetic since 1903.

The ship was rolling considerably and we operated on a table in the sick bay, which is impossible to keep clean and which is situated close to the men's lavatories and gets very smelly in bad weather with the skylights battened down. We had only one curved needle on board and as needles are counted as "instruments" owing to the red tape in the Navy, it will take us about six months to get any more. Every demand for instruments, or anything out of routine, has to be signed, countersigned, made out in triplicate, and passed through so many hands that it is futile to attempt to get anything for present use.

January, 1915

At midnight sixteen bells was rung and the wardroom officers with the exception of those on watch and the gunroom



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DAYBREAK, NORTH SEA, WINTER, 1914-1915

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officers on watch, drank the toast of the New Year in whisky and punch. We received a wireless report of the New Year promotions in the Navy. Burke, who is promoted to Commander, is the only officer in this ship mentioned.

On the night of the 1st we received a report of the sinking of the *Formidable* in the Channel, with the loss of all except seventy-five lives.

We arrived at Scapa Flow at 8 a.m. on the 2nd January. The entrance to the harbour had been blocked in several places by sinking ships and now necessitates a right-angle turn. Two merchant ships disguised as warships are anchored in such a position as to be the first met by any hostile craft entering the harbour, with the object of drawing their torpedo fire.

On the 3rd, Lionel Dawson sent me a signal from the *Dreadnought* asking me to come over to lunch, and after I had replied that I was unable to get a boat, he signalled that he would send one for me. He was, however, unable to do so and came over after lunch to see me and took me back to the *Dreadnought*. The officers had not been on shore for three months, but nevertheless seemed very cheerful and keen. They were all supplied with anti-fume mouth and nose pads. I noted numerous silhouettes of different types of German ships painted about the ship and in the wardroom. Each cabin had the name of the officer occupying it painted over the door, which must assist dispatch in the delivery of messages by new or thickheaded messengers.

On entering the wardroom Dawson found a letter from Mrs. N. awaiting him, and on opening it found enclosed my Christmas greeting to her, which I had sent to her from Jamaica. My letter and myself had both left Kingston, the former travelling via New York, Liverpool, London and Aberdeen, the latter via Halifax and arrived in the *Dreadnought* in Scapa Flow within an hour of each other. As I was only in the *Dreadnought* for two hours, for the first of only two visits during the War, as we are not usually based at the same port, the coincidence is remarkable.

On January 4th we carried out sub-calibre practice in Scapa Flow, and at night went out and steamed north to the east of the Shetlands, where we did full charge 13.5 gun practice at a rock. We fired four shots per gun and of these thirty-two shots no less than sixteen misfired, owing to using old firing cartridges. After completing the practice, we made for Rosyth, arriving on the night of the 7th, and so I won my bet within a fortnight of making it, as from this date the Forth was our base.

On 11th January we had a fire alarm, as smoke in considerable volume was found issuing from the exhaust from B turret magazine. The scare, however, proved to be due to a bucket of oily waste in a store room, ventilated by the same exhaust as the

magazine, into which some man had heedlessly flung a cigarette end. The Captain had given orders for the flooding of the magazine and the mistake was only discovered just in time to countermand the order.

On the 18th we received the following signal from the Flagship : "To-morrow three light cruisers and thirty-two destroyers will try and cut off German patrol between Ems and Hoen Reef. At 6.30 a.m., battle cruisers will be in Lat. 55 N., Long. 5.50 E. Light cruisers twenty miles south-east of battle cruisers. Three British submarines will watch Heligoland and Ems River not more than fifteen miles from land."

On the 19th, therefore, we went to action stations at 6.45 a.m. None of the enemy's ships were sighted but at 8.30 we saw a Zeppelin about fifteen miles away on the port beam, and an enemy aeroplane came within three miles of us on the port side. The *Lion* and ourselves opened fire on the aeroplane and drove it away apparently unhurt. At 10 a.m. the destroyer flotilla reported that they had been unable to find any enemy patrol and the "secure" was sounded.

Battle of Dogger Bank

On the 23rd we weighed at 6.30 p.m., proceeded south at twenty knots, and "action stations" was sounded at 7 a.m. on the 24th.

The enemy, consisting of four battle cruisers, was sighted at 7.20. At 8.10 we increased speed to twenty-four knots, at 8.16 to twenty-five, at 8.22 to twenty-six, at 8.33 to twenty-seven, and at 8.43 to twenty-eight knots. The *New Zealand* and *Indomitable* fell behind a little only and kept up wonderfully well considering the speed.

The enemy's ships were in line ahead in following order : *Seidlitz*, *Derfflinger*, *Moltke*, *Blücher*.

Lion opened fire at 8.55. *Tiger* at 9, in both cases the shot falling considerably short. *Princess Royal* opened with single shot firing on *Blücher* at 9.7, the range on sights being about 19,000. The first shots were very short and left. After about ten minutes of single shot firing, some salvos were fired at about 19,000 and the *Blücher* was hit once.

The enemy commenced firing shortly after our fleet at 9.15 a.m., their salvos falling considerably short at first, but after a while they found the range and straddled repeatedly. They appeared to be firing by director, all their guns firing at once and their shot falling well together. The enemy's guns were evidently fired at a very high elevation as their salvos in some cases pitched to the offside of the ship.

A signal was made at about 10.30 to engage opposite number in the line, and slow firing was opened at the third ship. Nearly

all shots appeared to fall short—the sights were then at the maximum of 22,000.

The third enemy ship at this point was seen to alter course away, and as the *Princess Royal*'s shots continued to fall short with maximum elevation on sights, orders were given to change the point of aim first to the top of the funnels and then to the masthead, but still we failed to reach her, and fire was checked at 10.20 and the *Princess Royal* proceeded at full speed.

At 10.27 the third ship came into range again as she had rejoined the line and dropped in doing so. Fire was opened at 19,000-20,000 and she was hit three or four times and set on fire just abaft the first funnel, which caused her to drop still farther astern. All this time we were slightly closing the enemy's line and the range decreased to 18,500. Several salvos straddled and it seems evident three or four hit. The third ship was at this time firing at the *Princess Royal*—the majority of the shot fell over, but she scored several straddles. About 10.50 the *Lion* made a signal to form a line of bearing N.N.W. and go full speed, closing with the enemy as far as was consistent with keeping all guns bearing. Then almost immediately afterwards came the signal to engage enemy's rear. Fire was then changed to the fourth ship and she was hit repeatedly.

At 10.55 the *Lion* was put out of action and hauled to port. We altered course eight points to port and one salvo was fired at the third ship on opposite courses (to our starboard). The *Tiger* then masked our fire and we reopened on the *Blücher*, which had become detached from the rest. She was repeatedly hit at a range of 16,000 closing to 12,000. One shell blew away her bridge and another set fire to the fo'castle turret which burnt furiously for about 10 minutes. Ceased firing at 11.43.

Admiral Beatty shifted his flag to us at 12.30, being transferred from the *Lion* in the destroyer *Attack*. The *Attack* was brought alongside with great skill and we only stopped for a very few minutes. Admiral Beatty was evidently disappointed that Admiral Moore, who took charge after the *Lion* fell out and who flew his flag on the *New Zealand*, had broken off the action so soon and permitted the damaged German ships to escape.

Apparently there had been some confusion and misunderstanding in the taking in and interpreting of the two last signals from the *Lion*, and "engage the enemy more closely" was read, "engage the enemy's rear more closely", the rear ship of the enemy being the *Blücher*, now out of action. Fire had been concentrated on her and all of us had stayed behind to flog a dead horse instead of leaving her to the destroyers and continuing the pursuit of the enemy, two of whose ships were badly on fire with several guns out of action.

I was in A turret from the time we commenced firing until "Cease Fire" was sounded, and was able occasionally to put my head out of the manhole and see how things were progressing. When we all came out on top of the turret when the "Cease Fire" was sounded about 11.30, even to a civilian it was evident that "someone had blundered" and that it was folly for our four great battle cruisers to circle round one sinking ship. I asked : "Where are the other German ships—have we let them get away ?"

The eight-point turn at 11 a.m. automatically broke off the action, but I have not been able to find out who was really responsible.

We were seventy miles from Heligoland when the action was broken off and probably could have continued it with moderate safety from submarines and mines for another hour, by which time in all probability the two damaged German ships would have been sunk.

Also the German fire, which was excellent at the beginning, being both fast and accurate, was becoming demoralised, and besides some of the guns were out of action with the result that the fire from the undamaged guns was less rapid and far less accurate.

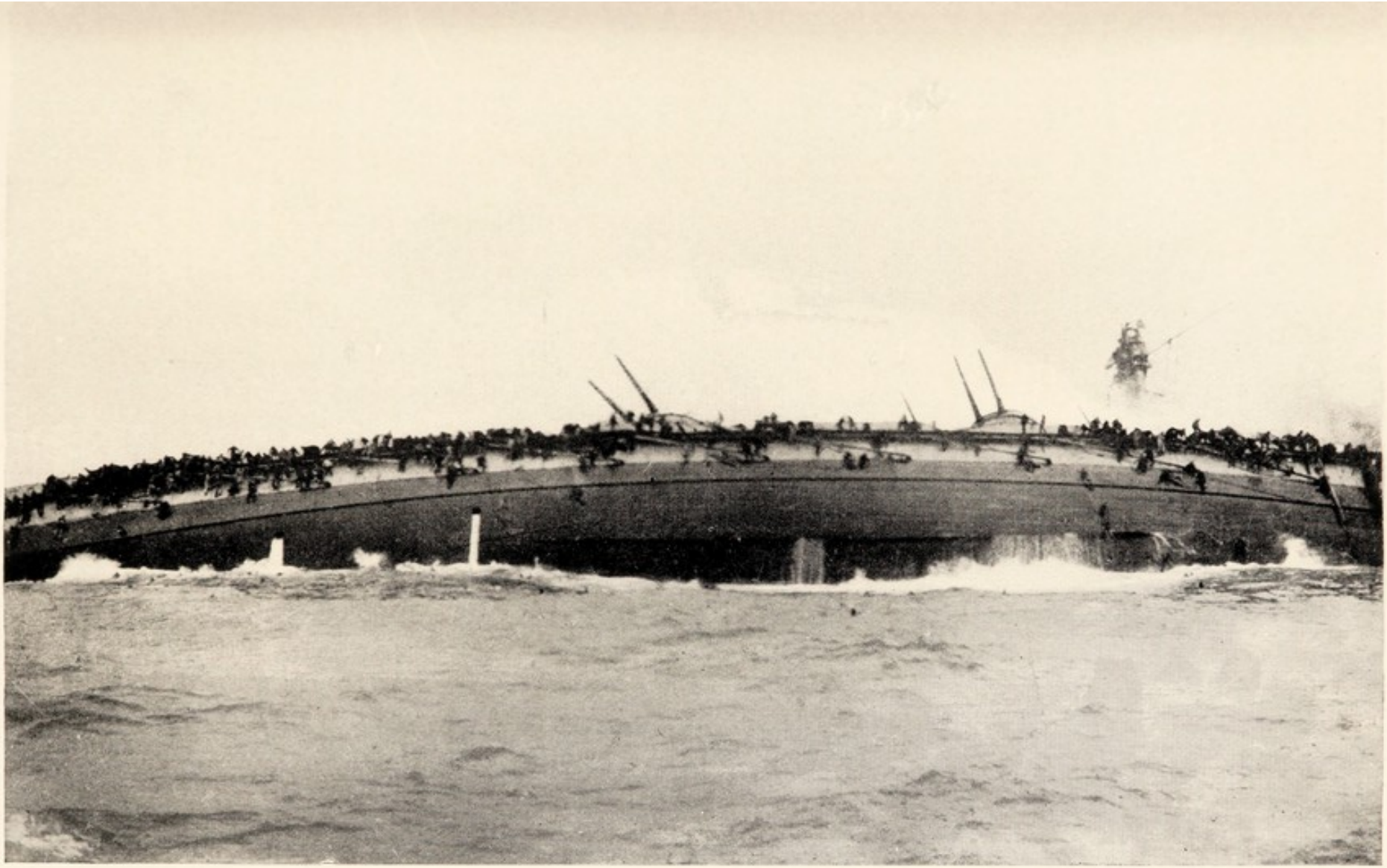
Shortly before the *Blücher* sank a Zeppelin was seen in her direction. To me she seemed a long way from the *Blücher* and much farther off. I did not see her drop any bombs and I should have judged her to be ten miles away.

I did not see the *Blücher* actually sink as when she was badly burning and with a heavy list I rushed below to get my camera to take a photo of her. I was gone only five minutes, but she had sunk when I returned.

I firmly believe if Admiral Beatty had remained in personal control all the time, that not more than one German ship would have escaped to tell the tale of what would then have been a great victory for us.

As it is we have lost the *Lion*, at any rate for about two months, I suppose, while Germany has lost permanently a fine armoured cruiser, but not a battle cruiser or a ship able to meet a battle cruiser with any chance of success. If we get the *Lion* back safely to harbour it is a success to us—if the *Lion* sinks, I think it must be considered a victory to the Germans. Anyhow, we have learnt from this action that the German "11" and "12" guns have equal, if not greater, range than our 13.5. This, I think, was a great surprise to Hunt, our Gunnery Commander. The *Princess Royal*'s gunnery seems to have been excellent, probably due to Hunt who strikes me as an exceptionally able officer.

Of the ships of our squadron, the *Lion* was put out of action with a shell in the feed tank, and was afterwards torpedoed.



[*By kind permission of the "Daily Mail"*

THE SINKING OF THE *BLÜCHER*, JANUARY 24TH, 1915

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She was taken in tow by the *Indomitable* and escorted by a large number of destroyers. The sea was absolutely calm, which was extremely fortunate, as there would have been little hope of getting the *Lion* safely to harbour in bad weather. The casualties in the *Lion* were only a few. The *Tiger* was hit several times and one shell burst near the Intelligence Office, killing one officer and five men.

Although frequently straddled, the *Princess Royal* was not hit and the action was only pleasurably exciting to me and not at all terrifying. One cannot realise or imagine any great personal danger, and the gunnery being so very mechanical, mathematical and impersonal, there is none of the keen sense of personal struggle experienced in an attack or defence with rifles. The men, however, all took a keen personal interest in whatever job they had to do and did it with all their might, and even the stokers, who had no chance of knowing how things were going or of seeing the enemy, "threw themselves into the fight" with the traditional ardour. I wish that I could have felt less calm and more enthusiastic. Probably if we had been hit once or twice or if I had had a casualty or two to attend to I should have felt more in common with the others.

I find myself quite unable to hate personally, despise or wish to destroy Germans as individuals, and although I desire on impersonal grounds to sink their ships, I wish that we could save all their lives. That we continued to batter at the poor doomed *Blücher* for ten minutes after she was completely out of action with a heavy list and out of control was a great grief to me.

Naval warfare, to be amusing, should be a game where we try to take each other's pieces (sink or capture ships), but should do our utmost to save every possible life.

I nearly lost my only cap during the action as B turret guns were fired just when I was having a "look see" through the manhole in A turret, and the blast caught my cap away so quickly that I could not see what direction it took. After the action I found it in a pool of water against the nets, just forrard of the starboard 4 in. casemate.

On 25th January, we protected the retirement of the *Indomitable* and *Lion* and the day passed uneventfully except for two submarine scares starting from the *Tiger*.

On the 26th we anchored at Rosyth at 4 a.m. and the *Lion* and *Indomitable* returned safely. Admiral Beatty transferred his flag back to the *Lion*, but on the 28th he again returned to us at 6 p.m. and we weighed anchor at midnight. The rumour in the wardroom was that we were to cover an air raid on Cuxhaven, but the weather was too rough and we returned to Rosyth at 5 a.m. on the 30th.

February, 1915

We did not leave harbour during the whole of February, the only noteworthy event being the inspection of the squadrons in Rosyth by the King on the 27th. He spent some time in this ship and the whole of the ship's company, except those on watch, marched past him in single file in the Admiral's lobby, each officer stopping and saluting as his name was called.

On the 5th I received a letter from my cousin (Charlie Bayly), telling me that he is a lieutenant in the Field Artillery and at the front. He sounds a stout, cheery fellow, and I hope I shall meet him at least after, if not during, the War.[1]

On the 10th a party of 110 men were taken for a route march and I went with them for exercise. I thought it hard luck that whilst officers could frequently get shore leave for the afternoon the men could only get on shore for route marches under the charge of officers. Clearly this could not be avoided as Queensferry and Edinburgh were supposed to be full of German spies of both sexes who might succeed in getting useful information out of the men, especially after they had had a drink or two, which that excellent fellow, the British *matelot*, looks forward to enjoying when he goes on shore. So I thought it would be a good idea to stand them a drink at the field where we were going to kick a football about. I bought a barrel of beer and had it carried to the field. If ever money got its value in enjoyment, that did.

March, 1915

On 5th March, at the suggestion of the Admiral and P.M.O., I transferred to Lady Beatty's yacht *Sheelah* (which was acting as a hospital ship to officers of the B.C.S.) for a period of three weeks so as to give a change to McNair, the temporary surgeon on board, who had been there since the beginning of the War and was fed up with it.

On the 6th, the B.C. Fleet weighed at 7 p.m. and put to sea for the first time since 30th January.

I only took on the *Sheelah* because the Admiral told me that he did not expect a scrap this month and I believed the Fleet was only going out for gunnery and tactical exercises. Nevertheless, I felt quite depressed to see them go out and remain behind in the *Sheelah*.

The only patients on the *Sheelah* were Gibbons, who was wounded in the *Tiger*, and Lieut. Pricket, Gunnery Lieutenant of the *New Zealand*, who had had bronchitis. The nursing staff

[1] He was killed in action on the Arras Front on 29th March, 1918.

consisted of one nurse, "Sister Hilda," good-looking and only about twenty-one. Lady Beatty lunched on board most days and her two boys came on board fairly frequently. David, the elder, about eight, was a fine boy with a lot of character and sense.

The officers and crew of the yacht, and the nurse, are all in Lady Beatty's employment, and are not under the Admiralty or subject to naval discipline. Although appearing in the Navy List as a hospital ship, the *Sheelah* really continues to be Lady Beatty's private yacht and is a floating picnic rather than a hospital. Mrs. Pricket, who is a friend of Lady Beatty, is staying on board in order to be with her husband. I do not like my position, as I am Medical Officer responsible to the Admiralty and yet have no authority. Lady Beatty takes the nurse on shore and gives the patients leave to stay in the yacht after they have been medically discharged, without even mentioning the matter to me.

One day, without asking my leave, the nurse went on shore with Gibbons, dined and went to a theatre in Edinburgh and did not return on board till midnight. When I spoke to her about it she said that she was responsible to Lady Beatty and Sir Alfred Fripp, but although I reported her to Fripp nothing was done.

On 10th March it was decided to dock the *Sheelah* on the following day for refit, and I visited the *Tyne* in the morning to get a pass. At 4 p.m. I was called to the *Tyne* to attend a wounded German sailor saved from the U. 12. After redressing he was sent on to a hospital ship, and at 11.10 p.m. I caught the night mail from Edinburgh to King's Cross, arriving at 8 a.m. on the 11th.

On the 17th I was one of a very amusing little foursome dinner-party at the Carlton, when the ladies were "Eve"[1] of the *Tatler*—(whose snappy, crisp, racy, but always stimulating, sympathetic and patriotic "Letters of Eve" were so enjoyed and appreciated in the wardroom and gunroom or Company H.Q.) —and our hostess, Miss Elspeth Phelps (whose father had been British Chaplain in Madeira when my people had a cinta there in 1876), who had carved out for herself a leading position amongst the London "creators" of frocks.

On the 19th I developed 'flu and spent a quiet evening in the flat, caught the night mail at 11.30 and arrived on board the *Sheelah* at 11 a.m. next day, when I went to bed, where I stayed all the 21st. On the 22nd Admiral Beatty told me at lunch that I had better get back to the *Princess Royal* if I could arrange with it McNair, as possibly the squadron might be going out that night. I, therefore, rejoined the *Princess Royal* at 3.30, and McNair went on leave for four days.

On the 31st, *Truth* published extracts from a letter of mine drawing attention to the superfluity of surgeons in large ships where, under present conditions of naval warfare, two surgeons would probably be sufficient, as casualties so far proved to be slight in victorious ships, while defeated ships are sunk. Also that in the North Sea we should never be more than twenty-four hours from a base with its stationary hospital or hospital ship, only temporary treatment would be necessary, and a glorified first-aid rather than expert surgery would be all that would be required.

In view of the reported shortage of medical officers for the Army, I suggested that transference of temporary surgeons from the Navy to the Army should be permitted by the Admiralty to those who volunteered for such transference.

April, 1915

On the 9th Beatty transferred his flag to the *Lion* and Captain Cowan took over the command of the *Princess Royal* from Captain Brock, who had been promoted Rear-Admiral. We are Brock's Flagship. A pretty wearing job for Cowan to take over command with the old skipper remaining on as Admiral. I like the look of Cowan, who gives the impression of energy, pugnacity and cheeriness. We are, of course, sorry to lose Beatty. There are advantages in being a "private ship" but we shan't be that anyhow, now.

On the 12th I heard of the death of Uncle Tom (Ponting) and obtained 48 hours' leave to attend the funeral. Whilst I was in London I called at the War Office to find out possibilities of transferring to the Army.

May, 1915. "*Princess Royal*" *hit*

On May 2nd we were struck on the starboard side at 3.30 a.m. by an unknown object. The jar of the blow was felt by all on board, but what it was that hit us we never knew. No explosion occurred, so presumably both mine and torpedo could be excluded and if it was a collision with a submarine she must have been only just submerged. We anchored at Invergordon at 4 p.m., and on the 5th we went into floating dock at 4 a.m. and the dock was completely raised by 4 p.m. A dent three feet wide was found below the waterline amidship on the starboard side.

June, 1915

On the 12th we had 4 in. gun night firing at 11.30 p.m. It was a farce calling it "night firing" as you could read by daylight at midnight. It was cold, as we were Lat. 63° North.

August, 1915

On August 3rd I left the *Princess Royal* at 5 p.m., having completed twelve months' service to a day in the Navy.

End of Naval Log

My year's service in the *Princess Royal* had given me a memory of association and comradeship with members of a "happy ship" where there was not one unpleasant fellow to blot the harmony of the wardroom. I wish I could sit at that wardroom table once again, and sitting hear again "Mr. Vice—the King", have the port passed round on somebody's birthday, or drink to the newest of babies.

Beatty, Admiral of the Fleet and Earl, has retired to civilian life—Beatty, the Prince Rupert of the sea, sportsman, fighter, debonair, with cap cocked jauntily on his head, the ideal Battle Cruiser leader, that every man in the Battle Cruiser Fleet would have followed to hell. We didn't worry or care whether he was an "intellectual" or not, we only knew that he would never make fine calculations as to risk, and that if the *Lion* had not been put out of action at Dogger Bank, he would have fought the fight to a finish, for his motto, like his last signal from the *Lion* that day, was : "Keep nearer to the enemy".

Beatty was the ideal Battle Cruiser Fleet Admiral, to carry out daring work, but the role of naval strategist, whose vital policy must be security, did not seem to me to be the character natural to his temperament. I felt that he would always *prefer* risk and adventure to discretion and security, and that while none could choose another better fitted to command the battle cruisers in action, such successful leadership did not necessarily qualify him for the most responsible post of all, where brilliance in strategy and soundness in tactics were more essential than the most admirable pugnacity or the most outstanding qualities of leadership.

I heard a story of his earlier days that seemed to me to put his temperament in a nutshell, but I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, which was as follows. He was put in command of a ship with turbine engines, I believe the first ship so fitted, to carry out trials in comparison with a similar ship fitted with the old type of engines. During the trials his engineer officer told him that the bearings were

getting overheated, and that the trials should be stopped. Beatty replied : "Carry on," with the result that the bearings ran, the engines became badly damaged, and the cost of repair ran into many thousands of pounds. At the subsequent inquiry the story went that Beatty said : "If I had stopped when the Engineer Officer sent me his opinion, the trial which I had been ordered to carry out would not have been made, and I thought it my duty to take the risk, rather than not carry out my orders." Beatty was exonerated for choosing risk rather than "safety first."

I never unravelled the mystery of the unfortunate eight point turn signal at the Dogger Bank action until I read a solution this year (1929) in an appendix to Admiral Bacon's very interesting book *The Jutland Scandal.* I always understood that "someone had blundered", but I thought that it was Admiral Moore who had blundered, not Beatty. Admiral Bacon's note suggests, however, that this eight point turn, by which we lost an almost certain important naval victory, was due to Beatty's inexperience in sea service, manœuvres, and the accepted rules of tactics and signalling. This is what Admiral Bacon says :

> In the first place Admiral Beatty did not make the usual signal indicating that a submarine had been sighted. Hence the Admiral second in command, and all the captains of the other cruisers, were absolutely in the dark as to why the 8 point turn, which headed the ships towards the *Blücher*, had been made. No one had the slightest idea what was the meaning of the manœuvre. Had Admiral Beatty hoisted the recognized signal for submarine attack, he would have at once placed everyone *au courant* with his reasons for the turn. Admiral Beatty used the *blue* pendant for the 8 point turn to N b E. This meant that all ships were to turn at the same moment. This was correct ; but when he turned back the three points to N.E. instead of using the blue pendant again, like any experienced admiral would have done, he used the *compass* pendant, which either signifies a course to be steered or, if hoisted with another signal, it shows the bearing of the object talked about in the signal. As this pendant was flying at the same time as the signal to engage the enemy's rear, not one ship only, but all the ships, understood it to mean "attack the ship bearing N.E.," namely the *Blücher.* Had the *blue* pendant been used there could have been no such confusion. Inexperience again.

Admiral Bacon realised and, indeed, emphasised, the obvious fact that Beatty was not to blame for his inexperience, seeing that he was the youngest Admiral, but that blame for errors, due to lack of experience, made by Beatty in the Dogger Bank and Jutland fights should be awarded to Winston Churchill who, on his own responsibility and contrary to expert naval advice, insisted on giving Beatty the command of the First Battle Cruiser Squadron at the beginning of the War because he appreciated that Beatty was a born leader of men, was a good rider to hounds, and a dashing polo player ; was, in fact, the popular sportsman whom we in the battle cruisers loved. But these qualifications were for subordinate command, for carrying out battle orders, rather than for high command where long experience of modern tactics must have made the holder master of every move of the enemy so that the correct *riposte* would be given almost subconsciously.

Whether Admiral Bacon's explanation is the correct one, accepted by the majority of Flag officers, I do not know ; but it sounds, at any rate, a plausible explanation of a movement which to my landlubber mind had hitherto seemed inexplicable.

A Graceful Gift

Amongst my most prized possessions are a brass plaque of the head, in profile, of H.M. King George V, and two white metal ashtrays with the following legend engraved on them : "*H.M.S. Princess Royal, Heligoland, Dogger Bank, August* 1914—*August* 1915."

An engine-room artificer in the *Princess Royal* made these souvenirs on board as mementoes of my service in that ship, and forwarded them to me after seeing my name in the casualty lists of September, 1916. A very graceful and kindly act for which I desire to express to him my very grateful thanks should he ever stumble across this book.

Prize Money

On the 25th September, 1924, much to my surprise and amusement, I received a chit from the Admiralty enclosing a cheque for £1 4s. 4d., being my share of Prize Bounty in respect of the destruction of the *Blücher* in January, 1915.

In the days of Nelson prize money often was a substantial amount and the individual ship or squadron which captured the prize, or sank the enemy, alone benefited, so that prize money might equal or exceed a year's pay of officer or man.

It would be interesting to know what the *Blücher* was valued at and how many ships divided the prize money between them.

I Transfer to the Army

At the beginning of the summer of 1915, I had gathered from the daily papers that there was a shortage of doctors for the armies, and I saw that the field ambulance of the South West Mounted Brigade (consisting of the Wilts, Somerset and Dorset Yeomanry) my native Territorial unit, were advertising for a medical officer.

I, therefore, wrote to Lord Carson, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and asked him whether he could help me to secure my transfer to the Army. He replied stating that my application should be sent to the Director-General of the Naval Medical Services. I did this, and was asked what military unit I was considering joining. I then wrote to Lieut.-Colonel Edwards, commanding the S.W. Mounted Brigade Field Ambulance, and explained my position and he said that he would be pleased to have me on discharge from the Navy.

I forwarded this information to the Director-General of the Naval Medical Service, and in due time my discharge from the Navy came through. I always think Lord Carson must have helped, as I was the first surgeon to be transferred from the Navy to the Army.

[1] *December*, 1933.

After this meeting with "Eve" I used very occasionally to send her a little harmless naval chatter which she incorporated in her *Tatler* letters. "Eve" had a winning and witty personality, and her untimely death in 1920 was a lamentable loss to journalism.

CHAPTER V

WITH YEOMANRY AT HOME; SAPPERS AND THE SALIENT

Trench Warfare; Sanitation

ON 4th August, 1915, I reported in naval uniform to the C.O. of the S.W. Mounted Brigade Field Ambulance (Territorial) at Bowood Park, Lord Lansdowne's place in Wiltshire, where he had granted permission to the Brigade to establish a camp, and Lt.-Col. C. E. Edwards gave me till the 25th to get uniform, etc.

My friend, Major Guy Reynolds, D.S.O., late of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, gave me his camp kit and valise that he had had in the South African War. Guy Reynolds, who had been a partial invalid for some years, resulting from heart disease and sunstroke, had at the outbreak of war managed to wangle a return to the Army, contrary to my advice, but his health broke down almost immediately, and to his great grief he was compelled to return to civil life.

South Western Mounted Brigade Field Ambulance, Bowood Park

We were under canvas and the surroundings and weather were beautiful. The Field Ambulance was very fortunate in its commanding officer, a sportsman of the old school, well known as a good man to hounds or over a country, small, with a rubicund complexion and curly grey hair, whose favourite book was *Handley Cross*. His wit was of the robust Chaucerian type, he was entirely free from all sentimentality, but of sentiment, the real good old genuine vintage, he had a full supply. A sound patriot, good surgeon and very efficient commanding officer.

He had that happy faculty of winning the friendship and affection of his officers without the slightest relaxation of discipline or surrender of authority. With a varied experience of military units I never met one where the discipline was better.

He had been to France as a Regimental M.O. and had

been slightly wounded but was evacuated to England for sickness from which he completely recovered. It was a matter of deep regret to him and to every man in the ambulance that he was never sent overseas in command.

Naval Gratuity

Soon after joining the Brigade I applied to the Admiralty for the small gratuity to which I was entitled after one year's service in the Navy. In due course I received a reply stating that as I had left at my own request my application for the gratuity could not be considered. I answered by stating that I had transferred from the Navy to the Army because I had understood that the demand for doctors in the Army exceeded the supply, and that as I had had practically nothing to do during twelve months in the Navy, I thought I could be spared and that my services might be more usefully employed in the Army. I suggested that a desire for more active work under conditions certainly less comfortable and possibly more dangerous did not perhaps merit such a severe fine as withholding my gratuity.

No reply was received to this, so after waiting two months I wrote again stating that I proposed to have a question asked on the matter of my gratuity in the House of Commons. I knew no one in the House of Commons at that time, and was only bluffing, but my bluff came off and I received my gratuity almost by return of post.

The 18th September was my most memorable day at Bowood Camp, as we had the Brigade Sports in the afternoon where I looked after and marked the second jump in the section jumping, and the post and rails in individual jumping. In the evening I dined at Bowood House. The party of about eighteen included Lord and Lady Lansdowne, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Ian Hamilton, Lady Charles Mercer Nairne, and officers and ladies of the Brigade.

Canterbury

We had one or two days cubbing before 23rd September when we left Bowood Park for Canterbury, where the Field Ambulance was quartered in the County Cricket Club Pavilion. Our baths used to be placed in a row on the running track in front of the pavilion. We all enjoyed

the change to a town with a theatre and good hotels, but after a stay of three weeks we were quite glad to get orders to move on to Maresfield Park Camp, Sussex.

Maresfield Park

Maresfield Park was the property of Prince Munster of Derneberg (German) and had been seized by the Government after the outbreak of war. The Prince was well liked in the neighbourhood, and even in 1915, when there was very bitter anti-German feeling throughout Britain, I never heard any but kindly references to him. Curiously enough, he had purchased from my first wife the lease of a small house in Motcomb Street, Lowndes Square, which we had vacated in 1912. His wife was an Englishwoman, and his two sons had been educated at English Public Schools and Universities, so the War must have been a terrible calamity for him.

We moved by road, and the trek through the beautiful Kent and Sussex country was very delightful. I was in charge of the advance billeting party. We spent four days on the trek, stopping for the night at Ashford, Cranbrook and Mayfield.

Our stay at Maresfield Park was very enjoyable, and Colonel Edwards organised and ran a drag which gave good sport not only to the Field Ambulance but to the whole Brigade. The drag used to meet once a week and the Colonel laid out the lines himself and acted as Master to his pack of seven couple of foxhounds. We also occasionally had a day with the Erridge, Burstowe and Southdown Hunts, who generously never capped officers in uniform. Permission was given us by the War Office to use our chargers for hunting providing that we each insured our mounts for the fixed sum of £60 which was the amount given by the War Office for commandeered horses, irrespective of their value.

My charger was a dark bay mare, fairly old, on the light side and slow, but a good jumper, and she would almost walk up to a gate and pop over. She never refused when in good company but she sometimes refused a trifling jump if another horse refused, but that was probably my fault as I am no great horseman.

I was Mess President at Maresfield Park and enjoyed trying to give as good messing as possible for the very

moderate subscription we had. I used to ride into Uckfield every morning with the Mess Orderly, and do my own purchasing. On one occasion the Colonel said by way of grace, "Thank God for Bayly," which pleased me muchly. We had as good messing as any mess in the Brigade, and at not much more than half the cost of most.

Tiptree

In January, 1916, we moved to Tiptree, Essex, again by road, via Tunbridge Wells, Gravesend, Tilbury, Billericay, and Kelvedon. I was billeting Officer here also and rode a day's march ahead of the ambulance, arranging billets. The Brigade arrived at Tiptree in a blizzard. Several of the officers of the Ambulance were put up in the house of Mr. Thorn, a brewer of most excellent beer. I remember Margery Thorn (now Mrs. Maitland Davidson, the novelist), telling me that she was at school in Germany in 1913, and that it was quite common for school girls and boys to toast *Der Tag* and their young friends in the German Air Force used to say to her and her sister : "When we come over Essex on our way to attack London we will not drop bombs on Tiptree, for your sakes."

The authorities apparently considered that there was a possibility of a German invasion on this coast, but as long as we retained the command of the sea the landing of any large body of troops with artillery and transport seemed to me to be out of the question, as any expeditionary force that did manage to effect a landing would at once have its lines of communication cut.

The Eastern Command certainly could never have offered any prolonged resistance to a well-equipped force of any size, as it consisted largely of men who were not fit enough to be drafted overseas. Perhaps it might have held a small enemy force sufficiently long to enable troops from other commands to come to its support.

When F.M. Sir John French inspected the defences he ordered the troops out of the trenches and only made one remark, which was : "I see they *can* stand."

After we had been a few weeks in Essex our horses were taken from us and we were given bicycles, and I thought it was time to make a move. The M.O. of the Wiltshire Yeomanry became a casualty through illness and I was detached to take his place.

Wiltshire Yeomanry

The regiment was stationed at Tolleshunt D'Arcy, the men being billeted in barns in surrounding farms and the officers mostly in houses in the village. The regiment was commanded by Lt.-Colonel Poore, who was later killed in France. The Mess was a very pleasant and friendly one, and the regiment prided itself on the honour of having the Prince of Wales as Colonel-in-Chief.

On 1st June we heard of the Battle of Jutland, but were uncertain whether it should be considered a victory or a defeat. It was a sad day for me when news came through that three of the Battle Cruiser Fleet had gone down. The *Queen Mary*, that was next to us in the First Battle Cruiser Squadron, the *Indefatigable* and the *Invincible* were the three. I could not but grieve that I had not been in the *Princess Royal*, which rumour said had done well and put a German battle cruiser out of action.

On 6th June there was a rumour which I heard came from the village post office, to the effect that Lord Kitchener had been drowned at sea. This seemed so wildly improbable that I called on the Postmaster and pointed out to him the risk he was incurring in permitting such a rumour to be circulated from the Post Office unless it was official news. That the War Minister should be drowned at sea seemed almost incredible as his duties would seem to keep him in England. When it was officially reported that the *Hampshire* had been mined or torpedoed off the Orkneys and gone down with all hands, including Lord Kitchener, I was not only grieved at the loss of my old Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, but full of anxiety at the thought that the German Secret Service must be very efficient to enable them not only to find out at once such a well-guarded secret as K. of K's sailing must have been, but to know the course and speed of the *Hampshire* so as to be able to intercept and sink her.

Three Zeppelin raids took place whilst I was stationed in Essex—on 20th February, 1st June, and 4th June—but no bombs were dropped anywhere near us and as far as we could gather they did little damage elsewhere. Anti-aircraft defences and searchlight stations had not then been organised. As dark nights were chosen by the raiders it

was not easy to pick them up, but while at Tiptree I saw one quite distinctly, flying not very high.

In May, the Military Service Act was amended to include married men between eighteen and forty-one, and conscription, therefore, came into full force.

General Porter, D.M.S. Second Army

After obtaining the permission of Colonel Edwards to try to arrange an exchange, I wrote to General Porter, D.M.S. of the 2nd Army in France (who had, as a Major in South Africa in 1901, commanded the section of a Field Ambulance with General Plumer's force to which I had been attached), and asked him whether he could arrange the matter for me. He very kindly replied that he remembered me very well, and would be delighted to have me again under his command, and he arranged my exchange with the M.O. of the C.R.E. of the 50th Division. Captain Keir of the Ambulance had also applied for service overseas and we left together in June. We were both very proud of the kind farewell Colonel Edwards gave us on parade before we left. I am sure we both felt that though we were glad that luck had come our way, and that we were off to France, our delight would have been greater if we had been going there under his command.

Royal Engineers; the 50th Division

Travelling via Boulogne, I slept the night at the Officers' Club there, proceeded next day to Hazebrouck, where I reported to General Porter, caught a train the same day to Bailleul, where I got a lift in a car to Westoutre where the C.R.E. of the 50th Division was billeted. We crossed the Franco-Belgian frontier at the top of the ridge forming part of Mont Noir, one of the landmarks of the district.

Westoutre

I had an Armstrong hut (16ft. by 8ft.) to myself, and peace reigned in village and Mess. Captain Leonard, an old D.C.O. Yeoman of the Boer War, was attached to the Mess, but in what capacity I forget; also Prince Du Croy and a very amiable Belgian Baron (who before the War had been in the Diplomatic Service), as liaison officers. My parents were great friends with Du Croy's parents in Madeira in 1876-7, where his mother and my father had

been taken for their health, whilst the ex-diplomat knew my first wife's cousin—Count de Salis—quite well. It was a curious coincidence that there should be any personal link, however slight, between both these Belgian Liaison Officers and myself, especially as they were the only Belgian Officers that I met during the whole of my war service.

Dickebusch and La Clytte and the road to the east of Kemmel and Neuve Eglise were occasionally shelled, but only sporadic shells, never a real "hate", during my time, though the villages were knocked about. My first introduction to a shell was on my way to visit the eastern slope of Kemmel. It must have been nearly 100 yards away, but I was quite thrilled and thought I was in the war at last !

My work consisted in visiting the various R.E. details in the district, having Mont Kemmel as a centre, chiefly along the roughly semi-circular road, with convexity to the west, running from Dickebusch on the north to Neuve Eglise on the south. The road from Westoutre joined the apex of this semi-circular road at "Canada Corner" about a mile east of Westoutre. On turning left at this corner half way to La Clytte one passed just to the right of the road a steep-sided hillock "Scharpenberg," honeycombed with dugouts and prepared for action headquarters for I think Corps.

I was medically responsible for about twelve hundred officers and men, and the sanitation of nine widely separated areas, and my morning rounds took me from 7.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. Some of the forward billets were about 1500 yards from the German trenches, whilst others were two or more miles back. My charger, a jolly little chestnut mare about 15 hands, was a comfortable ride, and I enjoyed my visiting rounds.

I was most hospitably welcomed wherever I went, particularly at Dickebusch, where the R.E.s were digging trenches, wiring, etc. As there was a casualty amongst the officers every few nights, it was getting on their nerves a bit and perhaps they found it soothing to talk to someone from such a peaceful spot as Westoutre.

Although my period of service with the Sappers was very short it was sufficient for me to develop a high degree of respect and admiration for this branch of the Army. Their work was technical rather than combative, and often

had to be carried out under very trying and dangerous conditions. They shared the risk of death and wounds but did not share the thrill and intoxication of attack or defence. They just had to carry on their work without the opportunity or satisfaction of hitting back. This needed a very high form of courage and devotion to duty.

I never visited Ypres, which I should certainly have done if I had known that I should be leaving the Salient so soon—the nearest spot I visited being Flamartinghe which was three kilos. from Ypres, while Dickebusch, though much more unhealthy than Flamartinghe and nearer the front line, was four kilos. away. I always regret that I never entered Ypres, for Ypres became to us what Verdun was to the French, the symbol of successful sacrifice, the shrine of devotion to duty and dogged determination, the synonym of courage unto death. As long as we held Ypres we could suffer loss of other sectors of the line without affecting our morale, but if Ypres had fallen it would have been hard for us to maintain our fighting spirit at quite the same level.

Mont Kemmel was a key position in our defence of Ypres, and when I heard in April, 1918, that Kemmel had been taken, and that the Germans were advancing through Locre towards La Clytte, I thought that Ypres must fall, and for the first and only time during the War felt really depressed.

Bailleul was almost like home, a fine old town with a picturesque market square and an Officer's Club—a place for shopping and hair-cut, of meeting and friendly drinks, and one little thought that in two years' time it would be just wiped out, levelled and erased by German guns and bombs.

After about a month of this "cushy" job I began to feel restless and a desire to see the war more intimately, and hearing that the Guards Division were out of the line and at rest to the north of the Flamartinghe-Poperinghe road, early in July, I rode over to see if there was anything doing in the way of an exchange. The M.O. of the 1st Scots Guards had been evacuated sick, and the temporary M.O. appeared to be rather young and inexperienced for such a post, so I wrote to General Porter telling him that I should like a Guards Battalion and asking for the 1st Scots Guards, which, I understood, was vacant. General



[*By kind permission of Imperial War Museum*

AERIAL VIEW OF TYPICAL REST AREA BETWEEN DICKEBUSCH AND NEUVE EGLISE, 1916, SHOWING NISSEN HUTS, TENTS AND SHELL-HOLES

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Porter replied that he would arrange it in a short time (having been comrades in a long-ago war is a great tie !) and about a fortnight later I received orders to report myself to the 1st Scots Guards in rest at Bolleziele, a long way behind the line, somewhere north of Cassel.

1st Scots Guards

I joined them on 28th July, in glorious summer weather and beautiful peaceful country surroundings, untouched by war.

The second-in-command (acting C.O.) was Major M. Barne, a delightful man about forty, equally popular with officers and men. He had rejoined from the Suffolk Yeomanry, and saw more continuous service with the battalion than any other officer, and had for short periods commanded the battalion on several occasions. He was killed in a most unfortunate accident in August, 1917, described in the *Scots Guards in the Great War*, page 208, as follows :

> A British airman, finding himself forced to land got rid of a live bomb by throwing it overboard. It exploded in the transport lines, killing one man and wounding four others, as well as Major Barne, D.S.O., who died of his wounds next day. He had only returned from leave in England on the previous day.

Lieut. Eric D. Mackenzie was Adjutant, twenty-five years old. He had already been twice wounded, at the battle of the Aisne in September, 1914, and at the battle of Loos in September, 1915. He was of the martial rather than the intellectual type.

Second-Lieut. R. V. Powell, sniping officer, aged about thirty, an old Cambridge rowing Blue, and "Diamonds" winner, was farming in Australia when the War came.

Ronnie Powell heard that I was a Cambridge man and was particularly friendly. He had a genuinely good heart and seemed to be one of those rare individuals born without any sense of fear. He was somewhat of a braggart and yet, contrary to one's expectations, his boastings usually came true. When he first came to the regiment I heard that he made quite a lot of money backing himself to beat all comers in running, jumping, swimming, etc., and he

actually did. He also was plus four at golf, and said that he *liked* No Man's Land, where he wandered off when favourable opportunities arose for a bit of sniping. Altogether a fine and simple man, who would always be there, or thereabouts, in any situation requiring pluck or athleticism. We became friends and he was my best man at my second marriage in January, 1918. He died whilst these memoirs were being written.

Second-Lieut. G. de L. Leach, aged twenty-two, the bombing officer, possessed nerves and imagination and was of the intellectual type. A charming boy.

I see from a note to the No. 4 Field Ambulance which is still in an old Field Message Book that I possess, that we moved south from Esquilbecq, to Petit Houvin, Doullens, on the morning of the 30th.

Accommodation was rather restricted on the train, and I spent the night in one of the raised brake boxes found perched at the end of many French coaches. It was not too comfortable and rather cold, but as a newcomer I felt rather diffident of butting in where I might not be welcome. I much preferred the marching as, being mounted, the great heat during the day did not affect me, although it was very trying to the unmounted officers and men who after a term of service in the trenches of the Salient were not in very good condition, particularly as regards feet. I had a foot inspection of those complaining of sore feet at the end of each march and gave them permanganate foot baths, and arranged who should ride in our very limited number of baggage lorries. There used to be one lorry at the end of the column for picking up men who were compelled by exhaustion or foot soreness to fall out. From Petit Houvin we trekked to Lucheux and there to Authies about eight miles east of Doullens, where we bivouacked in Bois de Warnimont, a wooded plateau, whose steep sides rose from the eastern side of the Bus-Authies road.

Lieut.-Colonel S. H. Godman, D.S.O., a former Scots Guards Officer, age 50, who had served in the South African war, took over command from Major Barne on 8th August. He was the fortunate possessor of that calm, unruffled temperament that makes for good working and smooth running in a battalion. A just man, and one who would never be worried, either by enemy or brass hat. He had been wounded in the Battle of Loos in September,

1915. We had several days' rest here and on 9th August, the King and Prince of Wales visited all three Brigades of the Guards Division.

Our Brigade all stood on the steep side of the road cheering the King as he drove past. What a different scene from that of the King's inspection of the *Princess Royal* at the Forth the previous year!

The weather was glorious during all our rest at Authies, and sleeping in the open under the trees was very pleasant. The men had sports, football and bathing in the afternoons, and it was a really perfect picnic and a very pleasant introduction to the Somme.

I felt a little lonely, as a Guards Battalion is more like a family than a regiment. Each officer called the other by his Christian name or a nickname, so it was quite a while before one got to know their surnames. Also many were old Etonians, and so I felt a bit out of it, for though everyone was very pleasant to me they had already made their pals, and a doctor of forty-two had no niche to fill.

Auchonvillers

From Authies that same night, 9th August, we went into the line at Auchonvillers (pronounced "Ocean Villas" by our troops) opposite Beaumont-Hamel.[1] It was here that the British attack was held up on the 1st July when the Devonshires were mowed down by the German machine-guns.

The sub-soil here is all chalk, and the dugouts and trenches were very comfortable. During our first night in these trenches we had one man killed and eight wounded by "minenwerfer" bombs, but I don't remember any other casualties whilst we were here. There was a rise, between us and the enemy's lines on our left flank, which had been excavated on our side, and offered cover so that one could safely walk about out of view of the enemy under the lee of the protecting ridge. This cut-out chalk area was named the "White City", and was a favourite walk of mine as it was pleasant to get above ground for a change. There were several ways of getting to the "White City" from Battalion Headquarters in 88 trench. Probably the most direct was to turn to the left on leaving H.Q. dugout, across 2nd Avenue and continue along 88 trench until it

[1] For places mentioned see map.

forked, when you took the right arm of the fork "Old Beventon Road" until you came to "Jacob's Ladder," when you turned to the left and crossed the "New Beaumont Road" into "Esau's way," and so to the "White City." If, however, you wanted to visit the first-line trenches en route you followed the interminable trench "Second Avenue" until you cut into "Seaforth Street," when you turned to the left and took the first trench on your right, "Happy Alley," which took you into "Marlborough Road" where you turned left and keeping straight on came to "Jacob's Ladder."

This trench itinerary is taken from an old Field Message Book, containing a plan of the trenches marking the sanitary areas. I found that the only way to learn the geography of any trench system was to spend the whole of the first day walking through every trench of our sector, and making a rough plan and marking the points of special interest to an M.O. There was a plague of flies, and being suspicious as to the cause, one day when there was a thick fog, I took a stroll up top to see what the sanitary conditions were like. I found numerous bodies which had been lying untouched since the unsuccessful attack on Beaumont-Hamel of 1st July, and also a lot of rubbish in the way of open bully beef tins, etc. I reported the conditions to the C.O. and asked for fatigues to clear up whilst the fog was on, as nothing could be done in clear daylight when we were under close enemy observation.

The frontal attack on Beaumont-Hamel and Thiepval on 1st July should, in my civilian opinion, never have been made, as their almost impregnable strength was well known to G.H.Q. Wasteful expenditure of life was what the rank and file always found it difficult to forgive the brass hats. No division or battalion ever groused about casualties if such casualties were *necessary* and could not well have been avoided, but *useless* waste of life, because a Brigadier or Divisional General wanted to scoop a little kudos in attempting the impossible, made the rank and file, and subalterns, and even company commanders, speak words that it would have been well for the brass hats to hear then, and would be well for the ex-brass hats to hear now, when in their folly they are still thinking that it was they who won the war. One despairs that they will ever realise that it was the Tommy, sergeant, subaltern and company commander

who won the war in *spite* of the mistakes of the brass hats.

That military disasters are nearly always the direct result of inefficiency or lack of judgment on the part of some one or more senior officers is a truism. My only personal experience of a minor military tragedy—the surrender of the Regiment of Imperial Yeomanry, with which I served as a trooper in the South African War—was a clear example of the result of errors in judgment by two senior officers—General Colville and Colonel Spragge.

A South African War Digression

The surrender of the Regiment could easily have been avoided if we had, during the second night, abandoned the wagons and broken through to Kroonstad, after it was evident that the Boers were surrounding us in considerable numbers.

A minor error in judgment that contributed to our defeat was that of giving commissions to those troopers of the regiment who had had previous military experience *as officers* in the Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteers. Clearly, if anyone had been a good officer elsewhere he would not have found it difficult to obtain a commission in some of the many new regiments and would not have taken the Queen's shilling with us.

As a result of this method of choosing our officers, most of them were duds, with the outstanding exception of Capt. Keith, an ex-regular, a gallant gentleman and a sportsman. One of the subalterns was domineering, incompetent and grossly ill-mannered, while another was almost a half-wit with monocle and drawl, entirely unable to act, speak, or think intelligently !

On the other hand most of the troopers (all public school or university men) were of a very fine type, many with character and experience that would have made them most admirable officers for such irregular troops.

For instance, of the three other men of my sub-section of four, Corporal Walter Galpin, our sub-section leader (who had twice been awarded his trial cap at Oxford and only did not get his third and probably his blue because he had to devote himself to work) was a very exceptional man. A born leader and a first class 'cellist and fisherman. A man full of resource, of a high courage, and sense of honour,

who had the faculty of making those who worked with him his willing and devoted slaves.

Arthur Mesham, who died a prisoner of war, had also an exceptionally fine character ; taciturn and tough, he was always doing kindly acts by stealth and would curse if found out or thanked. He had been intended for the Navy, but was ploughed for his eyes ; had served before the mast in a windjammer ; had been in the Klondyke gold rush, and was of the stuff that pioneers and heroes are made of.

The third member of my sub-section, Norman McMullen, is still alive, and almost my oldest friend, so I will not embarrass him with any remarks other than that he holds a master mariner's certificate and commanded one of H.M. ships as an R.N.V.R. officer in the Great War.

I here set out my account of our trek fight and surrender in a letter to my sister written on the spot of this almost forgotten fight, as at the time it made some stir, for the "D.C.O." and "Irish Hunt" companies of Yeomanry numbered amongst their officers and men members of many well-known British and Irish families.

Lindley Hospital,
6th June, 1900.

My dear Jess,

We left Bloemfontein on 22nd May and trained (about 90 miles) to Zand River (Virginia Siding), where we detrained, and in the evening marched 6 miles towards Kroonstad (40 miles away), to a favourable position for bivouacking, where we outspanned for the night. There was no water, however, and as we had left our water-cart at Matjesfontein by mistake, we had to go thirsty to bed.

Reveille went at 4.30 and as it was a very cold night, and we had not undone our blankets as we did not know when we were going to start, we were glad to be moving.

We marched all day and bivouacked at 8 p.m. (Queen's birthday) on the side of a hill with a very difficult place to water the horses. One man put his shoulder out trying to, but I managed to get it back all right. I took another chap's (Watson) watch for him as horse-guard as he was very tired, and I had a wretched time trying to keep the horses from going down the hill.

We only had ½ biscuit ration but as I had managed to secrete a tin of "ideal" milk my sub-section did not do so badly ! In the morning we had a pretty ride to Kroonstad, 6 miles off and

after waiting for orders in the market place we outspanned at 4.30 p.m. just outside the town to rest and graze our horses.

All the way from Bloemfontein to Kroonstad, 130 miles, we were in the track of Steyn's and Bobs's armies and met with a dead horse about every 100 yards.

I was baggage guard on leaving Kroonstad, and there were only 12 of us to the whole convoy. We bivouacked at 8 p.m., and I was lucky enough to get the first watch 8.10 p.m., so I was able to sleep as well as the cold would let me from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. We only had ½ biscuit rations, but we tried to make up with beef lozenges. The next day we as usual marched from sunrise to about an hour after sunset (6 p.m.) and as we were well in enemy's country, I was on picket 100 yards from the camp (1 hour on, 2 hours off). When you are on picket you stand or kneel 100 yards in front of the picket and challenge and shoot anyone who does not give the password.

The D.C.O. were given the position of advance guard, then came the main body, and then the transport with a totally inadequate guard of about twenty men (only seven more than before). We were sniped but nobody took any notice, and we were surprised on arriving at the top of a hill overlooking Lindley to find signs of a deserted British camp, but no British troops.

Confident (in our stupidity) we sent out no scouts and boldly advanced to the market place, where we dismounted and began looking out for bread and forage as both we and our horses were nearly done up.

All of a sudden, bullets began to whizz over our heads, and rapidly increased in numbers, till we saw we were trapped.

The colonel ordered us to retire, which we did, leaving two seriously wounded with Hadley (the regimental surgeon) and taking three slightly wounded with us.

I was No. 3 so had to look after the horses of our sub-section while the other three (Galpin, Mesham and McMullen) dismounted for the attack.

We tried to drive the Boers off the hills around the village but found them too numerous and retired back on our convoy, which we had let fall a long way behind, and we then took up, in the dark, our position. Capt. Keith had borrowed my pony, which I did not get again till the next morning. Our sub-section was a Cossack post under dear old Galpin. I was awfully cold but managed to sleep, as I was very tired, but always woke with my teeth chattering. We had nothing served out that evening but we had some beef lozenges and chocolate. The next morning on coming off duty I was told

to feed our four horses, but was soon sent for by Capt. Keith to attend to a wounded man. I did him up—only a flesh wound in the arm—and came back for my rifle and bandolier and went back to the first kopje. I was talking to a man sitting next me when a bullet came between us and made a hole in the stone we were leaning on. We could not reply as we were told to reserve our fire for 600 yards and under, and these shots were fired from at least 1,500 yards away. Keith soon sent for me again and under a very hot fire I went to the second kopje, where he told me to attend to Galpin, who he feared was badly hurt, and then come to the left of the kopje and fire next him, as he knew I was anxious to put in a shot. I found dear old Galpin (a splendid chap and we were awfully fond of him) shot through the head, and quite dead, and on going to Keith found him also shot dead through the head.

The Boers had taken up a position on a ridge 850 yards away which they had burnt so that you could not see them, and there were one or two in a house 700 yards away. If you dared show a finger above a stone, bullets came all round it.

Lieut. Wodehouse then forbade me to expose myself more than necessary as I was the only doctor they had. Nevertheless as I crept about with water-bottles lots of bullets whizzed by me.

The Boer when confident and shooting from behind a rock is a marvellous shot. In the evening the Colonel told me to come across to the kraal where our main position was and arrange a hospital and take charge.

With wagon poles and a big tarpaulin I rigged up a hospital for ten men. My worst case was Sir John Power, who was shot through the head behind the eyes (he was blinded and the bullet was still in his head and he was quite conscious and awfully plucky).

We had our two Colt guns at the kraal and kept them going well. Our only casualties next day were two flesh wounds, but as symptoms of compression were setting in in Sir John, I told the Colonel that his only chance would be to be taken into Lindley and have the bullet extracted in a proper hospital. The Boer Ambulance came out next morning and took him and two other bad cases in. Sir John died later, but whether he was operated on or not I do not know.

In the afternoon I had, under heavy fire, to dress a man shot through the face.

In the meantime the Dublins and Belfasts had been doing good work, but in the evening sixteen of the latter who were on outpost duty were all captured, as they were surrounded and had used all their ammunition.

Corporal De Laune (D.C.O.) was killed in the morning close to where Keith and Galpin died.

Hadley (surgeon) was allowed to return to us in the evening of Wednesday, 30th, and brought the unpleasant news that guns were coming against us. In the morning he was proved to be right, as shrapnel and percussion shells were thrown into the kraal and on the kopjes, so the hospital was moved down to the farm house and I was put in charge of it and of the wounded on the kopjes, as Hadley wanted to look after casualties in the kraal. We had seen large numbers of the enemy coming up all day, and Lord Longford drove some of them back during the night at the point of the bayonet and occupied the position, but was shelled out of it next day.

At 4 p.m. next day, the 31st, the Boers stormed the D.C.O. kopjes and were driven back, but at 4.30 they charged again, concentrating 250 men on the far (Lindley) side of the first (nearest Lindley) kopje, where there were only thirteen of us and which was commanded by the shells and by the Boers in the river bed.

We were unable to keep them back and our subs would not send for reinforcements until too late. (If Keith had not been killed two days before I believe he would have got reinforcements much earlier, for he had taken up his position on the first kopje knowing it was the key position, and that we should have then been able to drive back the Boer attack.)

With the first kopje taken, our other positions became untenable, as they and the wagons, horses and water supply were commanded by it, so we had to surrender after holding the position (400 to 2,000) for four days. Our total casualties were about twenty killed and thirty wounded. Lord Methuen's Brigade came in at 4 p.m. on Friday, 1st June, twenty-four hours too late. I am very busy and have about twenty beds to look after.

The Boers are charming.

Your loving brother,
HUGH.

P.S.—Lord Methuen says we did well, as position was quite untenable against guns.

. . . . .

This long digression from the Thiepval tragedy of July 1st, 1916, may, I hope, be excused as exemplifying the silly muddle Fate sometimes makes in selecting individuals for positions of responsibility and authority.

North of the Ancre the German line jutted westward at Beaumont-Hamel, and then ran northwards again to Hebuterne and Gommecourt. This is how the defences

were described in *Sir Douglas Haig's Despatches*, pages 22 and 23 :—

> During nearly two years' preparation the enemy had spared no pains to render these defences impregnable. The first and second systems each consisted of several lines of deep trenches, well provided with bombproof shelters and with numerous communication trenches connecting them. The front of the trenches in each system was protected by wire entanglements, many of them in two belts forty yards broad, built of iron stakes interlaced with barbed wire, often almost as thick as a man's finger. . . . The deep cellars usually to be found in the villages and the numerous pits and quarries common to a chalk country were used to provide cover for machine-guns and trench mortars. The existing cellars were supplemented by elaborate dugouts, sometimes in two storeys, and these connected by passages as much as thirty feet below the surface of the ground. The salients in the enemy's line, from which he could bring enfilade fire across his front, were made into self-contained forts and often protected by mine fields ; while strong redoubts and concrete machine-gun emplacements had been constructed in positions from which he could sweep his own trenches should these be taken. The ground lent itself to good artillery observation on the enemy's part, and he had skilfully arranged for cross fire by his guns.

Probably Thiepval and Beaumont-Hamel could never have been taken by frontal attack against defenders with good morale, but during the second week of November when we were able to attack these impregnable positions in flank we captured them for two miles on both sides of the Ancre in two days' fighting, together with 5,000 prisoners, at a comparatively moderate cost to ourselves. Frontal attacks on strong points always looked like bad staff work, and were considered as such, and cursed accordingly by junior officers and "other ranks." What enraged everyone was the thought of the brass hats sitting safely, comfortably and cleanly, well fed and complacent, sending thousands of better fighters than themselves to useless death through their incompetency or ignorance of existing conditions at the front.

We in the Guards Division were favoured in having sound and intelligent men as our brass hats, and everyone realized that neither Cavan at Corps, Feilding at Division,

nor Ponsonby at Brigade H.Q., would ever sacrifice a guardsman's life where he would not be willing to sacrifice his own.

That officers with no stomach for fighting, but sufficient "influence," were able to wangle staff appointments everybody knew, until it became in the eyes of the pukka fighter a disgrace and a shame for a junior officer to accept a staff billet.

Raymond Asquith's name, for instance, "liveth for evermore" amongst old members of the Guards Division, not because he was the son of his father, but because it became known in the Division some weeks before our attack on the 15th September that he had been offered a staff job and had *refused it.*

This "boil over" about brass hats and their carelessness about casualties arose from my anger at finding so many useless dead up top in the fog at "Ocean Villas," to which I must now return.

Trench Warfare

It was fine, sunny weather and quite warm and I much enjoyed my first experience in the trenches. Battalion H.Q. dugout was deep and roomy, but stuffy, and I spent one night on top in a shell hole in preference to down below, but was told it was foolishly risky, so had to put up with the "fug" afterwards.

Our front-line trenches which we held very lightly were quite close to the enemy's, and during my routine daily visits to the trenches to see that sanitation orders were being properly obeyed, I sometimes felt when walking alone along an unoccupied bit of front-line trench, how awkward it would be if the Huns had made a raid at that moment ! I found that though daily visits to the front-line trenches were of little direct value, the men liked them, and a medical officer's authority over, and friendly co-operation with, the men could only be obtained by maintaining close personal contact and supervision in all circumstances.

While in the trenches here I learned the lesson that things are not always what they seem, and that in good visibility it is never safe on top, however silent, calm and peaceful it may appear. On looking over the parapet of a reserve support or communication trench, some way

back, I espied a bucket, and as there was a deficiency of buckets for sanitary purposes, this one would be useful, so I popped over the top, seized the bucket, was just missed by a sniper, and almost as I jumped back into the trench a "whizz-bang" burst on the parapet. Sniping with a whizz-bang seemed impossible, but it was a curious coincidence. And after all the bucket had a hole in its bottom and was useless.

After a few days in this quiet sector—the buzzing and unsavoury quiet that falls on a sector some time after "some liveliness" has been reported—we marched back again to Bertrancourt for a few days, and then alternated Auchonvillers trenches and Bertrancourt rest until we moved to a new bit of the line at Hebuterne on the 16th August.

Rats

Here I had a shallow, cell-like dugout to myself, size about 7′ × 5′ opening out of a trench, with a roof only splinter proof. The ceiling was covered with sacking, and as one lay in one's bunk one could watch the sacking "give" to the weight of a rat moving across it.

Rats, however, are associated in my mind more with S. Africa than with the Great War. One day as I lay in bed with enteric at Lindley, I was informed that the village was being evacuated and that enteric cases were being moved to Kroonstad in wagons, I replied that I considered moving enteric cases under such conditions was murder and claimed for myself and other enteric cases the right to stop behind. As a result four of us were moved to the village pub and left under the protection of the Red Cross Flag.

Now a Boer pub then consisted of a quadrangle of one story buildings, the front being the dining-room, the back the stables, and the sides small bedrooms. During the first night in one of these bedrooms I was kept awake by the rats that ran over the bed and up the curtains and that to my fevered eyes appeared to be of immense size. My stock of candles consisted of *one* so I could not afford to keep it alight all night and I was too weak to be able to get out of bed. However, on the second and subsequent nights the rat phobia had passed and I slept well. To return to Hebuterne.

Hebuterne

The London Scottish were on our left here, a remarkably fine body of men, and wearing the kilt. In this sector, which apparently we had taken over from the French not so very long ago, as the trenches had many French names, I came upon one called "Jena," which reminded me of home, and my little daughter aged four, who had this pet name.

I established a new aid-post on the side of a communication trench and connecting at the back with a sunken road, as the old aid-post was inconveniently placed and small. No Man's Land was over ¼ mile wide and we had very few casualties here, the only death being from a bit of "archie" shell that by sheer bad luck fell back into one of our trenches. While here the battalion was praised by the Corps Commander for sapping out 180 yards to "Sixteen Poplars" on the Hebuterne-Puiseaux road and establishing listening posts. Capt. L. Norman was in charge of this work and was "mentioned" for it. He commanded left Flank Co., was aged about forty, and I had much in common with him. He was killed on the 15th September while leading his men in the attack.

There was a trench leading to H.Q. Mess in a ruined house but it was quite safe to walk on top during daylight although at night it was apt to be swept occasionally by enemy machine-gun fire.[1]

My experience was that men of our mature age were not so vividly affected by the War stimuli of the psychic centres as those whose ages lay in the impressionable and sensitive years of youth.

In Rest

When we were relieved on the 21st August we went into rest at Bus-les-Artois.

There was at this time in the R.A.M.C. an idea that a battalion M.O.'s life was a lazy one, and that his chief duty was to apply first aid during and after a scrap. After a very short time I realized that if an M.O. was to be of any real use to his unit it would not be through what he

[1]I may possibly have confused Auchonvillers and Hebuterne as I only have my memory to rely on.

could do in the line but what he could teach in rest. Every man, not only the stretcher bearers, must be taught first aid and everyone, not only the sanitary squad, must be taught the elements of hygiene and sanitation. While at Bus the A.D.M.S. sent for me and told me that the 1st Scots Guards had for some months had a longer sick list and a higher percentage of casualties through sickness than other battalions of the Division, and he said that he looked to me to alter this.

Now, an unusually high sick rate over any considerable length of time must mean bad hygiene, so I considered the three avenues of infection—the gastro-intestinal tract by food or drink; the respiratory tract through the air; and the skin, through the bites of insects or lice, blisters, abrasions, frost, wet, etc., and came to the conclusion that at that time of the year good water discipline, and preventing the access of flies to food, were the most important points.

There were no battalion standing orders, and the new and repeated orders on the subject of sanitation that came in almost daily from H.Q. were lost, put aside, or forgotten, and owing to lack of supervision from above, were often dead letters and of no practical value. Sanitation should not be dependent on the enthusiasm or the reverse of the M.O. of the moment, but should be a permanent part of the regimental standing orders, which would be carried out in routine continuity by N.C.O.s, and the inevitably quickly changing succession of M.O.s. In other words, there should be a fixed and routine system and tradition of sanitation which the M.O. would have to see carried out, not a succession of various systems according to the knowledge, intelligence and keenness of the M.O.

Morlancourt

On 23rd August we marched back from Bus eight miles to Amplier, then ten miles south to Naours, where we entrained for Mericourt, arriving on 25th August, and after passing through Amiens, proceeding at once to Morlancourt between Bray and Albert. Here we had a fortnight's training before moving into the line again to take part in the great battle of the Somme.

During this period my time was very fully occupied

in daily lectures on sanitation and first aid, to officers, N.C.O.s and men, and in drawing up my battalion sanitary standing orders, submitting them to the A.D.M.S. (Colonel G. S. McLoughlin) for his sanction and approval, and getting them put in orders by our own C.O.

My attempts to improve the hygiene of the battalion were most loyally and generously supported not only by my A.D.M.S. and D.A.D.M.S. (Capt. "Tubby" Howell) but by the Divisional (or was it Corps ?) General.

There is, and occasionally must be, friction between an M.O. trying to press health reforms and the battalion adjutant, who quite properly has the primary object of the battalion—fighting efficiency—as his chief care.

M.O versus Adjutant

The M.O. wants men for fatigues, and companies, officers and N.C.O.s to lecture to, and the Adjutant wants them for other purposes. I had told Eric Mackenzie, our Adjutant, that I was not satisfied with the water discipline of the battalion, and that men must not drink casual water but only watercart water, unless any special water supply was specially sanctioned by me to be used for drinking. He replied in words to this effect : "My dear Doc., this is war, not peace, ideal regulations are not practical ; if I am thirsty and I come across clean-looking water I shall drink it, and so will any of the men." My reply was : "Not whilst I am M.O. of the battalion."

But I had no battalion sanitary standing orders to refer to and my authority was nil. So I wrote to my chief telling him that I was dissatisfied with the water discipline, but was unable to get my advice carried out. The A.D.M.S. replied oracularly, "something will be done." In a few days orders appeared that the battalion would be inspected by the Corps or Divisional General and on the parade ground the C.O., the Adjutant and myself were sent for by the General. He said : "I only want to tell you that as regards purely medical matters the orders of the M.O. are to be taken as authoritative," or words to that effect. That a big General and an A.D.M.S. should have taken all that trouble to strengthen the authority of a battalion M.O. seemed to me very remarkable and as reflecting unusual keenness and appreciation of the military value of preventive medicine.

Battalion Sanitary Standing Orders

A little later I submitted my Battalion Sanitary Standing Orders to the C.O. for publication in Orders, and he said he would see to it, and put them behind the clock on the mantelpiece. Two days later I ventured a reminder, but they still remained behind the clock. I reported to the A.D.M.S. that the Battalion Sanitary Standing Orders were until further notice hung up. The A.D.M.S. replied with an official letter: "Please report date on which Battalion Sanitary Standing Orders as approved by me on August . . . were published in Battalion Orders." I have forgotten official wording, but it had that meaning. With this I approached the C.O. who remembered the papers behind the clock, and had them published in the next day's Orders.

In those days it was not always easy to get publication in the press for any article written by an officer at the front, as it had to pass through many hands and obtain many sanctions, but my orders were eventually published in the *Lancet* of June 16, 1917, to which I refer readers who may be interested in more technical details than are suited for these memoirs. Here I can only quote three paragraphs from the preamble.

> To most non-commissioned officers and men, Army Orders, or even Divisional Orders, are remote from their life as a unit, and to them their battalion is their world. It, therefore, appears advisable that every battalion should have its own Standing Orders dealing with sanitation and hygiene. Such Orders must be very simple and explicit, or they will be evaded, and the excuse made that they were misunderstood, or ignorance will be pleaded. Lectures on sanitation must be given by the medical officer of the battalion by companies, in which the Standing Orders are gone through item by item, and the "why" and "wherefore" explained. The soldier must be made to see that the Sanitary Standing Orders are drawn up for his own good, and that they are not just the arbitrary and annoying whim of a faddy medical officer.
>
> As battalion medical officers fall sick or become casualties their places are taken by others, and continuity in sanitary methods is liable to be interfered with; thus Battalion Sanitary Standing Orders would help in assisting continuity. Divisional Orders dealing with questions of

sanitation accumulate rapidly, and it takes some considerable time for a medical officer to master the voluminous files of old orders ; also, especially during an attack, or if the medical officer and sick sergeant become casualties, the file of orders may be destroyed or lost, and a new medical officer would find the Battalion Sanitary Standing Orders a great help.

It is quite fallacious to think that a battalion medical officer has a lazy time except during a "push." On the contrary, if he performs all his duties efficiently he is busily employed nearly all his day, and especially so in rest camp, where his lectures on sanitation and first aid to officers, non-commissioned officers and men, as well as to his own particular charges, the sanitary squad and stretcher bearers, will be part of his routine week-day work. If a battalion medical officer complains that he is bored and has nothing to do, one can be very certain that he has failed to realize the scope of his duties and is not an efficient battalion medical officer.

Towards the end of June, 1917, I sent a reprint of my *Lancet* article to General Porter, D.M.S., 2nd Army, and received the following very kind letter in reply.

General Porter's Letter

Second Army Headquarters,
B.E.F., France.
9th July, 1917.

Dear Bayly,

I had already read with great interest your article which appeared recently in the *Lancet* on "Battalion Sanitary Standing Orders," and thank you for sending me a copy of the report.

The experience you gained with your battalion in July last year must have proved invaluable to you in this connection, and it will be a source of satisfaction for you to feel that the zeal and energy you then displayed overcame all obstacles, and received the highest appreciation.

I think that if you were to return to this Army you would find that many changes have taken place since your time, both in sanitary administration and organization and that sanitation is a living force in all our units.

We have achieved this by several means. Not only in this Army, but throughout all the Armies, Army Schools of Sanitation for Officers, Corps and Divisional Schools for other ranks, have been established.

In this Army alone during the past winter every Battalion Medical Officer, without exception, and over 6,000 other ranks,

have passed through a course of practical sanitation, all those having been detached from their units to undergo the special courses of instruction.

In addition, all Sanitary Sections have now become extra-divisional units, and are allotted to areas, the sanitation of which they supervise, so that Units changing from one location to another are no longer confronted with old-time difficulties of construction and re-construction at every change, and the way is made easier for continuity of sanitary effort by Units relieving one another. Perhaps you already know that to each Army a D.A.D.M.S. Sanitation has been appointed, specially to co-ordinate sanitary effort throughout the Army.

You must find your work in connection with venereal disease extremely interesting, and I hope when you feel quite fit again you will be able to rejoin us in France, to carry on the good work with your old-time zeal.

I am, Yours very truly,

(Signed) R. PORTER.

The difficulty that I had in seeing that my orders in regard to sanitation were carried out are perhaps best shown by the following extracts from my old Field Message Book.

Field Message Book Letters About Water and Food

To Adjutant, 1st Scots Guards. 21st August

During my daily tour of the trenches yesterday I found two of the sanitary areas in an unsatisfactory condition. I called on the sanitary man for an explanation and he stated that he had been on fatigue since 5 a.m. and only just finished breakfast, and had not had time to attend to his sanitary duties. As sanitary duties if properly and efficiently performed occupy the full time of the sanitary squad I shall be glad if it would be possible for you to arrange that members of the sanitary squad are excused all fatigues.

To O.C. Left Flank, 1st Scots Guards. 28th August

I inspected the huts occupied by your company this morning and found them satisfactory except in regard to the protection of remains of food left for future consumption from flies and dust. This was particularly noticeable with Nos. 13 and 14 Platoons, where open jam tins were left exposed and were removed by me. I left instructions that the N.C.O. in charge of each hut should report to you for you to deal with.

To C.O. 1st Scots Guards. 28th August

I beg to report that when making my daily tour of the billets and camps for sanitary inspection, I found :

1. Large heaps of horse dung, remains of food, unburnt empty food tins behind the 2nd Brigade Headquarters' lines which are contiguous to our Left Flank area.
2. An unfilled-in trench full of unburnt rubbish behind the 2nd Brigade Headquarters horse lines.
3. A large heap of unburnt rubbish behind Right Flank billets which had an offensive smell and swarmed with flies. This belonged to Army Troops attached to 232nd Field Company, R.E.

To Adjutant, 1st Scots Guards

Owing to the prevalence of dysentery in this district and the plague of flies resulting from inefficient sanitary regulations in the past, the incineration of all refuse is urgently required.

The Pioneers are undertaking the building of incinerators, erection of ablution benches, and preparation of fly-proof food boxes, and while doing this important work I shall be much obliged if you could possibly excuse them all parades as their work was interfered with this morning owing to their having to attend parades.

To O.C. "B" Company. 1st September

I beg to report Sergeant F. for leaving private food supply in a box that was not fly-proof and which contained flies. Also Private B., as the oldest soldier of the servants, for putting open tins in an unclosed sandbag and exposed to infection by flies.

To O.C. 1st Line Transport, 1st Scots Guards. 2nd September

I beg to report that I found refuse about outside the entrance of the hut occupied by this unit. The refuse consisted of dates, bacon rind and potato peelings, and was attracting flies.

To O.C. "C" Company, 1st Scots Guards. 5th September

I beg to report that on making my daily sanitary inspection of billets I found the Sanitary Standing Orders were not carried out in any platoon of this company.

The frequent breaches of these orders were evident in every billet.

In No. 9 Platoon the whole floor was littered with rubbish and refuse, and bacon, cheese, bread, and tea leaves were lying in the dust on the ground. In the corner were several empty food tins exposed with other refuse.

In No. 10 Platoon the floor had not been washed, nor the food-box rendered fly-proof, for which orders had been given three days ago. An open ham tin also was exposed to flies and dust.

In Nos. 11 and 12 Platoons the floors have not been washed since occupation and opened tins of butter and jam were left exposed to flies and dust.

I, therefore, beg to report the Platoon Sergeants H., M., B., and S., for neglect in sanitary discipline in their platoons for which they are responsible under the Sanitary Standing Orders.

The C.O., Adjutant, and Company Commanders were unaccustomed to such badgering by the Battalion M.O. and I fear that they dubbed me "A D——d Nuisance." Nevertheless, I had reason to believe that later they realized that my only aim was the welfare of the battalion, which even in my short period of service I came to love, and wished me back with them, in spite of the more easy-going procedures of my successors.

CHAPTER VI

SEPTEMBER, 1916—DECEMBER, 1916

The Battle of the Somme; The Guards at Ginchy; In Hospital; 10 Downing Street

Lieutenant Leach

DURING our stay at Morlancourt I was billeted in a house on the northern edge of the village, sharing a large tiled ground-floor room with Leach, our bombing officer. On arrival at our billet in the evening we had been unable to get anyone to answer the door and had had to break into the house. In so doing I cut the third finger of my left hand down to the bone, leaving a loose flap of flesh. I at once washed it, poured in tincture of iodine and firmly bound it up. It healed straight away, though I was very anxious for a day or two, for if it had gone septic I might have missed our "push," and it would have been a terrible thing to miss that for a small accident. However, all was well and by the time the push came the cut was healed.

Leach was a charming boy of twenty-two with a high sense of duty, but whose nervous system was beginning to feel the strain a little. He was evidently thinking about the coming push more than was good for him and was constantly talking to me about it. I thought he was becoming a little morbid, so I said : "What is the good of wondering—let us cultivate a philosophic mind. There are three possibilities : the first, and the most likely, is that of getting through untouched ; the second getting a blighty one and England, home and beauty for six months ; and the third, going west. The first will leave us 'as you were' ; the second will give us a winter at home, a most enjoyable prospect ; and the third will, after all, give us the opportunity of making a not unworthy or undignified exit. So why not contentedly leave the drawing of the lottery to fate."

I have never forgotten his reply, the reply of eager

youth to disillusioned age : "Ah, you are forty-two, but I am twenty-two and that makes all the difference, for you have lived your life and I have not lived mine." Yet the blind Fates had willed that within a week and before the push, he was to have won a hero's grave, whilst I was to get the coveted blighty one in the push. Leach was awarded the Albert Medal in gold as a posthumous recognition of his gallant contempt of death. The following are the terms of the award :

> In France, on the 3rd September, 1916, Second-Lieutenant Leach was detonating bombs in buildings in which two non-commissioned officers were also at work, when the fuse of one of the bombs ignited. Shouting a warning he made for the door, carrying the bomb pressed close to his body, but on reaching the door he found a party of men assembling for church parade so that he could not throw the bomb away without exposing them to grave danger. He continued, therefore, to press the bomb to his body till it exploded and mortally wounded him. Second-Lieutenant Leach might easily have saved his life by throwing the bomb away or dropping it on the ground and seeking shelter, but either course would have endangered the lives of those in or around the building. He sacrificed his own life to save the lives of others.

And he prized life, and did not want to die, so his sacrifice was something that he valued highly, a noble and excellent offering. The wounds were extensive, but his face was not touched, and I soon stopped the haemorrhage and banished all pain with morphia. Accompanied by his old friend and Uppingham schoolmate, Lt. V. S. Daniell, I dashed off at once with him to the C.C.S., but he died on the way in my arms, as when dying he asked me to hold him. On the following day I attended his funeral at the Corbie Cemetery, and the pathos of the scene as his blanket-wrapped young body was laid to rest in the long trench to the pipers' lament "The Flowers of the Forest," was extremely poignant.

Boyd-Rochfort, V.C.

The first of the three V.C.s gained by the 1st Battalion in the War had been awarded to Lieutenant G. A. Boyd-Rochfort in the previous year, for a somewhat similar gallant action :

> For conspicuous bravery in the trenches between Cambrai and La Bassée on 3rd August, 1915. At 2 a.m. a German trench mortar bomb landed on the side of the parapet of the communication trench in which he stood, close to a small working party of his battalion. He could easily have stepped back a few yards round the corner into perfect safety, but shouting to his men to look out he rushed at the bomb, seized it, and hurled it over the parapet where it at once exploded. There is no doubt that this splendid combination of presence of mind and courage saved the lives of many of the working party.

Leach would almost certainly have been awarded a posthumous V.C. instead of the Albert Medal if the deed had occurred when the battalion was in action instead of in rest.

Inaccurate Records

Unfortunately the diary is not as full as it well might have been, and *The Scots Guards in the Great War* was very unlucky, as its first Editor, Captain Wilfred Ewart (wounded Neuve Chapelle, 2nd Battalion, March 1915) was killed by a stray bullet in Mexico City on New Year's Eve, 1922-1923. Wilfred Ewart published in 1921 one of the most powerful war novels entitled *Way of Revelation*, which seemed to assure its author a firm future position in the world of literature. The second Editor, Mr. F. Loraine Petre, died after an operation in 1925, before the work was nearly completed ; and its third Editor, Major General Sir Cecil Lowther, had a severe illness just as he was completing the work, which interfered with its revision.

The book, therefore, contains many errors, several even with respect to the very short period that is all I am in a position to criticise.

Bombing Officers

Lieutenant Dudley Shortt (son of the late Home Secretary), Lieutenant D. H. Brand, M.C., and Lieutenant H. L. H. Dundas, M.C., were all attached to Battalion Headquarters in some capacity about that time, and all were, I believe, bombing officers at some period of their service. They were all killed later.

Dudley Shortt was wounded on the 19th November, 1916, when the 1st Battalion Scots Guards relieved the 1st Welsh

Guards in the trenches in front of Les Boeufs. Soon after, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant, and was killed by shell fire at Saules Farm during the third battle of Ypres on 11th October, 1917.

Brand was wounded at the Battle of Loos in September, 1915, at Kemmel in June, 1916, was awarded the M.C. for a very gallant single-handed reconnaissance of the enemy front line at St. Pierre Vast Wood on 14th March, 1917, and was killed on the Arras sector on 29th March, 1918.

Dundas was promoted from Battalion Bombing Officer to Brigade Bombing Officer during January, 1917, where he remained until August, when he returned to the Battalion. He was awarded the M.C. for his work in the Third Battle of Ypres (October, 1917) and a bar in 1918, and was killed in the Battle of the Canal du Nord, on 27th September, 1918. I remember that Dundas struck me as being just a jolly schoolboy fond of romping in spite of his brilliant school record, for he had been head of the school at Eton and the winner of many prizes. His letters to his mother were published by Blackwood under the title *The letters of Henry Dundas*. He was only twenty when he was killed.

My memory of these gallant young officers has become blurred, but there remains a sense of their happy youth and of my gratitude for their kindly and friendly acceptance of a middle-aged doctor.

Lieutenant H. W. Duncan, M.C. (and Bar) was Battalion Signalling Officer in the spring of 1917, but I do not remember him at Battalion Headquarters in September, 1916, but possibly it may be my memory that is at fault. He was wounded at the Third Battle of Ypres (October 1917) and again in June, 1918.

Y.M.C.A.

Although the Church was rather a negligible quantity, and always seemed to me to be the conspicuous failure of the War, as a strong beneficent influence, yet many Padres were personally fine men and popular and "Toc H" was a notable exception. The Y.M.C.A. was, however, a very permanent and successful War organization—what we should have done without it I cannot think. Probably every ex-service man now living feels a deep affection and a real gratitude for the help, comfort, and sense of stability

and connection with home given by the Y.M.C.A. which we remember, however, chiefly as a store which supplied our needs at moderate cost ; as a club and writing-room ; and as a place of entertainment, rather than a religious centre.

The sign of the red triangle cheered many a man coming back out of the line, and became in our minds associated with peace and plenty. It was a great show, and became a symbol, part of our life, a wartime civilian institution of the first magnitude, which did much to assist in keeping a stability of mind threatened by repeated ugly and unpleasant shocks.

The Second Brigade at Happy Valley

In September, the 2nd Guards Brigade, consisting of three battalions (1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, 1st Battalion Scots Guards, and the 2nd Battalion Irish Guards) moved forward to Happy Valley Camp, south of Fricourt. The day after our arrival I had a hack round and visited Fricourt and Mametz. Not being certain of where I was I asked a sentry : "Which is the turning for Fricourt ?" and he replied : "*This* is Fricourt." It was absolutely flattened out, not a bit of wall remaining.

There were some palatial German dugouts lined with wood and papered, electric light, electric bells, proper beds, etc. Coming back I crossed a small valley containing a school of tanks. The secret of the tank had been very well kept. We had heard vague rumours of some wonderful new moving forts, land cruisers, but had no real data from which to make a picture. It was one of the greatest surprises of my life. They looked like great toads, prehistoric monsters, waddling up and down. A proud "owner," tickled by my obvious excitement and interest, took me for a ride in one.

The Prince

The morning of the day that we left Happy Valley I thought it advisable to add to my stock of morphia, and as we had received orders to move I was in a hurry and was riding at a canter. In my way was a young Staff Officer talking to some junior Grenadier officers. So I shouted "Hi !" and proceeded. The young officer jumped out of my way—he was the Prince of Wales ! Imagine my

dismay ! But he only laughed and, indeed, was just one of the Brigade come to wish good luck to his old regiment. Report said that he tried his damnedest to get permission to go over the top with the Brigade, and if he could possibly have worked it, we all knew he would have joined us for the push.

On the 12th we moved forward to Bernafay Wood, half a mile in front of Montauban.

On the way we took a rest at Carnoy in a deep little valley where a big howitzer was hard at work. Cavalry were collecting at Carnoy, in order to break through if the infantry were able to make a suitable gap.

Lieutenant Holland Killed

The evening of the 13th I heard that Holland had been very badly wounded, and later that he had died, having been hit in the back and head by a sniper whilst on some special job in the direction of Ginchy. I could not obtain any accurate information as to his exact position, so could not go to him, neither could I obtain a guide. In the *Scots Guards in the Great War* it is stated that Bernafay Wood was shelled on 13th and that Holland was killed by shell fire. There was no shelling at all of the Southern end of Bernafay Wood, and if it had been shelled I should have expected to be informed so as to be ready for any casualties.

This memory of mine that Holland was not in Bernafay Wood is confirmed by a letter written from hospital, to my sister—(Mrs. Fred Summers) who was devoting herself to her work as V.A.D. Commandant in Pembrokeshire—in which is said : "The battalion had two companies away supporting the Grenadiers, and on the evening of the 13th we heard that Holland had been killed by a sniper and that there had been several killed and wounded amongst the men." From this it would appear only two companies were in Bernafay Wood and the other two companies elsewhere.

Holland was a splendid man, approaching middle age, a civilian like myself, who had seen service in Gallipoli, where rumour had it that he had been awarded a M.C. which he would not wear. I asked him one day what he got it for, and he said : "For picking figs." I dined with him and Bobby Abercromby, who shared his tent in the Happy Valley, the night before he went forward for this

job about the 11th. He was a typical sportsman of the best kind, reserved and full of grit.[1]

Trones Wood

While we were at Bernafay Wood I took a stroll through Trones Wood, which was still full of bodies both British and German. I found a German drum, broken, of course, but the first I had seen, and sent it back by my servant, who was not in the attack, to the Happy Valley, but I never saw it again.

Only this year I was talking to Mr. J. F. Taylor of the Westminster Bank about my visit to the opening of the Guards Memorial on the Somme, and he told me that he had been wounded and taken prisoner at Trones Wood, and that practically all his company of the 19th Liverpools were wiped out in that attack on the 12th July, 1916.

Mr. Taylor has told me that he was taken to the Reserve Lazarette Bergkasene (hospital) in Munster, Westphalia, where he was treated extremely well by the surgical and nursing staff. The latter consisted of Roman Catholic nuns, and he impressed on me that the Sister-in-Charge, Sister Angelberta, was a lady of extraordinarily fine character that compelled the respect and affection of all her patients. There were, alas, cases, although doubtless only a small minority, where German nurses were definitely heartless to British wounded, so that it is a special pleasure to be able to record, after all these years, the deep appreciation and loving remembrance in which the memory of Sister Angelberta is still held by those British soldiers to whom she ministered.

From the number of dead in Trones Wood, and the close entanglement of British and German bodies, hand-to-hand fighting must have been terrific. The Wood was taken and retaken many times in July, and did not permanently remain in our hands until August.

In the afternoon of the 14th I sent back a few of the men who had reported sick and whom I did not consider

[1]Since writing this, Colonel Hugh Ross has confirmed my memory as correct. He told me that he and Holland, with B and right flank companies, were clearing up Ginchy telegraph to the left of the Quadrilateral, and that Holland was hit when they were falling back. He said that Holland had a presentiment that he would meet his fate that day and handed him some letters.

well enough to fight, also my shaving kit. I carried only a haversack and a bag of extra first field dressings, and a water bottle.

A Champagne Supper

That night we had an over-the-top supper in Battalion Headquarters dugout in Bernafay Wood. Champagne corks popped and we were very jolly, but we all knew it was the last supper that certainly some, and perhaps many, of us would take. Such knowledge does not damp good spirits, although it washes out all trifling disagreements and antipathies, and so makes for the best of good fellowship.

The table nearly filled the dugout, and we all sat close round it as many more than H.Q. personnel were present. About fifteen were there, including Norman and Orr Ewing, who were killed next day. I fancy the party consisted of H.Q. and all available captains and first-lieutenants. At one moment someone noticed that we had three candles burning on the table, and they were at once blown out, and a larger number relighted, as three was supposed to be unlucky.

I remember Sir Iain Colquhoun (of Luss) was nursing a club he had just made with an entrenching tool handle and a big steel nut as a head, and it was reported that he killed six Germans with it next day. And so to bed in a scooped-out hole that I shared with Daniell, roofed with corrugated iron and a few inches of earth, just splinter proof, eminently calm and peaceful. Our valises had been left at Happy Valley, so we were sleeping in our clothes. We were moving off soon after midnight, as zero was at 6.20 a.m. in front of Ginchy, and we had about four miles to go the way we were going although only two miles as the crow flies. Maps had been issued in which we had marked our Brigade front line of attack, and three objectives, green, blue and red lines.

Our Objectives

The first (green) line ran behind the German trench and strong point (the triangle) about 1,000 yards to the north-east of Ginchy, just beyond the crest of the rise ; the second (blue) line, about 800 yards in front of Les Boeufs ; and the third (red) line ran the east side of Les Boeufs.

Our assembly area was the apex of a shallow salient immediately in front of Ginchy, as there were Germans between Ginchy and Delville Wood on the left, and also between Ginchy and Lewse Wood on the right.

About 750 yards on the right flank of our Brigade assembly ground in front of Ginchy was a strongly fortified German defensive work called the "Quadrilateral."

The Quadrilateral

Four efforts had been made to capture the quadrilateral, but without success—on the 9th by the 47th Infantry Brigade, on the 12th by a bombing company of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards under Captain A. C. Graham, who was killed ; and later on the 12th by troops of the 56th Division ; and on the 13th by the 71st Infantry Brigade reinforced by two companies each from the Scots and Irish Guards, when the artillery preparation was not sufficient and only thirty of the Irish Guards returned from the attack.

It was in this attack on the Quadrilateral on the 13th August by the Grenadiers when B and right flank companies of the 1st Scots Guards were acting in support, that Holland was killed. The Scots Guards casualties were one officer and thirteen other ranks killed and one officer, Lieut. R. Y. Champion, and twenty-four other ranks wounded.

Everyone recognized the danger of having this enemy strong point enfilading us from the right, but as four determined and gallant efforts to take it before the main attack on the 15th had failed, we had to carry on in spite of this threat to our right flank. The night was chilly, and after some fitful sleep I awoke to find my stable companion already up, and I felt cold and had a drink. We moved off down the western edge of Bernafay Wood turning right-handed along the northern margins of Bernafay and Trones Woods, and on into Guillemont and so by the Guillemont-Ginchy road to our assembly trenches (or rather shell-holes, as there weren't any trenches) on the right front of Ginchy, north of Ginchy telegraph.

The March to Ginchy

That march from Bernafay Wood to Ginchy telegraph, through country every yard of which had been won only

at the cost of strenuous fighting, where the ordinary signs of what had once been a rich agricultural country had been entirely obliterated by the intensely destructive bombardment, made a great impression on my mind. But the impression was not one of horror, but rather a mixed one, of exultation that we were carrying on the work for which those others we passed on the way had died ; of determination that, not so much for national but for personal and private reasons, the Hun must be beaten ; of confident assurance that the Guards were about to beat them fairly and squarely, although the Hun had won the toss and got the best of the wicket ; of pride and gratitude that one had the privilege of sharing in this great adventure ; of anger at the ugliness of the trail of the Hun with the destruction of everything that the countless centuries had slowly added, during man's evolution from the beast to an individual conscious and appreciative of responsibility ; control, justice, beauty, sympathy and love. Behind all these emotions was the primitive joy of being a man amongst men, one of a marching, martial, conquering throng about to fulfil the destiny and blood call of the race. How utterly ignorant are those who speak only of the horrors of war and have never known its glorious thrill.

I did not anticipate many, if any, casualties before zero, and not till we moved a little farther forward, as our Brigade front of only 500 yards consisted of, in front, on the left the 1st Battalion Coldstream, and on the right the 3rd Battalion Grenadiers, while the 2nd Battalion Irish Guards and ourselves were in support, the Irish in rear of the Coldstream and the Scots in rear of the Grenadiers.

On arriving at the forming up area I saw the stretcher-bearers located in one large shell-hole, afterwards my aid post, noted the C.O.s shell-hole, and selected one for myself which was deepened by my orderly. These shell-holes were on the right and rear of our Brigade formation, just in front of the Ginchy-Morval road and about 200 yards east of the Ginchy-Les Boeufs road. It was a beautiful night, still, cool, moonlight and light clouds, the rolling of the guns was only normal and there was no shelling close at hand. I told the corporal of the stretcher bearers to keep in touch with the Colonel and let me know when he moved off, but he failed to carry out my orders and I never saw him again.



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LOOKING TOWARDS GINCHY—FROM TRONES WOOD, SEPTEMBER, 1916

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The Ginchy-Morval road ran just behind the Quadrilateral, which was something less than half a mile down the road from my shell-hole. It appeared, therefore, highly improbable that my services would be required until the 1st Scots Guards had moved several hundred yards and I, therefore, thought that it would be waste of time to prepare an aid post in my present position.

German Barrage

I had had little sleep that night, the walk from Bernafay had warmed me, and so I went to sleep. I was awakened by noise and found a barrage was in progress, and casualties began to pour in, and the shell-hole was soon full of wounded and I bitterly regretted that I had not spent the time before the barrage began in levelling the bottom of the shell-hole and making ledges for the wounded, as the shelving sides were very inconvenient. The barrage must, I think, have been a German one and not our "creeping" forward protective barrage, for the crumps were falling all around us.

It was certainly before zero, and I was told that what happened was that the Germans either saw a tank, or heard one, and got the wind up and put a barrage down. *The Scots Guards in the Great War* says : "As the troops started to attack the enemy barrage became intensive" which seems to imply that there had been an enemy barrage before zero.

The Tanks

In my letter home which I have already quoted, I said : "I was awakened by the commencement of the bombardment and on looking over the edge of my shell-hole I saw three tanks approaching us from the rear, which had evidently been observed by the Germans, who shelled them and soon started a general barrage (curtain fire)."

Colonel Campbell's Hunting Horn

I remember quite well hearing Colonel Campbell's hunting horn with which he led his men over the top and rallied his battalion to attack when badly knocked about. As this battalion, the 3rd Coldstream, was in the 1st Guards Brigade on the extreme left of the Guards' front, and so three battalion fronts away from me, I am surprised

that I heard it, but it made an impression on my mind at the time, and probably recalled our drag and the happy days under Colonel Edwards at Maresfield Camp. Colonel Campbell got the V.C. for his fine leadership on that day.

I sent my orderly back to establish communication with the advanced dressing-station in Guillemont and give the map reference of my aid post, and told the stretcher-bearers to collect the wounded.

Lieut. Raymond Asquith and Captain MacKenzie Mortally Wounded

Colonel Godman had now gone from his shell-hole, and I was about to move forward to keep touch with my battalion, when at that moment Raymond Asquith, and a few minutes later Captain MacKenzie, both of the Grenadiers, were brought to my shell-hole by stretcher bearers. They both had penetrating wounds of the chest. There were a good number of shells falling about and I had to go forward, so I thought the safest thing to do was to give them each some morphia, mark them with the red labels, and send them back with a stretcher-party.

I sometimes wonder whether it would not have been better if I had left them in a shell-hole instead of sending them back, as rest is, of course, very important in such wounds, but at the time I thought it safest to send them back, as that particular region did not appear to be a healthy spot. However, I am sure one exaggerates the danger from shell-fire, and one thinks that any particular spot must soon get one, whereas, it takes a lot of shell fire in a barrage to hit one particular spot.

I now felt that I should move forward, and after sticking a rifle in the ground butt up, the regulation guide to field ambulance stretcher bearers on the lookout for wounded, I collected my stretcher-bearers and proceeded forward. On my way I attended several wounded, both British and German, and on reaching a trench which I thought was the green line—but was really one of the forward trenches and contained many dead—I found I had lost my stretcher-bearers, who had doubtless wandered off in attendance on wounded. I, therefore, proceeded forward alone to the next objective. I soon noticed that I was drawing fire, but by making short rushes from shell-hole to

shell-hole I was able to proceed. I had dressed the wounds of a Scots Guardsman in a shell-hole only about 20 yards from the German wire and, on emerging, I ran towards an apparent opening in the wire.

I Become a Casualty

I must have taken a pretty good direction, for I struck the green line at the spot where it had been taken and was being held by my battalion. All the wire had not been cut, however, so I ran to another opening and was half way through the wire and about to jump down into a shell-hole for a rest when I got a bullet through the right knee joint. A kindly private of the Grenadiers noticed me, and ran to me and gave me great assistance. I gave him a note to take to Colonel Godman apologizing for my delay in joining him and saying that I hoped soon to return to Battalion H.Q. when I could attend to wounded if brought to me although I should be unable to go to wounded myself.

After he went I heard groanings coming from an adjacent shell-hole. I crawled over and found a Guardsman with a terrible abdominal shell wound. It was quite clear that his number was up, but he did not realise it, poor fellow, so I gave him a good dose of morphia, bound him up as well as I could, and told him he had a "blighty one." His only chance was operation within a very few hours, so I crawled out and got some stretcher bearers to take him into the trench. But we were holding the trench very lightly and could not afford men for stretcher work till night, and he had died by then.

Soon after I got into the green line trench I saw Powell, who said : "I killed the man who got you, he was sniping from a shell-hole—would you like his hat ?" I said "yes," and he went off and presently came back with the Bavarian leather helmet which I have hanging up in my hall. But whether it really ever belonged to the man who got me I never felt quite certain, as it may have been just a bit of friendly leg-pulling by Ronnie Powell. If it did belong to a German who had been missed and left in a shell-hole when we took the green line he must have been a stout fellow to continue sniping, for he must have realised that he was for it when he was spotted.

Colonel Godman had taken command of all the mixed-up Guards occupying that sector of the trench, and I tried to

establish an aid post in the trench, but it blocked trench traffic so the Adjutant said I must not collect wounded there. Owing to my leg wound I could not move about the trench so I lay there doing nothing. There was no one else in the traverse and the Huns were counter-attacking, and I did not at all like the idea of their jumping into the trench when all I could do was to smile at them. During those hours I felt that there were certain disadvantages in being a non-combatant, as it must be a satisfaction to have some defensive weapon.

Machine-Guns

The most comforting sound, and cheering and delightful music it was, was the occasional merry burst from a machine-gun in our trench, a few traverses to the right of where I lay. In the attack the machine-gun sections moved forward with the infantry and had very severe casualties, but two of ours got into the green line and performed invaluable service. Indeed, we held the line so lightly that it is doubtful if we could have beaten off the counter attacks without the help of the machine-guns.

Bartholomew of our machine-guns was killed on the 15th, and Mark Tennant on the 16th, the latter, I was told, by a bullet wound through the head when he was thoroughly enjoying himself with a good enemy target and having what he himself called "the time of his life." It is difficult not to envy such an exit at the height of achievement. I had had a long chat with him not long before.

Corbie C.C.S.

I was carried back at night shoulder high. You feel a tremendous height above the ground and as if you must be the target of every German sniper or gunner for miles around ! The field ambulance picking-up point was close to Delville Wood, and here I was without delay put into an ambulance and taken straight back to the C.C.S. where the trifling wounds on entrance and exit were dressed, and I was given a hypodermic injection of antitetanic serum. In the ward Hugh Ross was in the next bed with a head wound. One of the 1st Battalion officers spoke to me about him and asked me to do my best here and at the base hospital to prevent his return for several weeks as, though his head wound did not appear serious, he had severe shell

shock, as he had got to that state where he wanted to go forward and fight the whole German Army by himself. This is a not uncommon symptom in a brave man whose nerves are beginning to feel the strain. It is really a shell phobia repressed and replaced by a fear phobia (that is a dread lest will power to maintain a calm control under barrage may be lost, a fear of fear). Many a man under the influence of such a dread of loss of control rushed forward to seek an honourable death.

Hugh Ross told me at once that he was perfectly fit and was going back to the battalion immediately, but I got at the doctor and told him the facts and Ross got his ticket for Rouen all right ! He crawled out from under the side of the tent in his eagerness to return to the battalion, but was spotted by an M.O. and ignominiously tied into a stretcher and taken back to hospital ! I think he hated me ! I told my doctor about him again at Rouen but I do not know what happened, as he was not in my ward and I had no professional status in the matter, and was only trying to do him a good turn, which he much resented then, but has probably forgiven now.

Shell Shock

The term "Shell shock" was far too loose a term as used during the War to cover :

(1) Shell concussion, with a more or less prolonged period of unconsciousness and almost certain damage to brain substance.

(2) Shell neurasthenia, the result of nerve exhaustion after a prolonged period of strain and tension and lack of sleep.

(3) Abnormal nerve reaction to the stimuli of explosions owing to a sensitive and highly strung nervous system.

(4) A lack of normal nerve control in the face of danger, to which the ugly name "cowardice" is sometimes, but only sometimes, rightly given.

All gallant men dread shell shock more than any other wound, for the simple reason that an extremely small percentage of the men returned with this disability may possibly include a few poltroons. There is no form of casualty that has my greater sympathy.

The time funk is most likely to grip a man is when he is under shelter and his duty is to move out of shelter.

When one is under fire one feels that it is a matter of luck, and is more or less philosophical, but moving out from cover is *not* a matter of luck, it is a matter of one's own decision. I first felt this "keep under cover" funk in the South African War, when I had moved wounded into a little round stone building. As our yeomanry retreated, this building came under fire and the cracks of the bullets hitting the wall were continuous. I saw some casualties from the door, which opened on the far side of the building from the enemy's advance, and I felt that I ought to go to attend to them although I believed I should certainly be hit if I left the building. I was in a blue funk for the first step or two, but when I got amongst the bullets my funk left me.

The same funk returned to me on leaving my shell-hole dressing-station in front of Ginchy to move forward, and again it left me when I was in the open. I imagine this must be a common experience.

Hospital Ship "Asturias"

After about three days at Rouen I was sent home via Havre-Southampton and Victoria. Hospital trains and ships were most comfortable. My ship the *Asturias* was sunk in the Channel six months later on a voyage from Salonica, after disembarking sick at Falmouth. She was torpedoed and one nurse and over forty men were drowned.

17, *Park Lane*

I went to the Guards Officers' Hospital, 17, Park Lane, where we were extremely comfortable. Three of our Subalterns were there—Childers, Barclay and Daniell—and I was very pleased when Childers said : "You saved my life, doc." I demurred, as I had not attended him on the field, but he continued :

"Do you remember how you told us if we were hit in the tummy we were to take two of the tablets you gave us, empty our water-bottles and keep quiet ? An hour later I wished I had not emptied the water-bottle ! Later I was collected and taken to the C.C.S. When my turn came to enter the operating-room they examined me and sent me out again as a hopeless case. But there was a bit of muddle and I was taken in again by mistake. Then they said that as I had come in again they

must give me a chance. So they operated and closed thirty holes in the gut, and the doctor told me afterwards that my recovery was due to my having followed your advice."

I was delighted to think that at least one of my first aid lectures had been of use.

I spent my first day at home in trying to express my ideas of the march from Bernafay Wood to Ginchy, and of the barrage preceding the attack ; which I set out here, hoping it will give to my readers some faint shadow of the picture it brings up to my own mind.

THE GUARDS AT GINCHY

In the small hours of the fifteenth
The unburied dead of Bois de Trones
Lying in ugly huddled heaps
Amid the bare and shell-torn trunks
That mark this glorious charnel house
Heard the sure tramp of steadfast feet.

The dead that lay in Bois de Trones
Raised their shrunk arms and pointed east,
And through the wood a whisper ran :
"The Guards have come, the Guards have come,
Our spirits now can rest, and soon
Death's armies will be reinforced."

Silent the Guards marched by—Coldstream
And Grenadiers, Scots, Irish, Welsh.
No sharp command, no bugle call
Nor heartening sound of pipes or fife
Broke the guns' accompaniment
That rolled now near, now far away.

They marched through what was Guillemont,
Just flattened heaps of bricks, without
One ruined wall on which to hang
A memory of church or home.
On by the corpse-lined Ginchy road,
Past dug-outs, stinking, horrible.

So north of Ginchy telegraph
In shell-holes deepened hastily
They waited for the break of dawn,
With ears intent to catch the throb
Of our tank monsters crawling on
To lead us over "No Man's Land."

The dead and desert country round
Pockmarked by shells, lifeless and bare,
Shell-ploughed and poisoned by shell fumes ;
No grass or shrub, no weed or leaf
To break the dull monotony
Of rolling crests, of dead brown earth.

The moon in her third quarter shone
High in the tranquil autumn sky,
Her pale face, calm and homely, dimmed
By a transparent veil of cloud.
So, waiting for the Zero hour
The Guards prepared to do or die.

As the first tank, like some vast slug
Crawls slow, immense, o'er the skyline
Boche barrage, whipped by panic, starts.
The air is full of thunder and
The scent of acrid, pungent fumes
Is everywhere—the firm earth shakes.

To right, to left, in front, behind
The crumps' concussions rend the air,
And fountains of thick grey-black smoke
Rise from the ground, debris and earth
Rain down on our tin-hatted heads, ——
The shell-hole dressing station fills.

Then suddenly, amidst the din,
The Coldstream's hunting horn is heard,
Their sporting signal for attack.
Zero ! Over the top we spring.
The time is come, the waiting past,
Up Guards and at 'em—God and King !

2nd Brigade Casualties

From talks with wounded and letters from the Battalion it was evident that the casualties of our Brigade had been heavy, particularly amongst the two leading battalions, the 3rd Grenadier Guards having had seventeen officers killed and wounded out of twenty-two and 395 casualties in other ranks, whilst, the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards had their C.O., Colonel Guy Baring, killed, fifteen out of seventeen officers killed or wounded and 469 casualties in other ranks. The Coldstreams seem to have advanced too rapidly and getting into our own creeping barrage lost direction

and swung too much to the left. This, together with the intensive machine-gun and enfilading fire, caused confusion and a mixing of groups of different battalions that fought their way forward to the green line more or less independently. The gap left by the 1st Battalion Coldstream swinging to the left was filled up by the 2nd Battalion Irish Guards and ourselves who were in support.

Sir Iain Colquhoun

It was very pleasant news to hear that Hugh Ross and Colquhoun of Luss (he of the club) had got farther than most, and had led a party to the second objective, the blue line, about 800 yards from Les Boeufs, in which they established themselves, and Ross being a casualty went back for reinforcements, taking with him a map that they had prepared showing the exact location of the position occupied. Ross told me later that we could, without any doubt whatever, have taken Les Boeufs then, with little if any loss, as the Huns were rattled and taking their guns away. The trouble seems to have been that Ross, who had lost a lot of blood and had been concussed and fainted several times on the way back, was considered to be "wandering," and was not believed in spite of his map. So Luss had to fall back to the green line again, after a vigorous counter-attack by the enemy. Only about half the party got back.

The tanks, referred to as "armoured creepers" in diary, seem to have had a very dud christening and to have been of little, if any, use.

Our Difficulties

In describing the difficulties of the attack on the 15th September, the *Guards Division in the Great War* (pp. 151-152) says :

> From the first moment of the attack the troops were called upon to fight their way across the broken and featureless country which lay between them and their objective. The enemy's riflemen and machine-gunners posted in slits of wrecked trenches and shell holes held on to their ground with the utmost gallantry and tenacity. The leading battalions of the 2nd Guards Brigade in addition to having to face the fire of the enemy in front were being fiercely enfiladed by machine-gun fire from the quadrilateral.

On page 60 it says :

> The attack by the Guards Division on the 15th September will rank for all time as a splendid military achievement.

and (footnote p. 158) :

> All the battalions had been heavily engaged ; between them the two brigades had lost approximately three-quarters of their officers and two-thirds of their rank and file.

Casualties

The actual casualties of the 2nd Guards' Brigade were :

	Killed	*Wounded*	*Missing*	*Total*
Officers . .	25	26	10	61
Other ranks .	153	796	757	1,706

The officer casualties of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards are given in *Scots Guards in the Great War* (p. 161) and are recorded as :

Killed. Lieut. L. Norman, Lieut. E. P. Orr Ewing.
2nd-Lieut. W. Martindale.

Wounded. Captains H. C. Ross and H. W. Bayly.
Lieut. D. S. Barclay.
2nd-Lieuts. E. Miller, V. S. Daniell, W. L. E. Childers and R. V. Powell.

Major J. S. Thorpe, M.C., of the 1st Battalion, was also killed in this attack when attached to the 2nd Battalion.

Norman and Martindale both met that instantaneous end that every soldier hopes will be his if he has drawn death in the great lottery. Norman was blown to pieces by a shell, and Martindale dropped with a bullet in the forehead, both when leading their men to the attack on the green line.

Ross was wounded in the head, and some time later went blind temporarily, and a minute fragment of iron was, he told me, extracted from the eye by means of a powerful magnet. He was also badly shell shocked but managed to bluff the doctor in the hospital ship *Asturias*, who let him stop in France, and he rejoined the battalion in about

four months and was wounded again by shell fire in the Third battle of Ypres on 11th October, 1917.

Poor Barclay must have been caught by a machine-gun, for he was terribly wounded by several bullet wounds, one through the temple behind the eyes that blinded him ; one through the jaw ; and his right arm smashed and, I think, paralysed. And yet he tried to be cheerful, dear plucky lad, but I nearly cried myself, as it was a bit too much. I heard long after that he died in a few weeks at which I was very glad, for he had been such a jolly looking boy, and I could not bear to think of his living on blind, maimed and disfigured. Childers recovered quickly notwithstanding his numerous penetrating abdominal wounds from a machine-gun.

My name appears as if I were an officer of the battalion, and at the time I thought it must have got in by mistake ! I have, however, been told since that it is the custom of the Guards to count their M.O. as an officer of the Regiment. Powell must have been very slightly wounded, as he never told me anything about it, and he did not leave the battalion.

Most of our battalion casualties seem to have been the result of enfilading fire from the trench on our right connecting the Quadrilateral with the triangle. The front battalions of our brigade, however, met unexpected frontal resistance, as shell-holes had been connected up in two lines between our jumping-off line and the green line, and these two trench shell-hole lines were held by the enemy with great courage.

Sergeant McNess, V.C.

Sergeant Fred McNess of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards was awarded the Victoria Cross "for most conspicuous bravery."

> He led his men on with the greatest dash in face of heavy shell and machine-gun fire. When the first line of enemy trenches was reached it was found that the left flank was exposed and that the enemy was bombing down the trench. Sergeant McNess thereupon organized a counter attack and led it in person. He was very severely wounded in the neck and jaw, but went on, passing through the barrage of hostile bombs in order to bring up fresh supplies of bombs to his own men. Finally he established a "block"

and continued encouraging his men and throwing bombs until utterly exhausted by loss of blood. (*London Gazette*, 26th October, 1916.)

Capture of Les Boeufs

At the end of September I received a letter from Powell saying :

> We had another show on the 25th, which was great fun, and I wish you had been with us—you would have enjoyed it.

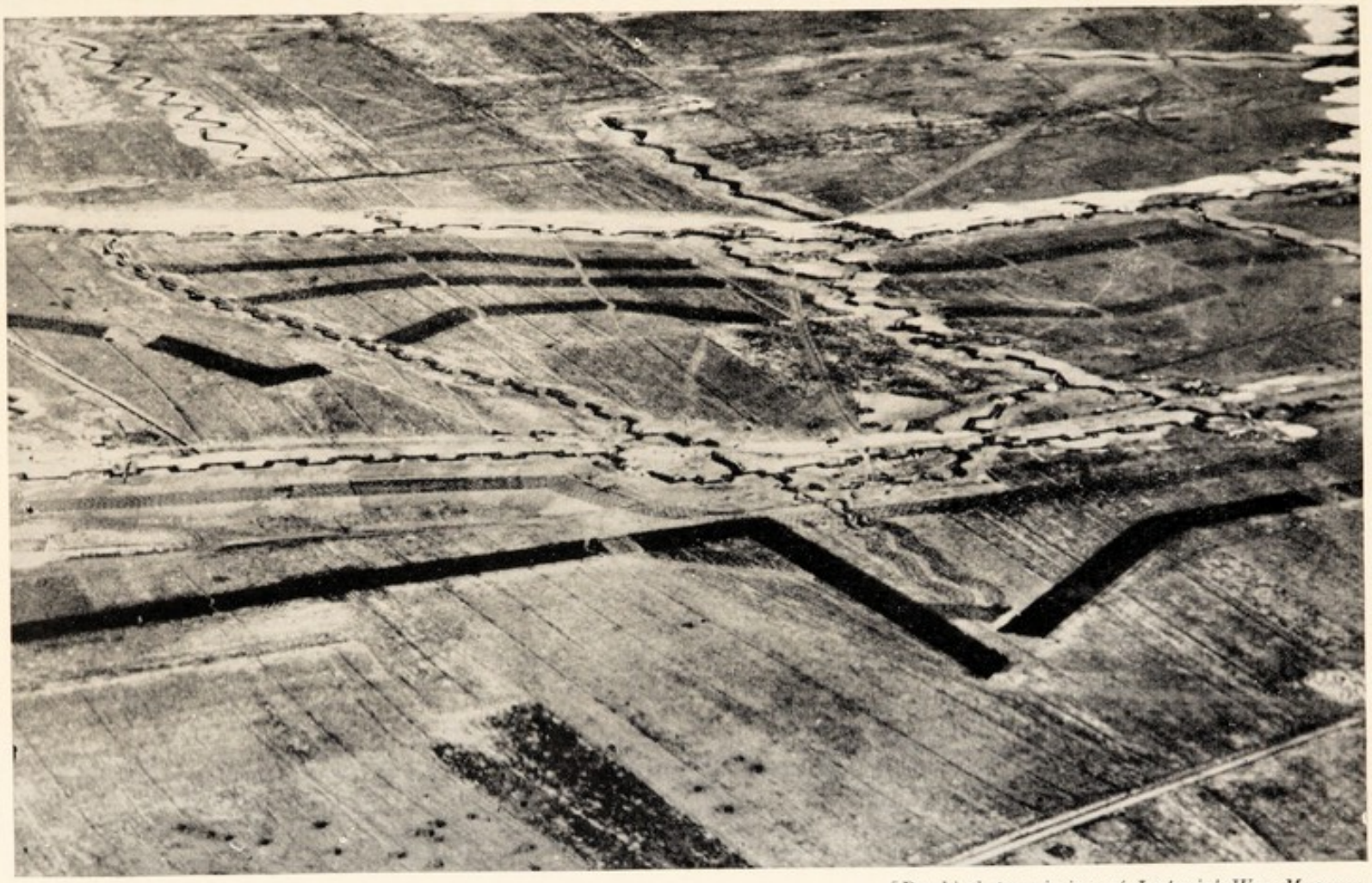
In this attack Les Boeufs was taken, with far fewer casualties than on the 15th. The 2nd Guards Brigade was in reserve, the attack being carried out by the 1st and 3rd Brigades. The 2nd Guards Brigade relieved the 1st and 3rd in the line before midnight on the 26th. So, after all, the Guards had the satisfaction of eventually taking all their objectives of the 15th, although the blue and red lines had to be postponed to the 25th.

The Hindenburg Line

The Battle of the Somme ended in the middle of November when we got to within three miles of Bapaume, which we took in March, 1917, when the Germans retired to the Hindenburg line which had been prepared and very strongly fortified during the winter of 1916-1917. It ran from Tilloy, a little more than 1½ miles south-east of Arras, to the west of St. Quentin, passing through, or close to, Wancourt, Bullecourt, Queant, Moeuvres and Gonilieu. The Germans did their utmost to make the line impregnable, but, nevertheless, it was pierced on almost every occasion when we made a serious attack on it.

In April, 1917, in the Battle of Arras, Vimy Ridge was taken by the Canadians and Wancourt also fell into our hands. On 23rd April, the support Hindenburg line (the Oppy line) was attacked and Gavrelle captured. During this month the Germans completed their third reserve system, the Wotan line. In May, Roeux and Bullecourt were taken, the latter by Australians who, though nearly surrounded, held their position for ten days.

On the 20th November, General Byng surprised the Hindenburg line between Moeuvres and Gonilleu by attacking without any artillery preparation, the tanks



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HINDENBURG LINE—FROM THE AIR LOOKING EAST TOWARDS CHERISY

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clearing the way for our troops. Flesquieres and Mercoing were captured on the south of the Bapaume-Cambrai road, Fontaine astride the road, and Bourlon village and wood on the north of it.

During this fight the 40th Division, which was commanded by General Ponsonby, who commanded the 2nd Brigade of the Guards Division on the Somme in 1916, took a prominent part in the Bourlon Wood sector, and owing to its exhaustion after its prolonged and gallant struggle, two battalions from the Guards Division (the 2nd Battalion Scots and 4th Battalion Grenadiers) were lent to it.

In this action the Scots Guards lost two officers and sixty-five other ranks wounded.

The rest of the Guards Division carried out the attack on Fontaine, and although the 1st Scots Guards had only a company and a half engaged in the actual attack they lost Lieut. A. W. Kinnaird, M.C., and fifteen other ranks killed; Lieut. A. M. Scott, Lieut. J. A. Burns; 2nd-Lieut. W. G. Horton and fifty-two other ranks wounded.

Sergeant J. McAulay, V.C.

In this fight all the officers of the one-and-half companies engaged became casualties, and command devolved on Sergeant J. McAulay, who was awarded the Victoria Cross

> for conspicuous bravery and initiative in attack. When all his officers had become casualties, Sergeant McAulay assumed command of the company, and under shell and machine-gun fire successfully held and consolidated the objective gained. He reorganized the company, cheered on and encouraged his men, and under heavy fire at close quarters showed utter disregard of danger. Noticing a counter attack developing on his exposed left flank, he successfully repulsed it by the skilful and bold use of machine-guns, aided by two men only, causing heavy enemy casualties. Sergeant McAulay also carried his company commander, who was mortally wounded, a long distance to a place of safety under heavy fire; twice he was knocked down by the concussion of a bursting shell, but nothing daunted, he continued on his way until his objective was achieved, killing two of the enemy who endeavoured to intercept him. Throughout the day this

> very gallant non-commissioned officer displayed the highest courage, tactical skill and coolness under exceptionally trying circumstances.

The 2nd Guards Brigade suffered very heavily in all this fighting, the total casualties being thirty-eight officers and 1,043 other ranks.

This first battle of Cambrai lasted for a week, from the 20th to the 27th November, in wintry weather beginning in snow and ending in rain. On the 30th November the Germans counter-attacked and drove our troops back through the Hindenburg line to beyond Gouzeaucourt, where the Guards Division stopped them and pushed them back through the village, recapturing it.

The Scots Guards in the Great War (pp. 233-4) concluded its summary, of the part played by the Guards Division in the counter attack with :

> It may safely be said that to the inimitable steadiness and discipline of the Guards coming up from reserve the avoidance of a terrible disaster was solely due. During this fighting the 2nd Brigade of Guards were in reserve and were not called upon to take any active part.

I have made this very brief reference to the Hindenburg line battles of 1917, although I was at home during the whole of that year, because they form important chapters in any account of the War on the Somme and Arras fronts, because the 2nd Brigade of Guards took a leading part in these attacks, because the 1st Battalion Scots Guards' third V.C. was won at Fontaine, and because the position of the front line before the German offensive in March, 1918, would be obscure without reference to the Hindenburg line and the attacks on it.

In the German push of 1918, they won back all this ground ; and Morlancourt, where we had been at rest in 1916, was the site of a fierce fight.

The Guards Division

The Guards never failed, and although they did not always carry all their objectives entirely "according to plan" they could practically be relied upon to carry out any work given them to do. But there is no doubt that they were well looked after[1]; that after doing any particular job

they were not left in the line but sent back to comfortable rest areas ; that they were not sent over the top repeatedly until they were almost destroyed, as not infrequently occurred with some infantry battalions, such as one I heard of that went over the top seven times in ten days. I knew of one officer of an infantry battalion who went over thirty-five times in two years, which I think must be almost a record, and I very much doubt if any Guards officer reached double figures. After any major attack the Guards almost always went back for a period of reconditioning and training of the new drafts, so that every battalion remained a unit and maintained an individuality, while not infrequently some infantry battalions were permitted almost to be wiped out before being built up again. For instance, one infantry battalion (East Lancashires) had 360 officers through it during the War.

The Prime Minister

As soon as I was allowed out of hospital on crutches I was told that the Prime Minister had asked me to call at 10 Downing Street, and an appointment was made for 4 p.m. Mr. Asquith saw me in the Cabinet Room, and he asked me about his son Raymond. There was nothing I could say except that he had been apparently free from pain. Mr. Asquith impressed me as a pathetic figure, old and broken, and not fit to lead the nation in such a supreme crisis in its history. Mrs. Asquith and Miss Elizabeth Asquith afterwards gave me tea in the drawing-room. They were both most agreeable, but I left with a sense that Mrs. Asquith's charming personality emanated vivid intelligence rather than a sacrificial humanity, and that she would shine more in the legal than the nursing profession. Most of her conversation consisted of dogmatic assertions as to the immense debt that the country owed Mr. Haldane for his work at the War Office. Personally, I had never quite become convinced as to his pre-eminence amongst War Ministers, and felt that if he was the best, the others must have been rather a bad bunch. In later years when Haig emphasised the country's indebtedness to Haldane I felt that my old failure to appreciate his work must have been due to ignorance. But it was not for me to talk politics with the wife of a Liberal Prime Minister, so I just said nothing, and must have appeared a half-wit. Just back from the

Front one felt that politics, especially Party politics, were nothing at all, and that the only things that mattered were men, shells, courage and sacrifice.

Londonderry House

After about a fortnight, when it was decided that no operation would be necessary, I was moved on to Londonderry House a few doors farther up Park Lane. I had been treated with the greatest kindness and consideration at 17, Park Lane. Many of the V.A.D.s were sisters of the officers serving with the Guards Division, and Miss Leach, the sister of the dear boy who died so gallantly at Morlancourt, used to "housemaid" my room. I had had a most lucky bullet which traversed the joint, missing vessels, nerves and patella each by a quarter of an inch. Also the joint, containing blood, etc., remained quite aseptic, whereas so many knee joint wounds went septic and had to be opened and drained, or the leg amputated. I always advised officers to take a bath with some cresol in it, and put on clean underwear before going into the line for attack, and I had done this, which perhaps may have been a factor in the joint remaining aseptic.

In Londonderry House I was in the ballroom, and the bed next to me was occupied by Pat Welchman of the Flying Corps, a most delightful lad, full of spirit and *joie de vivre* and that contempt for danger that seemed characteristic of so many of the young flying men. Combined with his daredevilry, he had a very high sense of duty and honour, and though I was about twice his age he gave me his friendship, which I valued very highly and after we left hospital we occasionally wrote to each other and occasionally met. He was shot down near Lille a few days before the Armistice, and his mother was able to reach him just in time, and he died in her arms. He had been terribly neglected by the Germans both as regards food and surgical and nursing help, and the only possible excuse that can be offered is that by that time the German medical organization had broken down. My last letter from him was from 55 Squadron R.F.C. He was a captain when shot down.

Our meals at Londonderry House were brought to us by bevies of pretty girls. The doors at the north end of the ballroom would open, and it was not unlike the entrance of a beauty chorus of a revue. It was certainly a

very pretty sight to see them tripping in with their trays.

Lady Londonderry, beautiful, charming and friendly, came and talked to us sometimes, and I used greatly to admire her kindness and tact when chatting to some young "temporary gentleman" who was quite unaccustomed to the environment in which he found himself. Lady Londonderry, however, never snubbed anyone, no matter how impertinent he might be.

[1] *December*, 1933.

A letter from Lieut. Raymond Asquith published in *The Autobiography of Margot Asquith* contains the following sentence :

> "No troops can be first-rate unless they are punished for small faults and get their meals regularly . . . the Brigade of Guards are gorged and d——d the whole time."

CHAPTER VII

LIGHT DUTY AT HOME; MADAME O'GORMAN; WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE IN FRANCE; INFLUENZA

Lady Brassey

AFTER a few weeks at Londonderry House I moved still a few doors farther up Park Lane, to stop at Lady Brassey's house. Lady Brassey gave hospitality to a few officers who had to remain in London for special treatment and yet required no nursing. She had the dignity, character and authority of the Victorian grande dame—full of kindness of heart though undoubtedly a disciplinarian; one might describe her as theoretically Liberal and essentially Tory. Morning prayers before breakfast in the dining-room, in which the domestic staff were paraded in order of seniority, prayers read by Lady Brassey, or occasionally by Lord Brassey when he was home; strict punctuality; the unbending rigidity of the Victorian régime which I remembered in my boyhood, and with which I had renewed acquaintance a few years before the War at Portnal Park, Virginia Water, the home of my late grandfather-in-law, the Rev. Rudolph Fane de Salis.

Several Sundays Lady Brassey took me to a Christian Science church, where I felt everyone with any literary sense could not help comparing the beautiful and satisfying diction of the English Bible with the poor literary value of Mrs. Eddy's American commentary on the same. Lady Brassey's psychology seemed to me so far removed from and so superior to that of the late Mrs. Eddy, that my hostess's interest in Christian Science appeared to me remarkable and contradictory.

A few Christian religious sects are almost confined to certain social strata and appear to have little emotional appeal outside one section of the community. I was almost as surprised at Lady Brassey's attendance at a Christian Science church as I should have been if she had attended a Salvation Army service in Hyde Park, for both these modern

sects seemed to me to appeal to classes of people with which I imagined Lady Brassey would have little in common.

During my few months of practice in Hoxton after my return from the Boer War, I learned a high respect for the enthusiastic work of the Salvation Army amongst the slum dwellers, but I have no knowledge or experience of the work of Christian Scientists amongst the upper middle-classes.

Notwithstanding her fundamental conservatism, however, Lady Brassey seemed fond of adventuring into new and perhaps exciting fields, particularly if women were the leaders of such explorations.

Shanklin's War Hospital Supply Depot

Whilst staying with Lady Brassey I visited Shanklin, I.W., for a few days as I had been asked to give an address at the first annual meeting of the Shanklin War Hospital Supply Depot on the 22nd November, at the Town Hall.

I found a cutting from the *Shanklin Gazette* for 24th November, 1916, in the deed box which contained my Naval Log, which ran :

> Captain Bayly, R.A.M.C., a nephew of the Misses Ponting, Chine House, gave an excellent account of the R.A.M.C. work performed on the battlefield, and from thence back through the various stations and hospitals until the wounded soldier eventually reached England. Captain Bayly himself is suffering from a wounded knee joint, and his remarks were all borne out by actual experience. His speech brought into very strong reality the need for more and more surgical dressings, and his words will doubtless prove an incentive for the Depot to work harder than ever, if such a thing is possible. Captain Bayly said :
>
> "I feel that I am not the right man to bring to you a message from France as to the value and importance of your work. You want a man fresh from a Casualty Clearing Station, who has left it in the middle of a rush following a push, who could give graphic examples of the horrors that follow a deficiency in dressings, and the saving of lives, limbs, and pain that is the direct result of a generous supply of dressings. I have only seen the wounds on the field, but the great gaping wounds and the lacerated, shattered and torn-off limbs produced by shells, and the infrequent but terrible gashes usually about the head and neck produced by the bayonet, are sufficient evidence as to

the large quantity of surgical dressings required. In an attack against a position held in force and with courage by the enemy, fifty per cent. of casualties are to be expected. Practically all wounds suppurate except bullet wounds, and most of these do unless dressed immediately.

"My personal experience both on the Somme, Ancre and in Flanders, was that of an M.O. attached to units engaged in front line work, and my association with dressing station, casualty clearing station, hospital train, base hospital and hospital ship, has only been that of a patient on his way home to a London hospital. If, however, I give you my personal experiences en route from the front, home, and you multiply these by many hundreds of thousands, you will have some idea of the vast number of dressings required yearly in our Expeditionary Force in France alone. But before doing this, I feel that I must (speaking on behalf of my comrades over there) tell you what your war work means even to those who have so far escaped wounds. I have a message that I must give you. In the face of death, with the certainty that the time will come when the lottery of war will bring us either death or the coveted prize of a 'Blighty one,' one learns perspective, one separates truth from falsehood ; the eyes that before we went overseas were dimmed by too close scrutiny of little things, grow clear in the bracing atmosphere of war, where shirking is the only sin, and doing one's job the only virtue. The mind, clouded by the stifling and artificial environments of a selfish, pleasure-seeking, peaceful and luxurious civilization, in the simple life of the front becomes conscious that there is a wider and finer horizon, and that happiness can be more surely won by doing one's bit, than by the most strenuous hunt for pleasure. So many of us, even the youngsters, but more especially those whose youth has passed, have at the front found peace. And we delight in knowing that our womenfolk have awakened too, and that the restless period of vain unsatisfying dreams has passed. Our womenfolk mean very much to us out there, and the knowledge that they are taking their part in the great sacrifice, and doing their bit for the great cause—working for us, remembering us, and praying for us, means a lot to us, yes, a very great lot. The men out there, and they are all men, not weakling caricatures, have come into their birthright of manhood, and are trying to play the game of life and death, as true women expect their men to play it, and in return they want their women to play their part. If the men win the war in the field, it will avail nothing in the ultimate destiny of our Empire if the women

fail to realize the stupendous responsibilities of womanhood, and do not win the war at home and learn the duty and happiness of sacrifice and unselfishness. To nearly every officer or man some woman is almost as essential a part of his war equipment as his rifle or revolver, and without her photo in his pocket and her letters to look forward to he feels lost. Out there you are nearer and dearer to us than ever before, and it warms and cheers our hearts to know that you are thinking of us and working for us. If only we are certain that our women at home are remembering us and loving us, we can laugh at flooded trenches and the Boche barrage. So, quite apart from the purely material value of your labours—which is very great —the knowledge that you are working for us keeps us cheerful.

"On the field the medical officer and his sick sergeant or medical orderly carry few dressings with them, except some additional first field dressings or shell dressings supplied by the War Office, but the Battalion M.O.'s duty in the field during an attack consists chiefly in soothing pain with morphia, seeing that hæmorrhage is arrested, roughly splinting broken bones, and satisfying himself that the field dressing has been properly applied. Every officer and man carries a first field dressing as part of his equipment. When a man is wounded, after receiving his first aid from the stretcher-bearers or M.O. he is carried back by the regimental stretcher-bearers to an arranged spot where the stretcher-bearers of the Brigade Field Ambulance meet the streams of casualties. If there is no urgent necessity for immediate further treatment at the Field Ambulance, he may then be taken in a motor ambulance directly to the nearest dressing station, where his wound is re-dressed and cleaned, and where he receives an injection of anti-tetanic serum. He is then evacuated to the casualty clearing station, where his wound is re-dressed. He may, if his wound is severe, remain in the casualty clearing station for several days, or even weeks, having his wounds dressed once or twice, or more a day, but a severe case is eventually evacuated to a base hospital via a hospital train. The hospital trains move slowly and the journey frequently takes twelve hours or more, necessitating a dressing of the wound while on the train. Slightly wounded cases remain at the casualty clearing station until fit to rejoin their units, and numerous dressings are required for them. Patients remain at the base hospitals in France until such time as their wounds have healed sufficiently to justify their evacuation home without risk. For a long time after their return

home, however, the wounds may require frequent dressings, or secondary operations may be necessary for the removal of shrapnel bullets or fragments of bombs or dead bone, for skin grafting, for opening abscesses or for many other operations that may become necessary during the progress of a case. So you can see what a large number of dressings even one casualty needs. Surgical dressings are so necessary and important that in respect to them, as with munitions, we cannot afford to live a hand-to-mouth existence. We must build up and maintain a reserve adequate to meet any sudden urgent and huge demand. You must not slacken your labours because at the moment, perhaps, there does not appear to be a great need, owing to any temporary reduction in the casualty lists. Times will surely occur when every available dressing or bandage will be needed. So build up a big reserve in the slack times. However monotonous the work, remember that the men over there look to you to carry on, and pay you the tribute of honour, love and gratitude for your devotion."

Madame O'Gorman

During my short visit to Shanklin I had an interesting talk with my old friend Madame O'Gorman, wife of Col. N. P. O'Gorman, The O'Gorman, who was taking a few days' rest.

In the early days of August, 1914, Madame O'Gorman went to Belgium with Red Cross supplies, was made Vice-President of the Belgian Red Cross Society and was placed in charge of a military hospital of 600 beds in Antwerp.

When Antwerp fell and it became necessary to evacuate the hospital, she secured the London omnibuses which had transported the contingent of Marines led by Winston Churchill to support the Belgian Army, and evacuated the patients to Ostend in them, whilst she took in her own car two badly wounded British officers and one corporal. So great was the crush of fugitives on the Antwerp bridge that two hours were taken in crossing it, and the traffic congestion was such that the journey to Ostend occupied nineteen hours. The Bridge was under fire from the German artillery and snipers approached within range of the road to Ostend.

Soon afterwards she was given charge of a hospital at Poperinghe, and subsequently equipped canal barges as

floating hospitals which could be moved to any point on the canals where the exigencies of the changing battle front demanded their presence most.

Making Dunkirk her headquarters for more than three years she administered and directed her fleet of hospital barges ; and with a mobile staff of nurses made excursions to many other hospitals that were in need of extra help or emergency service.

While at Dunkirk she sustained a shell wound but returned to her post directly she was discharged from hospital. She was at this period awarded the Croix de Guerre, but refused it at the time as she considered that her nurses who shared the danger equally with herself should be equally honoured. Later, she was awarded this decoration with palms and was presented with the freedom of the City of Dunkirk.

The French Government also bestowed on her the highest distinction for women's work that was in their gift—the gold medal instituted by Napoleon I for distinguished service by a woman. When this medal is awarded a special design and die are made and the mould is destroyed after presentation of the medal. Each medal is, therefore, unique, and though one is permitted to be struck any year it is but very rarely given. She also received the Crown of Elizabeth from the Queen of the Belgians.

In the early part of 1916, the organization known as the "French Wounded Emergency Fund" asked her to go to the United States to raise money, and she made a long journey through the States and Canada securing many thousands of dollars for the Association and making many warm friends.

The Armistice found her and her nurses with Marshal Foch in Metz and Strasbourg, and shortly afterwards she was stationed in Nancy organizing relief for the returning French inhabitants of that region who had been deported into Germany and were now set free and streaming into Nancy, starving and in rags.

Subsequently she established herself in a small, partially destroyed house in the battered village of Hamonville-pas-les-Cotes, where she and some of her nurses spent two years. Before deciding where her services would be of greatest value she visited all the devastated regions and came to the conclusion that this centre of an area of thirty-

seven ruined villages, containing about 8,000 poverty stricken inhabitants, would best serve her humane purpose. The villages are scattered along the plain at the foot of the crescent of hills between Verdun, Bar-le-Duc, and Nancy, Hamonville itself being seventeen miles from Verdun.

It was a strange fate that led Madame O'Gorman to devote the years following the Great War to the Verdun district, for it was at Verdun that her Scottish grandfather, a prisoner of the Peninsular War, met and married his French wife and gave his name to La Place Eckford in that town.

In spite of most disheartening difficulties of construction, with materials and labour almost impossible to procure, Madame O'Gorman built and equipped "L'Hôpital St. Georges" which opened in 1921. During the two years following the Armistice Madame O'Gorman and her nurses distributed clothing, food, farm utensils, seed, chickens, rabbits, goats and sheep to the villagers of the plain and the foothills of the Vosges. "L'Hôpital St. Georges" was staffed by two English nurses for five years, after which they were replaced by French nuns from a nursing Order whose headquarters were at Nancy. Before the English nurses handed over they had, during their five years of devoted service, made the hospital a model of what such a cottage hospital should be, and had won the lasting affection of those sick who had passed through their hands. The hospital was financed by a committee in England under the chairmanship of Sir Albert Gray.

On 7th September, 1927, Madame O'Gorman died in the hospital she founded, after a short illness, her great heart worn out by her long, strenuous services for England, France and Belgium. She lies buried in the churchyard near her beloved hospital. Her memory will live long amongst the peasants of the district, by whom she was much loved.

Madame O'Gorman had a noble character, a winning personality, a genius for friendship, untiring energy, and was as much at home and beloved in the mansions of the mighty as in the humblest homes.

I met her and had several long talks in the post-War years, but she was always reticent about her own work and I am indebted to Colonel The O'Gorman, for particulars regarding her decorations and the international appreciation of her work and merits.

Exit Asquith

On the 5th December, 1916, Mr. Asquith resigned, and to the delight of all serving men, Mr. Lloyd George, who had already done so much for the Army in his post of Minister of Munitions, became Prime Minister. I had never heard Mr. Asquith spoken of, or referred to, between decks or in the wardroom, or by officers or other ranks in the Army except in a despairing way as "Old Wait and See." Mr. Lloyd George might be an opportunist, but as the country was apparently quite unprepared for war on land either with men or munitions, the Army felt that an active, energetic, pushing and optimistic opportunist like Mr. Lloyd George was just the man for the job. A hustler, able quickly to grasp the new necessities and provide them, was essential for the home organization of victory, and the Army felt that Mr. Lloyd George was the man.

In the slang of the time "Do it now" must replace "Wait and see." Mr. Asquith's exit was greeted only with a sigh of relief.

Mr. Lloyd George and Overpaid Civilian War Workers

Mr. Lloyd George maintained industrial peace during the War by always giving the workers what they asked for, apparently oblivious to the injustice of any system of wages which permitted the man at the Front, where the discomfort was often intense and the danger of death a very great one, to receive as pay from his grateful country seldom more than 50 per cent. and frequently as little as 20 per cent of what munition workers and miners and men in other vital war industries were paid.

Most fighters of all ranks considered that the nation would have accepted conscription of labour, with equal pay all round, the man being detached for naval, military, mining, munition, land service, etc., as considered best in the interests of the nation. Many of the post-War industrial troubles would never have taken place if there had been industrial conscription, when the absurd inflation of wages would never have occurred.

Soon after my return to London I was taken off crutches and treatment discontinued, and therefore, I left Lady Brassey's hospitable roof, with very grateful feelings for all

her kindness during such a long stay. The benign autocracy of Lady Brassey's rule in her home and the dignity and friendliness of her attitude to her soldier guests, made my visit a very happy one.

Home Service

After a short leave I was put on light duty, and soon after, the Local Government Board applied to the War Office for the loan of my services to organize, open and run the proposed new Venereal Department at St. George's Hospital. My "light duty" thereafter consisted of working at a military venereal hospital in the mornings and early afternoons, and at St. George's venereal clinic four or five evenings a week up to 9 p.m. or later.

I was at home all 1917 and "the Mesopotamia Scandal" and the "Passchendaele Victory" became fixed on my mind as the horrors of that year, a bad one for casualties due to disease, mud, or enemy action.

The Mesopotamia Scandal

The admirable organization and administration of the R.A.M.C. set a standard of efficiency that can be looked back on with pride both by regular and temporary members of that great Corps. But, alas, the same cannot be said of the Indian Medical Service, whose inefficiency in "Mespot" provoked a storm of indignation and protest, culminating in Rudyard Kipling's poem "Mesopotamia" that stirred our Commonwealth to the very depths of their humane and duty-true hearts.

For months many of the troops were without anæsthetics, antiseptics, or hospital necessities of any kind, and cases of hospital stores arriving at the front were more than occasionally, when opened, found to be filled with rubbish in place of the desperately needed drugs. On other occasions cases of drugs were buried to save the trouble and difficulty of transport when camp was moved.

It needs moral courage of a very high order to make very damaging criticism of one's own branch of the Service, and all St. George's Hospital men felt proud that it was a "Corner" man (Col. R. M. Carter, C.B., I.M.S., a contemporary fellow student with me) who at the call of duty faced unflinchingly the bitter and self-sacrificing task, and the unpopularity almost amounting to ostracism from his brother

officers, of exposing the Mesopotamia Medical Scandal.[1]

Passchendaele (Third battle of Ypres)

The mud-blood bath of Passchendaele was an incomprehensible mistake. That this attack was continued for another three months after the first month (when any advantage commensurate with the casualties was clearly impossible) seemed madness. Any ordinary man who knew Flanders mud also knew that the balance of casualties in such a prolonged attack must be very greatly to the advantage of Germany. Yet I think that most of us felt that though Haig had perhaps made an error in tactics and strategy that he had honestly believed the attack *necessary* perhaps to prevent enemy attack on French sectors ; and so though our trust in Haig as a general was lowered, our respect for Haig as a man was not lessened.[2]

Nevertheless, the prestige of the Brass Hat, low ever since Loos, was drowned in the mud of Passchendaele, and from that date the Brass Hat became an object of derision and the theme of ribald jest. From then every success was credited to the troops, every failure to the staff.

My own opinion, which may have been quite wrong, was that battalion officers and other ranks now put greater trust in certain politicians, such as Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, than in any British Brass Hat. Most of the exalted Brass Hats were elderly men of the old school unable to assimilate new ideas or to forget their old, out-of-date rules of warfare. And the younger men, whether Dominion or New Army, who were not handicapped by dead tradition were not admitted to Olympus.

[1] *December*, 1933

Mr. Lloyd George's War Memoirs contain an illuminating chapter on the "Mesopotamia Muddle," in which it is clearly proved by documentary evidence that the Government of India (Lord Hardinge was Viceroy) was responsible, that the military administration was inefficient, and that there was no excuse whatever for the medical scandal, seeing that the medical service very rapidly improved when it was supervised from Westminster.

[2] *December*, 1933.

Capt. Hugh Ross commanded the 1st Scots Guards in the first attack (July 31st, 1917) with great success. He was wounded later in this battle.

I have been unable to find any convincing evidence either for : 1, Starting an autumn offensive in this exceptionally waterlogged sector ; or 2, Continuing it when, as Major M. Romer (commanding 1st Scots Guards) wrote later, "the state of the ground was indescribable, water and bog and shell holes everywhere."

Four officers of the 1st Scots Guards were killed in this battle : Lieuts. W. E. D. Shortt, C. A. E. Mahomed, E. A. C. Lloyd and 2nd Lieut. D. Mackinnon.

The Daylight Raid

During my nineteen months' service at home the only outstanding points in my mind are the Zeppelin raids and the wonderful daylight raid by German aeroplanes when they dropped few, if any, bombs. I was in charge of a block at Rochester Row Military Hospital at the time and received orders to move the sick from the top floors. To see the German planes leisurely manœuvring over London without any interference of any kind was most galling. The planes came over my hospital, but nothing happened.

The chance of any particular spot being hit by a bomb must have been almost negligible, and not so great as the chance of being killed in a street accident any day, yet a small section of the population, chiefly alien by descent, used to panic and seek shelter in the Tube stations or in cellars whenever a Zepp or enemy plane was over London.

General Plumer

On 8th June, 1917, we heard of the capture of Messines Ridge by General Plumer on the previous day following the explosion of mines that had taken over a year to prepare. It was later reported that over 8,000 yards of galleries had been dug by the miners and that a million pounds of ammonal were exploded. More than 7,000 prisoners were taken during the attack following the explosion.

This patient and prolonged preparation followed by success seemed to my memory of Plumer in the South African War very typical of his character and methods.

I was with his column "de Wet hunting" in 1901 and he even then had a reputation for caution that had enabled him to avoid any of those reverses that had endangered the reputation of many other column commanders. Many, including myself, thought his policy of safety first a bit overdone, as instead of pretending to be a weak column and enticing the Boers to attack he always blazed away with pompoms or gun at any small group of the enemy that he saw on the skyline. The general opinion was that Plumer would never be Stellenbosched for any catastrophe, but that he was too careful ever to do anything really big.

I never thought that this little man with a face like a caricature general of comic opera—round, red and ugly,

with bushy moustache—would ever adorn the House of Lords—and for good work in the greatest of wars too. Although Plumer may not have been a great general he was undoubtedy a careful, conscientious and popular Army commander of considerable organising ability. He was one of the few Army or Corps commanders who visited his front line personally and regularly. Such visits were always greatly appreciated by troops who then felt confident that the General was not quite ignorant of realities.

Germany's Great Spring Offensive, 1918

During the last week of March, 1918, the news from the Western Front became very disquieting and my thoughts were much with our troops, retreating in the face of heavy odds back over the ground so hardly won during the Battle of the Somme in 1916.

On 21st March the Germans launched a great offensive along the whole of the Arras-Cambrai-St. Quentin front, and our 5th Army, under General Gough, was pushed back across the Somme. On the 24th, Peronne and Ham fell and Bapaume a few hours later. Albert was captured on the 27th.

On the 26th Marshal Foch was given supreme command of the Allied Armies in France and Flanders, and a sigh of relief and a contented "at last" escaped from the lips of nine out of ten temporary soldiers. It would have happened years before except for the jealousy of the senior regular soldiers. Haig proved himself a great man.

The German advance was arrested on the 31st, on a line passing through Tilloy (just in front of Arras) and Boiry, a little west of Ayette and Bucquoy, through Beaumont Hamel, just to the west of Albert, about a mile behind Morlancourt and Hamel, through Villiers Bretonneux and Moreuil (see map), and so back to La Fere on the old line via Montdidier, Noyon and Chaumy. All we had fought so hard for on the Somme during six strenuous months in 1916, lost in ten days! It was too much—unbearable. But our loss did not stop here, for on the 10th April a second German push took place north and south of the river Lys, in which my old sector round Westoutre was heavily involved and saw the bitterest of the fighting. Mont Kemmel was captured on the 25th, together with Locre; Neuve Eglise and Bailleul, having previously fallen after

several days' fierce fighting. Marshal Haig evidently felt that the crisis of the War was at hand, and in his Orders of the Day for the 11th April wrote :

> Three weeks ago to-day the enemy began his terrific attacks against us on a fifty-mile front. His objects are to separate us from the French, to take the Channel Ports, and destroy the British Army.
>
> In spite of throwing already 106 divisions into the battle and enduring the most reckless sacrifice of human life, he has as yet made little progress towards his goals.
>
> We owe this to the determined fighting and self-sacrifice of our troops. Words fail me to express the admiration which I feel for the splendid resistance offered by all ranks of our Army under the most trying circumstances.
>
> Many amongst us now are tired. To those I would say that victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. The French Army is moving rapidly and in great force to our support.
>
> There is no other course open to us but to fight it out ! Every position must be held to the last man : there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind alike depend upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment.

Fierce fighting continued for a week along the Dranoutre-Locre-La Clytte road, so familiar to me, and the Germans made many gallant efforts to capture the hillock "Scharpenberg" and Mont Rouge, both of which I knew so well. However, they got no farther than the slopes of Scharpenberg and never reached La Clytte or Westoutre, although the latter, hitherto almost untouched, was destroyed by shelling and bombing. La Clytte was in ruins in 1916.

French divisions came into this sector to reinforce the British from the 15th April on to the definite conclusion of the attack in the early days of May. Locre was continually changing hands during the last week of April and indeed its possession changed from day to day, and sometimes twice daily ! No wonder I longed to be back on the Western Front, and felt unsettled at home, as the only two sectors of the line that my short overseas service had given me the opportunity of knowing were by a curious coincidence both the centres of the German offensives.

Back to the Front

When I went up to the War Office early in April and asked to be sent back to the Guards Division, they said that, with my knee, a foot battalion was out of the question. I had some difficulty in being passed A.1. As, however, there appeared to be no great eagerness to go to the front among the majority of home-serving temporary R.A.M.C. officers, some of whom were running their practices and drawing Army pay at the same time, the War Office said that as I was keen on getting back they would recommend me for the command of a cavalry field ambulance. Amongst men of military age (and I think this had been raised to forty-five for doctors) the world was sharply divided into those who had served at the front and those who had not. There was an undefined spirit of brotherhood amongst the former and a feeling of separation from those who had not had this privilege.

When I left England for France on the morning of the 27th April, 1918, news of the fall of Kemmel on the 25th, had not, I think, been published, but we knew that Bailleul and Neuve Eglise had been captured and it was quite clear that we were "up against it" and that Haig's fine appeal to his command on the 11th was true to the letter.

It was, therefore, a particularly anxious time for brides to part with their husbands. I left Waterloo by the 7.45 a.m. leave train and my wife, whom I had married in January (Ronnie Powell of the Scots Guards, who was on leave at the time, being my best man) came to see me off. She disapproved of my volunteering for overseas service, but when she saw that I was restless she never attempted to try to keep me at home, and waved me good-bye with that brave smile that was characteristic of the wives of soldiers in those days, and probably ever since prehistoric woman saw her man off to his prehistoric war.

A crowded steamer, fine crossing, escorted by destroyers, and on arrival once again at Boulogne, I went to the Officers' Club where I booked a bed, then reported my arrival and took a tram-ride to the remount depot, just outside the town, which Jollands, late transport officer S.W. Mounted Brigade Field Ambulance, was running. I dined with him and he asked me to come to luncheon next day to have a look at the hairies. They were an extremely fit-looking lot

all in A.1. condition, reflecting very great credit on Jollands and so indirectly on our old ambulance and Colonel Edwards.

On the following day I was sent to the 32nd Stationary Hospital, Wimereux, to await instructions, and two days later was told to report myself to a Field Ambulance at Pas, near Doullens.

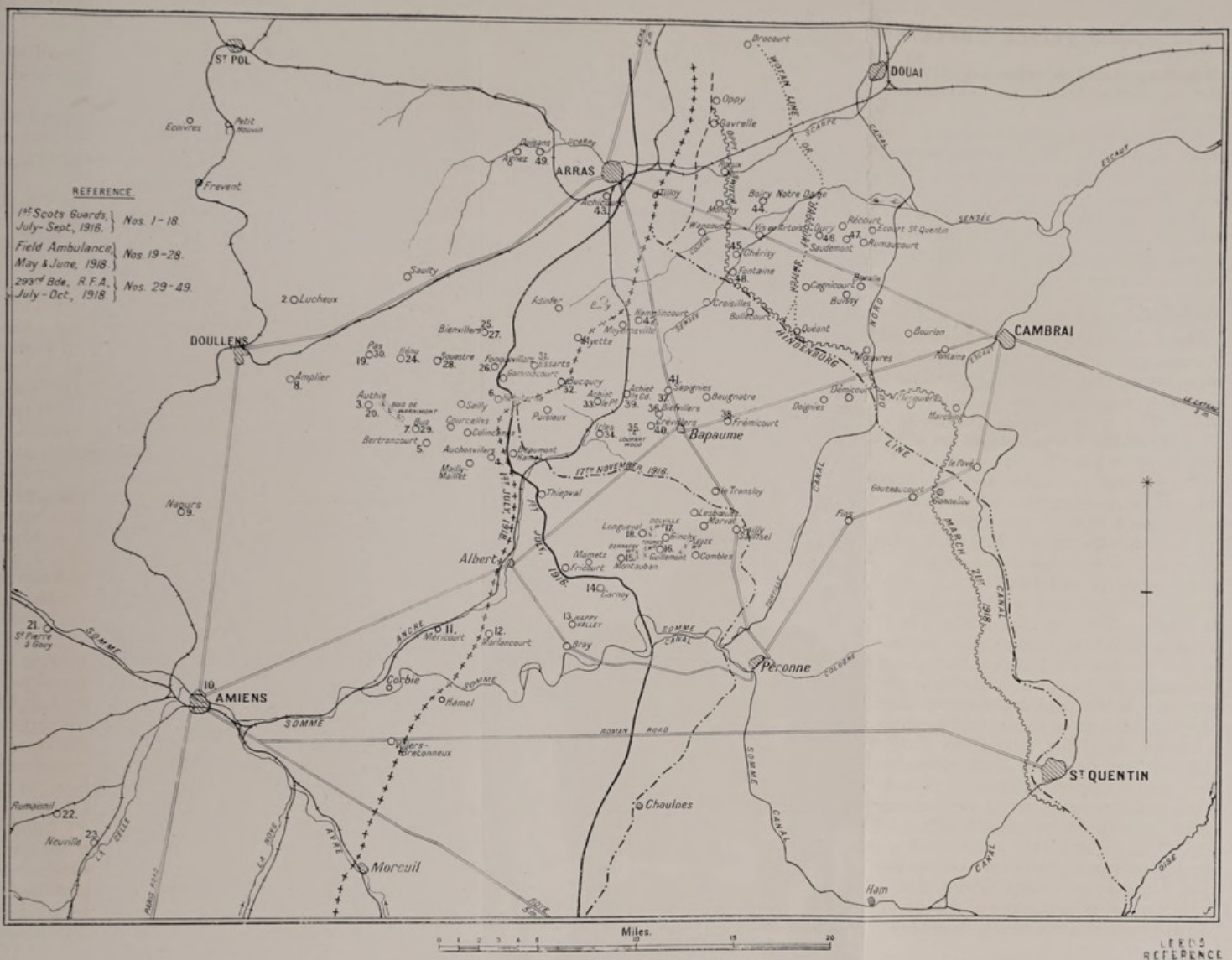
Gone were the hopes of a command of a Cavalry Field Ambulance as suggested by the War Office, for I was joining an infantry brigade Field Ambulance as a captain and reinforcement.

Field Ambulance

I subsequently gathered that the medical command in France made a point of ignoring suggestions as to appointments made from the Home Command, and that I should not have counted on the casual remarks of someone at the War Office as meaning anything.

I joined the Ambulance at Pas at the beginning of May, (see map) without my valise which I had foolishly allowed to be put into the guard's van in Etaples, instead of into the compartment with me ! No old campaigner like myself should ever have allowed himself to be separated from his kit, and the acute discomfort suffered until it turned up nine days later was thoroughly deserved. I spent most of the week in trying to locate it, and generally started it from a different spot each day, but finally ran it to earth at Saulty. To be dumped in a tent in a muddy encampment with nothing except what you have on, and to have to live on borrowed things for over a week, is very unpleasant. I shared a tent with the American doctor, who very kindly provided me with socks and handkerchiefs, of which he seemed to have an inexhaustible supply.

A few days after joining the Field Ambulance I heard that the 1st Battalion Scots Guards were in rest about two miles behind Ayette. I found them at Adinfer. They had just come out of the line east of the Arras-Albert road, between Ayette and Moyenneville. I could not find Powell, or anyone I knew, but I left a note for him, and to my joy he came over to see me at Pas one day. He said that I need not worry about not getting back to the battalion, as it was quite different to the good old days of 1916, and was not nearly so cheery.



MAP OF PLACES ON THE ARRAS-AMIENS FRONT MENTIONED IN CHAPTERS V, VI, VII AND VIII

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My present job irked me as we appeared to be serving no useful purpose, and the majors jarred me with their manners and conversation. I, therefore, wrote to Tyndale (an old Corner man, St. George's Hosp. and now a Colonel in the R.A.M.C. at Army headquarters) asking to be transferred to a brigade of Army Field Artillery where I thought I should probably be more or less of a free agent.

The Field Ambulance was originally a mobile hospital attached to a brigade, and in South Africa was an essential part of a column, often very many miles away from any stationary hospital. But in stabilised trench warfare often the field ambulance was not only useless, but harmful, its only work of real value being the collection of wounded after an action and their transport to the picking-up point. The field ambulance was too often the unwilling cause of great waste of time, and of unnecessary movement of serious cases.

Every front-line sector had a casualty clearing station, which became a well-equipped hospital, efficient in all particulars, within about an hour's drive by ambulance from the picking-up point. It was most important for many cases, particularly penetrating wounds of the abdomen and head, that operation under strict antiseptic conditions should be resorted to as quickly as possible. Every hour, indeed every quarter of an hour's delay, reduced the chance of saving life. Yet between the efficient C.C.S. and the wounded man lay the field ambulance. Instead of the wounded man being placed on an ambulance at the picking-up spot and taken back to the C.C.S., he was taken to the advanced dressing-station, where he was taken out of his ambulance and in time, sometimes, indeed, only after a considerable time, was placed in another ambulance and sent back to the main dressing-station of the field ambulance. Here the same process was repeated —out of one ambulance, delay, into another ambulance, and then after much entirely unnecessary waste of time the casualty clearing station was reached.

If all lying cases had been sent straight back from picking-up point to C.C.S., very many lives would have been saved, and the field ambulance might have been of very great assistance in looking after walking wounded, adjusting the necessary splints and dressings, providing hot

soup and cocoa, cigarettes and rest, heating up shock cases (many died of shock from non-mortal wounds) and dispatching on their way cases (after giving an injection of anti-tetanic serum) which would not probably be healed in a few days to a point a little farther back, where lorries were stationed to collect and transport the walking wounded. The field ambulance, where there was so often a deficiency in bathing facilities and hot water, where there were no beds, and the cooking was very rough, and where housing and sanitation were always extremely primitive, was not a suitable place for the treatment of the many ailments for which a man was sent to the field ambulance by his battalion M.O.

U.S.A. Troops

During our stay at Pas the first contingent of American troops that any of us had met came into the village and camped not far from us. They were entirely raw and inexperienced, and we were disappointed at their physique which was no better than ours after nearly four years of war. We expected tall, slim, hard "colonial" types, but their average height and fitness was below that of any ordinary battalion of our conscripted men. They knew *nothing* and could not even pitch a tent properly, or build kitchens, and we had to help them to shake down. Their staff also, of course, were without experience and practically useless, and when they first went into action they suffered more casualties than necessary, owing to the lack of experience of regimental officers and other ranks of the elementary rules of modern warfare. We heard that on several occasions they made frontal attacks against machine-gun posts, with inevitable results in heavy casualties, whereas the posts would have been taken by the New Zealanders, Australians or Canadians with practically no loss, by working round from the flank.

The casualties of inexperienced troops led by inexperienced officers must, however, always be heavy, as the lessons of the new warfare could only be taught by bitter experience. Luckily the Americans only came into the line when the German morale was already shaken, or their inexperience would have cost them much more than it did.

When Powell visited me at Pas he told me that the

Scots Guards had had Americans attached to them for instruction, and that they had the makings of good troops, but were at present entirely ignorant of even rudimentary essentials.

It was a matter of general knowledge that their supply department was hopeless, though all expected efficiency from that country of organisation.

The supply was so badly organised that on certainly one occasion troops sent up into the line for purpose of attack received no food for over two days and had to be brought out again to be fed.

The first time the American Army fought independently as an army under the orders of their own C-in-C, General Pershing, was in their successful attack on the German salient at St. Mihiel on 12th September, 1918, only two months before the Armistice. The enemy made practically no stand in their efforts to retire from the salient before it was pinched out by the American attack north and south of its base—15,000 men, however, and many guns failed to escape and were captured by the Americans.

The total American fatal casualties from sickness or enemy action in the War amounted to 60,000 men, and although this seems a small figure compared with the French 2,000,000 and our 1,000,000, it must be looked upon as heavy in view of the small number that saw front-line work and the short period of service in the field of little over three months. With greater experience the American losses would certainly have been halved.

Although the Americans came into the War too late to be of much practical help in front-line work, there can be no doubt whatever that the landing of large numbers of American troops in France forced the German high command to risk offensives they would not otherwise have done, as it was clearly essential for them to make a supreme effort for victory before the American Armies were able to take their place alongside the experienced armies of France and the British Empire. The ever-growing reserve of American troops also without doubt undermined the morale of the rank and file of the German Army and of the civilian population.

On the 17th May we moved to Authies Mill and so after twenty months I was back in the village where the King visited his Guards in 1916.

Foolish Military Punishments

A very regrettable incident, and one that should never have occurred, took place towards the end of our fortnight's stay at Authies. The young Irish Officer member of our personnel, like so many past concussion cases, was extremely intolerant to alcohol. If he took one drink this seemed to induce an uncontrollable desire for more, and an inability to say "no" to the offer of a drink. We in the Mess knew this disability, and I kept an eye on him. He was a bright, jolly boy, and I liked him, and to my mind the condition was due to his war service.

One day, when Orderly officer, clearly under the influence of drink, he was inspecting the men and the C.O. happened to see him and himself put him under arrest. Now our C.O. was new to command, and quite properly was determined that the discipline of his unit must be improved. If he had arranged for one of the other officers to put the delinquent under arrest, then he himself could subsequently have dealt with the matter, but as he personally arrested the officer, a Court-Martial could not be avoided.

I offered to plead his case before the Court-Martial, when I felt confident I should have been able to get him off on medical grounds, but he refused my services or to submit any defence. The Court-Martial, therefore, had no option but to find him guilty, and he was cashiered. I was heartbroken, being convinced that if the true medical aspect had been laid before the Court he would have been permitted to resign his commission on account of health.

Everyone who served through the War must have met quite a number of officers who, though a very small proportion of the whole, habitually were semi-intoxicated, officers who ought to have been retired, who never ought to have been given a commission, and who were chronic alcoholics before they joined up. They were very seldom court-martialled, yet this boy with a good record of service, who was not a chronic alcoholic, and who had lost his only brother in the War, was put to the ignominy of cashiering —a permanent stain not only on himself but on a patriotic Irish family, who in the absence of conscription had given

both their sons to the war. The incredible stupidity, the pathetic folly of it all !

Many of the punishments were frankly idiotic. "Field Punishment Number 1."—crucifixion, where a man was tied with outstretched arms against a wheel, was a relic of the pillory. "Pack Drill"—where, with full packs and carrying rifles, the wretched men were marched backwards and forwards, often until nearly exhausted. The silliest punishment of all, that of being shot at dawn for cowardice, or desertion in the presence of the enemy, was a waste of valuable life, and during the pre-conscription time the waste of the life of a *volunteer* patriot, solely owing to the ignorance of the War Office as to the elements of war psychology. All these cruel and unnecessary punishments are difficult to forgive. Very little separated in many cases the hero from the coward, often both were temporarily mad. I do not here refer to the higher heroism, complete calm and control and devotion to duty whatever the risk, but to the heroism of the primitive fighter, intoxicated with hate and anger.

The deserter should be given a very uncomfortable time and put on a succession of No Man's Land patrols, etc., until he has purged his offence. The coward must be treated in the same way if his cowardice is just a desire to avoid danger, but if it is the result of a shell-shock phobia he must be sent home and perhaps discharged the service for reasons of health.

Military Service an honour, Exemption a calamity

Service in the Army should on all and every occasion be stressed as being an honour and a privilege, exemption be referred to as a matter for pity, regret, and commiseration. The man who evades service in the field in time of war must be accepted and recognised as an inferior creature : one deserving of some contempt as not fitted for or worthy of admission to the ranks of the happy warriors. The chief punishment of the coward must be his ejection from the honoured ranks in which he has proved himself unworthy of the honour of serving.

You cannot shoot a man for not being heroic, you can be sorry for him and remove him to a sphere where the heroic qualities are not essential as in the Army at the front.

Esprit de Corps

Esprit de corps is the essential thing. If a division had through bad luck, or bad judgment, or bad officering, got a bad name, it should be wiped out, by distributing its various units amongst other divisions. Once a division has won a good name it is impossible to imagine that it will ever be let down by its own men. It was always a certainty that the Guards Division, the 51st Highland Division, the New Zealand Division, and dozens of other divisions, could *not* do other than heroically in whatever position they might find themselves.

The extraordinary pride of association with a body of men that have won a great reputation is a wonderful force, a strengthening power similar to, but stronger than, family tradition.

We move South

After the Court-Martial on the nice Irish boy, but before its finding and sentence had been promulgated, the field ambulance moved south of the Somme into the French sector. Our division must have been sent to support the French, and probably a German attack on Amiens was expected. We were billeted in St. Pierre à Gouy, Rumaisnel and Neuville in absolutely peaceful country many miles behind the front line, and for a fortnight had a very boring time.

While here the sentence of the Court-Martial was published, and the poor Irish doctor boy sent home under escort. It was a sickening business, especially the taking off of the buttons and badges from his uniform. Luckily I had some plain leather buttons to give him. I gave him a letter to my wife asking her to let him have a mufti outfit from my wardrobe, but he never made use of the letter. I often wonder whether he became a Sinn Feiner on his return to Ireland, or whether he re-enlisted in the British Army.

Henu

After an absence of about three weeks we returned to our old area—this time Henu, about 1½ miles east of Pas, on 4th June, and on the 25th we moved to Bienvillers ("Beanvillas") which was about as far forward as an

advanced dressing-station goes, and on the 29th to Fonquevillers ("Funkvillas") two miles south. The casualties were few, but I remember one abdominal bullet wound which case made me angry owing to the delay in getting the back to the C.C.S.

At Henu we were under canvas, but in accordance with a recent order the area covered by the bell tent was sunk about two feet below the gound level, so that when lying down one was about a foot below the surface. This gave a sense of great security from night bombing, and assured safety except from the extremely light risk of a direct hit. Following explosion by contact the fragments and contents of the bomb spread out laterally so that a considerable area above ground level was liable to be swept, whereas, small sunken areas below the surface would escape. One could, therefore, remain undisturbed in mind and body with enemy planes overhead even if the usual sequence of three explosions were heard in the vicinity.

We were lucky in escaping a bad gas shelling of Fonquevillers which took place a couple of days after we were relieved and resulted in many casualties and deaths.

On 3rd July we were back at Henu, and on the 7th I was sent to Souastre, which lies two miles east of Henu, and three miles west of Fonquevillers, to fill a vacancy with the 153rd Field Company R.E. On the 9th, however, I received fresh orders to report to the 293rd Army Brigade R.F.A. at Bus, where I had been with the Guards in 1916. So I left the Field Ambulance after being nine weeks with them, the only part of my service either with the Navy or Army where I was not happy and where I felt out of touch with my environment.

I was delighted to get away to some job where I should be on my own, and able to do what I thought best for my unit. In the Field Ambulance there was no scope for initiative, as the young majors were jealous of their position and did not readily take advice from a junior in rank. There is nothing more galling than to be a member of an organisation where you see the faults and how they may be met and yet are helpless to do anything.

Field Artillery

The 293rd Brigade R.F.A. was a happy family, chiefly due, as always, to the tact, thoughtfulness, enthusiasm and

sportsmanship of the C.O., Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Main, of the R.H.A. The Brigade consisted of headquarters, three batteries of 18 pounders, one howitzer 4″ battery, and the brigade ammunition column. We were a Territorial brigade consisting of two R.H.A. batteries (Glamorgan R.H.A. and Shropshire R.H.A.) and two R.F.A. batteries (Lancashire and London).

The wagon lines were at Bus and the batteries rather widely spread out at Sailly-au-Bois, and near Colincamps and Mailly Maillet. Headquarters were in a deep dugout in a sunken road not far from Courcelles. I was at the wagon lines, that being the most central and suitable place to establish a hospital. [1]

Influenza at the Front

We had no wounded, but suffered from the influenza epidemic which was to reach its climax in England in four months' time, and to be responsible in six months for as many deaths as enemy action during the whole of the War.

Colonel Main pointed out to me the advantage of retaining sick with the brigade if they were likely to be able to return to duty in a week or so, as the efficiency of the batteries depended on retaining the men on whom so much time and care had been expended on training.

I, therefore, borrowed some large tarpaulin sheets and established a hospital to which the more serious cases were taken from the batteries. The type of influenza at the beginning of the epidemic was not generally serious, and as a rule a man could return to light duty in a week. Only a very few pneumonia cases were evacuated to the field ambulance. I believe my little hospital had a lower percentage of pneumonia than the field ambulance, but deaths in my hospital would not have been good for morale.

The epidemic lasted from the middle of July to the middle of August, and if we had received orders to take part in a push during this period it is doubtful whether we should have been able to do so, so great was the reduction of our strength.

On the 21st July we went into rest at Pas and Henu, and I established hospitals with each battery and the B.A.C., as the cases were becoming too numerous to

[1] All places mentioned will be found on map.

permit of convenient central treatment. Hospital comforts could not be obtained in adequate quantities from the field ambulance, owing to the demand exceeding the supply, and there was also a great shortage of aspirin, so I got my wife to send me out a good supply, together with dried milk and soup.

Whilst here, my sick orderly was evacuated owing to illness, and in my report I asked the C.O. that I might have in his place an old regular, Bombardier Redman, who was in charge of A battery hospital at Henu, as I had found him strictly reliable and obedient. Major Leake readily agreed and my selection proved an admirable one.

During the July-August period we had considerable casualties amongst our observation kite-balloons (sausages) and I have seen as many as three on fire at the same time, their occupants having left by parachute. There was a balloon post quite close to our wagon lines at Bus, and the German plane that brought it down also machine-gunned our horse lines, causing a few casualties amongst the hairies but none amongst the men.

Violation of the Red Cross

During the summer two hospitals were bombed at night by German planes, Etaples and the Doullens citadel, but I never was convinced that hospitals were deliberately selected for attack by German airmen. In my opinion, we were not sufficiently careful to separate, by an effective margin, our hospitals from military organisations, or areas of military value, so that quite possibly the bombs that fell on hospitals were directed at legitimate military targets.

At this time all permanent hospitals were marked with large red crosses, generally of broken bricks, on white backgrounds, on the ground in their vicinity, but there was not always sufficient care in assuring that there was nothing of military value within even such a short distance as 100 yards. [1]

The German training and advocacy of frightfulness did

[1] *December*, 1933

As air attacks will be the deciding factor in the next war, all factories capable of use for the production of materials of war should be removed, where possible, from towns to country, so as to minimize the danger, or excuse, of enemy bombing of targets of no military value.

not tend to the cultivation of a sporting spirit. German officers and men alike looked on their enemy world with jaundiced eyes, and with a spleen that entirely deprived them of all sense of humour, and of good manners, so that they made a spectacle of ridicule of themselves. The German Air Force, alone of their fighting services, won and retained a reputation for chivalrous conduct and knightly manners and I never heard our own flying officers refer to their opposite numbers over the line except as worthy and honourable foes. I am, therefore, loath to believe that the tragic bombing of hospitals bringing death to nurses and wounded men was intentional.

The torpedoing of illuminated hospital ships at night, and the deliberate introduction of poison gas, were breaches of the Geneva Convention by Germany that do not appear to admit excuse.

Boer War Memories

My memories of the South African War made me reluctant to accept the verdict of a partial and indignant jury. Similar accusations were brought against the Boers, of shooting at Red Cross trains and of using the white flag as a decoy, but I could not forget that on occasions important British Generals had travelled by Red Cross Trains. I, myself, unthinkingly, and at the request of a friend whose ammunition wagon had broken down in crossing a spruit, had carried on his ammunition in my ambulance until the next stop. I once pointed out to a commanding officer that we had been fighting for an hour under the white flag ! We had retired fighting on to a Boer farm on which the Boer residents had hoisted the white flag prior to our occupation, and we had omitted to haul the flag down when we had converted the farm into a defensive post !

The Boers, if they had had any Press at that time, might have made quite a story about our "abuse of the white flag and the Red Cross". Yet, both were absolutely unintentional, and, indeed, I have always tried to be a purist in such matters.

This South African parenthesis is meant to show that it is easy quite innocently to commit an error which can be stigmatised by the enemy as a breach of the Geneva Convention.

CHAPTER VIII

AUGUST, 1918—OCTOBER, 1918

With Royal Field Artillery in the Battles of Bapaume and Canal du Nord

Second Battle of Bapaume

ON 21st August, we went into action at Essarts, about two miles to the east of Fonquevillers, to take part in a second "Battle of the Somme." We were now fairly up to strength, most of our sick having returned to their batteries. The batteries did a shoot during the night and in the early morning a huge procession of tanks passed close to our battery positions going forward, and from their number we knew that the push was to be a big one. The tanks were by now a proved and well-established arm, very different from when I last saw them in action two years before. Light and quick moving tanks, "whippets", had emerged, and as one after another, one after another, they passed, they made the devil of a shindy, but also gave the impression of not only almost irresistible power in their forward progress, but inexhaustible supply as regards numbers. Also there seemed to be almost as many batteries about as the terrain could cope with, and we felt that as regards ordnance of every kind we *must* now be on an equality with and probably superior to the Hun. Every man's tail was up !

On the 22nd we moved to just south of Bucquoy on the Bucquoy-Puisieux road, where we occupied a small valley, steep-sided towards the enemy, where our How Battery was placed, and shallow on the far side where the 18-pounder batteries had their positions. My aid post was in a small chalk pit about 100 yards from the How Battery, which had an unfortunate accident in the shape of a premature burst inside the gun resulting in destruction of the gun with one man killed and one or two wounded. Our position was slightly shelled with light stuff, but no harm was done.

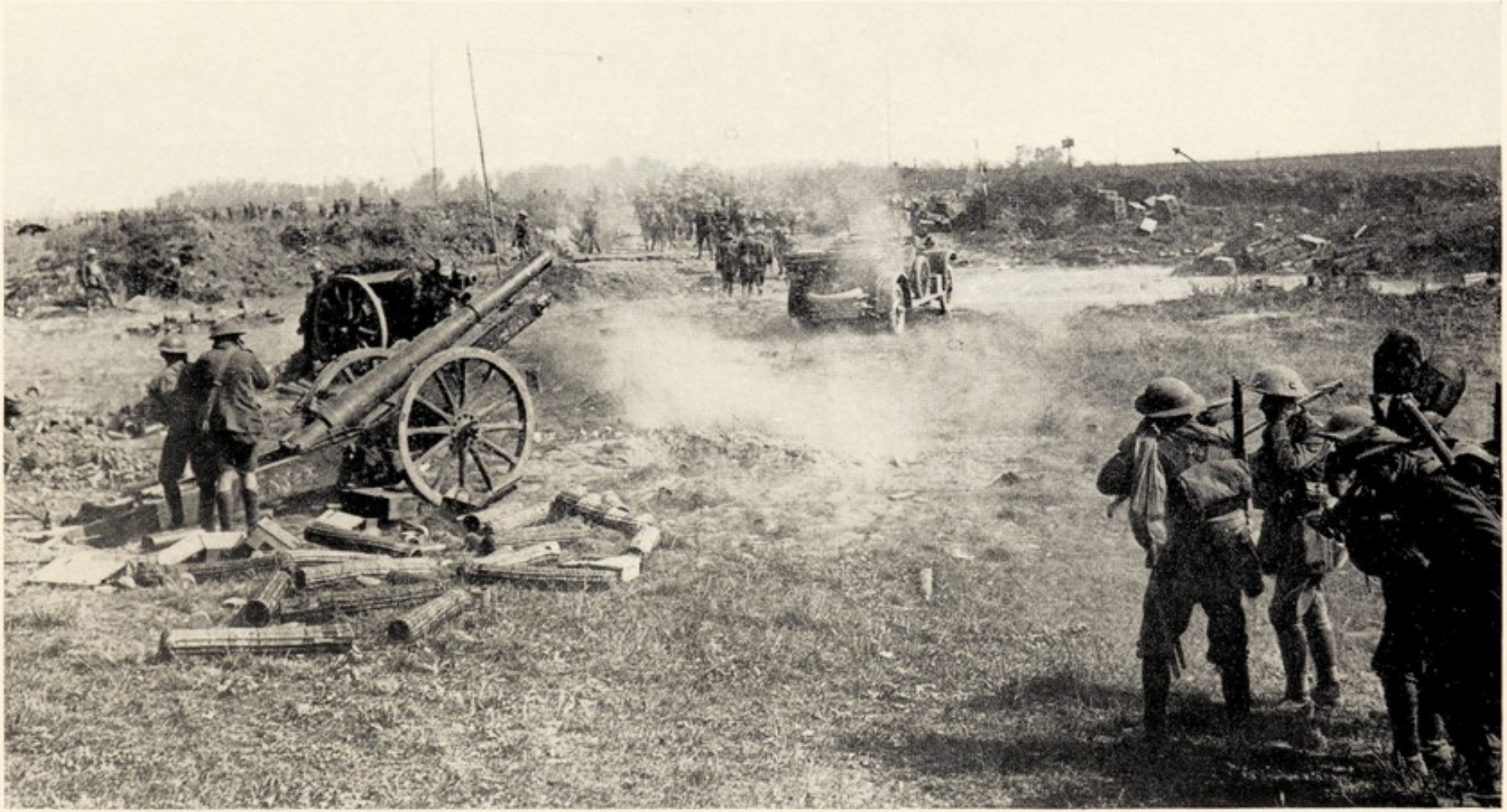
On the 23rd we moved on to near Achiet le Petit. The road, a deep sunken one, debouched on to the flat plateau where the Battery positions were, and I rode forward with my groom-orderly to look for a suitable spot under cover for an aid post. I wished to visit an old dug-out aid post that had been suggested to me, and told my orderly to remain with the horses in a shell-hole near a tree-stump that was a landmark.

The dugout was unsuitable for an aid post as there was no above-ground cover for the medical cart which I wished to have with me, so I returned to my tree to find my orderly and horses gone. However, I had left my medical cart in the sunken road only a few hundred yards away and I made my aid post under the lee of the steep side of the sunken road where it was quite safe from shell fire and anything except a bomb.

I heard that my orderly was last seen galloping hell for leather back "Towards Paris" with both horses. I was *most* disappointed at my orderly's behaviour as he was a young farmer, intelligent and fairly educated, and we had had many a friendly chat together and he was the last man I thought would get wind up over a trifle. There was only a very occasional, widely separated shell-burst on the plateau, and I did not see one burst within 200 yards of where I left him. Yet he completely panicked. It was getting dusk and I suppose he hated being alone. I did not report him officially, and he had no punishment other than being transferred to the wagon lines permanently, as Colonel Main was a wise, understanding and human man.

The night was cold and I did not sleep very well, and not long before dawn strolled up to the plateau to see if anything was happening. All was quiet, no shooting, no shelling, and lines of lank, hard, loose-limbed, good-featured men were moving silently and noiselessly in the direction of Grevillers. I asked one his regiment and he replied, "New Zealanders." They gave one the impression as they glided by in the twilight of the dawn that they would be extremely efficient fighters and very unpleasant opponents.

I saw the first of our killed on the high ground on the Achiet side of the railway cutting. The man was kneeling on one knee in such a natural position with his rifle in his hand that I could hardly believe him dead.



[*By kind permission of Imperial War Museum*

NEW ZEALAND DIVISION NEAR GREVILLERS, AUGUST 25TH, 1918

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I heard later of a similar kneeling corpse, this time a German, whose body became not only an accustomed landmark known as the "kneeling Boche", but whose raised knee was used as a step for crossing the trench for *two months* until all the flesh of the thigh was worn away, down to the bone.

Not having a mount I had perforce to foot-slog our next move to Irles. It was a hot walk, the longest I had taken since September, 1916, but my knee stood it very well. The map makes it only about three miles, but my memory records it as more like twice that distance !

Irles is on the top of the hill on the eastern side of the narrow valley along the bottom of which runs the main railway line from Albert to Arras. The Batteries were out on the open at the top of the hill. I fixed my aid post in a bit of enlarged trench roofed over with corrugated iron and a foot or so of earth so as to make it comfortable and splinter proof. However, there were no casualties. I visited the Batteries to see if there were any sick but none had reported. My mare "Little Nell" turned up here but I never heard where she had been the night before.

On the 25th we moved forward to the front of Loupart Wood, half-way between Grevillers and Warlencourt, and during our stay here I visited Grevillers which was picturesquely situated at the bottom of a steep and narrow wooded valley. The Germans had evidently left in a hurry as I found a dead German in an aid post together with some bandages and splints that had not been removed.

On the 28th the Brigade moved to Sapignies on the Bapaume-Arras Road, passing through Biefvillers ("Beef-villas") where the Batteries went into action but did little, if any, shooting. Between Grevillers and Biefvillers we were under rifle fire and I found when I dismounted later that "Little Nell" had a bullet wound through the nose which, however, was of no importance. For a short distance the order was first "trot" and then "gallop", which was great fun.

Galloping under rifle or machine-gun fire is a very exhilarating experience which has only fallen to my lot twice, the first being during the South African War and the most exciting.

On that occasion I was with a convoy of our sick and Boer women and children, that we were taking into concen-

tration camps, and had collected from farms that we had blown up after finding that they were being used as depots for the enemy. One of the women was the wife or fiancée of the leader of a Commando operating in the neighbourhood, who made a gallant and determined effort to capture the convoy and win back his lady.

Our guard for the convoy was not strong and at one period of the fight the Boers galloped up to within a few hundred yards of our column, a thing which I had never seen them do before. Our rearguard had orders to hold the crest of rolling veldt until the column had outspanned on the next crest, as the C.O. did not want to be surrounded in the dip, so I went to the rearguard in case there should be casualties. When the rearguard had accomplished its allotted work we all galloped across the dip to regain the main body. By that time the dip was enfiladed on both sides, and before we got across we were receiving fire from behind as well, as we galloped "Hell for leather," and I rode "remarkable close to my 'oss's neck to let the shots go by," as Kipling says.

* * * * *

I fixed up a beautiful aid post at Sapignies and could have run a comfortable little hospital there as I had two large huts under the lee of a steep and high bank which formed the north boundary of the little valley.

Across the valley lay a line of our dead, a complete and regular line of eight or nine about four yards apart ; they must have been caught by machine-gun fire.

I was distressed that the bodies had not been removed for burial, for casualties during this advance were very light, and neglect of burial unless absolutely unavoidable always seemed to me to be disrespectful to the dead. I wrote a letter to Corps about it. The bodies were those of English troops, not New Zealanders, and it always struck me that English Divisions were more callous about their dead than Dominion troops. The English philosophy was probably sound, that the empty shell from which the individual ego had gone ceased to be a matter of any importance. Tommy was such a loyal pal to a comrade when alive that his complete lack of sentiment for the dead was for a while a matter of surprise, but it was the extraordinary combination of sturdy loyalty and practical common sense

together with lack of imagination and an inextinguishable sense of humour that made Tommy the invincible fighter that he was.

Our troops British and Dominion (as regards practically all the volunteers) and the conscripted men in divisions with a good tradition, were natural fighters. I remember hearing of a not very young and rather corpulent "terrier" in a bayonet fight with the Hun on the run who had fallen a bit behind, and fearful that he would not get his chance of using his bayonet, continually called to his comrades ahead of him, "for Gawd's sake leave me one, for Gawd's sake leave me one."

Tommy's grousings were for rest camps, whilst his favourite name for his abominable trench would be "Lavender Row" and for his verminous dugout "Laburnum Cottage". An unbeatable wonder was Tommy Atkins.

The German, especially the machine-gunner who was magnificent and fought most gallantly right up to the Armistice, was a courageous, but not a born, fighter. He fought from a sense of duty and got little enjoyment out of it. Whereas with many of our troops it was a game, a grim, savage, relentless game, but still a game, a trial of opposing teams in courage, resource, skill and endurance.

"Little Nell" was wounded again on the 29th, but at what time I did not know. It looked like a shell wound as a furrow about 9″ long, 2″ wide and 1″ deep was ploughed in the flesh of her near quarter. I thought she could carry on if the wound was kept clean with antiseptic swabbings, but she was ordered back to remounts. I was fed up about her evacuation, thinking it highly probable that I should get a dud in her place, which I did ; a miserable nag in such bad condition that a very slow trot was the best I could get out of it. It kept stumbling and I always expected it to sit down and refuse to move, like the comic donkey at the circus.

Little Nell would probably have been refused as an officer's charger by Col. Edwards of the South West M.B. Field Ambulance, but I fancy he would have refused my new charger as rations for his hounds ! It was a pathetic animal. Little Nell would not jump a foot and was slow, but she had no vices, was a comfortable ride and in good condition.

Our trek between Sapignies and Fremicourt ran between

Favreuil and Beugnatre (pronounced "Bugnature" by the men) and the guns were in action astride one of the roads in this region when we were attacked by some enemy aircraft who machine-gunned us without doing any damage. I did not follow the manœuvres carefully but sat in a hole in a bank trying to make myself as small as possible so as to be covered by my tin hat, and I did not look overhead during the critical moments ! Never take an *unnecessary* risk was my motto. If it takes fifty risks to kill a man on the average, every risk unnecessarily taken is throwing away one chance ! Every unnecessary risk dodged, is one more chance saved for when a risk is necessary. The Hun planes dived over the batteries and did not seem to be more than 50 ft. up.

My Medical Cart

During the advance from Sapignies to Fremicourt I had ridden with Headquarters and had given the driver of my medical cart strict orders to report to me at Headquarters at the end of the move, when I would select a spot for an aid post. Yet no medical cart reported and after enquiring at the batteries I could hear nothing of it, so I sent Redman, my hospital orderly, to find out. After some time he returned and reported that the medical cart was last seen without a driver galloping towards Bapaume. Imagine my consternation ! I had taken a lot of time and trouble to equip that medical cart, with an outfit far exceeding that provided by the R.A.M.C. With it I could equip an efficient little aid post, without it I was practically useless. I had "scrounged" trestles and boards for an operating table, a tin folding table for dressings, two tin folding chairs, a primus stove, two stretchers, and some blankets, and in the cart also were my salt, bleaching powder and boracic powder, and iodine, bandages, splints, wool, strappings, drugs, a good supply of hospital comforts, including a jar of rum, my valise, overcoat and bag of camp kit, my orderly's pack and the usual pannier of instruments, etc. It was very depressing, also it was getting cold. I felt that everything was "in the cart."

I told Redman to get some food and then try and trace the cart, but I had little hopes of any news other than that it had been found, overturned, wrecked and pillaged. Yet Fate was very kind, for next morning Redman got a

message through that he had found the cart, untouched, as the tarpaulin cover was in position. The cart was in the little valley near Sapignies within 100 yards of my old aid post of thirty-six hours ago !

What had happened was that a shell had burst too near the cart for the nerves of the driver, who dived for safety, and the horses stampeded down the road. How they found their way back to Sapignies by an entirely different route from that we had come is impossible to tell. Perhaps they were stopped by some New Zealander in Bapaume who recognized the outfit and took it back to where he had last seen it, judging that we should look there. He could not very well leave the horses, as they would require food and water and, doubtless, he soon found someone willing to relieve him of two useful hairies.

It would be extremely interesting to know whether the horses took the cart back to Sapignies by themselves, or whether they were driven back by someone who found the deserted cart in Bapaume.

Colonel Main had no spare horse but said he would try and fix me up at the wagon lines, so I said that in the meantime I would visit my medical cart. Having been told that the batteries were going back to the wagon lines near Achiet le Grand about three miles west of Sapignies, and that I was to report there not later than that night, I went back to Sapignies to see Redman and my cart. I found him guarding it. I told him to stop there and I would try to get a horse and harness from the new wagon lines.

I got back to the wagon lines near Achiet le Grand in the early afternoon only to find that the brigade had received orders to proceed forthwith to Achicourt, just south of Arras. They were shortly moving off and could not attend to my requirements for a horse for my medical cart ! Indeed, I fancy they were beginning to get a little bored with my medical cart ; but I knew that if we ever got into a hot spot and had many casualties they would be still more bored without it.

I told them that Redman was guarding the medical cart, and having collected rations for him and myself, I received permission to go back to my cart and to bring it on to Achicourt if I could beg, borrow or steal a horse, and otherwise to report next day at Achicourt.

But we were an Army Brigade that had now left the

New Zealand Division, and no one took any interest in my cart ! I tried New Zealand Divisional H.Q. but it was no good and I then tried the appeal "*ad misericordiam*" to Lieut.-Colonel Hardie Neil of the 3rd New Zealand Field Ambulance, who gave me a good lunch and much sympathy, but no horse. His ambulance was busy with casualties and many New Zealand dead were lying on stretchers outside their hospital, a building in Grevillers.

New Zealand Division

During my very short acquaintance with the New Zealand Division I developed a very high admiration and respect for these exceptionally efficient troops, where initiative was very highly developed. The men were well educated, pleasant mannered and of refined conversation, able to discuss almost any subject that arose. If you ignored rank, as I always did in off-duty times, and chatted on equal man-to-man terms, all was well. The contrast with the iron discipline of the Guards was very striking, and each were equally good in fighting. I am sure that the Guards Division would never want anything better than that the New Zealand Division should be on their flank, and vice versa. Both had achieved a supreme excellence but by entirely different methods. I have never been able to decide in my own mind which is the more important, initiative or discipline, but I think it depends on the material on which you have to build.

To the Arras Front

Having ordered Redman to remain with the cart, and having promised to send him horses from Achicourt, I rode down the straight, long Bapaume-Arras Road.

It was now towards evening and both I and my sorry steed were very tired, particularly the steed. When it became dark I turned into a field ambulance lying on the left hand side of the road near Hemelincourt, only four miles down the road from Sapignies, which would leave me seven miles to do in the morning to get to Achicourt.

The field ambulance was most hospitable, gave me drinks, bath, shaving tackle and excellent dinner, and pyjamas, and my evening there shines in my memory as a very happy conclusion to the battle of Bapaume and the tragi-comedy of the medical cart.

I was up early and away, and arrived at Achicourt in good time and sent back the medical cart driver with a flea in his ear, and two horses, one blind one for the cart and one for Redman. It was the 1st September.

On the 2nd September the medical cart, complete with driver and orderly, arrived safely from Sapignies. We were billeted in a barn and two or three others and myself occupied a shed that we shared with chickens and farm carts. Madame, however, cooked well, and I well remember some excellent omelettes and fried potatoes.

Capture of Hindenburg Line and Switches

For the last week fierce fighting had been taking place in front of Arras and after a very stubborn and gallant struggle the Canadians had taken Monchy le Preux and Wancourt on the nights of the 26th and 27th August. In the night of the 28th they advanced and captured Chérisy and Vis-en-Artois and by the 31st had reached within a few hundred yards of the Wotan line which they took on 3rd September with extraordinary ease, considering the immense strength of the line.

During this period we were attached to the 56th Division who, in conjunction with the Canadians, took part in the capture of the Drocourt-Quéant switch of the Hindenburg line in front of Arras, to which the name Wotan Line had been given, and the subsequent battle of the Canal du Nord. The defences of the Wotan Line were considered by the Germans to be impregnable, and consisted of five lines one behind the other. The trenches were made exceptionally wide and deep with the object of being tank proof and the wiring of all five lines was very strong. This defence system was 4½ miles long and defended by no less than eleven German divisions.

Quéant, where the Wotan Line joined the Hindenburg line, was a vital pivot in the German defences and was captured by our Naval Division on the 2nd September.

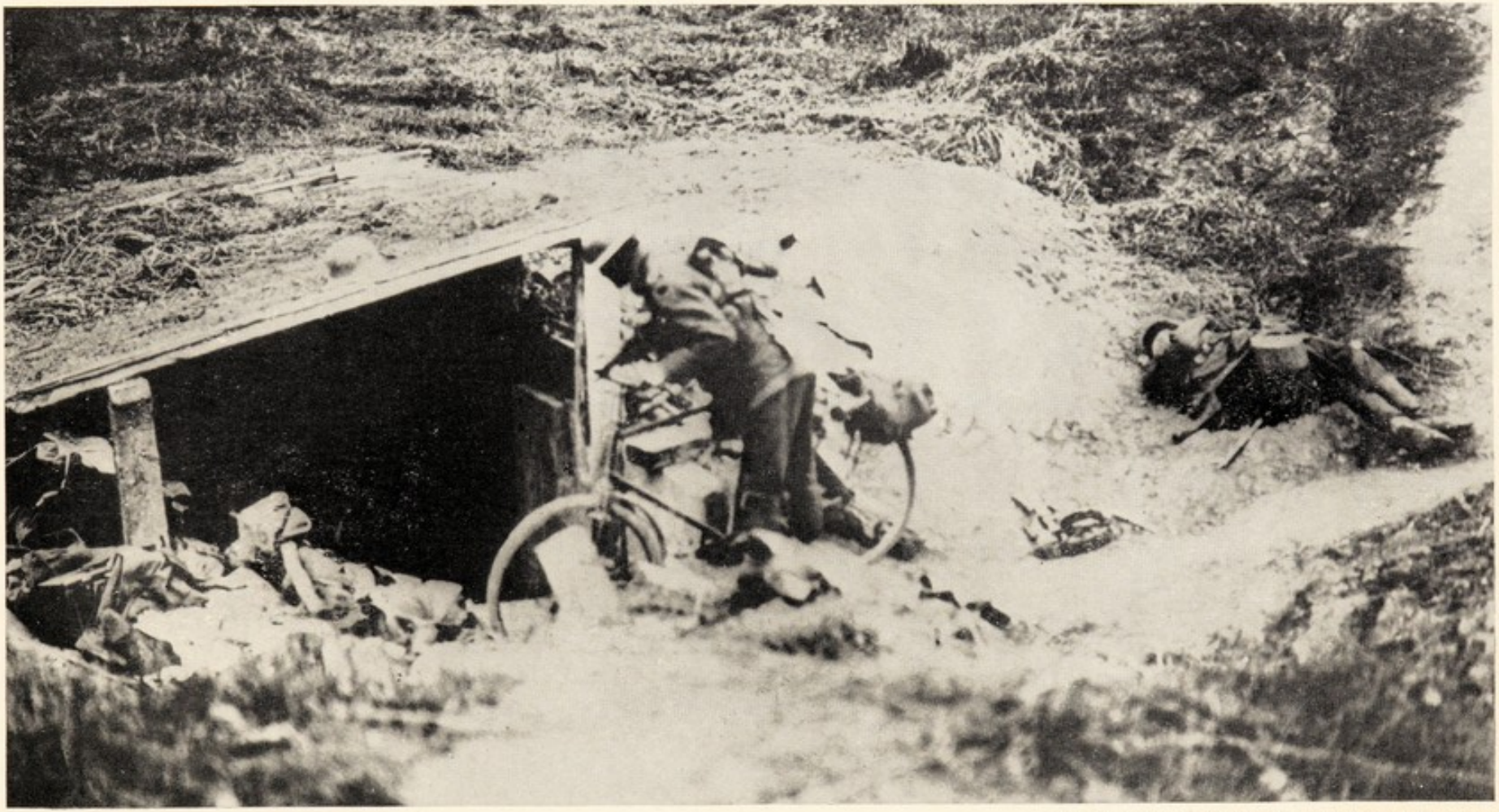
The comparatively easy capture of the line made it clear that the German morale was deteriorating in ordinary line battalions, although the morale of their machine-gunners remained excellent right up to the Armistice. Ten thousand prisoners were taken and the Germans retired to the eastern side of the Canal du Nord without offering any very serious opposition to our advance. Indeed, the

retreat of the Germans from the Wotan Line to the Canal du Nord almost became a rout, and the Canadians charged and broke up a fresh German division on its way forward to reinforce the Wotan Line defences.

Our trench maps of the late summer and autumn of 1918 printed the German divisions occupying the different sectors in two colours, green and red, those printed in green being considered of poor fighting quality, while those in red were divisions likely to put up a good fight. There was a large predominance of green and this increased rapidly until only a very occasional red was seen.

But even although G.H.Q. might believe that the German morale was poor in August, 1918, it must have needed great courage for Haig to give the order that threw our armies against the Hindenburg line, whose system of defence was as strong as human ingenuity of a high military order could make it. The line had at leisure been selected as the strongest possible as regards position, and infinite pains and labour had been expended in making it almost impregnable. Some writers say that this momentous and victorious decision was Haig's alone, and that Foch felt that he could not be responsible for ordering such an attack. It is clear, however, that whether the initial conception of an attack by the British Army on the Hindenburg line came from Haig or Foch, that at any rate Foch sanctioned the attack. It must have been a gamble, for if the defenders of the Hindenburg line had been of good fighting spirit the positions could not have been taken without appalling loss : such a loss as the country would probably have deeply resented. Haig certainly exhibited a supreme moral courage.

In the meanwhile, the 56th London Division had shown splendid gallantry in their tough fight for Croisselles, which they took on Aug. 29th, following this up with the capture of Bullecourt on 30th. Recourt, Dury and Cagnicourt were taken with very little resistance on 4th, and the Canadian Corps and 56th Division proceeded on Sept. 5th through Buissy, Barelle, Saudemont, Romancourt and Ecourt St. Quentin to their position on the Western side of the Canal du Nord, which they held until the fight of the Canal du Nord on 27th, when the enemy were again compelled to retreat from another strong position.



[*By kind permission of Imperial War Museum*

H.Q., 293RD ARMY BRIGADE, R.F.A., SEPTEMBER, 1918, DURY

(This photograph, showing Canadian cyclist and dead German, was taken before we occupied the dugout.)

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Chérisy

On the 4th Sept. our artillery brigade moved forward to Chérisy, just south of Vis-en-Artois. We first went to Boiry Notre Dame, north of Vis, but the batteries had hardly selected their position before the barrage was cancelled and the orders altered to Chérisy. Here I slept in a trench.

Dury

Next day, 7th, we moved forward to Dury, keeping Chérisy as our wagon lines. We were now behind the Wotan Line, and the villages were not nearly so badly knocked about, indeed, many of the houses were almost intact, but the village was now being shelled by the Germans.

A crucifix and a tiny grove of trees stood at the junction of three roads to the eastern end of Dury, and here I left my medical cart with Redman, as Brigade H.Q. were in a dugout 500 yards down the slope which was being lightly shelled and was in view of the enemy. Half-way between the crucifix and the H.Q. dugout there had been a German machine-gun post, which must have made a very gallant stand as a number of their dead lay there close together.

Saudemont

Dury and our H.Q. were heavily shelled on 8th and the night of the 8th to the 9th. On the 9th I collected Redman and my cart at the crucifix and established an aid post at Saudemont, which was about 3,000 yards from the Canal du Nord.

Ecourt St. Quentin was almost a continuation of Romancourt and only 1,000 yards from the Canal du Nord, and appeared to be the largest and most fashionable village of the district. There was a large lake with pleasure boats on it, and quite a respectable "High Street" and some ornate villas. All these villas were deserted, the inhabitants having been taken back by the Germans, but whether recently or not I could not tell. There were two German hospitals at Ecourt.

I had casualties daily and, as I was the only doctor in the village, felt that for the first time since I had been with the brigade I was justifying my existence as regards front-

line work, though the influenza had kept me busy for a month.

When we began to move forward on 21st August, Colonel Main suggested that I should pursue the usual practice and remain at the wagon lines. I pointed out, however, that while the wagon lines certainly was the best position for the M.O. in trench warfare, that with open warfare where wounds would take the place of sickness as the M.O.'s chief work, a central position as equi-distant as possible between the batteries would be the most useful place for the brigade aid post. He thereupon somewhat reluctantly agreed that I should accompany the batteries, but later acknowledged that my view was the correct one.

I well remember when walking from Saudemont to the Brigade H.Q., in front of Dury, up the slope with my back to the enemy, that if shelling was in progress I had a desire to look back frequently over my shoulder to see where the shells were bursting. This was not "correct" as being both useless from the point of view of dodging a burst, and as indicating a nervous consciousness of danger, and I had to make up my mind firmly not to do so. Being rather an imaginative and emotional individual, perhaps I got the wind up more than the average, but I fancy the majority of officers and men *felt* in a funk fairly frequently, but that did not matter, but what did matter and, indeed, was "impossible," was to show funk, especially before other ranks, as it was important for good morale that the officer should appear externally not to be conscious of danger.

For myself, I must acknowledge that my heart always quickened even to thumping when a shell burst anywhere near me when I was in the open, for my reason always told me that while the risk of a direct hit from a shell was very small, the chance of being hit by a flying fragment was considerable above ground level.

On 12th and 13th my aid post received direct hits but with only small stuff. The second one burst in the ground floor room that I used for dressings, and my trestle operating table had several bits of shell embedded in it. I found the nose cap and kept it as a souvenir. This hit occurred at an hour when, on the two previous days, I had been in the room attending to wounded, but on this occasion there were no casualties at that time and I had, therefore, retired to the cellar below.

Luck was again with me later when a battery to the south of the village sent for me to attend to a casualty. When about 100 yards from the battery I noticed that though the guns were there no men were visible. I, therefore, stood still and looked round and saw that the men had retired to cover a little way back. I made a right turn and a shell burst between me and the battery. If I had kept straight on instead of turning I should have been just about the spot where the shell burst. The guns had been temporarily left, as the Germans were registering direct hits on the battery position. I attended to the wounded officer who was on a stretcher, and accompanied him back to the advance dressing-station at Dury.

I had recommended Redman for promotion to Corporal as I had found him very reliable and efficient in the execution of his duties. If I told him to stop anywhere, e.g. Sapignies or the Dury crucifix, he would stop there until he heard from me again. He also maintained a sense of humour and an entirely unruffled manner in all circumstances. Unfortunately he was wounded in the foot at Saudemont by a shell that he ought to have missed. The street was being shelled regularly about every three minutes, but between shells it was absolutely safe and the interval gave plenty of time to go from aid post to headquarters or to retire to some funk hole if en route to a farther spot. Redman, however, despised German shells and would not hurry, and although his body was under cover when the shell burst, his foot was still in the street and got a bit gouged out of the heel down to, and including, the bone.

I evacuated him with the greatest regret, as I felt certain that I should not get his like again. I drew the attention of the C.O. to his services in the following letter, the carbon of which is in the old message book.

> I have the honour to report that my medical orderly, Corporal Redman, W. H., was this morning wounded while in the execution of his duty, and has been evacuated. Corporal Redman has throughout the Essarts-Bapaume fighting (21st August to 30th August) and particularly in my aid post established at the gun position in front of Buquoy on the 22nd August, in which cover from shell fire was poor, and also at my aid post in Saudemont which has been continually under shell fire, especially on the 12th and 13th inst., when the aid post sustained two direct hits,

> shown himself to be extremely cool, reliable and courageous and has displayed exceptional zeal and initiative. His example of cool and unruffled attention to duty has been of great value in allaying or preventing undue excitement.

To my great delight Corporal Redman was awarded the Military Medal, which he thoroughly deserved.

After my aid post had been hit twice it was not very satisfactory, being only a small two-roomed house with a tiny cellar below, and I moved into the cellars of the brewery opposite the church which had just been vacated by the personnel of a battery who were moving elsewhere. I dug below ground level and made a hole in the foundation wall sufficiently large to get a stretcher through (as the narrow winding steps were useless) and then these large comfortable cellars made an ideal shell- and bomb-proof aid post.

One fatal casualty is worth recording as a curiosity. It was a man who appeared to have a safe and cushy job. He was, I think, a butcher or storekeeper, anyhow his place was a cellar like my new aid post, and looked perfectly safe, with a big building overhead and deep cellars with a little air inlet 18 in. by 6 in. on the ground level. A shell burst outside, a bit came through the air inlet and went through his head and killed him instantly. No wonder the men became fatalists and said : "If one is marked for you it will find you wherever you are."

Another casualty was the subject of a letter I find in my message book, which had a comic element, for I did not know how to evacuate the man (a walking case) as he had no boots. The message was :

> Corporal Couline of your battery was brought to my aid post this morning as he was shaken after being buried in his cellar by explosion of bomb. He was brought without tunic or boots. His size boots are sevens and his size tunic 5 ft. 6 ins., size 10. Perhaps you can obtain these from some fatal casualties; kindly send boots by bearer.

He was brought to me on a stretcher believed to be dying, as he was apparently concussed when found. But he soon recovered at the aid post and seemed little the worse.

The Marble Bust

One day a big bug in the medical line, a D.D.M.S., came to call, and I said: "You ought to see the German hospitals at Ecourt." He had a car, so we buzzed off. Now I had noticed a charming marble bust of a girl in one of the villas, and as the place was being shelled and getting, of course, more knocked about every day, it seemed a pity to leave it to be destroyed. I thought the D.D.M.S. might be interested, and he was, and put the marble bust in his car. Some months later I went to Adastral House to interview the authority in charge of the demobilisation of territorial doctors, and was ushered into the office of the great man. I looked at him, he looked at me and said: "We've met before." I replied: "Yes, what about the marble bust?" We both laughed and I got my demobilisation.

Reprisals

On Sunday, 15th September, 1918, my mind went back to that day two years before. The rapidity, ease and cheapness with which our armies were advancing all along the line now, compared with the slow, difficult and expensive advance in 1916, made it clear that if we did not overreach ourselves we must soon be carrying the war into the enemy's country.

I had always been greatly opposed to reprisals as we were fighting for the express purpose of maintaining a higher code of political, naval and military morals than that accepted and followed by the Germans. We were spending our blood and treasure in maintaining that might did not confer right to enforce anything but justice and humanity. To achieve temporary success we must never descend to the level of reprisals, if such reprisal entailed any lowering whatever of our own moral code, as this would really signify a moral victory to the enemy.

I set down my feelings on the subject in these verses:

"VICTORY"

15th September, 1918

Now we advance on our retreating foe
Guard the flag well from stain of hate or lust
Safe in your keeping may its glory grow,
Shoot straight, bomb true, drive home the bayonet thrust.

But for our honour's sake the wounded tend,
Give quarter to the captive of your sword
Like men and British soldiers to the end
Fighters for freedom, not a hunnish horde.

May the four crosses on our Union Jack
For courage, truth, justice, compassion stand ;
It is not meet for *us* to hew and hack
Merciless wastes across a tortured land.

Our home of Shakespeare, Nelson, Gordon, Pitt,
Cannot be blinded by insensate hate,
But knows that tenderness and courage sit
Twin guardians at our mighty Empire's gate.

We'll prove ourselves for all the world to see
There in each German hamlet, town or farm,
That we can fight and beat them honestly
And never old man, woman, child find harm.

There by the blood the British Army bleeds,
By children's prattle of their soldier friend,
By women's gratitude for chivalrous deeds
We'll raise a monument that will not end.

A monument more lasting than Stonehenge
To Britain's flag and Britain's dead 'twill be
Thus only shall we earn a true revenge,
Thus only win the supreme victory.

Unwelcome Orders

On my first day at Saudemont I received orders to report forthwith to D.D.M.S. Etaples for duty. Some months before I had run into Colonel Gibbard, who was D.D.M.S. Corps something on the Somme, and he had been surprised at seeing me, a captain with Field Artillery, and had said : "Bayly, you ought not to be here ; you ought to be commanding a division at a V.D. hospital." I said that I was happy where I was for the summer but that I should like promotion and a V.D. hospital in the winter. I then forgot all about it until I received this chit at Saudemont, at a moment when it was impossible for me to leave the Brigade, as I was getting casualties daily and was, as far as I could make out, the only doctor in the four villages, Saudemont, Romancourt, Recourt, and Ecourt St. Quentin. So I replied, on the 15th, explaining the situation and

asking whether I could remain in my present post until the end of the month.

I received the order through the Canadian Corps, but later we were transferred to the XXII Corps, so as I had received no further communication I did not know whether my request to stop for a month had been granted or whether I was disobeying orders, or whether the Etaples job had been filled. On the 25th I got the Colonel to put another letter through.

Battle of Canal du Nord

On the 26th I received the following notice of medical arrangements for the coming Canal du Nord fight, which were so extremely explicit and good, indeed, almost perfect, that they are worth recording. All necessary information, nothing left out, in sixteen short paragraphs, taking only one sheet of foolscap ! The brevity was most valuable. In paragraph 13, A.T.S. means anti-tetanic serum, which was an injection of serum under the skin to prevent lockjaw or tetanus which was tragically common in the early days of the war.

XXII CORPS

MEDICAL ARRANGEMENTS NO. 5

The 56th Division will co-operate with the Canadian Corps in further offensive operations in front of Cambrai on a date which will be notified to all concerned.

Evacuation of Sick and Wounded

1. Wounded will be evacuated under Divisional arrangements to main dressing stations (2/3rd London Field Ambulance Vis-en-Artois for 56th Division).

From Main Dressing Station wounded will be evacuated to the Agnez-le-Duisans Group of Casualty Clearing Stations, Nos. 1 and 4 Canadian and 23 and 42 Motor Ambulance Convoy.

2. Walking wounded to Agnez-les-Duisans by M.A.C. car and motor lorry from Walking Wounded post at O.24.c.3.2. for 56th Division.

3. O.C. 42nd M.A.C. will be in charge of all road evacuations including lorries, from Divisional Main Dressing Stations. He will work in liaison with O.C. 2/3rd London Field Ambulance.

4. All clerking of cases 56th Division will be carried out at the Casualty Clearing Stations during the offensive.

5. Food and hot drinks will be provided to Walking Wounded cases at O.24 c.3.2.

6. Particular attention must be given to return of Stretchers and Blankets, hot water bottles, etc., by M.A.C. cars at Casualty Clearing Stations, the pro-forma tally being filled in as per D.M.S. instructions.

Especial attention must be paid to the collection and labelling of personal articles, articles of sentimental interest etc., of wounded officers and men, receipts being given in every case.

7. Centre for gassed cases, 2/1 Highland Field Ambulance. Ecoivres.

8. Advanced Dressing Station 56th Divisions : P.21a.7.3. Dury. O.34.d.4.4. Tannery Buildings.

9. Motor Ambulance Convoy. No. 42. A.C.Q.

10. Medical Stores. No. 33, Advanced Depot Medical Stores. M.33.c. Sh. 5 lb.

11. A.D.M.S. who are participating in active operation will arrange to send to D.D.M.S. the following :

(*a*) Casualty Wire to reach D.D.M.S. Office as soon after as possible, giving casualties for previous 12 hours, 6 a.m. and 6 p.m.
(*b*) Daily medical situation 6 p.m.
(*c*) Short diary of events daily 6 p.m.

12. In order to save wastage, sick cases likely to be well within a few days should be retained in Main Dressing Stations or transferred to Corps Rest Station.

13. A. T. S. will be given at Casualty Clearing Station, except in cases where the patient has been lying out for 6 hours or over, when it will be given at Advanced Dressing Stations, "T" being marked on left wrist and entered in the tally or Field Medical Card.

14. Morphia, whenever given, should rarely exceed ¼ grain. "M" should be marked in indelible pencil on forehead and the amount on tally or Field Medical Card.

15. As the advance progresses, O.C. 42nd M.A.C. will be prepared to send Ambulance cars and lorries to TANNERY BUILDINGS, P.34.d.4.4.

Motor lorries will fly distinguishing signs, "Walking Wounded" and "Red Cross."

A.D.M.S. 56th Division should arrange to ration drivers after their unexpended portion for the day is consumed.

16. Special centre for Self Inflicted Wounded, infectious cases and N.Y.D.N. to No. 12 Stationary Hospital, St. POL.

ACKNOWLEDGE, Divisions only.

On the 27th the batteries carried out the longest shoot that had occurred in my time with the brigade—twelve hours' continuous firing beginning at 5.20 a.m. It was a preparatory barrage for our infantry to capture the German position across the Canal du Nord.

The barrage was divided into two parts, the first "creeping," that is, going forward—the second "rolling," from right to left. Our infantry having crossed the canal would then turn left handed and take the strong German positions running along the other side of the canal in flank.

Our attack was completed successfully and this strong position fell at comparatively small cost to our troops.

The 2nd Brigade of Guards with the 1st Battalion Scots Guards took a leading part in the battle of the Canal du Nord on 27th September. The brigade front was roughly on a line drawn from the southern side of the Bapaume-Cambrai road (1,000 yards from the Canal du Nord) to the northern side of the Demicourt-Flesquières road (100 yards from the Canal du Nord). The 1st Scots Guards were provided with ladders for scaling the eastern side of the canal.

Zero was at 5.20 a.m. and the Canal du Nord was crossed with the help of the ladders with less difficulty than expected, and the Hindenburg support line of trenches 1,000 yards to the east of the canal, which formed the objective, was captured at 7 a.m.

The Hindenburg support line behind the Canal du Nord was the last of the German strongly fortified positions, and its capture meant that the last important obstacle to our advance had been passed, and that the end of the war was in sight.

During the day I received a communication through the Canadian Corps dated the 29th stating :

> With reference to your No.3046/6/33 dated 15.19.18., the move of Capt. H. W. Bayly, R.A.M.C., T.F., Medical Officer in Charge 293rd (Army) Brigade, R.F.A. to No. 51 General Hospital may be held in abeyance until the end of the present month. Please report departure in due course.

On the 29th at 5 a.m. the brigade moved back to between Fontain and Chérisy. The driver of my medical

cart and the new medical orderly both overslept themselves and I woke first and had to find and rouse them as A battery had already moved.

Bombed

After turning them out I was retiring to the aid post when an enemy plane came over and laid an egg which could not have fallen at a very great distance from me as I was thrown back against a wall and saw a great flash. I was, however, quite unhurt but I noticed that from then the hearing of my left ear was impaired and later I became stone deaf on that side.

On the 30th to my surprise and grief my relief reported himself, and on the 1st October the brigade moved off (I nearly wept) and I lorry-jumped to Duisans, where No. 6 hospital train very kindly gave me a lift to Etaples, where I arrived at 1.30 a.m. and was driven to 51st General Hospital by a pretty, young and efficient gentlewoman driver.

51st General Hospital, Etaples

I reported next day to the D.D.M.S., Colonel Burfoot, whom I had met many years before at St. Lucia in the West Indies, and he told me that the post for which I had been wanted was now filled, and that I was supernumerary. I had, therefore, been taken from my artillery brigade where I *was* some use, to a hospital where I was not wanted.

I applied for leave, which was granted, and I left Etaples at 2 a.m. on the 10th October, reaching home by 5 p.m.

Part II

WHIRLIGIGS



LEEDS
REFERENCE
LIBRARY

THE AUTHOR, 1918

CHAPTER IX

DEMOBILISATION AND DISILLUSION

Decorations ; Marshal Foch ; Guards Memorials

MY leave ended on a Sunday ; I was then living just outside London, to which electric trains ran frequently. I went to the station expecting to reach Victoria with a quarter of an hour to spare, but found no trains to London for an hour. I had forgotten that the weekday and Sunday train services were different. There were no taxis, it was about 6.30 a.m. and no garage within a considerable distance. I had missed my leave train !

Later in the day I went to the War Office to apologise and receive a wigging, but to my surprise was greeted with something like this : "I am so glad you did not go back, as we wanted to see you. We recommended you for a command when you went overseas last time, and as you did not get it then we will see that you do now. You will have an extension of leave and your command appointment will be communicated to you later." This was, I think, the only time I ever disobeyed an order during my war service, and then only unintentionally, with the result that I was promoted !

Not wishing to return to Etaples in a subordinate position in my own speciality, I was pleased and hoped to obtain the command of a field ambulance under orders for France, and if not, then of a venereal division at home for the winter.

To my great disappointment I was appointed to the command of the 310th London Field Ambulance of the Eastern Command, and gazetted as Major. Home Field Ambulances were then depleted of officers, except the C.O. and Quartermaster, and were only about half strength in men. My A.D.M.S. sent me orders that while I was in command I was to hold the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, so that I held three ranks at the same time—local Lieut.-Colonel ; Acting Major ; substantive Captain ! When summoned to

an Investiture soon after demobilisation I did not know what badges of rank to wear so wrote up for instructions, and was told "Major."

The Ambulance was stationed at Thetford, and I took over on 28th October, 1918. My heart was with the 293rd Brigade R.F.A. and I felt depressed.

On the 30th October I heard from Colonel Main that I had been awarded the M.C., enclosing the official notification of the 56th Division, dated the 19th October, and adding :

> I wish you were with us now—the fighting is good value and we revel in moving from one billet to another, each more comfortable than the last.
>
> So long, old man, and the very best of luck. The blind horse still pulls the medical cart, but we are investing in a pair of donkeys in lieu.

Decorations

I was glad to get the M.C. because it meant that the C.O. thought I had, at any rate, tried to do my best for the Brigade, but, of course, everyone who had been out there knows that, with the exception of the V.C., decorations are apt to convey to the ignorant civilian the entirely false impression that the recipient has done something of outstanding merit compared with those who did not happen to catch the speaker's eye. It is all a matter of luck.

If the D.S.O. and M.C. had only been awarded for service in action they would have been much more valued. Let those behind the line have as many decorations as they want but not the *same* decoration as the fighting men. The distribution of the O.B.E. at home in 1918 became a popular and even a music-hall joke, and an award was generally greeted with "Poor Fellow ! but I fear he deserved it !"

The value of a D.S.O. varied inversely as the seniority of its recipient. It was merely a ration to commanding officers of a year's seniority, while if awarded to a subaltern for gallantry in the field during 1918 it was almost worth a V.C.

Both D.S.O.s and M.C.s varied in value according to the period during which they were awarded, for after the Order of the British Empire was instituted in 1917, M.C.s

and, to a certain extent, D.S.O.s, were not given to persons who had never been at the front.

The distribution of the 1914-15 Star, probably the most valued decoration amongst civilian soldiers as indicating voluntary service rather than conscription, was most unfair, as it was only awarded to those who served on or overseas. Any credit accruing to this Star was that of giving up a civilian job and answering the country's call voluntarily and without compulsion, and those who were retained at home, often to their great grief, were surely just as entitled to this decoration as those whose duty happened to take them overseas. Anyone who served in a "Theatre of War" in 1914 or 1915 received the star whether "Theatre of War" meant a fighting area or a peaceful station well behind the danger zone.

One week or even one day's duty at a safe base in France would entitle a man to the 1914-15 Star; for instance, to my knowledge an officer of the Flying Corps who throughout the War was a clerk at Adastral House or the Cecil, went over to Dunkirk for a few days' duty (not fighting duty) and received this decoration, while other members of the Flying Corps who joined up in 1915, but who were not sent overseas until 1916, although they then were employed in front-line work, never received this Star.

A similar absurd distribution of medals occurred after the South African War when those who went out early and bore the brunt of the fighting and sickness, and returned after having served in the field for six months after King Edward's accession, only received the Queen's Medal, while those who came out in June, 1900, after Pretoria had fallen and the big fighting was over, and remained till the end of 1901, received both the King's Medal and the Queen's Medal. It would appear just and reasonable that anyone engaged in a campaign occurring during a sovereign's reign should be entitled to receive that sovereign's medal for it.

In front-line units the distribution of decorations was often purely farcical, and when a decoration was awarded for some brilliant work by a patrol consisting of only a few men, or even by a platoon, the men are reported on several occasions to have "tossed" for it.

When a battalion does a particularly fine bit of work,

such as holding a position until almost wiped out, the *battalion* should be given a decoration, badge, or token to be worn in perpetuity, which would serve to commemorate the occasion and would be excellent for *esprit de corps*. Perhaps *all* survivors might receive some additional star or badge.

The dishing out of decorations at the base was little short of scandalous and the most bedecked officers often were those who were always well behind the danger zone.

Armistice

I was still at Thetford, Norfolk, when the Armistice telegram arrived. I paraded the Ambulance, made a very short speech, let as many as possible have the rest of the day off duty, and dashed up to London with just time to crack a bottle of champagne with my wife before returning. As there were several bad influenza cases in hospital I could not stay the night in London and so missed the wild excitement which seemed to infect everyone. Personally, I was disappointed that we had accepted an Armistice before the German civilians had had war brought into their country. I felt that until the Germans had *seen* a victorious Franco-British army marching through their land they would never realise that they had been beaten in the field. Our new bombing planes were just ready, we had the German Army on the run, and to my mind the terms of Armistice and Peace should have been dictated in Berlin. Instead of feeling exhilarated by the Armistice, I felt depressed.

Horrors of War and Peace

Probably peace and luxury have destroyed more nations than war and privation. The parrot-like lamentations of the "Horrors of War" which have been heard everywhere during the last few years in Press, on platform, and in private conversation, are wearisome.

Speaking personally, my periods of active service in South Africa, and in the Navy, and in France and Flanders, have been the happiest times of my life. The comradeship of men doing men's work, work clearly set out, with no responsibility beyond one's own definite job, no financial worries, sufficient unto the day was the unpleasantness or the pleasure thereof! The intense joy of the first twenty-four hours in a back area, of leave, of a bed, of a poor lunch

at an indifferent restaurant, of sleep, of warmth ! And also the joy of going into the line again, getting back to the fundamentals of life and its simplicities, work, life, death, duty, friendship. It is contrast alone that can give us the truest delight, and war consists of a series of contrasts : monotony punctuated with thrills, discomfort with spasms of delight, danger followed by a delicious appreciation of safety !

During November and December, 1918, and January, 1919, an epidemic of influenza swept over England, severe enough to justify it being placed in the category of great plagues. The total British death roll in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Flanders, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Palestine and Mesopotamia was more than one million, and in England there was a great shortage of nurses, while undertakers were quite unable to meet with the demand for coffins. It was not rare to have two dead in one house, and whole houses were often down with the infection at the same time.

My ambulance ran a small hospital which was fortunate in having very few deaths. I took some of the windows out and opened the others wide with strict orders that they were never to be closed, fed the patients up and gave them wine. When visiting several large hospitals (temporary military) it seemed to me that the fresh air circulation could frequently have been greatly increased and I formed the opinion that, roughly, the deaths varied inversely as the ventilation, viz., the greater the ventilation the less the deaths, and vice versa.

Now the influenza epidemic *was* horrible. It killed as many as the War, it left perhaps a young daughter with both parents dead in the house and no doctor, nurse, or undertaker available, it had no joyous stimulating, enrapturing side, it was all horrible. Yet, who now talks about or even remembers the "Horrors of Influenza ?" Are the nations consulting together how to prevent the recurrence of such an epidemic ? Are all the great scientists labouring at its prevention, and do politicians make its abolition a plank in their platforms ? I am afraid not, but when the present feminist period has passed I fancy we shall not hear so much of the "Horrors of War." Then perhaps we shall grapple with the real horrors, the dread of no work and penury (I know this dread), the horror of influenza, cancer, tuberculosis and syphilis.

Vain Applications for Work

On the 14th November I applied to the War Office for an appointment in my own particular branch of medicine and received a reply dated the 23rd November stating that my request had been noted—the last I heard of it.

Towards the end of January, I wrote to Dr. Addison at the Local Government Board asking to be appointed to some venereal post under the new ministry that was about to be formed, or to some venereal clinic, attaching to my request my record of hospital appointments and contributions to medical literature on the subject, together with copies of testimonials from Sir Humphrey Rolleston (now Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge University) and Colonel L. W. Harrison (now Special Medical Officer for Venereal Disease to the Ministry of Health) both stating that I had specialised in the study of venereal disease and written considerably on the subject for the past ten years.

I received a reply dated 7th January, 1919, stating that

> Dr. Addison will have a note made of your name and qualifications so that if an opportunity occurs of making use of the services which you are good enough to offer, a further communication may be addressed to you.

But no further communication came. I, therefore, wrote to Sir Owen Philipps (now Lord Kylsant) who most kindly gave me a letter to Sir Auckland Geddes, then Minister of Reconstruction—but nothing came of that.

I was demobilised on 11th February, my rank then being Lieut.-Colonel, but I only received the gratuity of a captain.

Cut Gratuities

I went to the R.A.M.C. Bank (Holt's) and pointed out to them that an Army Order of 1915 laid down that the gratuity would be based on the rate of pay held at the time of demobilisation. The bank official said that the refusal of the Army authorities to pay the gratuity on acting rank was a clear breach of contract by the War Office, but that unfortunately no action at law would lie, although one would certainly lie against a civilian employer in similar circumstances. As a very large number, indeed the majority, of officers were acting rank, the Government by this meanness hoped

to save a considerable amount of money. The outcry, however, against such an iniquitous decision was so great that eventually the War Office agreed to pay the gratuity of acting ranks *providing* such acting ranks had been held for six *months*. I had only held mine for 3½ months, so I was amongst the unlucky ones. We were, however, too few to be a menace, and so the War Office could afford to ignore us.

Sir Laurence Philipps

My gratuity amounted to about £200 and I should have been in a tight corner had I not just before demobilisation run into Laurence Philipps (now a baronet) a friend of my boyhood, who most generously offered to finance my return to Harley Street. Without his help I should have had a terrible struggle, as my practice and investments had vanished during the War.

He also founded and endowed a hospital for shell-shocked officers. If others whose financial position was better at the end than at the beginning of the War had similarly used part of this increase to help those who had been ruined by their war service financially, and often in health as well, a great deal of bitterness would have been saved those officers and men whose only fault was that they had joined up in 1914 without counting the cost.

Doctor Profiteers

Owing to the shortage of civilian medical men at home, many stay-at-home doctors materially improved their financial positions during the War, and a few made considerable fortunes, especially if they sympathetically supported the pleas of some of their patients who were of military age, that their health did not permit of military service.

More than one heart and lung specialist had an unenviable reputation by the end of the War. I do not for a moment suggest that the percentage of black sheep was higher in the medical profession than amongst any other body of men, quite the contrary, but the few black sheep that there were had opportunities of enriching themselves, and seized them.

It is clear that the civilian population had to have their medical requirements provided for, and everyone

agrees that civilian doctors worked extremely hard during the War, but yet there is no doubt that the man at the front was handicapped very severely and in many cases came back after four years' absence from his practice to find it vanished beyond recall—and in addition he often returned with impaired health.

Struggle

Like the majority of temporary soldiers I returned to civil life richer by the memory of having shared a great adventure with comrades from every part of the Empire, with a knowledge that the ordeal of war had taught us the difference between true and false values, with a sense of comradeship with those who had shared our life overseas that will bring all classes of ex-Service men together while life remains to them ; but poorer in pocket, with the permanent handicap of more than four years' absence from the home, industrial, or professional fight, and with the knowledge that the stay-at-homes had dug themselves into the best jobs, that it is the patriot who generally pays, and that many post-War honours go not to the fighters, but to the profiteers who made gain out of their country's troubles and their defenders' blood.

I was still unemployed in March, 1919, so on the 27th wrote again to Dr. Addison, reminding him of my January letter, but to this I received no reply, *except* an acknowledgement of my communication.

In April I wrote to the Secretary of St. George's Hospital asking whether a minor appointment that I had held there before the War was still open for me, and what was the present salary. A reply dated the 23rd April, 1919, stated that the appointment would be open for me, that the salary was the same as before the War, £150 per annum, for four hours a day work. I wrote again asking whether the salary could not be raised in view of the fact that the cost of living had doubled, but was told "No," so declined the appointment and in the letter stating my inability to return to the post pointed out that the salary offered by the hospital for this very expert work only amounted to 2s. 9d. per hour, which was less than the existing wages of plumbers or carpenters.

Soon after this I obtained temporary employment under the Ministry of Pensions as a member of a medical board ;

but these boards were reduced in number towards the end of the year.

It was a curious fact that the first members of medical boards to be discharged were almost always those medical officers who had spent most of their service in the field, while the last to go were those who had remained at home all the war and were carrying on their private practices at the same time as their Pensions work, and whose only connection with the Army was their uniform. These latter had dug themselves in, and limpet-like clung to their soft jobs to the bitter end although men who had lost their practices owing to long absence overseas were discharged to penury. The appointment of Bacteriologist of the Mount Vernon Hospital, which I had held before the War, had been left open for me and I returned to it. This appointment was extremely well paid for the amount of work demanded; being £150 per annum and not occupying more than about four hours per week. The work could well have been done by one of the junior resident medical officers, and when the hospital was obliged to review its finances I at once agreed that my appointment ought in the interests of the hospital to be ended.

So at the end of 1919, I found myself in a large and expensive house in Harley Street, without any hospital appointment, without any office-carrying salary, and without a practice, as I had been away too long and my connection had vanished.

Before the War I had established a certain position owing to my pioneer work in my own speciality in which there were not many doctors practising, but during the War a very large number of medical officers spent some part of their service in hospitals devoted to the treatment of the diseases in which I had specialised, so that after the War the number of doctors who practised as specialists in these diseases was very greatly increased, while the number of G.P.s sending such cases on to specialists was diminished. On the top of this came the establishment of free clinics by the Ministry of Health, where all persons suffering from venereal diseases, quite independently of income, could be treated gratuitously by the State. It always appeared to me as economically unsound, that these particular diseases should in every case be open to free treatment at the taxpayers' expense, while sufferers from other diseases (over

which the individual had no control, such as tuberculosis or cancer) were only admitted to free treatment if their income was below a certain figure.

Altogether, it was clear that a hard struggle for existence lay before me.

Throughout my efforts to re-establish myself in professional and other civilian activities I have taken every opportunity of renewing my Wartime associations, but I will only instance four.

Foch

In 1924 or 1925 I was serving on the Executive Committee of an organization that has since become defunct, called "The Friends of France," and as such I formed one of a deputation to meet and welcome Marshal Foch on his arrival on one of his few visits to London. He had all the stigmata of real greatness ; he arrived in civilian dress wearing an overcoat and bowler hat that had seen much service ; his simplicity, contempt of show, lack of conceit and swagger, and his desire to show everyone that he felt he was amongst friends, were obvious to all. Yet that elderly man in shabby civilian clothes not only dominated the scene and made our "smart" staff officers look like supers at the play, but infused around him an atmosphere of enthusiasm, homage, devotion and affection.

He evidently mistook me for somebody of importance, for he held my hand for so long I did not know how to get it away and retire to the background, but while clasping his hand and looking at his fine face I understood why it was that Foch alone of all the French and English generals *could* have held the supreme command and have won and held loyalty and trust from all ranks of all armies of both nations. Nearly all great soldiers of the first rank who spring to mind from the pages of history have had so much pride and conceit and belief in their personal star that a certain arrogance has been considered typical of martial pre-eminence. Foch was surely one of the greatest of the great soldiers ; yet he was entirely free from arrogance.

Guards Division Memorials

On the 16th October, 1926, the Duke of Connaught unveiled the Guards Division Memorial on the Horse Guards Parade at noon. Directions had been issued to

ex-members of the Division to parade in mufti and medals at 9.30 a.m. at Chelsea Barracks from which we were marched off by regiments to Whitehall. After the ceremony we marched back to Chelsea Barracks to be dismissed. Very few 1916 officers were present; indeed, there were no great number left and I met only one I knew.

I believe that some hospitality was extended by serving N.C.O.s and men to the ex-Service other ranks, many of whom had made long journeys to attend, but no arrangements of any kind were made in regard to officers, who fell in without welcome and were dismissed without word : as strangers we came and as strangers departed. No other country and no other Army in the world probably would have let such an occasion go by in cold silence. We British are a curious race in our reserve, aloofness and indifference to those of ourselves whom we have never met before.

On the 21st October, 1928, General Feilding unveiled the Guards Division Memorial on the left of the Ginchy-Les Boeufs road at about the position where it had been crossed by the green line. The ceremony and invitation to ex-members of the Division had been very poorly advertised so that many were unaware of the occasion until after it had taken place. Ex-officers were given the option of attending in uniform or in mufti with medals, but the few ex-temporary officers who attended were all in mufti.

Very few of the serving officers and men of the regimental detachments had been present at the engagements in which those to whom the Memorial was dedicated had fallen.

I was much struck by the graceful expressions of affection and appreciation from the people of France that formed a delightful and happy portion of that hour of stirring memories.

I drew attention to this pleasant feature in a letter to the *Morning Post* of the 24th October :

> Across the street of Ginchy village stretched a streamer bearing, in French, the words :
>
> "To them the Glory, to us the Memory."
>
> Speeches eloquent and generous in friendly gratitude were given by official representatives of the Army, the Department, and the village, and a number of children laid little bunches of wild flowers at the foot of the Memorial.

Just as the ceremony was about to begin, a car arrived with three ex-officers of the French Army who had served with the Guards Division as liaison officers. They had received no notice of the ceremony until one of them saw an announcement in the morning's paper in Paris, which gave, however, neither the place nor the time of the ceremony. Nevertheless, one immediately got in touch with the other two and started for the old front line nearly one hundred miles away. They told us later that every year a Guards Division dinner was held in Paris, where all those who had served with the Division renewed their memory of a comradeship with the British Army, that they clearly prized very highly.

There are three inscriptions on the memorial, that on the front being :

In memory of those officers, warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Guards Division who gave their lives to their country in the month of September, 1916, in the actions which took place at Ginchy and Les Boeufs.

Round the base was inscribed :

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends ;

and at the back :

This Memorial replaces the wooden cross erected close to this site immediately after the battles of September, 1916.

The simple ceremony impressed me deeply, far more than the more elaborate one in London two years before, but this may perhaps have been due to the close personal association with the site of the Memorial, which was within a few yards of the spot where I was wounded.

An official luncheon was held at the hotel in Albert after the ceremony, with Colonel Bartholomew representing the French Army, the Sous-Préfet of Peronne, and the Mayor of Ginchy as the principal guests. I sat opposite General Ponsonby who commanded the 2nd Guards Brigade in September, 1916. He appeared to me to be unchanged. He was a man with a remarkable personality, a great sense of humour and abundant common sense, a confirmed leg-puller who used ridicule as his favourite

method of rebuke or instruction. He put his finger on weak points of argument or action with remarkable precision while conveying the impression to the casual observer who knew him not that he was a fool. He had a high arch to his palate and until one became accustomed to his conversational accent he was difficult to understand, but his word of command was excellent. He was very just, and a kindness of heart lay behind his brusque manner. Everybody in the Brigade liked and trusted him and delighted in his humour, which provided a fund of anecdote.

Scots Guards Association

On the 11th May, 1929, I attended the 16th Annual Dinner of the London Branch of the Scots Guards Association, with Colonel F. Alston in the Chair.

Field-Marshal Lord Methuen proposed the health of the regiment in a speech that evidently came straight from his heart, and certainly found a response in every heart present.

It was 29 years since I had last heard his voice, when his column occupied the little Transvaal village of Lindley, where I was lying ill with enteric fever, when he made a visit to the "hospitals," which consisted of a mud-floored church and two other small buildings, and spoke a kindly word to me.

Lord Methuen was beloved by his troops in South Africa, and now in his eighty-fifth year he remained a fine example of the "happy warrior" in old age, loving his regiment and loved by it, to the end.

CHAPTER X

THE POST WAR POLITICAL WHIRLIGIG
1918–1922

Horatio Bottomley ; John Ward ; Labour Party Anti-Waste League ; Plymouth ; The Honours Scandal ; Whither Democracy?

Coalition Government

TOWARDS the middle of 1920, I began to be keenly interested in the political situation and came to the conclusion that the Coalition Government must be looked upon as a failure, as consisting largely of a chattering mutual admiration society, quite unable to deal with realities. Efficient parliamentary criticism was impossible, all parties by compromise were surrendering principle, wild extravagance persisted, yet our Air Defence was dangerously reduced, the sale of honours was becoming a scandal, and the country was showing no signs, either as regards trade, unemployment, or improved inter-class feeling, of a return to prosperity.

The country appeared to be suffering inside and outside Parliament from a lamentable shortage of men of courage and determination, clearly due to the fact that such men had volunteered for service early in the War, and that a great number of them had laid down their lives for their country. So that those, or many of them, who now had the most influence were those who had gained position, power and wealth by remaining at home and seizing the many opportunities for advancement that occurred under the exceptional conditions prevailing during the War period.

Mr. Bottomley

An independent National Party seemed necessary to break up the Coalition and rouse the people to protest and action. Mr. Horatio Bottomley was trying to form a party somewhat of this nature, and General Townshend (of Kut)

had recently been elected on an independent ticket under the auspices of Mr. Bottomley.

I had an appointment with him at 26 King Street, St. James's, on 7th October, and was shown into a waiting-room that afforded me some amusement. It contained three large pictures, one of Julius Cæsar, one of Napoleon Bonaparte, and one of Horatio Bottomley, and round the room, above the dado, ran a frieze of photographs of Mr. Bottomley in the trenches, in tin hat and gas mask, in the thick of it! On one occasion Mr. Bottomley had clearly obtained permission to visit the trenches and must have taken his press photographer with him!

After a while I was conducted to Mr. Bottomley's office. He gave me the impression of great shrewdness, great showmanship, and immense conceit, but he had none of the simplicity or trust-compelling magnetism of real greatness. He said that a London constituency was an expensive matter, but that he could practically guarantee me a seat in the House of Commons if £2,000 could be spent on the fight, of which he was prepared to contribute one half. I said that I would think it over.

Colonel John Ward

Not long afterwards my wife and I dined with our friends Colonel and Mrs. John Ward at the House of Commons, and I told the Colonel of my interview. He let go one of his great laughs and said: "Bottomley's elections are won by *John Bull* and posters, and I don't suppose they cost £500, for his fights are also 'copy' for his paper. If I were you I shouldn't touch it."

So I did not. He told me that once he was having a chat with Bottomley about something that the latter had done and that he said "but was that quite cricket?" to which Bottomley replied: "The world is divided, Ward, into two classes, flats and sharps—which are you?"

Colonel and Mrs. John Ward were both remarkable and admirable, and by force of character and personality compelled attention. Originally a navvy, John Ward became the Navvies' M.P. and a member of the Labour Party. But he was essentially National and patriotic and a believer in the Union Jack, and he could not agree to the internationalism and red-flag-wagging of the Labour Party of that time, so he left it and became an Independent.

Mrs. Ward was a noble woman filled with a sense of idealistic duty, service and sympathy. She remained a member of the Labour Party. She knew of my difficulties in joining any of the political Parties and, indeed, told me that politics was a hard and not too clean game, and that I was too much of an idealist to make any success of it. John Ward and his wife were typical of those fine characteristics that distinguished the best of the weekly wage-earners of the last generation, whose honour and patriotism were the most priceless possessions of their country.

I then thought that I would find out whether it would be possible for me with my strong national and constitutional opinions, my belief in economy, Imperial preference, and modified protection, my conviction of the necessity of an increased Air Service, and my opposition to class warfare, conscientiously to join the Labour Party, with whose desire to improve the standard of living of the weekly wage earners I was in complete accord.

Ideals and Policy

My difficulty in permanently identifying myself with any political Party was that I deeply sympathized with the ideals of the Labour Party, to raise the standard of living of the weekly wage earner ; to do away with sweated labour, to exorcise the spectres of starvation, slavery to toil, and sickness ; to bring sunshine, beauty and comfort into the homes of the people—great and worthy ideals. Opportunity for the best brains to reach the top, equality of opportunity, the only equality possible, are also fine goals to aim for, but to teach that the average is equal to the exceptional is frank folly, and the policy by which Labour's ideals were to be achieved seemed to me often pathetically and ludicrously bad.

Indeed, their policy, if given effect to, would often have had, to my mind, quite the opposite result and would have reacted most unfavourably on the workers. Whereas, the *policy* of the Conservative Party appeared to be most likely to secure trade prosperity, by which alone money could be found to achieve the social ideals of the Labour Party ! And yet the Conservative Party seemed far too much a "big business" party, far too much controlled by beer, baccy and banks, far too prone to worship the golden calf. I felt that the political pack needed shuffling and that some

weekly wage earners should be transplanted to the Conservative benches, and some big business millionaires to the Labour benches.

It had for long seemed to me that the Labour Party must greatly modify its policy but stick to its ideals, if it was to become a great Party fit to rule, under the Crown, the central nation of an Empire of self-governing independent nations. This modification of policy was coming along year by year; every election the cries became less red and more reasonable, and it was coming, and must come, from within.

I thought, therefore, that everyone who held the Labour Party's ideals of social improvement might justifiably join it, even if he could not subscribe to their present policy, in the hope that he might assist in ejecting some old, introducing some new, and modifying other, items of policy, in such a way as to help towards the realisation of the ideals. He might be much more usefully employed within the Labour Party than in the Conservative Party with whose policy he was largely in agreement. On the other hand, persons who were as interested in the welfare of the worker and his family as in the defence of the realm, the maintenance of the constitution, or the reduction of the income tax, might do most good by remaining in the Conservative Party and endeavouring to make "big business" realise the supreme importance of a justly treated and contented proletariat.

Some day it was to be hoped that the Labour Party would take to itself the best of the Conservative Policy, and the Conservative Party take to itself the best of the Labour Party's policy, then we should have two national Parties differing as little in policy as the democratic and republican Parties of the United States, but whose ideals differed to the extent that Imperial security appealed more to the one, and the happy homes of the people to the other.

One thing appeared to be certain in 1921-22, that the Coalition Government was a bad Government for the post-War period, though probably essential for the War.

Lord Willoughby de Broke used to chaff me and say: "You and I are, I believe, the only true Conservatives left," and indeed, the true democratic conservatism of Disraeli set out in "Sybil" appeared absent in the "big business" controlled party now labelled "Conservative."

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The Labour Party

I had a short, pleasant and courteous correspondence with Mr. Egerton Wake, the national agent of the Labour Party, and also an interview with him on the 5th November, 1920, when I expressed my ardent sympathy with his Party's social programme. I said : "You have the ball at your feet, you can sweep the country if you will discard your un-British and unpopular class war, red flag, peace at any price, and the 'free trade' fetish, and will substitute class co-operation, the Union Jack, adequate air defence, and protection for our labour. Why do you permit the Conservatives to steal all the best thunder and forget that the Englishman loves a fighter and a sportsman."

I felt nervous at the apparent increasing influence of the left wing of the Labour Party, but Mr. Wake in a letter to me dated the 24th November, 1921, wrote :

> The Labour Party exists for the constitutional expression of the aspirations of the people and for securing economic justice for the workers of the country, and there is no indication apart from an occasional outburst of impatience that the Party is likely to depart from this policy. The only political expression of the extremist section is the Communist Party, and their application for affiliation to the Labour Party was definitely refused by the National Executive.

In one of several subsequent letters, dated 27th July, 1922, he wrote :

> With regard to your position as a Loyalist and Constitutionalist, there is nothing in the Labour Party's principles and policy at variance with that position.

I thought I might perhaps obtain the real views of the right wing of the Labour Party better by joining the Party and I, therefore, again wrote to Mr. Wake on the 22nd December, stating that I had decided to join the Party. My reason for joining was that the Conservatives seemed to have made a present of their principles to Mr. Lloyd George, and that the Labour Party, if they discarded the extremism of their left wing and became national, constitutional and moderate, would be better for the country than another Coalition Government.

The silly way in which the Conservatives had sneered at men of social position and wealth joining the Labour Party had always angered me, as clearly it would be by such recruits that the Labour Party would become national and moderate.

The Times of the 27th June, 1927, in their "Points from Letters" column, under the heading "Moderates in the Labour Party" published the following extract of a letter I had sent them :

> The man in the street believes that danger lies in the extremist within and without the Labour Party and that the country can face the future with little fear of industrial and national ruin if control of the Labour Party machine can be assured to its moderate group. Every individual of intelligence, education, wealth or social position who joins the Labour Party is probably a recruit to this moderate group and by joining the Party puts a spoke in the wheel of the advocates of class war.

Economy and the Anti-Waste League

The Anti-Waste League had been launched in 1920, with Lord Rothermere as President, Lady Askwith and Mr. Harold Cox as Vice-Presidents, Mr. E. C. Harmsworth, M.P., as Chairman of the Executive Committee, Sir Thomas Polson as Treasurer and Mr. E. Outhwaite as Secretary.

From my demobilisation from the Army, I had continually preached economy and the necessity of cutting our commitments for our inflated Civil Service, with its vast and largely unnecessary bureaucracy and secretariat ; for the Navy (especially in regard to construction on big ships) ; and even for our social services, so desirable and admirable, if we can afford them. The only departments that I had suggested should be *more* generous in expenditure were the Ministry of Pensions in regard to disability War pensions, and the Air Ministry.

On the 11th February, 1921, I received a note from Lady Askwith saying :

> Knowing that you have a great interest in politics, I mentioned your name to Mr. Ernest Outhwaite, Secretary to the Anti-Waste League, with the view to your standing for the House if everything is agreeable to both sides. He will communicate with you. I hope I did right.

On the 22nd I received a letter from Mr. Outhwaite telling me that :

> . . . several important seats are likely to become vacant shortly, including, I may say in confidence, Hanover Square and the Hythe Division of Kent. I do not know whether either of these would tempt you, but I am quite sure that with the support of the Anti-Waste League and of the Press which we can command, either of these seats could be won by yourself.

On the 4th March I received a second letter from Mr. Outhwaite which conveyed a definite invitation to come forward as a candidate under the auspices of the Anti-Waste League, which concluded with :

> I am confident that your record of public work would make your victory assured as an Anti-Waste candidate.

I replied that my financial position would not permit me to fight a by-election with a General Election already on the horizon, unless my election expenses were paid. This could not be arranged, and Mr. Erskine eventually fought the St. George's election as an Anti-Waste candidate and scored a notable victory.

Bad Health

In October, 1921, I was threatened with a duodenal ulcer and put on milk diet, and I informed Mr. Outhwaite that I should not be able to contest an election during the next three months. On the 21st November I had an interview with Mr. E. C. Harmsworth, and in March, as I was still on diet and not feeling too fit, I told Mr. Outhwaite that I must give up, at least for the present, my desire to become a parliamentary candidate.

The Anti-Waste group being unconnected with any political Party, and welcoming all, to whatever political Party they might belong, who would pledge themselves to support national economy and oppose wasteful extravagance of expenditure, I had felt that there was no need for me to resign from the Labour Party when I agreed to stand as an Anti-Waste candidate.

Plymouth Congress

In June, 1922, I attended a medical congress at Plymouth, and in my address to the Congress on the 8th June, stated that I had, with the help of Lord Willoughby de Broke and several very distinguished medical men, founded the medical society I represented, in order to combat certain statements, made by Lord Astor in the Report of the Inter-Departmental Committee of which he was Chairman, which we believed to be incorrect, unscientific and prejudicial to national health. My address was subsequently printed in the *Journal of State Medicine.*

Plymouth Imperial Conservative Association

Early in July, 1922, I was officially approached by the recently formed Imperial Conservative Association of Plymouth, and was invited to visit Plymouth to lay before the Association my views on the political questions of the day. I was given to understand that as a West Countryman by birth and breeding, having served in the Navy, Army and Mercantile Marine, being opposed to a continuance of a Coalition Government, and being in favour of a policy of economy, I would appear to be a suitable candidate, providing that in regard to other points of political interest my views coincided with those of the Association.

On the 4th August, I visisted Plymouth and laid my views before the Imperial Conservative Association. My heart sank when I was introduced to them as, with the exception of Mr. Lovell Dunstan, ex-Mayor of Plymouth and a good-looking man with a forceful personality, the uninspiring gathering in a small and dingy room, in a small and dingy house, did not convey the impression of representing any weighty or influential section of the constituency. It was indeed, very depressing and suggested that the Association could not cut much ice in Plymouth and could only serve as a jumping-off point. The Association appeared to be more interested in the alcohol question than any other, and I felt very doubtful whether success could be achieved under its auspices.

Conservative and Unionist Movement

However, I decided to accept the Association's invitation to contest the seat at the next election, provided

that my expenses were paid and that I received the official support of the new "Conservative and Unionist Movement," recently launched by Lord Salisbury at an enthusiastic meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel, which I had attended, and with whose views I was in full accord.

I had joined the Labour Party in December, 1920, and had not yet officially resigned from it, though their attitude towards "direct action," class consciousness, a strong second chamber, and the defence services had for some time made me feel that I must regain complete independence of action.

I therefore left the Labour Party, although still true to their ideals of as near equality of opportunity to every citizen as nature will permit, and still in ardent sympathy with their desire that the worker should be assured of a fair proportion of the profits of industry.

Nationalisation of Industry

I felt that the nationalisation of the railways and coal mines was bound to come as it appeared doubtful whether these great industries could much longer be profitably and economically worked by private enterprise. If the railways could not compete with the road I thought it probable that the shareholders would before many years be in favour of State purchase so as to save at least some of their money out of the transport revolution brought about by the internal combustion engine.

I was also in favour of National Health Insurance for the middle classes.

Colonel Wilfred Ashley, (Lord Mount Temple) when Minister of Transport in 1929, wrote :

> It is obvious that a widespread anticipation of road development throughout the country in excess of any needs of current traffic, designed to enable the heaviest road vehicles to run on any part of the road system, would intensify the competition from which the railways are suffering and would tend to deprive them even of the heavy traffic which they alone can handle economically.

This curious expression of opinion may be "obvious" to a certain type of backward gazing man, but certainly not to anyone else. One can well imagine the opposite opinion as having been penned more than a century ago when the position was reversed and when a "widespread

railway development intensified the competition from which the roads were suffering."

If the railways "alone" can handle heavy traffic "economically" why should road development "deprive" them of this traffic ?

The rapid and increasing replacement of man-power by machines combined with the unprecedented increase in population during the last hundred years made the advent of a time when a small percentage of the population would be able to provide all necessities and luxuries not only possible but indeed probable.

When such an era of leisure had replaced the old era of toil it appeared to me that some form of state control of production, distribution and exchange must emerge, but gradually and associated with a slow reduction in population, until a condition of stability was attained in the new mechanised world similar to that reached in the world previous to the beginning of the industrial and machine era only a little over a century ago.

Independence

My views of what was necessary to assure the return of trade prosperity and so the means of improving the lot of the workers remained unchanged whether I called myself Labour, Anti-Waste or Independent. I was, and am, uninterested in Party and intensely interested in the welfare of the people of the United Kingdom and the great Dominions. There are certainly many in the Conservative and Labour Parties who equally place country before Party.

My support of Labour, Anti-Waste, or Independent platforms was not really inconsistent, seeing that the labels meant little to me, the policy everything ; and if returned to Parliament I should have voted as I considered best in the interests of the country. I had good friends, who were loyal and patriotic Englishmen and who served with distinction in the War, on both Labour and Conservative benches. There was equal desire to do the right thing in both Parties, the majority of both Parties based their partisanship on idealism and both had much in their policy worthy of support. But the Labour Party must replace the red flag with the Union Jack and the Conservative Central Office must cease worshipping the golden calf.

The Honours Scandal

The *Morning Post* had an admirable leader, during the first week of September, 1922, on the subject of the alleged sale of honours by the Coalition Government, under the heading "A Strange Silence," and the same paper published instances for the correctness of which the Editor vouched, of direct offers of titles in exchange for a cash payment to Party Funds.

Audit of Party Funds

One of the planks in my election platform in 1922 was the annual auditing and publishing of the accounts of Party Funds, but except occasional references at the Conservative Press as to the possible sources of Lloyd George's Personal Fund, the Honours Scandal was buried in the Coalition grave.

I still strongly advocate the publication of Party Funds accounts and believe this is the only way to keep politics clean, for mystery and evasion in regard to such accounts can only possibly mean that there is something discreditable to hide. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald supported the Duke of Northumberland's demand that full inquiry should be undertaken.

The Labour Party is the only political Party that has not attempted to fill its Party coffers by giving consideration to large subscriptions to Party Funds when advising the Crown in respect to the bestowal of Honours. The Labour Party has shown that command of a large Party purse is not necessary to achieve Government which can be efficiently carried on without descending to such vulgarities as the sale of Honours.

The only occasion when the Labour Party has been inclined to bow in the house of the financial Rimmon, has been in regard to the Trade Union Amendment Act. It *must* realise that any sort of compulsion, moral or otherwise, to extract a political subscription for a Party from those who are not supporters of the Party, is ethically and democratically unsound. I believe that the Labour Party would strengthen its allegiance and increase its numbers if it firmly refused to besmirch its banner with such ill-gotten subscriptions.

Is it too much to hope that the Labour Party may

bring in legislation compelling political Party Funds to be audited and published ?

Is Democracy doomed ?

Perhaps the era of democratic Parliamentary Government is approaching its close.

The whirligig of Government, as recorded by many nations since the dawn of history, appears to consist of repetitions of periods of Autocracy, Oligarchy and Democracy and then back to Autocracy again.

Throughout the world, in nations where Democratic Government has existed for some time there is a marked tendency to increase the power of the Sovereign, President, or Prime Minister, or whoever may occupy the most powerful position in the State, at the expense of Parliament ; and the return to Dictatorship seems foreshadowed.

Men, not Measures

The lists are set between rival forms of Dictatorship, both using the same battle cry of the health, happiness, and security of the nation as a whole.

A Fascist Dictatorship or a Socialist Dictatorship ? If by a Fascist Dictatorship is meant rule by one strong clever honest patriotic leader chosen by the People, this would not be a bad form of Government, would it ?

On the other hand, a Socialist Dictatorship that carried out the Socialist doctrine of the Nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange and *at the same time* encouraged individual ability and enabled intelligence, character and originality to benefit their possessors and give them power and pleasure, would not be a bad form of Government, either.

Anyhow, the success of *either* form of Government would depend on men rather than measures. Perhaps the People would enjoy more freedom and have a greater opportunity to develop and express their individuality under a Dictator dependent on popular sanction than under Socialism based on Dictatorship.

Personally I should prefer to live in Italy than in Russia or Germany.

December, 1933

In the election of 1931 I supported the National candidate for North Norfolk, speaking on behalf of "National Labour" and the vital policy of economy of Messrs. MacDonald, Snowden and Thomas ; urging the Labour supporters of the late Member to be loyal to their old and tried leaders.

CHAPTER XI

GENERAL ELECTION, 1922 ; CONTEST WITH LADY ASTOR ; "FOGGED ELECTORATE" ; LORD SALISBURY NERVOUS ; A LUCKLESS FIGHT

THE reason that I incurred the displeasure and aroused the anger of Lord and Lady Astor appeared to be that I was opposed, openly opposed, scientifically opposed, fearlessly opposed to their pet hobbies—Pussyfootism and Puritanism.

Lord Astor

The *Western Morning News* of the 27th July, 1922, published an interview with Lord Astor in which he severely criticised my views on preventive medicine and claimed to speak in the name of "Anglo-Saxon Tradition." Such phrases are often employed by persons of alien descent when trying to influence British citizens, and on several occasions before the War I had heard parliamentary candidates of Semitic blood and German antecedents enthuse on "our glorious British traditions" with strong foreign accents. Usually such remarks only struck me as farcical, but on this occasion the preaching attitude which Lord Astor so commonly affects appeared to me to be impertinent. Who was he, whose father was not of British descent, to presume to lecture in Plymouth on "Anglo-Saxon traditions," to a man whose forefathers had lived and died in the West Country since the 12th century, one of whom had fallen in the defence of Plymouth in our Civil War.

The same paper on the eve of the poll acknowledged that "the electorate had been fogged" by side issues.

"Prophylaxis and Politics"

The New York *Survey* of the 5th November, 1922, expended three columns in a sane and amusing article entitled "Prophylaxis and Politics." Let me quote a few paragraphs verbatim :—

In Plymouth Lady Astor is campaigning for re-election to the House of Commons. Nothing but that far-famed British phlegm has kept the place from becoming, one fancies, a nervous wreck as the result of the astonishing turn which the campaign has taken ! For weeks the columns of the Plymouth *Morning News and Mercury* have contained perhaps the frankest discussion of the social evil England has ever seen in a newspaper. The letters, pro and con, would make a tepid American journalist rub his eyes ! From time to time Lady Astor's Bill for Local Option is referred to, but much the greatest space has been given to the clash between the two leading candidates on—of all subjects for a parliamentary campaign—the medical war against venereal disease. Some day, no doubt, the finicky columns of the American Press will be thrown open to a similar discussion ! This one in Plymouth therefore has more than local significance.

But on the day after the newspapers announced, with some bewilderment, that "a Doctor H. Wansey Bayly, of Harley Street, London," had been invited to stand as an "Imperial Conservative" candidate against Lady Astor, the vigilant Viscount Astor sailed into action. Others might not know who Dr. Bayly was, but he knew. And in an interview he explained to the scandalised community.

The reporter pressed Lord Astor to be more specific. Just what was Dr. Bayly's proposal ? The Viscount, nothing loth, replied.

I have found individuals in Plymouth who felt that the Viscount was a bit rough in these remarks. The Viscount's interview had at least the unexpected effect of committing the Plymouth *Morning News and Mercury*—in all British decency and fairness—to the policy of throwing open its columns for a reply. That reply was promptly forthcoming. Sir G. Archdall Reid made a vigorous and detailed reply on behalf of Dr. Bayly's committee, which included Bishop Welldon, Sir H. Bryan Donkin, Harold Cox, Rudyard Kipling, Dr. Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, and many other physicians and laymen assuredly not given to the studied promotion of public immorality.

But what, it may be asked, has Lady Astor said ? Up to the time of writing she has kept out of this particular controversy, letting her husband discuss it with that concreteness which we have already noticed. But in her address to the voters she declared that the opposition consists of those who "do not want any kind of social reform" and that she was more than willing to meet her opponent on that issue.

The whole of August was spent in a lengthy correspondence in the Press, chiefly in the *Western Morning News*, between Lord Astor and myself on this non-political subject, in which Lord Willoughby de Broke, Sir James Crichton Browne, Sir Archdall Reid and Lady Askwith also took part. We all endeavoured to make Lord Astor realize that our policy in this medical question was quite other than that which he imputed to me, and my society, and that he should withdraw his incorrect statements in regard to my policy, which had been repudiated by me and by all the leading officials of the Society.

I spent a month in trying to make Lord Astor accept my assurances and those published in the *Western Morning News* of the President (Lord Willoughby de Broke), Treasurer (Sir James Crichton Browne) and Chairman of the Women's Committee (Lady Askwith), that we did not advocate what he said we did. He neither withdrew nor apologized, so in defence of my principles and of those associated with me in my preventive medicine campaign, I was compelled to bring an action for libel. After twelve months, on the 8th November, 1923, Lord Astor accepted my assurances in open Court. If in September, 1922, he had done as he did in November, 1923, there would have been no libel action, which I withdrew on his accepting my assurances that my policy was not that which he had imputed to me.

Lord Salisbury's Conservative and Unionist Movement

I only consented to oppose Lady Astor if I did so as the accredited representative of Lord Salisbury's new "Conservative and Unionist Movement," and before my first visit to Plymouth on the 4th August, I visited the offices of the Movement at 2, Millbank House, on the 20th July, and saw the Secretary, who assured me of the support of the Movement. I also understood later that the Secretary of the Plymouth Imperial Conservative Association had received an endorsement of my candidature from Lord Salisbury. Lord Salisbury, however, was nervous and evasive and would not commit himself to the open support of my candidature until the day before the poll when one of his woman speakers came down from London. This tardy help was too late to be of any value.

Lord Willoughby de Broke sent me a letter dated the

20th August, 1922, in which he quoted Disraeli as saying in 1872 :

> The tone and tendency of Liberalism cannot long be concealed. It is to destroy the institutions of the country under the name of reform and to make war on the manners and customs of the people under the pretext of progress.

Lady Astor

I yielded to the temptation to fight the Sutton Election not from any personal antagonism to Lady Astor as an individual ; indeed, she had shown a courageous independence and dislike of and revolt from party ties, and a desire to press her own opinions and policy independently of party, that appeared to me to be admirable. But I had always resented persons of alien birth representing British constituencies in Parliament, and she was an Englishwoman only by marriage, and by birth and breeding belonged to the United States of America, a great Republic that was in many ways our rival and with which we were almost bound to have differences of opinion some time in the future. Also the British nationality of her husband was not by breeding but owing to the fact that his father, of American birth and not English descent, had become naturalized when he (the present Lord Astor) was in his teens.

The occasional but repeated Anglophobe outbursts by the Hearst Press which clearly represented and catered for a large section of the United States populace, had made it clear that, notwithstanding the reciprocal blandishments and flattery of British and American politicians, it was as certain as anything could be that the time must come when serious differences would arise between Great Britain, or some member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and the U.S.A. When such difficulties arose, the position of persons of American birth would be as difficult and, indeed, as intolerable, as was that of persons of German descent (many of whom were absolutely loyal to the country of their adoption) during the Great War.

I have always held the opinion that only persons born into British citizenship, and who were the children of persons who were British citizens at the time of such birth, should be eligible for either of our legislative chambers.

Lady Astor was also an ardent supporter of the new so-called "puritans" who desired to force, by act of Parlia-

ment, their own minority views on "morality" on the nation. Her policy appeared to me un-British, and intolerant. She wished to withhold from the public certain simple scientific knowledge which, if widely taught and carried out, would prevent to a very great extent one of the most deadly of diseases. She had stated in the House of Commons that she would like to see prohibition established in this country, and had made her views on temperance a political subject by introducing her Liquor Popular Control Bill into Parliament. She insisted on dragging my views on preventive medicine into the election and, indeed, much against my will, in making them a leading point of dispute in our contest.

Lady Askwith

Lady Askwith, the stalwart opponent of governmental waste and extravagance, had with great kindness and courage come down to speak at my first important meeting.

I had never addressed a large open political meeting before, as principal speaker, and I felt a trifle nervous, but my speech was received very well, indeed enthusiastically, and the opposition was only trifling and much less than I anticipated.

The *Western Morning News* of the 31st October, on the same page that it reported my first Guildhall Meeting and in the adjoining column, described Lady Astor as saying that

> she understood that Lady Askwith was speaking that evening on the same platform as Dr. Bayly. The last time she had heard Lady Askwith working with anyone in politics was when she shared a platform with Mr. Horatio Bottomley. She (Lady Astor) did not want the support of people with the outlook and policy of Mr. Bottomley.

Lady Askwith's dignified reply appeared in the same paper's issue of the 2nd November, and contained the following paragraph :

> The platform was neither mine nor Mr. Bottomley's, but it is so far true that both he and I, with six or seven others, supported the first Anti-Waste candidate who swept over Dover and first shook the Coalition. I shall always support an Anti-Waste platform, which is the reason why I came to Plymouth because of the misery and ruin which waste of public money entails.

Lady Askwith's self-sacrificing devotion, courage and independence in fighting for the health and welfare of the nation are too well known to need any championship, but it was a grief to me that her gallant and loyal support of an Anti-Waste colleague should have made her a target for half truths with evil suggestions in their tails.

My Wife

My wife's speech at this meeting was a delight, not only to me, but to her audience. She had never spoken in public before, she had taken very little interest in politics, and although I knew that her pluck and charm would stand her in good stead, I had hardly dared to hope she would be the success she was. She did not talk politics, she just charmed her listeners and told them that they could trust me. In five minutes she had the whole meeting, even the opposition, eating out of her hand. It was wonderful. At her first appearance on a public platform, she won a popularity that she maintained and increased in spite of personal attacks that made me (and others) very angry. Indeed, if she had been the candidate she would have obtained many more women's votes than I did, and probably Lady Astor's majority would have been much smaller than it was.

My fight against Lady Astor excited very wide interest and, indeed, outside Great Britain was perhaps more noted than any other contest of that election.

My Hopeless Fight

If I had known there was to be an official Labour candidate, or that Lady Astor would stand as an official Conservative candidate with Liberal support, I would never have undertaken the fight.

When on Nomination Day a Labour candidate appeared and there was no Liberal candidate I knew that I was beaten, but I could not then in honour draw back and desert my few, but very loyal and courageous, Independent Conservative supporters. It was from Nomination Day perfectly clear that Lady Astor would poll all the Liberal votes (a third of her nomination papers were signed by Liberals) and the majority of the Conservative votes, and that Captain Woulfe Brenan would pool all the Labour votes, and that my fight was a hopeless one.

When I entered the constituency, Lady Astor was a

Coalitionist and there appeared no reason to suppose that she would not stand as a Coalitionist again ; I was told there was no prospective Labour candidate, and that if the Coalition fell, if Lady Astor stood as a Conservative, there would almost certainly be a Liberal candidate.

And yet I succeeded in polling more votes than the Liberal candidate at the previous election ! It was amazing and I was very proud of those 4,643 votes given me by those few I had addressed and who believed in me and loyally stuck to me.[1]

Lady Astor, as the first woman member of Parliament, can be congratulated on representing her sex. She was no masculinated highbrow, no sexless intellectual, but a vivacious, normal woman, influenced strongly by emotion, and little by logic, and apt to be carried away by her enthusiasm, to such an extent as to lead her to champion well-intentioned crusades that must inevitably be defeated by the irresistible forces of biology. Lady Astor's frequent interpolations in House of Commons debates are characteristically feminine, and though she may not have discovered the secrets of racial or national prosperity and progress, she certainly has solved in her own vital personality the problem of perpetual youth. Every time I see her (from the gallery or in the lobby of the House of Commons) she appears younger.

The whirligig of time may prove, and perhaps soon, that political life is not a suitable *métier* for the development of woman's genius.

[1] *December*, 1933

I took no part in the genera elections of 1923 and 1929, as I could not accept the disarmament policy of the Labour Party, yet believed that it would be to the ultimate advantage of the Nation that this Party should learn by experience the difficulty of Government and the necessity of a moderate and National Policy.

December, 1933

The *Western Morning News* adopted a neutral attitude in my 1922 contest, but one Sunday paper, the *People*, boldly supported me and published a cartoon in which the Sutton Division appeared as a sick woman in bed, and myself as a doctor with a new bottle of healing medicine. This cartoon was reproduced as an election poster.

CHAPTER XII

NAVY AND AIR FORCE; NEW WAR CLOUDS; GERMANY—U.S.A.

Naval retrenchment

MY year's service in the Navy during the War had left me with a keen interest in naval questions, and in my first Plymouth Guildhall election speech, I said that I accepted the Washington Treaty as a *fait accompli*, and that I advocated a reduction in naval expenditure, seeing that our first line of defence was now in the air and not on the sea.

A safe economy could be achieved if the colossal size of capital ships and guns could be reduced, although such a reduction in naval expenditure could only be arrived at by agreement with other Powers. The era of the gigantic and expensive big ship had ended with the surrender of the German Fleet, as it had begun only with the building of the first Dreadnought as a reply to Germany's alarmingly increased Naval programme. The reduction in the size of capital ships would *pari passu* reduce the expenditure in building huge and costly docks for their reception, and would give the smaller capital ships an extended range of operation by enabling repairs to be carried out in the more numerous and more widely distributed smaller docks.

Certainly the U.S.A. required careful watching, for while Great Britain had already very considerably reduced her Navy since the Armistice, America, who talked so much about peace and the reduction in armaments, had greatly increased her Navy since 1918.

I suggested that when the Washington Treaty lapsed, perhaps a new agreement could be reached which would enable us to combine an adequate naval standard with as small a naval expenditure as our American friends, who talk so much about reduction of armaments, would permit.

In a letter published in the *Morning Post* of the 20th February, 1929, on the subject of Economy, when referring to our expenditure on Defences I said :

> Is it a matter for congratulation that our present expenditure on defences is only twenty-five millions *higher* than in 1913, when we were faced with the German menace? Why, in 1929, should we spend millions on capital ships that will be obsolescent before they are commissioned, when even the most determined pessimist must have difficulty in imagining any naval menace in the North Sea or Mediterranean during the next decade? If the naval vote was to be halved and the air vote doubled, many would feel safer and considerable economy would be effected.

Admiral Sir Percy Scott's opinion that the day of the big ship was past, which I supported at Plymouth, was almost universally accepted in theory by the end of 1929, and appeared to be endorsed by the Labour Government, and in a letter to *The Times* of December 9, Commander Kenworthy, M.P. (Labour), suggested that the size of capital ships might be reduced to 10,000 tons.

I supported this suggestion in a follow-up letter, pointing out that if President Hoover's suggestion that food stuffs should be removed from the category of contraband of war was accepted by the five Great Naval Powers and the League of Nations, then possibly our cruiser expenditure also might safely be reduced.

If the air rather than the sea became in the future the element in which nations would defend their frontiers and their seaborne trade, and attack those of their enemies, and if the big ship had become only an historical memory, the question as to whether the British Commonwealth should maintain a one or two-power naval standard would cease to be a vital issue if the Air Force was separated from the Navy. If, however, in the future the air defence of the sea routes was entrusted to the Navy that would be another story. Then the controversy as to the advisability or necessity of a two-power standard would again be raised, on this occasion with 1st, 2nd and 3rd class flying ships as pieces in the war game.

That some of H.M. ships had taken to themselves wings would only be a further stage in Naval evolution.

Air Force Starvation and Neglect

Not only did none of the political parties in the 1922 election and since make any reference to the need of greatly

strengthening both personnel and material of the R.A.F. in view of the Soviet menace and of Germany's open boast that she was determined to gain chemical superiority over other countries, but practically nothing was done to encourage and foster civil aviation during the post-War decade.

As far as I know, I alone suggested that one of the methods for the palliative treatment of unemployment was the laying out of aerodromes near all towns not only of first-class, but of second and third-class, magnitude. On several occasions since the War I have heard prominent representatives of the R.A.F. at public banquets complacently tell their complacent audiences that all was well with the Air Force, and that civilians could "rest comfortably in their beds." This, notwithstanding the fact that the Soviet was openly hostile to us and that a network of civilian air routes existed over Germany and was developing in all other countries except ours. The Air Marshals have deceived the Public.

I freely accept the statements of our Air Force authorities that our personnel and material are very good in quality, but the quantity cannot fail to cause very grave anxiety.

Rumours of the yearly advance in the discovery and lethal effect of new explosives and poisons occasionally leak through to the public and the thought of the possible, and indeed probable, ghastly shambles that our large towns, and particularly London, may become as the result of an unexpected air attack is beginning to awake the interest of our people. It must not be forgotten that London is not only the easiest target for air attack, but is also the vital heart and brain of England. With London destroyed before, or synchronously with declaration of war, mobilisation, communication, transport, food supply and even Government would be completely disorganised, and the enemy could complete our defeat at leisure. The manœuvres of the Air Force have made it abundantly clear that it would be quite impossible to prevent the majority of a large and determined air fleet from penetrating to the centre of London, and it is universally accepted that the fear of reprisals is the only safeguard against the bombing of large towns.

Any power at war would hesitate to bomb an enemy

town if it knew that reprisal bombing of its own towns would follow within a few hours.[1]

If the Soviet Republic were determined on world war as a means of promoting their avowed ideal of world revolution and secretly in some remote spot in their vast and thinly populated spaces succeeded in building a gigantic air fleet and training an efficient personnel, they might within the bounds of possibility destroy in a week all the capitals of Europe.

This may be only a morbid and fantastic dream, nevertheless, there is some reason to fear an air attack during the next ten years while there appears to be no possibility of a naval attack during that period, so we can surely greatly reduce naval expenditure, in regard to construction, for a while, and concentrate on air defence.

Unless those responsible for the defence of Great Britain have at their disposal sufficient bombers to ensure prompt and efficient reprisal bombing attacks and an adequate number of fighters to make an enemy bombing attack an hazardous exploit, our Navy and Army will be unable to protect our frontiers, towns, harbours, arsenals, railways, and munition factories.

Both during my Plymouth election fight and since, I have continuously reiterated my opinion, based not only on my desire for economy, but also on practical experience of both services, that the Navy and Army should each have its own separate Air Force. Nevertheless, owing to the rapid evolution of European Air Forces in radius of operation, numbers, and fighting efficiency, it is clear that the first and

[1] *December*, 1933

An R.A.F. friend "hushly" hints that a super-fighter is under trial capable of rising 2,000 feet per minute. If this plane proves successful there is hope of air defence by interception and destruction of enemy bombers, so that reprisal bombing attacks will not be our only means of defence. But a very large number of such defence machines, which are incapable of carrying out bombing offensives, will be needed. As, however, they are small and inexpensive—2,000 probably being sufficient for the defence of London—they could be built at far less cost than one super-battleship. In fog or bad weather, or at night, even such a force would be unable to prevent the majority of hostile 'planes getting through. The vague rumour that a robot aerial torpedo has evolved that can be directed by wireless to find with accuracy a target 250 miles or more away may, if based on fact, mean that in a few years bombing offensives will not be carried out by 'planes operated by pilots and observers, so that the existing bombing 'planes will be obsolete before the war cloud bursts. The possible jamming by the enemy of the directing wireless must, however, be considered.

worst menace to our country will be an air attack, probably on London with the view of striking a blow at the morale of the Government and people at its most vital centre. As Air Defence, unconnected with ships or troops, is not a matter in which the Navy or Army can have any experience, it is clear that the R.A.F. *must* remain as a separate service.

The air arm is an absolutely essential arm of the Navy and Army, as essential as gunnery or engineering is to both these Services, but the work to be carried out by the air arm of the Navy is quite different and dissimilar to that required for the Army, and demands long training and experience, so that an Army-trained officer would be almost useless for the Navy, and vice versa.

If an air arm was *part* of the Navy and Army, officers after completing their period of air service would automatically return to routine naval and military employment.

The future *must* largely be in the air, and if an air arm was an integral part of our naval and military services a gradual evolution of these services would take place to meet the growing importance of air attack, defence and observation.

The Navy and Army are both so intrinsically conservative in temperament and outlook that they are in subconscious opposition to anything and everything new. [1]

Inter-Service jealousy has not been lessened by one or two practical demonstrations by Air Force Punitive Expeditions that they can accomplish economically and in a few weeks what the Army has been unable to

[1] *December*, 1933

The dominating factor in our dangerously slow progress to air defence efficiency is the jealousy, rivalry, and superior political influence of the Navy and Army. There is talk of the establishment of Air arms in the Navy and Army under the Admiralty and War Office, their duties being confined to work associated with each Service respectively ; the R.A.F. remaining separate and organised only for air defence or attack. This scheme appears to meet all requirements. The R.A.F. Vote must be increased tenfold before air security can be approached.

As it takes much longer to train R.A.F. officers than to build 'planes or make aerodromes, the majority of the next greatly increased R.A.F. Vote should be expended in training a big reserve of R.A.F. officers.

If the next war will be decided in the air, and if the defence of the country is entrusted to elderly men who are not air-minded, irretrievable disaster is almost certain.

carry out at considerable cost spread over as many months.

A larger number of senior Air Force officers in the War Council would be of advantage to all three Services.

There are at the time of writing over eight hundred Municipal Aerodromes in Germany. There are eight in England, and not one civilian Aerodrome in Scotland ! And our Aerodromes are not only greatly inferior in quantity, but also in quality, for the German Municipal Authorities spend much larger sums than we do, in the preparation, equipment and maintenance of their Aerodromes. [1]

The very slow progress made in civilian flying in this country is a disgrace, particularly in view of the huge number of unemployed, some of whom could find useful work in the preparation of Municipal Aerodromes all over the country.

War Clouds

While the British Press and Politicians seem obsessed with the Utopian dream of eternal peace, and eager to "disband in face of their foeman, their yeomen and archers," as a "gesture" that may encourage universal disarmament, the undoubted fact emerges that all other great powers appear to be preparing for war. The march of political events in Germany and the steadily increasing strength of Hitler's frankly aggressive and warlike Nazi group, and the organisation of the Steel Helmets, which consists of War veterans and those of the rising generation who share the monarchist and grandiose ideals of "Deutshland über alles," are more than a suggestion that Germany may in the not very distant future again threaten the peace of the world.

The "Polish Corridor," that artificial strip of land dividing German territory whereby Poland obtained an outlet on the Baltic, a Nazi revolution in Austria, or even the Saar, may perhaps be the exciting cause and

[1] *December*, 1933

During the last two years the U.S.A. have subsidised their air-lines to the extent of five million pounds per annum, while Great Britain with her unique requirements for her Commonwealth has only given *one tenth* of this sum in air line subsidies.

political excuse for Germany once again bringing about a war.[1]

Soviet Russia has the largest army and openly preaches a fight to a finish with the "capitalist" powers.

Italy is educating her people to an intense nationalism that might easily get out of hand and lead to war.

France, though she certainly has no aggressive designs, is steadily and wisely maintaining her measures of defence against any possible attack on her eastern frontiers, while the U.S.A. have increased their naval strength to a degree so exceeding the needs of their coast or trade defence, as to be suspicious of a future aggressive policy.

Japan, by her rigorous action in Manchuria and China, has made it abundantly clear that if the choice of war or the surrender of her traditional interests in Manchuria were forced on her, she would unhesitatingly decide on war.

In view of these war clouds an air force with a large civilian reserve, at least equal to that of any other European Power, is essential to our national safety.

Great Britain is largely responsible for the war menace that threatens Europe as clearly now as in 1910, as Peace would be assured if we had a One-Power Air Force standard. Perhaps "trouble in the Balkans" once again may be the match that starts the conflagration, but it will be our feeble disarmament policy, combined with the armament policy of Germany and Russia, that will be the real cause. Has the War Whirligig nearly turned full circle? Pacifism and Disarmament are dangerous hobbies in the face of the war preparations of Germany and Russia.

I have no faith whatever in the ability of the League of Nations to prevent war, however much the delegates may talk—often with their tongues in their cheeks.[2]

[1] *December*, 1933

Hitler now preaches "Peace," which Germany, not being yet fully prepared for war, certainly desires for the next few, very few, years. But will France —logical, far-seeing France—wait till Germany is ready? Will Italy, in view of Germany's propaganda in Austria for the Union of the two Nations, wait till Germany is ready?

Hitler as a pacifist, an Anglophile pacifist, is too suggestive of the wolf in sheep's clothing to deceive France, Italy, or even gullible England.

Hitler has a lust for power. Is his aim an Imperial throne? Can this be achieved without war?

[2] *December*, 1933

The Air Defence debate in the House of the Commons on 29th November, 1933, appeared to justify the views expressed by me in the post-War decade and set down in this chapter.

In this debate different speakers emphasised the value of aeroplanes for

Germany's Reparations and Preparations

Sir Eric Geddes in a speech at Cambridge during the khaki election of December, 1918, had said that he was out for "squeezing Germany like a lemon until the pips squeak", but in other speeches during the election he had pointed out that "there are certain ways in which they could pay us that would hurt us."

During this election I spoke several times during my Christmas leave on behalf of Mr. Mallaby Deeley and another Lloyd George candidate and stated my agreement with Sir Eric Geddes' opinions regarding German Reparations.

I felt convinced in 1918, and I still feel equally convinced that Germany can and should be made to pay full reparations, and that her manipulation of her currency, which wiped out her internal debt, was on a par with fraudulent bankruptcy. [1]

In 1922 and since I have advocated that justice and the National economics of the Allies demanded that Germany should pay to the full the amount decided by the

preventing submarine attack, for convoying merchant ships, for policing the outposts of Empire, for safeguarding our trade routes to the Dominions, and for sinking enemy shipping whether Naval or Mercantile ; and all at a cost greatly below that required if the Navy or Army are to carry out these duties.

It was also acknowledged that our existing Air Force, only sixth of those of the Great Powers, was numerically incapable of affording us efficient protection.

Indeed, it was accepted that for the first time in our history since the Norman Conquest Great Britain was not secure from invasion, with the added horrors now of starvation and destruction.

The country owes a high debt of gratitude to the private Members who told the country this unpleasant truth in this debate.

The Ministers of Air of all the Governments since the War must be held personally responsible for the inadequacy of our air defence. They have weakly given way to political pressure and the demands of the Treasury, and in permitting the country to fall so far behind Continental nations in air defence have placed our existence as a Great Power, and the peace of Europe, in jeopardy, and in my opinion such weakness amounts almost to treason. They should have demanded an adequate vote for the Air Force and if they had failed to obtain it should have resigned their high and responsible office, giving in Parliament the reason for their resignation.

In 1918 we had achieved Air Supremacy (Lord Rothermere was Air Minister 1917-1918).

[1] *December*, 1933

Sir Eric Geddes, in a letter to *The Times* of the 15th December, 1933, in an apologia for the "until the pips squeak" speech, wrote, "The phrase was merely in rhetorical amelioration of a previous statement that I could not understand how Germany could pay us."

Pity the poor politician trying to trim his sails to the fitful winds of public opinion !

Reparations Committee. I have reiterated my opinion that the wealth of a country consisted in what grew on its surface and what could be dug out from below the surface, in its industrial and transport constructions and plant, and in the number, health, industry and intelligence of its people, and *not* in any real way on the value of its currency or the state of the exchange. I have always believed that in everything that mattered Germany was very rich and should be made to pay, and that as Lloyd George had said, their pockets must be searched.

I have gravely distrusted the financial magnates who have continuously preached a "be kind to Germany" policy, and I always wondered whether it was not their German interests rather than the prosperity of British trade that was really responsible for this attitude. It appeared to me that the favourable geographical position of Germany and the huge sums she has spent since the Armistice in making her production and transport up to date must assure to her a European market in which we could not successfully compete with her, and that neither Germany, France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria or Russia were likely in the near future to purchase much from Great Britain.

There appeared to be little doubt that German capitalists had very large amounts of gold or securities deposited in foreign countries, which in the United States alone had been estimated by some to amount to nearly one thousand million pounds. There could be no reason why a large proportion of this sum could not be seized for payments of reparations. Under the Treaty of Versailles we could have seized German money in this country, but on the 21st October, 1920, the *Board of Trade Journal* (page 497) made this announcement :—

> H.M. Government have informed the German Government that they do not intend to exercise their rights under the Treaty of Versailles to seize the property of German Nationals in this country in the case of voluntary default by Germany.

As a result of this announcement huge sums of money were brought over from Germany and either placed in banks or invested in this country. It would be interesting

to know who was responsible for this extraordinary announcement. [1]

So much for payment in gold. Now let us turn to payment in kind.

One thing was necessary, namely, that payment in kind must not compete with our home industries. *Timber*, of which we produce only a very small proportion of what we require, would be one method of payment, in view of the fact that Germany's huge forests are untouched and that during the War she drew on the forests of France and Russia for her timber. Such payment in timber would also be useful in destroying the well-known timber combine, and would cheapen slum replacement schemes. Germany also had established numerous large factories for producing *nitrates* from the nitrogen present in the air, and such nitrate manures would assist our agriculturists and relieve them of a great and unavoidable expense. *Potassium* also, which is a chemical widely used for many purposes, is almost entirely produced in Germany. These are only three of many instances exemplifying how Germany could pay in kind without coming into competition with our home products.

I have been told that at the onset of the Mark depreciation period, a well-known London banker received instructions from a German client to sell and go on selling as many German marks as he could dispose of. There was to be no limit to the selling, and the banker informed the Government of the order. The Government replied that they could do nothing in the matter. The German Government probably did not purposely start the collapse of the Mark, but when they saw its value falling rapidly, they realized that money could be made, vast sums of money, by selling a rapidly depreciating Mark to gambling and gullible foreigners.

The London Banker's order from Germany to sell an unlimited number of Marks and to continue selling whatever the fall, *must* have been official or have been backed by the German Government, though, doubtless, the order

[1] *December*, 1933

If the wealth of a nation cannot be permanently influenced by the juggling of politicians with currency (such as artificial depreciation or inflation) it would appear that Mr. Roosevelt's financial manœuvres are unlikely to achieve enduring results.

was received from an extremely unofficial individual. No one will ever know the sum made by Germany by this organised sale of Marks. It must have run into many millions of pounds in Great Britain alone, and throughout the world must probably have realized hundreds of millions. The whole world was properly "had" by the astute and unscrupulous Germans who, while producing untold millions for the German State, at the same time ruined the whole of the middle class of their own country and brought complete destitution on all who were living on fixed incomes, pensions or annuities.

I do not say that German politicians were wrong in deciding on this desperate method of avoiding State poverty. Perhaps it was as much their duty as it was of those in the fighting fronts to take desperate chances by land, or sea, or in the air.

That the German sailors, soldiers and airmen were brave, unflinching fighters my war experience had taught me, but it was bitter to me to realise that having won the War we were losing the Peace because the German politicians were braver, more determined, and cleverer than ours.

Germany has only paid such reparations as she has with borrowed money. Indeed, she has borrowed from her ex-enemy countries more money than she has paid in reparation and has used the surplus to develop her powers of production and distribution to such an extent as to place her in a very favourable position to advance her trade when world circumstances permit.

The present position of our War account is, indeed, bad enough, without making it worse ; we have paid the United States of America 250 million pounds and received from Germany about 75 million pounds, and from the Allies about 35 million, so that we are 140 million out of pocket.

What is the object of our taking Germany's debts on our shoulders ? And, indeed, not only Germany's, but also those of our European allies ?

Mr. Snowden's success at the Hague in 1929, in standing up for Britain's rights and insisting that her reparation claims, already so very greatly reduced, could be reduced no more, made him the most popular politician in the Empire.

As usual the nation supported the statesman who was national in action, and it is deserving of notice that the most popular Labour Minister who has yet emerged owed his popularity, his just popularity, to national, *not* socialistic success.

I was firmly convinced that Germany was responsible for the War and that in invading Belgium she had committed a crime against international law, and that countries no less than individuals must be punished for their crime and should be compelled to make good the damage and loss caused by their attempt to make might and war destroy right and peace. To permit a burglarious nation after defeat to escape with no greater loss than that paid by the victors appeared to me to be a travesty of justice and an encouragement to future aggressive and unscrupulous nations.

The world must be made to see clearly that an aggressive and unscrupulous war, if unsuccessful, is followed by the temporary ruin of the greedy and ambitious nation that is responsible for the war. Germany should not have been admitted to the society of honourable states until she had by punishment and reparation purged her offence in precisely the same way as an armed burglar is not re-admitted into the society of honest persons until after severe punishment, spread over a long period.

I have strongly opposed the pardoning and whitewashing on the plea that it was the Imperial Government and not the Republican Government that was responsible, for such action in limiting responsibility to the life of a Government must tend to lower the sense of governmental responsibility and, therefore, to encourage unscrupulous adventure. A nation must be held to be responsible for its own Government and for the results of all its acts, for in these days no government can exist in Europe (outside Russia), in most of the American Republics, or in Australasia unless it is based on the will of the people. The dictatorships now existing in Europe and Asia Minor are without a doubt based on popular sanction, and will fall when that sanction is withdrawn.

Every nation gets the Government it deserves and desires and should not be able to evade its responsibility for its crimes and errors by a rapid change of government, nor be permitted to escape its financial obligations by a

forced depreciation of its currency and the substitution of a new one.

German Savagery

Germany had both preached and practised force and hate instead of justice and humanity, and it would be a bad day for the progress of the human race if she were treated with anything less than rigorous justice. There would have been little mercy and less sentimentality if Germany had won.

If international law is not upheld by the punishment of offenders there can be no international justice. One serious transgression of the criminal law may ruin an individual and one serious transgression of the international law should ruin the nation for a generation. This cannot be helped.

Germany's inexcusable and unforgettable exhibition of savage hate and ruthless treatment of enemy nationals was probably most clearly shown in her attitude to enemy civilians during the early months of the War.

Here was no battle blood, no war intoxication, but deliberate, cool and calculated cruelty. For instance, I know personally of a boy of eighteen who was working in Germany at the outbreak of war. He was seized when embarking for England and after a few days, in which he was confined to the house of a humane German family and had to report himself daily to the police, he was thrown into a common prison where not only was he treated as a civil convict and chained, but for the first ten days was shut alone into a pitch dark cell.

He has told me that of 5,000 civilians interned in the camp to which he was removed from prison only 3,000 odd survived, and that many of his fellow prisoners were old men long past military service, or indeed, work of any kind. For many months he shared a loose box in some stables in the camp with nine other British civilians, including a negro who slept next him. He said that medical attention was almost completely absent and that aspirin was the only drug available and that it was given for every kind of illness and accident! Suicides occurred weekly and an anti-suicide club was formed to patrol the camp and try to prevent suicides. The food was very meagre

and bad ; baths non-existent ; no heating, and sanitation disgraceful.

What a contrast to the humane and, indeed, comfortable conditions under which German interned civilians lived in this country.

Our civilian nationals who were imprisoned in Germany are not eligible for any pension, however grave may be their disability resulting from such imprisonment. This appears to me to be an injustice, particularly as the German Government offered to exchange them for German prisoners of war ; which, quite properly, our Government refused to do, as it would have meant the exchange of a trained soldier for an untrained civilian, perhaps not of military age.

That the German Government encouraged and, indeed organised on occasion, atrocities and the brutal and inhuman treatment of civilians, wounded soldiers and prisoners of war of the nations against whom they were fighting, is in my opinion an historical fact which I think should not be hastily forgotten.

I can vouch for one example of German savagery and two of French culture told me by an ex-Flying Corps friend. He and four other British officers were leading a column of prisoners of war in French enemy occupied territory, when a Frenchwoman ran forward offering gifts of food. The Frenchwoman was struck in the face by a mounted German guard with his rifle, but though cut and bleeding, this heroine did not cease in her attempts to minister to the prisoners. She continued to *throw* the food to the English prisoners.

On a later occasion on my friend's progress to a cage he was a solitary prisoner in a large house. A Frenchwoman pushed past the guards and ran upstairs carrying food in her apron. She entered his room, bowed, deposited the food on a chair, bowed again and left, turning at the door to smile and blow him a kiss. My friend could not speak French.

The grace, dignity and courage of this splendid woman filled him with a respect and honour for Frenchwomen that he will carry with him to the end. He tells me that these incidents made him realise that the greatness of France and England for so many centuries is due to the women of our nations demanding virile characteristics of

their men and in return paying them the tribute of honour and service.

I have never considered that the two particular incidents that were responsible for mass anger to a greater degree than any other examples of German ruthlessness—the execution of Nurse Cavell and the sinking of the *Lusitania* —could justly or logically be regarded as a breach of the hard code of civilised warfare. Nurse Cavell, regardless of the risk to her life, which she well realised, helped her fellow countrymen to escape from German captivity. This work was heroic because it was very dangerous, and when she was called upon to pay the high price of her patriotic duty she died the death of a heroine and won the undying honour and fame which such devotion to duty and such a noble death deserve. But I believe that she would have been the last to accuse her judges or executioners of being murderers.

At the front one sometimes heard of the execution of German spies, perhaps German officers educated in England who, taking their lives in their hands and clothed in prisoners' uniforms, made their way to our lines to collect valuable information. We admired them as particularly brave men, but we shot them because that was the rule of the game.

Most ships coming from the U.S.A. to England carried munitions of war to this country. Almost certainly the *Lusitania* carried some munitions and probably the Germans had exact information as to her cargo. The American Government and people were warned that the *Lusitania* would be attacked and if possible sunk. Civilian passengers were earnestly begged not to sail in her. She was attacked and sunk. Is this murder ! In my opinion, emphatically not.

The Ruhr Occupation

The Times of the 2nd July, 1929, in an article on "Freeing the Rhineland" gave the following concise résumé of the occupation :

> Conditions in the occupied area became steadily more unfavourable as Germany's default on reparations payments became more pronounced. After the London Conference of February, 1921, when Germany again

refused to comply with the demands of the Allied Reparations Commission, the area of occupation was extended to include the rich industrial centres of Ruhrort, Duisburg and Düsseldorf, simultaneously with the creation of the internal Customs barrier already mentioned. This additional occupation was cancelled in October, 1921. Then came the occupation of the Ruhr by the French and Belgians in January, 1923, after fruitless attempts all through 1922 to extract from the Reich the payments demanded by the Reparations Commission. The legal basis for the operation in the Ruhr was provided by the decision of the Rhineland Commission taken on February 26, 1923. This decision was taken by a majority vote of all the members against the dissenting view of the British representative.

Why Great Britain took up such an isolated Germanophile attitude and condoned Germany's repeated attempts to evade her obligations under the Treaty of Versailles has always been inexplicable to me. The *Daily Mail* took the loyal and reasonable attitude of support for the French occupation of the Ruhr as a method of bringing pressure on Germany. I firmly believe that if the Ruhr had not been occupied Germany would never have paid even the amount she has.

Germany's policy has always been only to agree under compulsion, and to avoid the obligations of honouring her signature until uncomfortable pressure was brought to bear on her, and she will probably always regard any treaty as a "scrap of paper" to be torn up directly it is profitable to her to do so, and when she is in a strong enough position to be able to afford to disregard paying lip service to honour and justice.

I was wholeheartedly in support of France's policy of the occupation of the Ruhr as a means of bringing pressure on Germany and exacting a pledge that Germany's obligations under the Treaty of Versailles and Reparations Agreement should be carried out. France, by bitter experience, had learned Germany's psychology, while England as usual appeared willing to be bluffed by specious promises and quite forgetful that agreements meant nothing to Germany. [1]

[1] *December*, 1933

Nazi intimidation and propaganda in the Saar make it appear probable that the plebiscite in January, 1935, will be a farce unless the Saar is occupied and controlled by a League of Nations force.

War Debts

The policy of the Labour Party of cancelling *all* inter-allied war debts appears sound providing that Germany's reparation payments are not cancelled and are paid to the Allies in a just proportion. To my mind a fair basis for division of Germany's reparation payments would be fatal casualties during the War. This would ensure France, who lost two million, receiving twice as much as ourselves who lost one million. Italy, Roumania and Portugal would also receive sums more or less commensurate with their sacrifices. The United States would receive a very small reparation in comparison to their financial expenditure during the last year of the War, but it must be remembered that they made vast profits during the first three years of the War and only lost 60,000 men. [1]

The Writing on the Wall

Political prophecy can only be safely based on a careful study of the past, but to me the "writing on the wall" in regard to Germany is very clear. I see her wearing down the resistance of the Allies by her ever-continuous though changing propaganda and evasions until she has entirely destroyed all those clauses of the Treaty of Versailles formed with the object of protecting Western Europe against a recurrence of Prussian Aggression. Reparations are going, semi-military organisations, civilian air services and chemical factories all capable of very rapid change over to war purposes are increasing. The few Britishers I have met who have lived in Germany before and since the War and who speak the language so well that they can pass as Germans, tell me that Hitler and his Nazis will become supreme, that they are more arrogant than the Junkers before the War, that they do not admit the defeat of the German Army in the field, that they consider the return of their colonies assured—Tanganyika first—and that the spear-head of their foreign policy is the separation of England from France. These Britishers, intimate with German feeling, inform me that Hitler will stop at nothing to destroy

[1] *December*, 1933

On the 18th December, 1933, Germany again defaulted by a further 20 per cent. on all foreign debts with the exception of the Dawes and Young Loans. There was no necessity for such default.

Franco-British friendship and that he claims that we are a "German" people—blinding himself to the fact that we have a Celtic basis and the Prussians a Slav basis—that he is working for a Teutonic Confederacy—which would include the British Empire, Germany, Austria, Norway, Sweden and Denmark—the object of this confederacy being the ultimate world dominance of Germany. I see a Germany within five years entirely unrepentant, free from all foreign restrictions and surveillance, and as great a menace to world peace as in 1913. And the return of the German menace will be due almost entirely to the folly of British Governments and certainly not to those of France. [1]

U.S.A.

If America would cancel the whole or part of Europe's financial indebtedness to herself, then, and only then, could the European nations cancel or proportionately reduce their debts to Great Britain.

Mr. Baldwin was clearly bluffed by America when he concluded his disastrous agreement to make Britain responsible for the repayment to the United States of America of War debts we had incurred largely on behalf of our European allies. It soon became common knowledge that America was astounded at his simplicity in accepting their

[1] *December*, 1933

Germany's resignation from the League of Nations and her simultaneous development and camouflage of her Nazi Storm Troops appear to me to be sinister moves in her game, with the object of giving her the means of bargaining for the terms of her re-entrance to the League. These terms will perhaps be the return to her of Tanganyika and the acceptance of her claim to complete parity in armaments.

The march of events in Germany, the continued repudiation of debts previously agreed to, the obvious war preparations, the muzzling of Press and free speech, and the German Nazi propaganda in Austria and the Saar, suggest that Germany's bland professions of loving-kindness are no more to be trusted now than in 1913. Only one German—Hindenburg—keeps the respect, admiration, and almost affection of the British public. He curiously seems almost typical of what the best of the British Squirearchy stood for—a high sense of patriotism and duty. But, alas, he is eighty-five and can only be a figurehead—a splendid but impotent figurehead.

I entirely distrust Germany, I accept France's statement that Germany is secretly re-arming, and I dread the future for England, open to attack from the air, and trusting in her Navy that, doing its utmost, will be unable to protect her.

For Germany's preparations there can be only one logical end—aggressive war.

When war comes the people may demand the punishment of those responsible for our lack of air defence, but such punishment will not save the women and children of our great towns from death from the air.

terms and that they would have willingly agreed to a lower rate of interest. Britain has since the War won a reputation for honesty and self-sacrifice of which we are justly proud, but, alas, she has also earned a reputation for gullibility which makes us ashamed.

Foreign nations have, indeed, come to look upon Britain as a goose willing and eager to be plucked ! The reason for this attitude of our politicians seems to be an undignified and almost cowardly subservience to America, and a tenderness for Germany felt by our industrial and financial magnates of alien descent, who may be actuated by other motives than those based on British prosperity and advantage.

What is the basis of our subservience to the United States of America—is it a financial inferiority complex? Have the United States of America got some financial stranglehold on us ? We keep on turning the other cheek to their slaps until the man in the street becomes giddy ! We are willing to make *any* sacrifice of dignity or even justice to placate the American people, who, assuredly, no more than any other rivals, friendly or otherwise, will treat us better or admire us more for such toadyism.

The United States of America plainly *appear* to be greedy, and out for world dominance in finance, industry, and, perhaps, on the sea. It is a dangerous road that they are treading, and one liable to lead to disaster. Germany set her foot on the same path a quarter of a century ago, but had, wearied, beaten, starved, and miserable, to retrace her steps with humiliating precipitancy in 1918.

The German Empire was great and the German people mighty ; the United States of America are great and her people mighty also. Let the United States of America learn from Germany that pride goes before a fall, that might can only persist if linked with chivalry, consideration and justice, and that the bully is always beaten in the end ; and that the reign of the gunman—that unpleasant product of America—is never very long.

The decision of the British Government squashed Mr. Owen Young's naïve attempt at placating Germany with British money, and all efforts at alteration of the Spa percentages were given up for the time.

It is common knowledge that when the collapse of the Mark occurred many large German industrial concerns

were bought up by U.S.A. capitalists for less than 10 per cent. of their real value, and I should not be surprised if the origin of much "Love Germany" propaganda was proved to lie in America, and to be based on self interest. If or when in the future America ever begins talking about letting poor Germany off her reparations or doing anything in the financial line to "save Germany" it will be well to remember that in the U.S.A. "humanity" is often the smoke screen for "hard business."

While, therefore, I supported the "Germany must pay" policy I was all for the cancellation of inter-allied debts. The *expenditure* of money was more or less in direct proportion to the loss of life and damage to property. The *lending* of money was inversely proportional to loss of life or damage. America had lent most and had suffered least. Indeed, her loss of life was well under 2 per cent of the allied losses and she had made enormous *profits* during the first two years of the War. Our huge loans from America were largely not for ourselves but for our allies, to whom the United States of America would not lend money without our acceptance of responsibility for repayment and our signature on the documents. It was only fair that rich America, the holder of more than half the world's gold, who had suffered so very little loss of life and whose trade had not been adversely affected by the War, should make the greatest sacrifice of treasure.

Mr. Philip Snowden[1] in an article in *Reynolds Illustrated News* on the 12th May, 1929, said :

> When America did decide to enter the War on the side of the Allies her statesmen were loud in their protestations of wholly disinterested motives. She sought neither profit, reparations nor indemnities. It was recognized that America could not for a long time render any effective help in the supply of troops. She declared, therefore, that she would help by financial assistance. She made loans to all the Allied countries, mainly in the form of munitions and food, the value of which was calculated in dollars at the then ruling high prices. She took an I O U for everything she supplied. That was the origin of these debts. Some time after the end of the War America began to 'dun' us for the money we owed her on these bills. Then followed the notorious "Balfour Note."

[1] Now Lord Snowden.

Mr. Snowden proceeded to say that he knows it to be true that the American Government were prepared to accept 2½ per cent interest, but naturally accepted the 3½ offered by Mr. Baldwin. He continued :

> "America has made no sacrifices, whatever. She has exacted the whole pound of flesh. She who made these protestations of refusing all reparations and indemnities is going to take the greater part of Germany's reparations. It is not creditable to a country so wealthy as she is, and a country which made such enormous profits out of the War, to exact these payments out of countries which lost so much by the War."

Mr. Snowden certainly deserved the gratitude of his country for being the one leading politician to have the courage to state the truth as regards America.

The plain facts are that U.S.A. private citizens made huge profits out of sales to Europe before the U.S.A. Government declared war, that it was only after entering the War that the U.S.A. lent money to her Allies, that it would only have been equitable if the U.S.A. had *given* such financial aid as her belated contribution to the War on which the Allies in general and Great Britain in particular had already expended vast sums.

The U.S.A., in pressing for the repayment of moneys lent to their Allies, has labelled their country as the Shylock of the nations as Mr. Snowden suggested by his reference to the "whole pound of flesh."

CHAPTER XIII

Unemployment; Post War Premiers; The Profession of Politics

Unemployment

UNEMPLOYMENT was a subject on which I touched at every meeting during my political campaign in 1922. I considered that the dole without work was a poor palliative measure and that it would be better for the country and better for the unemployed worker if some return in work was demanded for money given. There was much work especially in the establishment of aerodromes and electric power stations, in road-making, and in the clearing of slum areas, crying out to be done, and even if the country only received half the value in work done for the payments made, there would be *some* permanent result and benefit for the future, and the morale of the worker would be kept up.

There was work waiting to be done, work that individuals and corporations could not afford to do, valuable work for air defence, to improve transport, reduce the cost of power and combat overcrowding, and there were also a million unemployed, and yet, the Coalition Government had let the work remain undone and gave pay to the workers for idleness. Surely a policy both economically and socially unsound![1]

The overcrowding, with its consequent faulty hygiene that existed not only in the slum areas of large towns, of which I had practical experience in Hoxton and Plymouth, but also in many country villages, particularly offended me, from the medical as well as social and political aspects.

The time seemed propitious for dealing with this crying evil, yet politicians refused to face the problem.

[1] *December*, 1933

Since I wrote this chapter in 1929 considerable use has been made of two methods for the advantageous outlet of unemployed labour mentioned in the first paragraph, viz., road-making and mending, and electric power.

Only eight additional municipal aerodromes have, however, been established and very little has yet been done in slum clearance.

I have for many years believed that protection of *some* industries was necessary for our trade prosperity and the relief of unemployment.

In the *Morning Post* of the 5th October, 1923, I had a letter under the title of "The Unemployment Problem" which ran :

> The prevention of unemployment appears to be a complex matter in which many varied causes, primary and secondary, are involved :
>
> 1. The admission of foreign goods into this country at prices with which our industries cannot compete.
> 2. The failure of Germany to pay her reparation bill.
> 3. The dole, which in many instances makes unemployment comfortable.
> 4. The failure of Britain to develop resources in trade within the British Commonwealth.
> 5. The "ca'canny" policy of work encouraged by many trade unions so that industry and rapidity of work are not encouraged or duly recompensed.
>
> The secondary causes of unemployment are :
> 1. Recurrent and prolonged strikes.
> 2. The large number of unskilled and untrained workers thrown on the labour market after the War.
> 3. High taxation with consequent diminished power of purchase or development.
> 4. High cost of production, including power, transport and wages.
> 5. Lost foreign markets owing to increased foreign production.
>
> If the five primary causes are dealt with, the secondary causes will automatically right themselves and become less and less. Surely it is not beyond the power of our Government to face boldly, and deal determinedly with, these five primary causes of unemployment by :
>
> 1. Imposing adequate anti-dumping duties.
> 2. Joining our allies in insisting that Germany shall pay, and in the event of the breaking up of the German Empire, that each portion shall pay in the proportion of its population.
> 3. Substituting work for the dole by improving roads, making aerodromes and power stations in suitable localities, etc.
> 4. Instituting preferential tariffs, encouraging suitable

emigration and using our credit to assist development within the British Commonwealth.

5. Education of the electorate in the elements of political economy.

Quite probably the day is rapidly approaching when none of the Great Powers will have any considerable export trade with each other. This will be but a return to the conditions existing as regards exports in the pre-industrial era.

There will be very keen competition for the export trade to industrially undeveloped nations but geographical advantage must be an important factor in this struggle.

The unique position of the British Commonwealth, capable of producing everything required by modern civilization both in raw material and manufactured goods, and thus of finding employment for its peoples, seems to assure an Inter-Imperial export trade sufficient for our needs if imports from outside the Empire can be excluded.

Post War Premiers

It would seem that Britain has lacked during the period covered by these memoirs any Prime Minister of the first magnitude, except Lloyd George during the War period.

Asquith had great character, intellect and personality, but he seemed incapable of initiating policy or of making quick decisions.

Bonar Law was respected by all but was not magnetic and he had little opportunity of making his mark as a leader of his country.

The conspicuous traits of character of Lloyd George, Baldwin and Ramsay MacDonald are perhaps respectively intelligent opportunism, complacency, and humane idealism.[1]

But Lloyd George has not always been sincere (except during the War period), Baldwin has seldom been clever or courageous, and Ramsay MacDonald has not always been practical, and it requires all four attributes to make a great Prime Minister.

[1] *December*, 1933

Lloyd George's War Premiership was crowned with the achievement of a victorious Peace ; Ramsay MacDonald's National Premiership has been crowned already with economic achievement ; but Stanley Baldwin's Premierships were crowned only with failure.

Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald have both been responsible for the fall in House of Commons prestige and have made the Empire wonder whether they do not confuse words with deeds and garrulity with Government. Unfortunately the complete failure during the last ten years, to make any serious attempt to reduce unemployment by energetically pushing forward such works of future national importance that I have mentioned, or to safeguard the Nation against Invasion by Air, makes it doubtful whether the prestige of the House of Commons can be re-established with either as Prime Minister. A new, and younger leader must be found. [1]

Lloyd George

History perhaps may not bestow the coveted chaplet of "National Hero" on any of our premiers of the War or post-War decade, with the exception of Lloyd George, who with his love of limelight (better than Limehouse !), and gifts of showmanship and drama made the most of his appearance on the great stage of the War period, in which for two years he played the leading part, and played it magnificently, turning approaching defeat into ultimate victory. It was a period when optimism, opportunism and power of organisation were characteristics of very great value to the nation, and Lloyd George had plenty of all three. Perhaps the outstanding error during his Wartime Premiership was his fear of, and failure to enforce, manhood conscription for industry as well as the fighting Services : which I think the nation would have accepted. If the manhood of the nation had been conscripted and the different classes of workers given appropriate Army rank and pay there would have been no jealousy and equal honour.

Lloyd George was not a successful Peace-time Prime Minister. Before and during the 1929 elections, he spent large sums of money in Press and other advertisements but did not answer Lord Rosebery's questions in 1927 in regard to his Personal Fund. The Honours Scandal that occurred during his premiership lost him much prestige. His unem-

[1] *December*, 1933

Since the formation of the National Government the Opposition Socialist Party has not produced a single outstanding personality with character, intelligence and experience of a calibre necessary in a Prime Ministe to-day.

ployment pledge and slogan must have brought him many votes, but his anachronistic adoration of the moribund magic of Free Trade seemed to show that he lived in the past, could not realise the present, or see into the future. His leadership gave little real confidence inside his own Party and less outside it. Nevertheless, should we be involved in War during the next few years the people would demand his return.[1]

Lloyd George will have his place in our temple of Fame equal to that of any statesman in our history, as the saviour of his country. I believe that as the years go by his position as the leading political organiser of Victory will become more and more secure amongst the statesmen of the Allied Nations.

Baldwin

Stanley Baldwin had permitted himself to be bluffed by the Americans and had pledged the country to unnecessarily large annual payments to the U.S.A. He did not even attempt to arrange that the twelve millions lent by us to the Southern States so long ago, and never repaid, which, with accumulated interest, had reached at least three times that amount, should be used as a contra account for cancelling purposes. He who had stated his conviction in 1923 that Protection in some form was absolutely necessary to a return of prosperity, ran away from his own slogan, and utterly failed to make use of his long period in office, following the 1924 elections, to press safeguarding and educate the people in its obvious advantages. He failed to carry out his pledge to help agriculture and entirely lost the confidence of many of the Conservative rank and file.

Baldwin's "Safety First" policy in 1929 was uninspiring, his personality was uninspiring, and the solid phalanx of brewers, bankers and big business that supported him was also uninspiring. Even the very few working-men Conservative candidates did not seem to confirm his

[1] *December*, 1933

The people would also demand the return of Mr. Winston Churchill, who did his duty so well as First Lord of the Admiralty before the War when the Navy was our first line of defence. Now that the Air Force is our first line the people would probably demand that he should be the Minister responsible for this section of defence.

former promise of democratisation of the Conservative Party.

This inability of the Conservative Party to give practical expression to its oft-repeated democratic principles must lose the Party millions of votes at every election. Even its Socials are as class-conscious as they are infrequent, and do not compare favourably with the frequent friendly and well-organised Labour Socials.

Baldwin will only be remembered as the complacent mediocrity who twice led his Party to defeat, and though given in 1924 the great opportunity of a huge majority, yet failed to do anything except pat himself on the back, and neglected air defence although adequate defence was a traditional plank in any Conservative platform.

Ramsay MacDonald

The revolutionary, strike-organising, class-conscious pacifist Wartime MacDonald, would not recognise the 1929 MacDonald of the platitudinous phrase and copybook counsel, who roared like any sucking dove so that none need be afraid of him or his Party. Ramsay MacDonald was evolving, he was beginning to learn the old, old lesson, that it is the tortoise, not the hare, that wins the race ; that great movements to better the condition of the workers must come gradually ; and that it is only by evolution, never by revolution, that conditions for the good of race are reached. It is difficult for those who served overseas in the Great War to forget his words and actions at that time, but everyone makes mistakes and I believe time will show that Ramsay MacDonald realises and regrets his mistakes, and will prove himself to have evolved into a level-headed, patriotic Scottish statesman, from the chrysalis stage of class-war Socialism. But health and circumstance may not give him sufficient time for his full political development. And he must do more, and talk and travel less.

Ramsay MacDonald will be remembered as an idealist, a Sir Galahad seeking the Holy Grail of Universal Peace ; as a Captain who, bewitched by the siren song of Disarmament, brought his craft near to shipwreck in the cruel seas of national rivalry. As the first Prime Minister to leave his Party when in office, at the call of Duty to the Nation,

he set a splendid example of Public Service that will never be forgotten. [1]

Labour's Handicap

Labour's most serious handicap appears to be its great difficulty in breaking free from the tyranny of words. Because the Soviet dictatorship made use of the words "workers' republic" to camouflage its cruel, unscrupulous bloody slavery, the Labour Party, forgetting Britain's traditional love of freedom, seemed to be hypnotised by the Soviet, and unable to realise that our kindly folk do not like holding out the hand of friendship to pitiless persecutors of peasants and priests.

No impartial observer can fail to arrive at the conclusion that the Soviet Government is endeavouring by murder and persecution to destroy every political opponent and every form of religion.

Idealism v. Gold

The Labour Party have shown that enthusiasm and organisation are of more value than and can upset "the tables of the money-changers," but perhaps they pay too much deference to the "seats of those that sell doves," for the blind and unprotected worship of peace is almost as dangerous as that of gold. The selling of doves is the most popular political occupation of to-day, but with the Teuton return to war-mindedness, the Slav openly threatening civilisation and the Mongol stirring in his long sleep, it may be as well to remember that though the doors of the temple of Janus are almost closed to-day, they are neither bolted nor barred. Indeed, in spite of peace treaties and the

[1] *December*, 1933

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's broadcast talk on the 7th of this month was altogether admirable; he said:

"Whether one is Conservative or Liberal or Labour, Individualist or Socialist, there is no chance of progress in any direction if the foundations of trade are insecure or if debts are piled up till they crush credit and confidence . . .

"The revolutionary changes in production which improvement in machinery and industrial organisation has brought about must not result only in a reduction in the people employed—that, indeed, would be a tragic end. The benefits must be seen in more abundant life for all, shorter hours, more leisure and more opportunity for people to use their leisure well. . . .

"We have started a housing and slum clearance programme and we mean to carry it out. . . . Our experience has been, without the shadow of doubt, that one nation disarming will have no influence upon others. We ourselves have disarmed to the very edge of safety."

League of Nations, the world whispers and the confused clamour of continents suggest that some day (may it be far distant) the doors will once again open and the ancient ordeal by which in the past history has determined national or racial progress, or regress, will again be resorted to.

It is well to realise and remember that prosperity and peace have probably been more deadly to past civilisations and culture than poverty, or war-mindedness.

The Labour Party has shown that poverty may lead to power. Have they also learned that peace-at-any-price may lead to perdition or that pacifism may destroy Peace?

The Professional Politician

Politics as a career seems to tend more than any other profession to a lowering and weakening of character except with a very occasional and brilliant minority. Clemenceau, the Tiger, was a splendid example. He kept his intellect unclouded, his integrity unquestioned, his courage unabated, his will inflexible, and his patriotism undimmed, throughout his political life and in his dignified and simple retirement, up to the end.

But the average man (and, alas, even the majority of politicians are average men) who begins the political game with endowments of intellect and character above the average, becomes in time a slave to the insidious, destructive, stimulating poison of Party politics. He ceases to use his mind for the unbiassed criticism of his own Party, he fulminates in exaggerated phrase against the errors or failures of his opponents, and whitewashes or seems unable to perceive those of his own political associates. He becomes the slave of his machine, an advocate, able to shut out from his mind, his arguments, his sympathy, all and everything that tells against his Party or for the Party on the other side. No wonder lawyers, and particularly barristers, so often achieve eminence in the political profession, for it requires the barrister's temperament, the ability to see or to pretend to see only the side of his client, although he must often realize, when he permits himself the luxury of honest reflection, that his forensic skill may have impeded rather than assisted the cause of justice.

The political fight becomes too absorbing, the success of his Party too necessary for his own dignity, advancement, or even family budget, for him to be too scrupulous. He gets

to feel that an adroit evasion, a witty repartee, a half truth that is in reality a lie, a verbal formula that is capable of double interpretation, is better, more expedient, than simple courage and steadfast honesty.

He is so often strutting on the stage to enthusiastic audiences that it is as difficult for him to be simple and sincere as for a prominent actor or film actress. He has a role to play that is so difficult to combine with logic and honour that, except very occasionally, he barters his soul for his seat, and sells his birthright of clear thinking and simple self-respect for a mess of political pottage. To be a political Party hack is of all methods of earning a livelihood perhaps not the least intellectually degrading. Though the ordeal is a hard one, still there will always be a few who will come through the fire unscorched, and who will maintain a sense of duty and an appreciation of the necessity and delight of self-sacrificing service in the high office to which Fate has called them to guide and mould the destinies of their race. As the trial, labour and responsibility is great, so proportionately great is the honour of those who keep to their singleness of purpose—the good of the country as a whole.

The obvious truism that no political Party has a monopoly of policy of advantage to the country is frequently forgotten in the Party strife, together with the equally patent fact that men and women of the highest character whose only desire is the welfare of Britain and her people, exist in all political Parties. Unfortunately the converse is equally true, that selfish careerists are present in every Party in considerable numbers.

December, 1933

In 1929 I had for some time enjoyed the personal friendship of Dr. T. Drummond Shiels (Under-Secretary for India and the Colonies in the Labour Government of that year). Shiels had served with trench mortars during the War and had been awarded the M.C. at "Hill 60." During post-War years we had been associated in some of my tilts at the windmills of prejudice and we appeared to see eye to eye on many subjects. Indeed, during 1930 he asked me, quite unofficially, whether I would accept a Labour peerage if offered me.

I was grieved that he did not join the "National Labour" section of his Party when the split came in 1931. The power of "the Labour Machine" must have been very great to have prevented all Under-Secretaries and nearly all private members from following leaders who had been the most prominent, efficient and devoted in the establishment and development of the Labour Party.

I was also grieved that, after he had been unseated in the General Election of 1931, he accepted a salaried post under the British Social Hygiene Council after having served on the Executive Committee of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease for several years (see Part III, Chapters XX and XXI).

CHAPTER XIV

A NATIONAL EX-SERVICE MOVEMENT ; JOINT COMMITTEE OF EX-SERVICE MEN

ABOUT the middle of 1923 I began to realise that things were going badly with England, that little could be expected from Party politicians and that it looked as if those men who had saved the country during the War must now unite to save the country from the dangers that were threatening her.

The flame of patriotism, the spirit of our forefathers, appeared to live on chiefly in the hearts of those ex-Service men who had successfully passed through the ordeal of war on sea or in the trench, and I thought I would try to rally these men to the defence of all that England stood for.

My object in trying to launch an ex-Service Men's National Movement was to unite the weak separate ex-Service men's organisations in this country into a powerful league similar to the Australian "Returned Soldiers' League" and capable of taking as decisive political, but non-Party, action in this country.

I had a cottage at Camberley, a military centre, and I thought this would make a good jumping-off ground, so on the 19th October, I published the following open letter to ex-Service men in the *Camberley News*.

> I feel sure that you will agree with me that the result of our victory in the War has been a bitter disappointment to us.
>
> There has been a growing distrust between class and class, founded on class selfishness, and we seem to have forgotten that we are all mutually dependent one on the other.
>
> Ex-Service men, if you make up your minds to save your country in Peace as you did in War, you can do so ! There are FIVE MILLIONS of you, and if you unite in any demand it will be granted, whatever Government may be in power, for no Government could live should it turn a deaf ear to the voice of a united national movement of ex-Service men.

I therefore propose to start such a movement in Camberley and district, and after I have given an address on "What the Empire owes the Ex-Service Man and what the Ex-Service Man owes the Empire," the following resolutions will be put to a meeting of ex-Service men :

That this meeting resolves itself into the first meeting of the EX-SERVICE MAN'S NATIONAL MOVEMENT :

That the aims of the Movement are :
(1) To work for the good of the country as a whole, independently of any existing political Parties.
(2) To secure Britain for Britons.
(3) To oppose class antagonism, and to maintain in Peace the comradeship of War.
(4) To urge ex-Service men to be true to those ideals of duty, sacrifice, courage, industry, and honour for which they fought and their comrades died in the War.
(5) To work for and use every constitutional political means to ensure :

(a) That Germany shall ultimately be made to pay her War reparations.
(b) That some system of work be substituted both for unemployment pay and the dole.
(c) That our home markets and industries be secured by adequate anti-dumping duties.
(d) That alien labour be excluded, except in very special cases.

I am confident that the ideals of duty and honour that have made England's flag the symbol of democratic freedom, steadfast courage, and industrial honesty, are still burning in the hearts of ex-Service men.
Let us be up and doing, and unite in a brotherhood, not this time as comrades in arms, but as men determined to live and work so that when we meet our fallen comrades again we can look them in the face and not be ashamed.

A crowded meeting was held at the Drill Hall on the 11th November, and gave most enthusiastic attention to my address, and passed all the resolutions *nem. con.* Admission was by tickets, which were only distributed amongst ex-Service men.

During the discussion that followed, ex-Sergeant George (late Sherwood Foresters), who before the War was Hon. Secretary of the "National Society of Ex-Naval and Military

Men," of which Lord Dundonald was President, stressed the importance of assuring employment for men on discharge from the Services, which had been the main object of his Society.

This demand for the employment of ex-Service men in work for which the Government had the disposal of vacancies, has been successfully given effect to in Australia, in deference to the wishes of the powerful Returned Soldiers' League. Practical experience has, therefore, proved that the granting of preference to Ex-Service men in Government employment is a workable and popular policy.

Mr. George became an enthusiastic supporter of the movement, and was later elected Vice-Chairman of the Joint Committee of ex-Service men.

After the resolution had been passed, Officers were elected and an Executive Committee formed to draw up the Policy and Constitution.

I was unfortunate in regard to the time that I launched my movement, for the General Election, which was quite unexpected when I called the meeting, prevented our taking any further steps until January, 1924, when my baby movement was greatly strengthened by the acceptance of Vice-Presidencies by Sir Frederick Milner, P.C., and Mr. Lionel Yexley, R.N. (ret.), Editor of *The Fleet.*

Mr. Gilbert Frankau was good enough to come and see me and told me that he would join the Central Executive "as soon as the necessary financial support was assured." I pointed out that his name would assist in assuring us financial support, but I could not get him to move.

Several other prominent men took the same line and were prepared to come in if I could obtain sufficient financial backing to ensure a good start.

Mr. J. C. Gould, M.P., practically promised me that he would obtain me a financial backing, and I was delighted, as I imagined him to be a very rich man, but before very many months had passed he became a victim to the widespread financial crisis.

That stalwart veteran patriot, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, gave me his blessing and the use of his name as Vice-President, but he said that he was too old and weak to do anything more. The blessing of "Henry Arthur," however, was very stimulating to me, for there were few men for whom I had a higher respect and admiration.

Association of ex-Service Civil Servants

In January I got into touch with the Association of ex-Service Civil Servants, the most powerful and active of all ex-Service organisations in securing the rights of ex-Service men by propaganda in Parliament and Press. This organisation was extremely fortunate in its officers, who were not only enthusiastic, devoted and courageous in their championship of the rights of ex-Service men in the Civil Service, but were also men of outstanding personality and ability.

The Association of ex-Service Civil Servants was very well organised and included the great majority of ex-Service Civil Servants as members; had commodious offices at 3, Victoria Street, Westminster, and had as their official organ, a monthly magazine with the very appropriate name of *The Live Wire*, under the editorship of Mr. Comyns Beaumont.

The Live Wire of February, 1924, contained the following editorial :

> Amid all the hurly-burly of the General Election and the contending parties, who humbly solicit the ex-Service man's vote and conveniently forget him afterwards, I am glad to feel assured that our proposed Forward Movement is steadily pursuing the even tenor of its way. After all, as ex-soldiers, we must realise that the dispersion of our strength among three antagonistic parties is bad military tactics, and it would be infinitely preferable to throw all our weight into the scale on one side. But as matters rest, that is not possible. If, however, we create our own party—a great Ex-Service Party—with a national-democratic platform, and can win the support of ex-Service men on a large scale, it would be another proposition altogether.
>
> The need of such a party is widely felt. After all, the existing three parties of the State are bodies loosely knit together in a variety of ways and probably none of them entirely succeeds in being all things to all men. One more conforms to your ideas than another, and perhaps two of the three have certain views which you abhor. Amongst those who have taken a leading part in the attempt to effect resettlement of ex-Service men, I should mention Dr. Wansey Bayly, M.C., who has recently started with considerable success an ex-Service men's national move-

ment in Camberley, of which he is President, and who is at the present time in touch with Headquarters with a view either to affiliation or fusion, whichever may be considered most desirable.

I have had the pleasure of Dr. Wansey Bayly's acquaintance for some years, and take my hat off to him as an absolutely fearless protagonist when he feels it is his duty to take a certain line. He has always realised that patriots must be loyal to each other at all costs and for this reason in 1913 he raised a troop of horse in London for the Ulster Volunteer Force. Dr. Bayly considers that the Empire owes the ex-Service men a front place in the councils of our people and such consideration as will prevent his service proving a handicap in industrial fields.

Perhaps it will interest my readers if I subjoin here the aims of Dr. Wansey Bayly's Movement. I should be interested if any reader of *The Live Wire* who disagrees with any clause or clauses in this statement of aims would oblige with a short reason thereto. It is useful to know of any clause which might possibly divert support.

The aims and objects of my movement were then given.

At this time the President of the Association was Major Lachlan MacLean, Vice-President, Mr. D. G. Stewart, and the Organising Secretary, Mr. G. J. P. O'Connel.

These gentlemen agreed that if it were possible to launch a national ex-Service movement that would embrace all the existing ex-Service organisations, such a movement could not fail to exercise a powerful influence for good that would be of advantage not only to ex-Service men, but to the nation.

Joint Committee

It was decided to form a joint committee of representatives of ex-Service organisations to consider the advisability and practicability of organising such a National Movement, and the first meeting took place at 3, Victoria Street, on the 15th January, 1924. At this meeting the Association of ex-Service Civil Servants was represented by the three officers already mentioned, and my embryo organisation by myself and Mr. F. George. Five other gentlemen attended as individuals not representing any organisation, but as interested in the welfare of ex-Service men, and

prepared to assist the movement by organising financial and other support.

Major Lachlan MacLean was appointed Chairman, Mr. George, Vice-Chairman, and Mr. Stewart, Honorary Secretary.

A draft policy was drawn up and invitations to send representatives were forwarded to : Empire Union of Veterans and Old Comrades Association ; Toc "H" Club ; Association of Retired Naval Officers ; Officers' Association ; Trainees' Guild ; Army Pensioned Ranker Officers' Association, and the British Legion.

Toc "H" Club, the Officers' Association, and the British Legion sent replies, stating their regret that they were unable to send representatives as their constitution barred them from embarking in political action.

The other organisations sent representatives to serve on the committee which received the name of "Joint Committee of ex-Service Men." I was subsequently appointed a joint Hon. Secretary of this Committee with Mr. Stewart.

Many meetings took place before a policy acceptable to all the representatives was thrashed out, but at length the following policy was adopted unanimously on the 2nd May, 1924. [1]

POLICY

(1) To uphold the Crown and Constitution at all costs.

(2) To secure employment for all ex-Service men.

(3) To oppose class antagonism, to uphold the right of free speech for all parties, and to work for the good of the country as a whole without adherence to any existing political parties.

(4) That all vacancies in the State and Municipal Services shall be filled by suitably qualified ex-Service men, so long as any remain unemployed, and further that pressure be brought to bear on all municipalities to qualify for the King's Roll.

[1] *December*, 1933

In 1930 I became President of the Walsingham (Norfolk) Branch of the British Legion.

The Legion is year by year becoming of increasing value to the ex-Service man as an employment agency, and every ex-Service man whether in or out of employment should join the Legion.

The Legion pension scheme, by which disabled ex-Service men may be granted ten shillings per week out of a special fund, is also of great value.

(5) That further opportunity of efficient training in skilled employment be granted both to Service and Ex-Service men, who after due inquiry and investigation are considered suitable for training.

(6) The granting by the Government of Loans on suitable security to business firms submitting approved schemes involving the employment of an adequate amount of labour, subject to the provision that on all work undertaken as the result of such loans at least 60 per cent of the additional personnel to be engaged shall be ex-Service men providing that suitably qualified ex-Service men are available.

(7) That 50 per cent suitably qualified ex-Service men shall be employed on all mail ships and ships flying the R.N.R. flag, provided they are available.

(8) To prohibit the entry or employment of aliens in this country to the detriment of British working men and women.

(9) To obtain a statutory right to civil employment up to an equitable percentage for suitably qualified ex-Service men in all employments that are under direct or indirect Government control.

(10) To secure justice for ex-Service men and their dependents, in the administration of disability and other pensions.

(11) That immediate steps be taken to introduce legislation to amend and improve the existing system and administration of National Health Insurance and Unemployment pay.

(12) To secure direct representation on the Standing Joint Committee on ex-Service Matters, Pension Tribunals, and the Council of Management of the United Services Fund.

At this meeting, it was also resolved that the movement be known as "The National Ex-Service Movement," and a sub-committee of three, consisting of Major Lachlan MacLean, Captain E. D. Bone (Secretary of the Rankers Officers' Association) and myself, was elected "to draft a constitution for the wider movement, to be circularised to all members of the committee prior to the next meeting."

Major MacLean must have spent all his spare time in preparing a draft to submit to his sub-committee, for when we met, Captain Bone and myself were amazed at the breadth and detail of the scheme he submitted, in the formation of which his long experience with the Association of Ex-Service Civil Servants, with its numerous provincial branches, had stood him in good stead.

On the 25th June, the sub-committee's draft report with very trifling amendments was adopted unanimously by the

Joint Committee, only two of the twenty-eight clauses being deferred for further consideration.

The meeting of the Joint Committee on the 25th June was the last that took place. Although the constituent representatives had decided to submit the agreed policy to their respective executives and find their views as regards their financial support for the wider joint movement, no definite answers were forthcoming, and decisions were repeatedly postponed until the new General Election once again occupied the thoughts of the general and ex-Service public.

After the return of the Conservative Party with such a huge majority, no financial assistance for any non-Party organisation which supported the constitution and was opposed to the class-war was obtainable ! It was the capitalists' fear for their own money bags, not their sympathy with the ex-Service men, or the constitutional weekly wage earner, that made them consider the advisability of giving financial support to such organisations. Also the ex-Service men each year, and after each General Election, more and more forgot the comradeship of the sea or trench in the different interests of civil life, so that union under one policy became impossible.

I had tried and I had failed, but what I had attempted was a big thing, and I had reached sufficiently near success to believe that if circumstances, the march of events, and the development on the political stage, had been different my effort *might* have proved successful and of value to the country. So I felt that perhaps even in failure I need not feel ashamed.

CHAPTER XV

FIGHTING CLASS ANTAGONISM; WORKERS' LIBERTY AND EMPLOYMENT LEAGUE

FEW will deny that the minor terror of the French Revolution and the major terror of the Russian holocaust would both have been impossible in the absence of a sudden boiling over of a class-consciousness which had been simmering for many years amongst workers who found the class-consciousness of the employer class so intolerable that they had become increasingly restless under the galling yoke of this social tyranny. The "haves" had become so class-conscious that they looked upon themselves as different beings from the "have nots," and thought they had a definite right to impose their political will, based on hereditary or pecuniary advantages, on all their fellow citizens whom fate had not blessed with similar social or financial prerogatives. It took many generations for the "have nots" to develop a political class-consciousness and to realise that the advantage of the "haves" in wealth and position might be neutralised by the numerical advantage of the "have nots."

If our political Parties are based on class differences and are controlled by class-conscious leaders, the logical conclusions of such political division must be class war and ultimate revolution, in which all classes will suffer equally.

It is clearly impossible for a political class war to exist if the political Parties of a nation contain proportionate representation of the various social and industrial classes. By this I mean that each and every existing political Party should contain, in more or less proportional numbers, members of the various classes of the community. Thus alone can a political Party represent that conglomeration of perhaps apparently antagonistic, but in reality, common interests known as the State or the Commonwealth.

Whilst it is certainly true that there are many members of the Conservative Party who would support a scheme to ensure an equitable representation of workers in responsible

positions in the Conservative Party, both within and outside Parliament, it is noticeable that the influence of financial magnates within the Party appears rather to increase than to diminish.

The progress in the emancipation of the worker during the last century was assisted by both Conservative and Liberal and was due both to political opportunism and expediency and to the influence of the few democratic idealists in the two Parties.

The Labour Party owed its origin to the dawn of realisation by workers that they could improve their condition by means of the constitutional powers recently given them by the employer Parties and was originally frankly a small class group. It was the ideal of the improvement of the social, industrial and political condition of workers which was the compelling urge and the vital principle actuating the young Labour Party, which evolved from a group of workers returned to Parliament to make the voice of the hitherto inarticulate employee heard in the Commons. It frankly preached class-consciousness, and was at that time right in preaching class-consciousness, or rather in forcing the largely class-conscious Conservative and Liberal Parties to realise the existence and rights of another class.

Ever since the Great War I had felt that the Conservative Party gravely needed democratisation in order to gain the confidence of the manual workers. Weekly wage earners cannot forget the years of slavery before the trade unions forced unwilling capitalists to recognise the necessity of fair treatment to workers. They feel unable to place entire trust in any political Party that is controlled by employers and in which employees have no voice either in formulating policy or in the administration of the Party.

At a Parliamentary Election the worker was placed in the unfortunate dilemma of having to choose as his representative, either a member of the employer class with whose policy he might be largely in agreement, but whom he could not entirely trust, or a member of his own class whose policy in regard to many points might appear to him to be dangerous and unlikely to lead to better trade, on which the prosperity of the country as a whole, and the manual worker in particular, depended.

It appeared that forces were marshalling for a class

war, and that in order to avoid such a disastrous struggle a large body of opinion must be organised that would give the patriotic, national, constitutional, weekly wage earner an escape from the dilemma I have mentioned.

I tried in vain to obtain publication of my ideas in the Conservative Press, but eventually my letter was published in *The Patriot*, which I followed up with further letters.

Hoxton Memories

After I had returned from the South African War in 1902, I practised for a short time in Hoxton, where my health broke down, so that after a severe illness and operation I had to leave my practice and go to sea. Hoxton was one of the poorest districts of London, the chief industries being the manufacture of cheap furniture, cardboard boxes and low grade artificial flowers.

I lived and practised in a mean street where my fees were 6d. for advice and medicine ! I fixed up my surgery like an outpatient room of a hospital, and I gave the best of drugs and precisely the same attention and care that I had given in the various outpatient departments of London hospitals with which I had been associated. I was at the time a clinical assistant at a great children's hospital, and this soon got known and my surgery was crowded.

I loved the work, but it was very hard. I loved the people, for they were very courageous, and I think they had some affection for the "little doctor," as they called me.

I was horrified and angry at the unfair industrial conditions, the miserable housing accommodation, the intolerable absence of beauty and leisure in the lives of the poorer workers, and I made up my mind that if ever I had the opportunity of doing or saying anything that might help to improve the social and economic position of the poorer weekly wage earners I would do so without fear or favour.

Towards the end of 1929, I received a letter from a lady (Miss M. W. Ellis, a hospital nurse) who had once a week helped me in minor operations in my Hoxton practice. She said : "During last summer I went on a voyage of discovery to Hoxton to find the old 'slum.' The 'shop' is now a greengrocer's, and a nice clean woman

standing on the doorstep very near at hand gave me an interesting piece of information in reply to my question, 'How long the shop had been a greengrocer's, as it used to be a doctor's ?' She said : 'Yes, it *used* to be a doctor's a long time ago, and the people loved him, but he worked himself to death—not like these 'ere panel doctors.'" I was much moved and pleased to think that my work, though not my name, was still remembered more than a quarter of a century after my short association with Hoxton had ended !

My brief sojourn in Shaftesbury Street was apparently becoming a myth !

It was this resolve in 1903 that largely influenced me in accepting, in 1924, the thankless and difficult task of trying to organise the Workers' Liberty and Employment League. I felt that the menace of the class war, with its logical and inevitable sequence of revolution, would lower the standard of living of the workers in our country, and might well produce such a slump in industry and loss of foreign credit that the worker would be faced not only with unemployment, but also with starvation.

Early in May I was asked to receive a deputation of anti-Socialist workers, and I found when they arrived that they wanted to ascertain my opinions in detail regarding the steps anti-Socialist weekly wage earners should take to give expression to their views.

Workers' Liberty and Employment League

They evidently regarded my opinion as congenial, for I soon received an invitation to become president of a new workers' organisation to bring before the public the views we held in common.

The first meeting took place on the 23rd May, and within a month the aims, objects, and constitution of the new organisation, which we named the "Workers' Liberty and Employment League," had been agreed to.

I spent July in trying to obtain financial assistance to launch the League and succeeded in getting sufficient to start on. If the League did good work and the membership developed I felt certain that further financial help would be obtained. Indeed, it was promised *if* I could show that useful work was being carried out by the League.

We decided to hold open air meetings in Socialist

centres and public spaces where the anti-Socialist parties had done little work. We believed that Communism and the Red Flag were largely the result of ignorance, that the Conservatives and Liberals were very foolish and slack in neglecting to place their views before the people in repeated street corner meetings, so that in many districts the only politics that the people were able to hear in the streets and open spaces were of that degenerate kind that had their origin not in Great Britain, not in any of the independent nations forming the Commonwealth of Nations united by the British Crown, but in the subversive propaganda of Russia and Germany.

We felt certain that the people of the industrial districts would listen to the views of fellow workers, whose object was the joint and indissoluble prosperity of the workers and the nation, where they would not listen to the capitalist, the professional politician, or the employer sent down by political organisations to address the workers in strange districts, of which they knew so little, far from the West End.

Our motto was "Co-operation, not Antagonism," and the chief plank in our platform was the education of the worker in the folly of class war, and we believed that the class war could only be averted by the democratisation of the Conservative Party, combined with the nationalisation of the Labour Party, which were both equally necessary.

For many years Conservative leaders and the Conservative Central Office had promised to give the worker a share in the control, administration and parliamentary representation of the Party, but these promises, usually repeated when a general election was approaching, were never given effect to, and no Conservative weekly wage earner was ever given any opportunity to occupy a ministerial post in Parliament or any position of authority in Central Office.

We decided to start our campaign in September and the League received a good send-off from the Press, but once again just as we were getting a move on, the general election came along, and all interest in non-Party meetings came to a sudden end !

The results of the General Election of November, 1924, were such that a very superficial inspection might convey the false impression that the people of Britain had definitely

and finally expressed their opposition to the class war, and that the menace of Socialism and Revolution had been removed.

Further analysis of the results, however, made it clear that far from this being the case, in spite of the Socialists' loss of fifty seats, the Socialist vote had increased by over one million, and that the Government majority of over two hundred was the result of gains from the other anti-Socialist party.

Although the original "Labour Party" certainly contained many supporters who were not Socialistic, and who were opposed to class war, subsequently they became practically controlled by the Independent Labour Party, of which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was the most prominent member, whose policy was affirmed at the Glasgow Conference in 1920, to be "the establishment of the Socialist Commonwealth, and it therefore condemns all attempts to bring about any *rapprochement* between Labour and Capitalism or . . . more amiable relations between Labour and Capitalism."

Anti-Socialists had after the 1924 election five years in which to make it clear to the country that the fight between Constitutionalism and Socialism, the Union Jack and the Red Flag, was a struggle as to whether Friendship or Hate, class-co-operation or class-antagonism, should be the ruling factor in our political life for many years to come.

It was a matter of urgent necessity that the Conservative Party in general and its administrative officials in particular should prove at once that they *really meant* to give effect to their fair words expressed immediately before and during the General Election, affirming their desire to end class-consciousness within the Party. Workers had learnt by bitter experience to distrust words unsupported by deeds, especially promises made just before or during a General Election, and they remembered definite pledges given by the Conservative Party in 1911 in reference to worker candidates which had not been fulfilled. Mr. H. E. Blain, at that time the principal agent of the Conservative Party, in a letter to me dated the 10th October, 1924, had written :

> There can be no question as to the genuineness of our determination that the wage earners shall be given direct

> representation locally, on the governing body of the Party, and in Parliament, and at the Conference at Newcastle last week I got unanimous approval to a new scheme which, so far as the Party is concerned, makes this absolutely certain.

This definite pledge should have been honoured by the immediate selection, and education in constitutional history, and the economics of trade and industry, of a large number of suitable wage earners, so that at the next General Election, a large percentage of the Conservative candidates might be taken from the working, as compared with the capitalist, classes.

Workers could not and would not indefinitely be content with a minority representation in the old political Parties, and while they did not demand or desire majority representation, were not going to be put off by any arrangement by which the employing classes were assured of control of the Party machine.

Workers, however, who claimed a right to an ultimate "fifty-fifty" representation with capital realised that changes in representation could not be suddenly made, and would have been contented if 25 per cent of the Conservative candidates at the next election were selected from the ranks of workers.

It was too much to expect the intelligent worker of to-day to continue to dance to a capitalist tune. He very properly demanded a share both in calling the tune and in the seats in the orchestra. The worker was getting deaf to the voice of the capitalist soloist, but was prepared to sing a duet with him and believed that such a duet would prove a thousand times more attractive to the worker of Britain than any Red International song of class hatred.

If there is anything that History shows clearly, it is that revolution and its consequent starvation, unemployment and cruelty, are the children of tyranny and class-consciousness, whether the tyrant be Czarist or Bolshevist, a Louis or a Robespierre, an autocrat or a mob.

The Socialist Party had no sound basis for claiming to be the only possible wage earners' Party, and the turnover of votes from Socialist to Conservative in many industrial constituencies in 1924 showed that the British worker, now

as ever, was practical and patriotic and would support a national rather than an international policy.

The Workers' Liberty and Employment League held many open air meetings in London centres of Communist activity during the autumn of 1924, submitted a questionnaire to all London Parliamentary candidates for the 1924 Election, and received replies from forty-six candidates, favourable answers being received from all three political parties.

It is not uninteresting to record that our League had evolved a national policy, as set out in our questionnaire, that was acceptable in every single plank by some Conservative and Labour candidates, and every plank but the Protection one by some Liberals. It is also worth recording that the question asking the candidate's vote for the maintenance of an Air Force equal to that of any European Power was answered in the affirmative by *all* the candidates who replied.

After the return of the Conservative Government by such a huge majority, all financial support was withdrawn from us. We, however, continued our campaign and held occasional indoor meetings during the winter of 1924 and spring of 1925. Some of these meetings, in spite of the profound post-election apathy, were reported at some length in the local press.

The last meeting of the Executive Committee of the Workers' Liberty and Employment League took place on the 7th October, 1925, when the following resolution was proposed by Mr. George, seconded by Mrs. D. Evans, and supported by myself (as President), the Chairman, and Vice-Chairman, and carried unanimously :

> That in view of the changed political situation in which the Labour Party repudiates Communism and the Conservative Party definitely states its determination to democratise itself, it appears that this League is unlikely to obtain support in the immediate future, and, therefore, that its further existence can serve no useful purpose.

The General Strike

The General Strike of May, 1926, and the prolonged Coal Strike that followed it, furnished a proof and afforded

a demonstration of the disastrous effect of class antagonism, direct action, and lack of co-operation between employer and employee, which even the most narrow-minded bigot could not fail to appreciate. Unemployment was greatly increased, our export trade in coal received a knock-out blow from which it has never recovered, other foreign markets were permanently damaged, while the nation's refusal to capitulate to the threat of one section of the community was but a repetition of our historical attitude towards tyranny.

The Labour Party and leaders suffered great loss of prestige. The complete failure of the strike followed by the unconditional surrender of the Trade Union and Socialist Leaders lost them the confidence of the workers and the Trade Unions lost a very great number of members, and this loss of membership has never been regained since that day.

Mr. J. H. Thomas must have often bitterly regretted that he allowed himself to be stampeded into giving a reluctant support to the extremists, with whom his well-balanced mind must have been in complete opposition.

The tragedy of the General Strike was, however, a salutary warning to responsible Labour Leaders.

I gave my car, which was garaged at Camberley, to the Local District Council for whatever use they considered most valuable. (It is now painted red and used as the tender for the local fire engine.) I placed my personal services at the disposal of the Royal Society of Medicine who undertook the organisation of a Medical and Ambulance Service, should such be necessary. During the Strike, I visited Whitechapel in order to study the attitude of the people in regard to the armed food convoys from the Docks to Hyde Park. On the top of each lorry were three guardsmen, in tin hats armed with rifle and bayonet and with their bandoliers full of ball cartridge. They were treating the situation with the same old calm nonchalance and good humour that the Brigade of Guards always show in any and every crisis.

I had rather expected the populace lining the streets to be antagonistic, but not a bit of it ; on the contrary, they seemed to be enjoying the atmosphere of excitement and the touch of military pageantry presented by the procession of lorries and tanks, and appeared to view the

spectacle as a new and pleasurable variety of Lord Mayor's Show ! The attitude of the people to the General Strike filled me with admiration for the racial characteristic of the nation in refusing to treat such a threat of Revolution seriously.

In this crisis our men of the Public School class were true to their great tradition of public service and were conspicuous for their adaptability to unaccustomed roles. They acted as dock labourers, railway engine drivers, printers, motormen, bus drivers and conductors, special constables or engineers of power stations with equal efficiency. They showed that much of the work of so-called technical experts of industry could be mastered in a few days, if not hours ! The type of humour was just the old War one and essentially simple, kindly and domestic. For instance, I remember buses with broken windows on which were chalked such jests as "Good ventilation guaranteed," "Kiss me and make it well," "No coconuts given here," etc.

The rapid and efficient organisation of food supply, transport, public safety, and of the water, light and sanitary services by the Government was admirable, and Mr. Baldwin and his Cabinet gained much fully deserved credit.

All Classes in all Parties

Of all the peoples of the world, none have evolved a subconscious shrewdness and an intuitive perception of liberty and justice to quite such an extent as the British. The gradual development of our flexible constitution during the last thousand years is a clear proof of our national sanity and our sound political sense. Our practical unemotional commonsense makes us realise that the body politic like the body physical, can only be healthy if each and all of the constituent organs and limbs are healthy and function properly and contentedly. Everyone who is not a fool knows that if a part is diseased, or a function suppressed, or unrestrained, the whole body cannot remain healthy, efficient and happy.

A lengthy correspondence took place about this time in a leading daily paper on the subject of wealthy Socialists. Some of these letters seemed to suggest that it was inevitable that political Parties should be on a class basis. They

deprecated that most desirable move of members of the middle or upper classes towards the Labour Party. One of the most hopeful signs of the day to many of those who put the welfare of the country as a whole before the welfare of any particular class or political Party was the tendency of the Labour Party to nationalise itself and accept within its fold members of all classes. The Labour Party now contained capitalists and moderate men whose patriotism was as proved and admirable as any that could be found in the other political Parties.

Some of the most prominent Labour leaders had come to realise that any political Party liable to be swayed by catchwords and slogans drafted to appeal to those of little training in logical reasoning, is in grave danger of getting out of control, and that a valuable stabilising effect would be produced by the augmentation within the Labour Party of the proportion of black-coated workers, from the Service, professional and business sections of the community.

December, 1933

My experiences as set out in the seven chapters of this Part might suggest that Fate's Whirligig consists of repetitions of errors and injustices in every department of human activities and that no real progress is made. This is not so. As changes slowly occur in the planetary whirligig, so also they occur in the human whirligig, and I believe that such changes, though very slow, are very sure, and move forward towards greater happiness. The only move *backwards* is in the armed defence of our ideals so that there is real danger that our culture may be destroyed from the air.

PART III

WINDMILLS

CHAPTER XVI

TRUE TEMPERANCE

England and ale

BEFORE my Election fight with Lady Astor I had not given Prohibition much thought, and had only looked upon the U.S.A. Volstead Act as one more amusing example of a mass attack of lack of balance and extremism to which certain sections of the American public are so prone. It had always seemed to me self-evident that alcohol, when used properly and not abused, was a tried and proved friend of mankind, and that the class of persons who opposed with fury even very moderate and healthy enjoyment of beer, wine and spirits, were nearly always members of the ridiculous pharasaical and foolish cult of puritan which has been the butt of all dramatic, historical, philosophical and political writers ever since humanity was able to leave written records of its thoughts.

The history of England in particular seemed so associated with ale that it was difficult to imagine that any group of persons in political life could be so blind to the character of our people as seriously to advocate legislation whose object was to restrict or cut off our people's access to a beverage which had been almost universally enjoyed by men, women and children for more than 1,000 years, during which period the nation had progressed amazingly in health, power and wealth.

This beverage, so closely associated with our national life, has been equally enjoyed by Prince, Prelate and People, and most popular characters in our literature, or drama, that have achieved a permanent place in our national affection, have not despised the pleasures of the barrel or the bottle, but, indeed, have generally both practised and preached their use and pleasure.

Closely woven with our sporting spirit is our delight, after the sport is over, in discussing all its details over a glass or a succession of glasses of beverages that are not tee-total.

That the use of alcohol, in contradistinction to the abuse of it, adds to human happiness, few unbiassed persons can deny, and I certainly agree with the late Dr. Mercier, who said : "It is more moral, more virtuous, better for ourselves and all round us that we should be happy than that we should be miserable."

Alcohol and Selective Evolution

The history of different races shows that diseases are highly selective in their action, and that every race is resistant to every deadly disease strictly in proportion to its past experience of it. Thus, the West African negro is resistant to malaria, but very susceptible to consumption, whereas, Englishmen are considerably resistant to consumption, but are very susceptible to malaria. Indeed, we in England speak of the "deadly climates" of the West Coast of Africa because Englishmen have not, by selective evolution, become resistant to malaria ; but it would be equally true to speak of the "deadly climate" of England to the West African, where his resistance to malaria would be of little use to him and where, unaccustomed to consumption, as his people are, he would rapidly succumb to that disease. Those West Africans, however, who left their malarial home and came to live in consumptive England and survived, would in a few generations lose their resistance to malaria and develop some resistance to consumption.

In exactly the same way, history shows us that every race is sober in precise proportion to its past experience of alcohol. Alcohol is extremely widespread throughout the world, and is found amongst both civilized and uncivilized people. It has been used in a strong form amongst civilized people for at least five thousand years, for very ancient Egyptian inscriptions refer to alcohol and drunkenness.

When, however, the strong alcohol of civilized nations is introduced amongst savage nations, who have previously only been accustomed to its extremely diluted forms, the result is disastrous. The desire for alcohol in excess is almost universal, and the death-rate from alcohol becomes so high that, in order to preserve the race from extinction, alcohol has to be entirely denied. The Red Indian of North America affords such an example.

Owing to such protective evolution, peoples accustomed

to strong alcohol for many generations, such as the Jews, Greeks, Italians and Spaniards, are now extremely sober people, and drunkenness is exceedingly rare amongst them. The Jews are well known for the hygienic wisdom of many of their religious laws, and it is interesting to note that it is obligatory on Jews to take alcohol on the Sabbath and on certain festival occasions.

English history makes it abundantly clear that we are progressing towards the sobriety that has already been reached by the wine-drinking countries. Thus, in 1900, the mortality attributable to alcohol was 113 per million, whereas, it is now only about 25 per million.

I think it must be quite clear that temperate peoples and individuals are not temperate through any exercise of self-control, but because excessive indulgence is distasteful to them ; for I think that no one would be prepared to state that the sober and temperate but easily excitable Spaniard or Italian has a greater measure of self-control than a phlegmatic Englishman or a stoical Red Indian.

Surrender to "temptation" of any kind depends on the strength of the urge in relation to power of resistance, and the strength of the urge is not a matter of self-control, but of inborn characteristic.

Any appetite—sex, tobacco, alcohol, drugs, etc.—may become an obsession the urge of which is so great as often to be irresistible. No one has a right to throw stones at others for not exercising self-control when he himself has no compelling urge to control !

If only the urge is sufficiently great, *anyone* will succumb, and it is by the elimination by Natural Selection of persons with morbid urges that racial normality is maintained, not by increase in self-control.

Volstead Act. Contempt for law and police corruption

The Volstead Act brought ridicule and contempt on American law, which had come to be looked upon as something that all citizens evaded as a matter of routine. It was the direct cause of a fashion that all persons of both sexes, young or old, should unite in defying the law by carrying with them to parties, flasks of spirits : it very greatly increased disease, and deaths resulting from alcohol, owing to the poisonous forms of impure alcohol used to dilute imported spirits ; it indirectly, by increasing the

drinking of cocktails and spirits amongst girls, increased sexual immorality ; a very marked increase in crime had also occurred since its introduction owing to the lowering of the prestige of the law, combined with police corruption and increased drinking amongst a section of the community ; class privilege had been emphasised, for while the well-to-do were able to obtain what alcoholic beverages they desired, the poor were obliged to content themselves with soft drinks ; and finally, there was an alarming increase in drug addicts amongst those who resorted to drugs as a cheap and easy substitute for alcoholic stimulation.

The endeavour of rulers and governments to force total abstinence on their peoples or to inflict severe punishments for alcoholic excess, is no new thing, and has been repeated at intervals through the course of history ; but these methods have always failed to obtain that national sobriety which all great rulers, philosophers and philanthropists have so ardently desired.

Public opinion is now and ever has been the most potent factor in regulating manners and behaviour, and it has been by the evolution of a public opinion against alcoholic excess combined with the elimination by kind-cruel Nature of those with morbid desires for alcoholic excess, that England has become the comparatively sober country that she is to-day.

Let man, woman and child take their refreshments and pleasures together in restaurants, cafes, or in the open air, in refined, amusing and pleasant surroundings, and public opinion and evolutionary methods will both be satisfied ; and all fear of the harmful abuse of alcohol will speedily disappear.

Scientific Committee of the T.T.A.

In 1926 I accepted the invitation of the Scientific Committee of the True Temperance Association to join them. This Committee consists of a body of men and women who are specially interested in the health and sobriety of the people, and who have no interests either direct or indirect in the sale of beverages containing alcohol. Such freedom from any association with the sale of alcoholic beverages is one of the provisions for membership of this Committee.

Temperance does not mean, never has meant, and never should mean complete repression, sacrifice or surrender of any appetite or passion. Only in regard to alcoholic beverages has the word "temperance" come to have the absurd and incorrect meaning of complete abnegation. To eschew all alcohol is *not* temperance, for pure negation can never be moderation.

I myself was particularly interested in stressing what appeared to me to be an established fact that mild ale was a healthy and harmless beverage, and that the prohibition of beer was an exceedingly foolish aim, and the plank in my Plymouth election platform, "Better and Cheaper Beer" was not a vote-catching cry, but a wise policy, based on consideration of the health, welfare, and happiness of the people.

What we drink

In 1929 the Committee asked me to undertake the editorship of a small popular book to be called, *What we drink*, in which chapters on all the common beverages would be written by persons whose names would carry weight. I was fortunate in obtaining the co-operation of Sir William Wilcox, who contributed the chapter on *Spirits*; Professor Dixon that on *The Caffein Beverages*; Dr. Robert Hutchinson that on *Wine*; Dr. R. A. Lyster that on *Water*; and Dr. Stella Churchill that on *Milk*. I was invited to write the chapter on *Beer*, which I did, although I could not claim either authority or weight.

Beer

Statistical reports show that the moderate beer drinker has no worse an expectation of life than the teetotaler, and that many centenarians have taken beer all their lives.

Beer, being a digestible food in addition to a stimulating beverage, appears to have an economic value in moderation, but to be uneconomic in excess.

The fact that many athletes train on beer, whatever the type of athleticism—rowing, running, boxing, walking, football, cricket, golf—suggests that the experience of trainers has taught them the value of beer as a diet for those called upon to exhibit sustained muscular effort.

Many past and present champions have trained and

still train on beer, but of recent years several "teetotal champions" have emerged and therefore it must now be accepted that beer is not a necessary part of a champion's diet.

Cirrhosis of the liver, which is so closely associated with over-indulgence in alcohol as to be called "drunkard's liver," or "gin drinker's liver," is a chronic inflammation of the tissues round the branches of the veins which run from the intestines to the liver. Professor Starling in *Action of Alcohol on Man*, says :

> The fact that it (cirrhosis of the liver) generally occurs in spirit drinkers is due to the irritant and destructive effects of strong solutions of alcohol on the mucous membranes of the stomach and intestines. It rarely or never occurs in wine or beer drinkers.

I should describe those who take beer to excess rather as gluttons than drunkards.

Beer a Food

Bread, meat and sugar are excellent, healthy foods, and few are so foolish as to suggest that they should be excluded from the diet of persons in normal health, and beer is exactly comparable to these articles of diet. Probably there would be fewer neurotics and less worrying if our people substituted light beers for tea or spirits.

Faddist's Delusions

I cannot understand how so many of the anti-alcohol people have been deluded into believing that beer is an adulterated, unwholesome, "chemical" beverage, for analytical chemists, medical officers of health, Members of Parliament, and leading authorities on diet, have time and again declared it to be wholesome and unadulterated with chemicals or anything else. Indeed, so pure and wholesome is beer, that I have been unable to find any records of poisoning or infectious illness traced to beer since 1902, which is probably more than can be said of almost any other beverage—certainly of milk or water.

Overtaxed Beer

If the health of the nation alone (and not Budget requirements) had to be considered, it would be well if *all tax* was withdrawn from beers that contained less than 3 per cent

of alcohol and taxes greatly reduced on beer with 3 per cent to 4.5 per cent. With any reduction of tax, safeguards would be necessary to ensure that the reduction in cost was handed on to the consumers, and not partially absorbed by the brewers, who already make a fair profit and in the past have not proved themselves to be an altruistic community.

My advocacy of beer as a healthy beverage for the normal healthy individual must not be taken as meaning that everyone, whatever his condition of health, can take beer with impunity and advantage. This is not the case, for in some diseases such as advanced kidney disease, arteriosclerosis, and aneurism, beer or alcohol in any form or strength must be forbidden, while in many morbid states such as gout, rheumatism, diabetes, or some forms of dyspepsia, beer may have to be omitted from the diet or only taken in very small quantities. True temperance must be exercised with all beverages, not only those containing alcohol. Serious harm may result from excess, impurity, or contamination of any beverage, while moderation in quantity and purity of quality will enable almost any beverage to be taken without harm by the normal healthy adult.

Ten Reasons for Opposing Prohibition

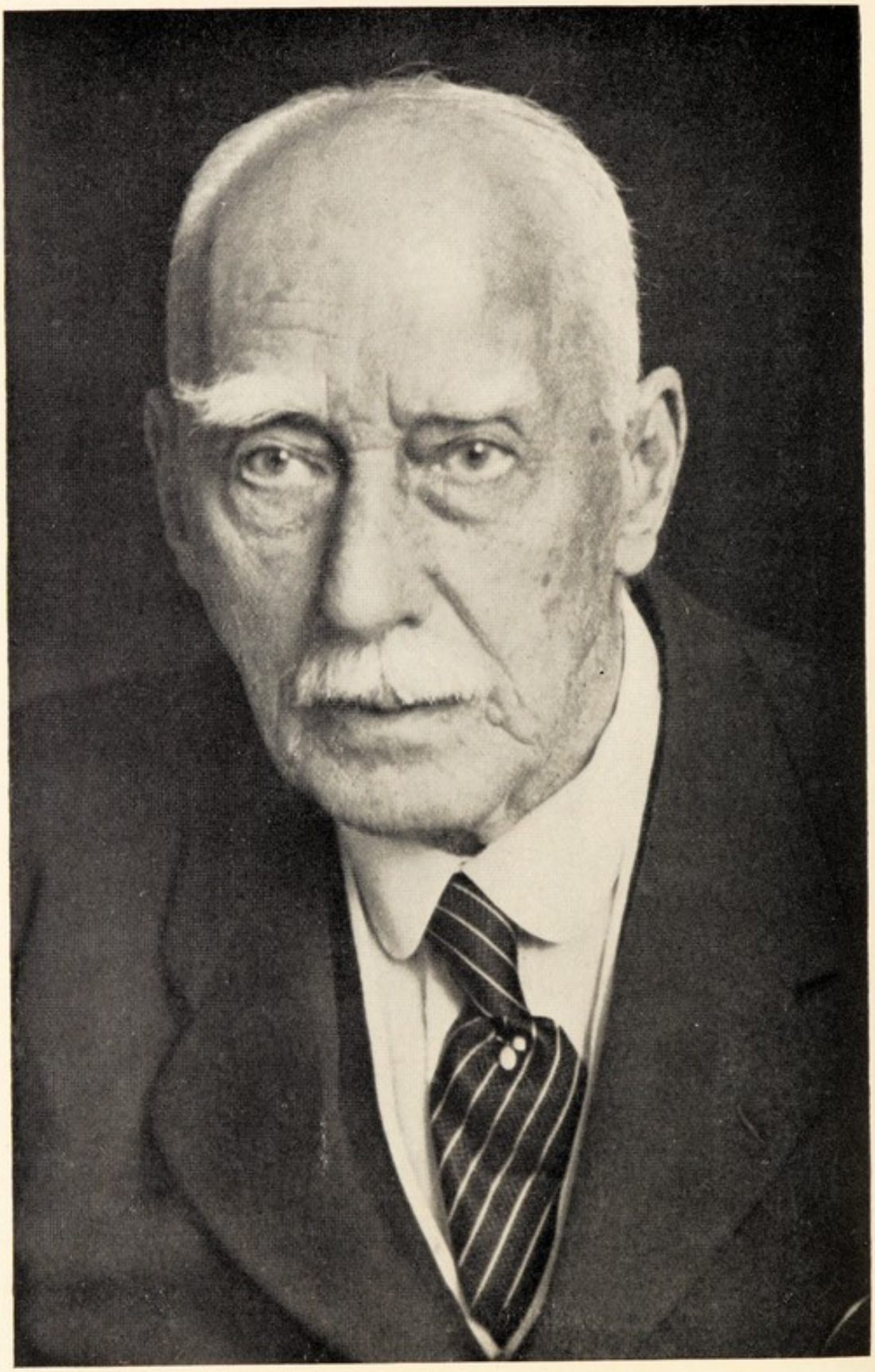
There is abundant evidence :

1. That national sobriety can only be reached by selective evolution.
2. That this evolution can only take place if people have access to alcohol.
3. That the considerable degree of national sobriety already attained by selective evolution would be lost if access to alcohol is prevented.
4. That complete prohibition is impracticable, so that those determined to obtain alcohol always obtain it.
5. That, therefore, the strictly moderate drinkers, who have lost the morbid craving for excessive indulgence in alcohol by selective evolution, are the only persons deprived of alcohol by prohibition.
6. That prohibition, if it could be efficiently enforced, would lay up for future generations a terrible period of intoxication for a people who had become unaccustomed to alcohol.

7. That the sobriety of the nation has rapidly increased during the last fifty years, and that we have progressed from a drunken nation to a comparatively sober one already, with every hope that if nature's method is not interfered with, we shall become an entirely sober nation in the near future.
8. That legislation in regard to prohibition or local veto would be a bureaucratic and tyrannical interference with the liberty of the subject.
9. That the moderate use of alcohol adds to the sum of human happiness.
10. That prohibition or local option discriminates in favour of the rich as against the poor in that the rich man will, as in America, always be able to obtain any alcoholic beverage that he desires, whereas, the working man will be deprived of that beer of which countless generations have partaken, to the pleasure of themselves, the good of their health, and the confusion of England's enemies.[1]

[1] *December*, 1933

The decision, by huge majorities, of thirty-six of the States of the U.S.A. against Prohibition, with the result that the Dry Régime ends this month, suggests that all fear of the capture of Great Britain by the anti-alcohol fanatics has passed.



RT. HON. SIR FREDERICK MILNER, P.C., 7TH BARONET

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CHAPTER XVII

WAR DISABILITY PENSIONS ; SIR FREDERICK MILNER ; A HEARTLESS MINISTRY ; FOUR TYPICAL CASES

THE TIMES and *Morning Post* of the 25th April, 1924, both published an important letter from Sir Frederick Milner on the subject of War Pensions, which was replied to by Sir Marley Sampson and others, and continued by myself in *The Times*. This correspondence, which is in my possession and is too lengthy to be set out in full, marked the beginning of a struggle with the Ministry of Pensions on behalf of War pensioners, which I look back on with the greatest pleasure, as in it I succeeded in obtaining pensions for deserving cases, who, before I took them up, had been refused pensions by the Ministry.

Sir Frederick Milner

Sir Frederick Milner's grave charges against the Ministry of Pensions appeared under the heading : "War Pensions—A Record of Broken Promises," and proceeded :

> For nine years I have worked day and night fighting for justice and generous treatment for our gallant men. I can only say I never felt more hopeless than I do now. The chaos and confusion is so great, it seems impossible to get anything done at all. I have put some terrible cases before the Pensions Minister, but week after week passes and nothing is done. It is absolutely heartbreaking. Almost daily I receive letters from clergymen, guardians and others telling me of cases of cruelty and injustice which they rightly say are a disgrace to the country. Here is a case from Maidenhead. This gallant fellow went right through the War with only two leaves of ten days each. He is now a physical wreck dependent on Poor Law relief ! When lately sent before a Board at Chelsea they told him he ought to have a full disability pension, but that they could not deal with his case as he was sent to them on account of his teeth ! I sent full particulars with letter from the clergyman on the 29th March and implored the Minister to deal promptly with the case, but beyond the

acknowledgment of the letter no steps appear to have been taken. It is the same with all the cases I have sent, some of them cases I can only describe as shocking ones.

If you write to the departments you either get no answer or are fobbed off with a buff postcard saying the matter will be attended to, which it never is. Two exceptions I must make. The Officers' Friend does his best to deal with cases, and I have met with both courtesy and sympathy from the Directors of Medical Services.

The department dealing with widows and dependents is hopeless. They, as a rule, ignore your appeal. I lately sent the case of a poor widow whose son was killed. She was at first awarded 18s. a week—little enough to live on. This was cut down to 14s. 7d., then to 9s. The excuse given was that she had two sons who ought to support her. I proved that one of these sons, who lives in New Zealand, was himself crippled through the War and had to be supported by his wife ; the other had low wages and a large family to support, several of school age. They apparently admitted that under these circumstances the pension ought not to have been cut, but though I have written again and again, not a penny of the arrears can I get. The doctor wrote and told me this poor woman was dying from want of the bare necessities of life, and for very shame I sent him the necessary money for her support.

I doubt if the general public has any conception of the misery existing amongst so many of those who saved our homes and our country. If I could be given space to give details of many of these cases I am convinced the public conscience would be shocked, but alas ! we have short memories in this country, and people seem anxious to forget not only the War, but the terrible wreckage it has left behind.

Mr. Lansbury seems to think £4 a week barely sufficient for an unemployed, able-bodied man and his family, yet I have never seen any appeal from him on behalf of these suffering heroes. I could tell him of a man who had three ribs and a lung blown away by a shell, and who has to be fed through a hole in his teeth as his jaw is locked fast, for whom they think 12s. 6d. a week an ample pension. It is all deplorable beyond words.

In undertaking my heavy task I had no axe to grind. I have been actuated solely by the desire to show my gratitude to those splendid officers and men who risked all that England might live. The prolonged strain has cost me my health and what hearing I have left, but I do not grudge the sacrifice. I only wish to try and rouse public feeling to insist that red tape shall not be the means of

preventing these gallant men from getting the generous treatment they deserve at the hands of their countrymen. I have some sympathy with a Minister having to administer a confused and callous warrant, but if I were in his place I would insist on justice being done, or I would surrender my office and let the people know why I had surrendered it. I can only repeat that in all my long years of work I have never felt more hopeless than I do now, and I assert that the condition under which numbers of these disabled ex-Service men have to live is a disgrace to a great Christian country.

I backed up Sir Frederick Milner's attack as follows :

Those who have a personal experience of the difficulties of obtaining adequate pensions for many genuine cases of ex-Service men or their dependents cannot fail to agree with Sir Frederick Milner's plain speaking rather than with Sir Marley Sampson's apologia for miscarriages of justice in regard to pensions.

The chief trouble lies in the apparent inability of the pensions authorities to assume other than a cold, legal, criticising attitude in which every quibble, based on hair-splitting argument or soulless red tape is used against the ex-Service man, whose only error in the past has been an unfounded trust in the justice and gratitude of the country for which he sacrificed himself. Before having his final appeal board he is obliged to sign an agreement to accept its decision as "final and binding." At this board he is often quite unable to submit his evidence advantageously, he is not provided with an experienced and capable "Pensioner's Friend" to argue his case for him, so that often his strongest points are entirely omitted, and if this board takes place at a period when his disability is temporarily (but only temporarily) improved, his pension is liable to be reduced to far below its just figure and once the final appeal tribunal has passed its verdict no reconsideration is permitted, even though a relapse has occurred so as to entirely incapacitate the unfortunate man. The priceless jewel of patriotism is being destroyed by this unsympathetic treatment of the patriot.

I think that if the services of an intelligent "Pensioner's Friend" were obtained for final appeal boards (who should be a medical man and a War pensioner), and if a reconsideration of verdicts was granted on the production of relevant fresh matter, much of the present discontent amongst those who are or should be pensioners would be removed.

On the 25th October, 1926, the *Morning Post*, always a great supporter of the claims of ex-Service men, published a letter from me of which I here give two paragraphs.

> I have attended several appeal tribunals myself in order to present the pensioner's case, and I have invariably found that the pensioner is regarded as a criminal in the dock. His statements are considered as lies unless they can be proved up to the hilt ; he is never given any benefit of doubt ; and every possible snare, cunningly laid by red tape and officialdom, is used to the fullest extent to prejudice the pensioner's case.
>
> Anyone who has attended many tribunals cannot fail to be impressed with the attitude of opposition to the pensioner, and with the determination of the tribunal to be uninfluenced by the Prime Minister's expressed desire that pensioners should be given the benefit of any doubt.

On the 22nd November, this patriotic journal again lent me its space to write :

> I am in personal touch with two officials of the Ministry of Pensions, whose names for obvious reasons I am unable to disclose, who have expressed entire agreement with me, and have confirmed my opinion that some tribunals use every artifice and excuse to refuse pensions.
>
> The four chief means on which appeal tribunals rely to evade the granting of the pensions in deserving cases are apparently (1) repeated delay in the hope that the applicant will get wearied of the business, (2) the obstructive use of red tape on every possible occasion, (3) the time limit, and (4) bluff.
>
> Over two years ago I emphasised in the Press my opinion that much of the present discontent among those who are or should be pensioners would be removed by the appointment of a properly qualified "Pensioner's Friend" who should be an ex-Service medical man, entirely independent of any Government department. To this must now be added the revocation of the time limit clause in the Royal Warrant.

The *Morning Post* added to the debt that ex-Service men owe this paper by publishing another letter of mine on the 19th May, 1927, in which I criticised Major Tryon's (Minister of Pensions) figures, and said :

> . . . In your report of the Minister of Pensions' speech at the British Legion Club, Brighton, it appears that Major

Tryon took up the position commonly adopted by the Ministry of Pensions as a whole, namely, that of putting the interests of the taxpayer before the interests of the War pensioner.

Major Tryon tried to take credit to his department for figures showing that the contribution per head of population in this country to War pensioners is "half as much again as the corresponding contribution" made in the United States and some of the other belligerent countries. I should like to point out that, as the United States casualties were less than 10 per cent. of our casualties, and as the population of the United States is about three times that of our population, when the matter is looked upon from the point of view of the disabled soldier, rather than from the point of view of the taxpayer, the remarkable fact, which cannot be considered as a matter of congratulation, emerges from Major Tryon's figures that the sum expended in War pensions in the United States is twenty times that spent by Great Britain, when based on the amount received per head of pensioner.

The small pensions so reluctantly granted here are frequently quite inadequate to meet the minimum living rate of to-day.

Many of us who have shared the glorious past with the War pensioner are still filled with what we believe to be righteous indignation at the mean present and the utter failure of the politicians to fulfil their pledges to the fighters.

Heartless Ministry and Tribunals

Notwithstanding the support given by the Press to the ex-Service men's appeal for no more than justice and fair play, the Ministry of Pensions and appeal tribunals seemed obsessed with the fixed idea that their job was not to treat the ex-Service man with courtesy and justice tempered with generosity, but to put saving to the Treasury as paramount, and with this end, to make use of every possible quibble and excuse offered them by red tape and regulation. By evasion and procrastination the tribunals often succeeded in tiring out pensioners who, in disgust at insults and in despair of sympathetic and understanding treatment, gave up what appeared to them a hopeless struggle against a cruel and callous bureaucracy.

That there are a very large number of men suffering from more or less serious disabilities, the direct result of War service, and who are either drawing no pension at all or a

totally inadequate one, is as certain as it is disgraceful to the Ministry of Pensions.

That there are many who are drawing pensions for more or less serious disabilities to which they are not entitled or which are in excess of the disability is also without doubt, and is also discreditable to the Ministry of Pensions.

For the first category shows that unless a man is able to put his own case forcibly and well, or unless he can obtain the help and influence of either a person of some social or official position, or of considerable experience in the manifold dodges and evasions of pensions tribunals, he often has little chance of successful appeal ; while the second category is just the reverse of the same medal, and proves in another way the same unsatisfactory, undignified and unsavoury truths.

It would be easy to fill a volume with reports of miscarriages of justice and mean cheeseparing, and of tyrannous tribunals, but as I can only give one chapter to War pensions, I must restrict myself to a summary of four cases—one ex-Army officer, one ex-stoker R.N., and two widows—all typical cases.

Lieut. Elliott's case

I will begin with the case of the late Lieut. A. G. Elliott, who died of pulmonary tuberculosis contracted during the War. I fought this case for thirteen months, and only succeeded in obtaining justice for him after having questions asked in the House of Commons and after organising a Press campaign in which I received the generous assistance of *The People*, the *Sunday Express*, *John Bull*, and the *Evening Standard*.

I myself knew him for several months when he was acting as chauffeur for a car let out on hire, before his final complete breakdown in health. I was acquainted with his relations, and in a small place rumour spreads, yet neither his relations nor myself had seen or heard anything to even hint at intemperance or unsteadiness of any kind.

The Ministry of Pensions, like all bullies, is a coward and hates and fears to have its meanness ventilated in Parliament or Press. This case constituted without doubt a very serious scandal for the Ministry of Pensions, for in

their struggle to avoid either granting a pension to Lieut. Elliott, or drawing deserved censure on themselves, they descended to methods that were dishonourable, unsporting and incredibly mean. The Ministry of Pensions' first line of defence was that Lieut. Elliott never had tuberculosis while serving in the Army; their second line was that as an officer holding a local commission in Dominion Forces, he was not pensionable, and their third line was that if tuberculosis was attributable to military service, it was aggravated by dissipated habits after demobilisation, so that in any case he was not entitled to a pension.

I succeeded in absolutely demolishing each of these three lines which were proved to have no basis in fact.

I wish space permitted me to give his case at length, but it occupies a large dossier, and the précis of his case alone takes sixteen pages of closely-typed foolscap.

On the 9th January, 1925, a communication was received from the Ministry of Pensions stating that a date for the appeal had been fixed and enclosing a précis of the case. To my astonishment, this précis contained a letter from the Foreign Office, dated the 31st December, 1924, inferring that Elliott was dismissed from the Ministry of Communication, Egypt, owing to his dissipated habits, and definitely stating that prior to his departure from Egypt, "he was living as a native in a garage," and that he was "a physical and moral wreck, his condition undermined by drink."

Certificates of the doctor who saw him when he returned to England and the doctor under whose care he placed himself later were then obtained, stating that they had never seen any symptoms whatever of past or present alcoholic excess. Persons who had known him for twenty years also stated that he had always been a sober man and his father gave a declaration in which he swore that the very member of the Foreign Office who had written this letter to the Ministry of Pensions had, at an interview which he had with him subsequent to his son's return to England in 1922, stated that no charge of crime or misdemeanour had been laid against Elliott by the Egyptian authorities.

The Pensions Tribunal, however, felt unable to accept Elliott's denials of the Foreign Office accusations without corroboration and, therefore, his last employer in Egypt (an Englishman who held an official position) forwarded a testimonial, saying that Elliott had been a sober and

conscientious worker, that he lived at an hotel and that he suffered from bad health.

Shortly before the final session of the tribunal I received two communications from the Ministry of Pensions containing further evidence of the case. The first document was the sworn declaration of a witness for the Ministry of Pensions, which consisted largely of hearsay evidence, but which contained one definite statement, namely, that "Elliott lost his appointment with the Ministry of Communications owing to his habits." Elliott had previously sworn that he left the Ministry of Communications owing to his bad health, and this statement was confirmed by the second document which consisted of a copy of a telegram from Lord Allenby, date the 9th February, 1925, saying :

> Elliott, who had good testimonials, was engaged as a daily paid mechanic on the 1st January, 1921, and was absent without leave from the 1st to the 18th May, when he applied for sick leave. When examined by a medical board his illness was diagnosed as pleurisy. At the expiration of his sick leave he did not return to duty and was therefore dismissed.

However, the representative of the Ministry of Pensions would not withdraw his opposition to the pension, and in his final remarks to the tribunal, concluded by saying : "His claim for a pension fails completely."

The Pensions Appeal Court had two sittings over Elliott's case and his appeal was allowed on the 10th March. In my concluding speech at the second hearing, I ended with the following paragraph :

> "I have the honour to request that Lieutenant Elliott's disability of pulmonary tuberculosis be adjudged by this tribunal to be attributed to his War service, that his disability be assessed at 100 per cent. for 1924, and 60 per cent. for 1923 (as per the finding of the Southampton medical board in June, 1923) and that he be granted the pension proper to his rank for such assessments in the future and retrospectively."

I succeeded in every particular.

I visited Elliot the day before his death in the comfortable officer's hospital where he died, and though he realised that he had not long to live, he expressed his

thanks and gratitude to me for vindicating his honour by obtaining a 100 per cent retrospective pension.

The case of Stoker Day

I have selected the case of ex-Stoker, W. E. G. Day, R N., as the next illustration of Pensions meanness. This man joined the Navy in 1910, at the age of 15, and during the Great War was serving as stoker on H.M.S. *Bulwark*, when she was sunk by internal explosion in November, 1914, and only sixteen of her complement picked up, of which only nine, including Day, survived.

This is his history. When the explosion ocurred in H.M.S. *Bulwark*, he was hurled some distance through the air and fell unconscious into the sea where "he came to his senses." He was taken to hospital where he lay in a semi-conscious state and wildly delirious condition for several days and was not expected to recover. He was about two months in hospital and after twenty days' leave, was appointed to light duty on a stationary ship in harbour. He could have been invalided out of the Service, but refused, wishing to continue, "doing his bit against the Huns." He was under medical supervision for a year and given permanent shore duty.

Notwithstanding this he was sent to sea in May, 1916, in H.M.S. *Ophelia*, and was present at the Battle of Jutland where he collapsed *after* the conclusion of the battle and was sent to the hospital ship *Plassey* as a case of bad neurasthenia, from which he was invalided out of the Service in April, 1917.

His wife told me that he still had war dreams and cried out, but he was not conscious of them himself. His memory was poor and he was easily terrified by sudden noises, when he became tremulous. He told me that for some time after leaving the Service his sight was affected and he tottered and fell if he stooped. He was stone deaf in one ear and appeared to me a very honest man seriously and permanently injured by his War service.

It made me very indignant that this gallant sailor should be receiving no disability pension whatever and was unable to obtain a revision of his case. I wrote my first letter to the Director-General of Awards, Naval Awards Branch, on the 28th August, 1925.

On the 4th January, 1926, Mr. Day received a letter

from the Ministry of Pensions saying that he had been granted a *temporary* award of 20s. 7d. per week from the 24th June, 1925, to the 2nd March, 1926, when the award was reduced to 16s.

I was not satisfied with this award as I considered that 20s. 7d. should be permanent and retrospective and I, therefore, wrote again to the Ministry of Pensions.

The Awards Officer,
Ministry of Pensions,
Men's Award Branch,
Bromyard Avenue, Acton, W.3.

6th January, 1926.

Sir,

Day, William Ewart Gladstone, late No. K.21477,
Stoker I, Royal Navy.

Stoker Day first asked me to help in regard to his case on the 6th May, 1924, and I have had voluminous correspondence with the Ministry of Pensions since that date. Stoker Day has forwarded me your letter of the 21st December, 1925 (Reference No. 11/n/7308) to add to his dossier and to deal with as I think fit.

I must again point out that Stoker Day was admitted to the Central London Throat, Nose and Ear Hospital on the 8th June, 1923, for a left mastoid operation under the care of Dr. Salisbury Sharpe, of 79 Wimpole Street, this being more than fifteen months after the date of the Final Award for the disability of his left ear. That this obviously erroneous Final Award cannot be reconsidered appears ridiculous and I do not consider the increase of that award to 20s. 7d. a week as from the 24th June, 1925, meets the case.

It is quite obvious that this increase should be retrospective from the 8th June, 1923, the date when he was admitted to hospital for operation. It is clear also that this award should be not only retrospective as regards the past but permanent as regards the future, Stoker Day being totally deaf in the left ear as the result of the operation, which was itself directly the result of his War service.

In June and July, 1926, Day's case was brought to the notice of the House of Commons by questions drafted by me and put to the Minister of Pensions by Dr. Alfred Salter.

Correspondence between the Minister of Pensions and myself continued until May, 1927, when I received a letter stating that Day had received a final award of 20 per cent.

in respect of neurasthenia and 20 per cent (subject to revision !) in respect of his ear disease. As the deafness must necessarily be permanent this "revision" seemed a waste of time. I did not consider this pension adequate, but it was at least better than the "nil" he received when I first took his case up nearly three years before. This gallant sailor in gratitude for my help has ever since sent me a Christmas present of cigarettes in a handsome box. Such a gift must, I fear, mean a considerable sacrifice on his part, but it certainly makes me face a new year with an added faith and trust in my fellow countrymen.

War Widows

As regards War widows' pensions, I have selected my two cases as exemplifying in an unmistakable way the rule of the Ministry of Pensions to avail itself to the utmost limit of any technical advantage given it by red tape and regulation.

The Care of Colonel P's Widow

The first case is that of the widow of a Lieutenant-Colonel killed by a shell on the 31st October, 1914, and is clearly set out in the following letter addressed to some service Members of Parliament by Major-General Sir Stanley Von Donop in February, 1925. In a letter dated the 29th January, 1926, General Von Donop gave permission that this letter might be printed. :

32 Cheniston Gardens,
Kensington, W.8.
February, 1925.

I am writing to ask you if you and the other Service Members of Parliament can do anything to obtain the relaxation of the rule laid down in the Royal Warrant published with Army Order 289 of 1920, that all applications for the conversion of "flat rate" pensions of officers' widows into "alternative" pensions have to be made within a year of the grant of the flat rate pensions or within a year of the date of the Warrant.

The case I have recently taken up is an example of the hardship entailed. It is that of Mrs. P——, the widow of Lieut.-Colonel A. J. B. P——, who was killed on the 31st October, 1914. She was granted a flat rate pension of £200, subsequently increased to £216, but according to the Royal Warrant in question she was entitled to an alternative

pension of £300 if she applied for it before the 2nd July, 1921. Naturally she would have applied if she had known of it, but it was only by meeting the widow of another officer killed by the same shell as her husband that she heard of this increased pension. She thereupon applied, but as her application was not received until four months after the time limit she has to forfeit £84 a year for the rest of her life. The answer of the Ministry of Pensions is that a notice was sent to her early in 1921, explaining about this alternative pension and that it was her fault if she did not read it.

I may say that I had something to do with that notice, as towards the end of 1920, being on various committees connected with the widows and children of deceased Royal Artillery officers, I had found that a large proportion of officers' widows knew nothing about the conditions of the Royal Warrant concerned and this notice, which was issued after a representation from me, and about the wording of which I was consulted, was, I understand, the means of getting a large number of ladies the substantial increase to which they were entitled but of which they would not otherwise have heard.

Major Tryon, the Minister of Pensions, was good enough to see Sir Harold Ruggles Brise and myself about this case, but after giving it close consideration informed me that he could not go back on the provisions of the Warrant, that the leaflet to which I have referred was sent to all officers' widows in 1921, and that as all reasonable steps were taken to make the conditions known, no exception could be made in the case of Mrs. P——.

On further inquiry I was informed by Major Tryon that this notice was not sent out by the Ministry of Pensions but from the office of the Paymaster-General between January and March, 1921, but that no record of the despatch to any particular individual was recorded, but that it was "almost certain that the notice to Mrs. P—— was sent c/o Cox and Company," the address which he said she had supplied to the Paymaster-General for pension purposes.

Mrs. P. tells me that Messrs. Cox & Co. (now Lloyds Bank) have several clients of the same name as hers but with different initials and that they have often sent her circulars and letters in error and she had to return them as they were not for her (just as they have on more than one occasion mixed up her account with others of the same name). It is obvious that the converse may have also been the case and that the notice in question may have miscarried, for Mrs. P—— is emphatic in saying that

Cox & Co. had never sent her any letter from the Ministry of Pensions or the pink notice in question. She saw the letter for the first time when I sent a copy recently to her.

It seems to me, therefore, that it is absolutely unjust to penalise a lady to the amount of £84 a year for life on the assumption that the delay of four months was her fault and not that of either the overworked firm of Cox & Co., or the Paymaster-General, without even mentioning the department of the Postmaster-General.

I quite realise the necessity of having some time limit for those whose pre-War income might be difficult to prove or disprove after a long lapse of time, but in the case of officers and men of the Regular Services there is no difficulty as their records of employment and rates of pay at any date are always available from the records. Moreover, I see no reason why those who belonged to those Services should be penalised on account of the difficulty in dealing with the others.

I conclude by saying that in my opinion it is most unjust to debar the widow of a most gallant officer who gave his life for his country from that to which everybody admits she is entitled, merely because she did not know of the Warrant, and I trust that the Service Members of the House will see their way to get this ruling reversed.

I had an interview with Mrs. P. who asked me to take the case up for her but after making inquiries of a friend in the Ministry of Pensions I was told there was no chance whatever of getting the matter reconsidered while Major Tryon remained Minister of Pensions.

The Minister of Pensions had made up his stubborn mind and everyone seemed to agree that justice and equity, let alone generosity, had no chance whatever against official obstinacy.

In the years following the death of her husband, Mrs. P. was engaged in hospital nursing, and seldom read the daily papers. Directly she heard of the alternative pensions scheme she wrote to the Ministry of Pensions, her letter was received only four months late, and yet the Minister of Pensions could not see his way to grant her the pension which she would have received if her correspondence had not miscarried, or if she had not been too engrossed in her nursing duties to read the papers. So does a grateful country treat the widows of its glorious dead.

The Case of Sapper Dunne's Widow

My last case I am glad to say had a happy ending, and I succeeded in obtaining a Service dependent's pension of £2 19s. 2d. a week for the widow with eight children of Sapper R. Y. Dunne, late R.E., retrospectively as from his death.

Sapper Dunne joined the R.E. in 1899, aged 14, was promoted bugler in December of that year, and served in the South African War, in which he contracted consumption and was evacuated to England at the conclusion of the war for discharge from the Army on account of illness. On his voyage home and during his subsequent stay in hospital he so much improved that he was granted three months' sick leave, at the end of which period he was appointed as field instructor to cadets at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, where he remained until the outbreak of the Great War. Under the healthy conditions and fairly easy and regular life of this appointment his health appeared to be completely re-established.

The day before the Armistice he went sick in France with influenza and pneumonia, and remained in hospital in France and England until Christmas, when he returned home on sick leave. He never lost his cough but returned to duty at Sandhurst at the end of January, 1919, and remained at his duty until his discharge, as time expired, in August, 1923. During these four years he had a continuous cough and slowly went down hill with loss of weight and strength, and every year had periods of sick leave when he was confined to bed by doctor's orders.

After discharge his health rapidly grew worse and he was sent to a sanatorium for tuberculosis, his case being diagnosed as a case of "long-established pulmonary tuberculosis." His period of service in the Army had been twenty-four years, five months.

When his widow made an application for a pension she received a reply from the Ministry, which she brought to me. On the 6th September, I therefore wrote a long letter to the Minister giving him a précis of the case. On the 21st October I received a reply from him which concluded with:

> The man's medical history thus clearly indicates that he passed through the attack of influenzal broncho-

> pneumonia without any lighting up of the old disease. The recurrence of the tuberculosis manifested in May, 1925, was three and a half years after completion of Army service. In these circumstances the Minister is unable to concede that the lung condition which terminated in death was either due to or aggravated by Great War service, and the widow must be regarded as not entitled to pension under the Royal Warrant.

I attended the appeal tribunal with Mrs. Dunne in November, 1926, and on her behalf laid her case before the court. I had learned by experience that a threat of publicity was more potent than argument and I concluded my address with the last paragraph of my first letter to the Ministry of Pensions of the 6th September, which ran :

> I am given to understand that the Prime Minister, in cases when the date of the onset of a disability clearly cannot be definitely fixed, wishes that the applicant should be given the benefit of the doubt. In Dunne's instance I do not think that there is any doubt, but I venture to suggest that if the Ministry of Pensions continues to endeavour to evade the granting of a pension to the widow on the ground that the widow has not proved that the disability was caused by active service, that the publication of this case in the Press will not have a favourable effect on recruiting and can but add another smirch to the already unfortunate reputation of the Ministry of Pensions.

On the 17th December, Mrs. Dunne received notification that she had been awarded a pension of £2 19s. 6d. in respect of herself and five children, her elder three children being now of an age to support themselves.

Responsibility of Ministry of Pensions

Some apologisers for the Ministry of Pensions say, in extenuation and excuse for its revolting conduct, that it is only the dupe and creature of the Treasury, who is the real villain of the piece, and that the Ministry of Pensions, though weak, malleable and subservient to the Treasury, is really well meaning. But any Minister or any employee of a Ministry who is afraid to give justice and is willing to subordinate justice to departmental pressure or expediency is just as guilty of infamous conduct and as worthy of the just censure of the public as those who initiate the evil

policy. The Treasury have from time to time made fresh interpretations of the Royal Warrant, each one without the sanction of Parliament, and the Ministry of Pensions have failed in their duty to safeguard the interest of pensioners and their dependents, and have weakly accepted these unfair interpretations, which were quite opposed to the spirit of the Royal Warrant.

History will probably look upon the scandals in connection with many refusals, or awards, of disability War pensions as a stain on our national honour.

CHAPTER XVIII

DOCTORS AND THE PUBLIC

Medical Mysticism ; Prevention and Cure ; Harley Street Slump ; General Medical Council ; "Advertising" ; Ministry of Health ; Professional Secrecy ; Health Insurance ; Royal College of Surgeons

The Medical Profession and Mysticism

THOSE who have practised the healing art have from time immemorial realised that bodily ills are in many cases very favourably influenced by the patient's confidence in the medical practitioner, and, consequently, his faith in the remedies prescribed. In order to magnify this faith and confidence the medical practitioners of the past had resource to mysticism and considered that, as a means of achieving cure of the sick and profit to themselves, they were justified in assuming the mantle of magic, and in claiming occult powers, to which the sick, and even the hale public, were always so greatly attracted.

To live a hygienic and physiological life is often boring, and necessitates a restriction of tastes and inclinations that may be irksome and unwelcome, and the practitioner who by means of magic undertook to charm away the unpleasant effects of indulgence in favourite vices was in old times, and remains to-day, a popular and prosperous practitioner.

The human sufferer from over-indulgence in food, alcohol, or tobacco will not tolerate the medical man whose only advice in return for the fee paid is "you must greatly reduce your consumption" of any of these items, but he will continue over a long period of time, until, indeed, death intervenes, to pay repeated high fees to any doctor who can persuade him that he can give him magic in a bottle that will rob such over-indulgence of all its evil effects.

During the present century the belief in magic in a bottle has considerably decreased in the more educated and leisured classes, but many manual workers and especially their wives still have a pathetic faith in such magic.

The so-called upper classes of to-day are inclined to doubt the magic draught, and are transferring their faith to magic injected into the veins or under the skin, and magic taken by the mouth is often now some form of food, as suggested in *Alice in Wonderland* or in H. G. Wells' *Food of the Gods*.

The intelligentsia, however, are getting restless ; they are beginning to resent the mantle of mystery and to suspect that, as is too often the case, it is only a camouflage for ignorance. They are even demanding *reasons* for treatments !

The modern descendant of the wizard and necromancer, however, need not despair, for there will always be numerous persons blessed with more wealth than judgment, who will be willingly persuaded that manipulation of the spine, starvation, a carefully selected diet, an electric box, massage with the mystic ointment, bathing in the magic pool, or paid-for prayers, will cure all the ills that human flesh is heir to.

Meddlesome Medicine

As very many persons were certainly killed by the medical men of former centuries, who practised "heroic" and repeated bleedings, sweatings, and purgings for nearly all illnesses, so certainly in more recent times many have destroyed their health by vast quantities of pills, powders, elixirs, and "bottles of medicine" that they have poured over prolonged periods into their poor stomachs.

Until the dawn of the 19th century, and perhaps later, it is quite an arguable question whether the professors of the healing arts did not with their drastic remedies kill more of their patients than they cured.

The *post hoc propter hoc* argument is very dear to the convalescent and his relatives, and the fact that recovery has occurred *after* treatment is often considered as the result of, instead of being in spite of, such treatment.

The number of well-nursed sick persons who would have died if they had not received medical treatment (as distinguished from surgical treatment) must be very small, and many who might have recovered have been killed by too enthusiastic attention from their doctors.

I learned this when I was a medical student very many years ago, when I held the post of Assistant Medical

Registrar at my hospital. I was always rather a conscientious bloke and I thought it my duty to make full notes of all my cases. I spent some time examining the chest of a middle-aged patient with pneumonia. She did not appear to be dangerously ill at the time. I sat her up and "sounded" her chest all over and satisfactorily diagnosed the condition and localised the affected portions of the lungs. A few hours later I inquired how she was and was informed that she died of heart failure shortly after I had left her. Never since then have I disturbed a pneumonia case in order to make a "thorough examination." Yet I am sure the poor woman appreciated my prolonged examination of her and thought she was getting really good attention.

Restricted Value of Curative Medicine compared with Preventive Medicine

It is a matter of doubt whether curative medicine has been or will ever be of much value, although curative surgery has certainly come to stay and has probably reached its maximum utility, while preventive medicine, although it has already achieved many triumphs (leprosy, plague, cholera, typhoid, small-pox, yellow fever, malaria) is still in its youth and will certainly proceed from triumph to triumph in the future.

When people recover from acute infective diseases (pneumonia, influenza, measles, etc.), it is Nature who cures by the wonderful system of manufacturing antidotes that she has elaborated. Good nursing, which only means assisting Nature's methods, is, of couse, invaluable.

The shining examples of modern medicine even in the treatment of individual cases are really along preventive lines, and the "cure" of cretinism, diabetes and pernicious anæmia by thyroid, pancreatic, and liver extracts respectively, are only the *prevention* of symptoms by the supplying of something in which the body is deficient ; and the disease is liable to recur if the "treatment," or artificial supply of what is lacking, is cut off. These deficiency diseases are prevented, not cured, by the medicine.

Some claim can certainly be made to the cure of some protozoal or parasitic diseases such as malaria, syphilis, and hookworm, by drugs, but nearly all infective diseases whether chronic, like tuberculosis, or acute, like true

influenza, appear at present to be practically uninfluenced by drugs.

Medicine is as useless in such an old well-known disease as measles as in such a recently identified and terrible one as sleepy sickness.

The mortality of mothers in childbirth does not materially lessen beyond that prevented by routine preventive antiseptic or aseptic measures, while there has been a noticeable reduction in infantile mortality by education in preventive measures against milk contamination.

Nevertheless, the bulk of our people still look upon the family doctor as their shield against disease and upon the medical officer of health as rather a nuisance. It is time that the public were educated in the simple facts that visiting a hospital clinic or panel doctor once a week for a bottle of medicine is, in the great majority of cases, so much waste of time and money.

The use of personality, strength of character, compelling vitality, and dominating self-confidence as a means of curing the psychic ills of those deficient in these attributes is not only permissible but obligatory. For it is the duty of the doctor to do his utmost and to expend his psychic as well as his physical and mental energy for the benefit of his patient. A medical cure may be no less genuine than a surgical one because it is based on the faith of the patient in his doctor.

We all of us can think of doctors whose chief asset is not their erudition but rather their magnetism, trust-compelling personality, and an ego that disseminates vitality and optimism. These doctors are perhaps more real use to many patients than the most brilliant scientist or the most logical diagnostician. When we feel down and out we want them to help us with their strength. But although confidence in the doctor is extremely important, it is not everything, for if the doctor has not a sound elementary knowledge of his profession his personality will not prevent the duodenal or corneal ulcer from perforating, the appendicular abscess from bursting, the fracture resulting in deformity, etc. etc. The trouble of the faith-curing folk is that they claim and attempt too much.

Pain Prevention

The most outstanding triumphs of medicine, outside the field of prevention of disease, have been those in the

prevention of pain. It is impossible to exaggerate the advantage to humanity gained by the discovery and application of anæsthetics in surgery, and the horrors of pre-anæsthetic surgical operations make us shudder and wonder how the nerve of patient or surgeon could have stood such a terrible ordeal.

The incalculable amount of pain and life saved by the discovery that the poisoning of accidental or surgical wounds could be prevented by antiseptic or aseptic methods, whereby surgical cleanliness was obtained and the contamination with outside "dirt" prevented, is another item in the long bill of gratitude that the public owes to the medical profession. Deadly or inoperative disease or injury has also lost much of its terror by our ability to control the pain with morphia or similar pain banishers.

The one drug that I personally was most grateful for in the War was morphia, by whose beneficent aid the end of countless mortally wounded cases was rendered painless. For some unknown and undecipherable reason the reluctance to administer morphia in efficient doses in cases of painful and mortal disease is still accountable for much unnecessary suffering.

In disease or injury in which there is hope of recovery, but in which a long period of pain spread over several weeks or months must precede recovery, it is clearly the duty of the doctor to avoid the possibility of his patient becoming a morphia addict even if severe pain has to be endured. But in cases of mortal disease or injury no such reason for withholding morphia exists, and in such cases I hold that the doctor's first duty is to prevent suffering and that neglect to administer sufficient morphia to control the pain is almost criminal negligence.

Women should perhaps be particularly grateful to the medical profession for providing the boon of anæsthesia in child-bed.

Harley Street Slump

Towards the close of 1921, and the early part of 1922, a good many references occurred in the Press to the "Harley Street Slump," and some writers thought that this was due to the raising of their fees by consultants and specialists. In a letter dated the 17th January, 1922, I pointed out that before the War it was practically the universal custom

amongst consultants to charge three guineas for the first consultation, and that the great majority of Harley Street consultants have not advanced their fees beyond that figure, although the increased rates, taxes, and cost of living would appear to justify them in raising their fees proportionately. If the workers in other trades and professions have been forced to demand an increase in wages in order to meet the increased cost of living, why should not the same argument apply to doctors ?

One correspondent ended his remarks with the statement that "very few operations should cost more than a hundred guineas," with which I think most members of the medical profession will agree, and I believe that very few fees for operations exceed this sum, and that higher fees than this are only charged by men of world-wide reputation, whose patients are determined on having the benefit of their experience and skill at all costs.

The reason for the Harley Street slump is rather due to the universal financial stringency that exists owing to bad trade and high taxation, and to the fact that during the War a very large number of young general practitioners had the opportunity in military hospitals of acquiring skill and experience in special branches of medicine and surgery, so that on return to their general practice after demobilisation they felt justified in carrying out treatment themselves, for which previously they would have sought the help of a specialist.

Members of the staffs of hospitals in large provincial towns now supply "specialists" to their counties, so that the help of London specialists is no longer sought.

Nearly everyone's income has been reduced and the amount of reduction has increased almost every year since the Armistice, and as a consequence the public have had to curtail the sum available for medical expenses. They do not call in the family doctor as frequently as formerly, and not only do they wish to avoid specialists' fees as much as possible, but the family doctor, owing to his reduced professional earnings as well as his desire to spare his patients expense, tries to deal with his cases himself as long as he possibly can, and does not call in a specialist unless it is absolutely necessary.

The branch of medicine to which I have devoted a large portion of my time has suffered particularly, as the Ministry

of Health established free clinics for the diagnosis and treatment of these diseases and definitely laid down that none was to be refused treatment on account of income. Many general practitioners who used to send such patients on to the specialists now, therefore, direct them to a clinic.

General Medical Council

The authority that governs the medical profession is the General Medical Council, and it would appear advisable that this body should bestir itself and recognise that it must move with the times and that there is danger lest the high prestige which the medical profession holds with the public may become lessened if the Council concentrates on its function of maintaining discipline within the profession and neglects the wish of the people for information to which it considers itself entitled.

The General Medical Council works in a Victorian atmosphere and is more concerned with "morals" than "medicine." It has a greater similarity to an Ecclesiastical Consistory Court than to the ruling body of a Trades Union, and its meetings suggest a solemn, and rather ridiculous, gathering of Grand Inquisitors rather than a business Board of Directors.

They gravely try and pass sentence on doctors for indiscreet worship at the shrine of Venus or Bacchus or for "Indirect Advertising" but they do little if anything to purge the profession from the dishonest golddigger or the incompetent charlatan whose practice is based on the prostitution of his profession.[1]

The General Medical Council persist in looking on a married woman as her husband's chattel in spite of the numerous expressions of high legal opinion to the contrary. The G.M.C. removes from its Register, at the complaint of any husband, the name of any doctor who has become the lover of any married woman whom he has treated professionally. Is the woman a free agent or not? Either

[1] *December*, 1933

I am informed by a layman whose work brings him in close contact with the medical profession that non-medical individuals and syndicates now purchase practices and install a doctor, who works the practice, under his own name, either on a salary or percentage basis. This appears to me to be *most* undesirable and it would be well for the General Medical Council to turn its attention to the suppression of this traffic, which cannot fail to be prejudicial to the best interests both of the public and of the medical profession.

married women have the legal right to place or transfer their friendships and affections, or to break their marriage contracts, or they have not. Can the wife exercise her free will or not? If she breaks her marriage contract the husband has his remedy in a civil, not a criminal, court. Yet a doctor, however honourable, chivalrous, and skilful he may be, should he reciprocate the love of a married woman who has been his patient and they both desire marriage, after the woman's freedom has been obtained by divorce, will have his means of livelihood taken from him by the General Medical Council. The wife's civil breach of contract becomes in the doctor, in the eyes of the General Medical Council, a crime, punishable by professional and financial ruin.

All doctors know of professional black sheep who are delighted to treat, for substantial fees, any disability, medical or surgical, real or imaginary, with their own pet panacea—knife, vaccine, exercises, diet, light, electricity manipulation of spine or what not, each suitable only for selected cases. The General Medical Council appear more interested in the personal rather than the professional conduct of affairs of doctors, and as long as a doctor conforms to their "moral" standards he may ruin his patients' health or pocket as he will, without criticism. The G.M.C. is in great danger of becoming a butt for the derision of that section of the public which does not accept the "Victorian" standard or outlook.

The General Medical Council maintain a register of members of the profession who by examination have obtained a licence to give advice and treatment in regard to ill health and to receive fees for the same, and who have not disobeyed the arbitrary rules of the Council in such a manner as to have their names removed from the register.

The Public's Right of Access to Doctor's Professional Records

The General Medical Council also give their sanction and co-operation to the issue of the Medical Directory. But neither Register nor Directory is of much value to the public when it wants to select and consult a specialist for some particular disability. The public feels, and there is certainly some justification for this feeling, that the family doctor, or panel doctor, may if asked for the name of a specialist, suggest a personal friend, a member of the staff

of his old hospital, or someone who has sent him cases and not necessarily the man that the patient himself would have chosen if he had access to data on which to base an opinion.

The General Medical Council have tried to protect the public from the danger of treatment by persons who have refused to pass any test in the elementary groundwork of the art of healing, and would put the public still more in their debt if they would supplement this useful work by issuing a Register or Directory of persons who by experience, appointments or literary contributions have earned the right to claim special knowledge in the diagnosis or treatment of any illness or groups of diseases.

Advertising

From time to time the British Medical Association has devoted considerable attention to the discussion of what is commonly spoken of as "professional advertising," and Sir Wm. Arbuthnot Lane's unflinching courage, in his determination not to be thwarted by restricting rules of the General Medical Council in his campaign for public enlightenment on matters of health, was a challenge on behalf of the right of free speech for doctors that must have far-reaching effect.

Sir William Arbuthnot Lane

Sir William Arbuthnot Lane's signed articles on general matters of health and diet were a feature of many daily papers of 1929.

Perhaps the culminating point was reached when Harrods Stores in an advertisement 16 in. by 18 in. appearing in the *Sunday Times* of the 9th June, included a large portrait of Sir William in connection with an address that he was to give at their Stores on "The Health Way to Happiness." The advertisement said :

> Harrods count themselves fortunate in being able to present their patrons with the benefit of this world-famous doctor's experience, knowledge and advice "at first hand,"

and proceeded to say that :

> "1,500 seats were available."

I wonder whether Sir William obtained the sanction of the General Medical Council or whether he simply ignored

and defied them? But I fancy that if, for example, some large firm of brewers had advertised me as giving a lecture on "The value of beer as a beverage food and medicine" that I should have received a "warning notice" and that if I had asked for permission for my name to appear in such a connection, such sanction would have been withheld! Such discrimination between the mighty and the lowly is undemocratic, unfair and unjustifiable.

Freedom of the Press and Doctors

On the 18th February, 1926, an admirable leading article appeared in *The Times* under the heading "Having it both ways," which deserves remembrance, and I offer no excuse for quoting a portion of it :

> There was published a few days ago by the Ministry of Health a memorandum written by the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health and of the Board of Education, calling on public authorities in England and Wales to undertake "public education in health." It was further urged that use should be made of the Press, of the cinema, of lectures, of posters, and of broadcasting for purposes of propaganda. This, it will be seen, is a plea for health education on a national scale, the nature of the propaganda to be under the direct control of public authorities and its expense to be defrayed out of public moneys. The central authorities concerned are, of course, the Ministry of Health and the Board of Education, of both of which Sir George Newman is Chief Medical Officer. Sir George Newman, however, is also a member of the General Medical Council, which has recently issued a warning notice to the medical men of the country against what is called "indirect advertising."
>
> As things now stand, a Medical Officer of Health with ideas of his own which happen to run counter to the official view is likely to require both courage and determination in a very high degree. If his efforts are successful—if, in other words, his articles and letters are widely circulated by the Press of the area in which he works—he cannot fail to attain a measure of personal publicity. His name will achieve, in a true sense, professional advantage. He will thus inevitably offend against the new "Warning Notice" and become liable to removal from the Medical Register. Such a state of matters is intolerable. It is further intolerable that local authorities should be advised to make use

of the Press for health propaganda by a member of a body which has issued this warning notice. They really cannot "have it both ways."

The medical profession as a whole were dumb, doubtless through nervousness, and only two letters appeared in support of this article, one from Dr. James Wheatley, Medical Officer of Health for the County of Salop, and one from myself. My letter was published on the 23rd February, so I place it first. It consisted of the following two paragraphs :

> The memorandum and warning notice to which you refer, circulated respectively by the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health and the Board of Education and by the General Medical Council, by their joint action tend to make the authority of Sir George Newman and the successors to his office absolute, and will endow his official position with a power of veto and control that will be able to stifle all opposition to the views of the reigning bureaucrat. All "public education in health," unless it received official blessing, will cease, and the Briton's cherished right of free speech will be a privilege that has passed as far as health questions are concerned.
>
> It is difficult not to conclude that what you, as one of the guardians of liberty, so rightly describe as an intolerable position, has been arrived at with the deliberate object of preventing opposition to or criticism of official opinion. Sir George Newman and the successors to his seats on the Board of Education, the General Medical Council and the Ministry of Health, will be censor, prosecutor, and judge rolled into one, and while medical men who support the official view will be permitted to carry out widespread propaganda without let or hindrance, those who venture to express in public their opposition to the official view will be liable to have their names removed from the Medical Register for "indirect advertising." England has never tolerated dictatorship or tyranny, and has stood for freedom and justice too long to submit to such Star Chamber methods now.

Dr. Wheatley's letter appeared on the 24th February, and said :

> Education is undoubtedly the principal means of improving the health of the people, but it is only those who come into intimate contact with the poorer classes in

their own homes who can understand what an extraordinarily difficult problem is facing us. It will need all the available enthusiasm, energy and thought of the public health medical profession if headway is to be made, and it would be a calamity if any action of the General Medical Council were allowed to interfere with this work. If a public health official does this educational work badly it will be to his own discredit. If he does it well, he deserves all the credit and advancement that it may bring to him.

Professional Secrecy

In July, 1927, Mr. Justice McCardie, at the Birmingham Assizes, ruled that a doctor must disclose medical secrets if called upon by the Court. The *Morning Post* of the 19th July, 1927, reported him as saying :

> In the case they were considering there was the further question as to whether the medical men occupied an unusual position of privilege, because they were acting in a department under the control of the Ministry of Health, through the local Health Committee. Regulations issued in 1916, by the Local Government Board, which was the predecessor of the Ministry of Health, to local authorities, contained an article to the effect that all information obtained in regard to any person treated under a scheme approved in pursuance of the article should be regarded as confidential, but there was nothing in the regulations which saved a doctor from the obligation of disclosure if ordered to do so by the Court.
>
> The order of the Court was that there being no privilege on their part to refuse information, they must give the testimony which it was in their power to offer to the Court.

It appeared to me that if the confidence between patient and doctor were destroyed the health of the nation would suffer, and that the doctor should share the privilege of the Priest and the Solicitor in regard to professional secrecy.

The following letter of mine was published in the *Morning Post* of the 26th July, 1927, under the heading "Should Doctors Tell," and with the sub-title "The Law Will be Altered."

> Mr. Justice McCardie says "yes," Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter says "yes," but only under protest, and urges the alteration of the law so that a doctor may legally refuse to tell.

I venture to say "no," and that if the law send the doctor to prison for refusing to divulge a professional secret he should suffer his imprisonment with the same high spirit that our forefathers so often showed when for ideals, ethical, social, or political, they withstood the law and so in time obtained the alteration of the law that enabled them to act as their conscience dictated.

Having once pledged oneself to secrecy to a patient, none can remove that pledge but the patient himself. I consider that any doctor who obtains information under a promise of secrecy is bound by his word as a man and a doctor, and cannot divulge such information without his patient's consent. The law will be altered in accordance with public and professional wishes all the sooner if doctors persist in saying "no" and refuse to be intimidated by a law that has no popular sanction. [1]

The Bad Panel System

On the 14th May, 1923, a leading article appeared in the *Morning Post* on the "Panel System" with which I was in complete agreement, and from which I will quote one paragraph :

The experiment of trying to provide 15,000,000 people with medical attendance on contract lines has had ten years' trial, and has proved a failure. Such was the verdict recently pronounced upon the panel system of insurance by the Coroner for North-East London. The great majority of both employers and employed will endorse it. The view of the medical profession will probably be somewhat divided ; but there are very few doctors who approve of a system under which it is impossible to do their work as it should be done. Moreover, the panel system was instituted not for the benefit of the medical profession but of its patients. And the truth is they get very little good out of it.

[1] *December*, 1933

Some three years after I had written this letter I was subpœnaed to give evidence in a divorce suit in which a patient of mine appeared. I was asked to divulge the nature of the illness from which my patient had been suffering. I stated that I should refuse to do so without the consent of my patient, and when the President of the Divorce Court (Lord Merrivale) told me that I must, I said that I should prefer to go to prison. However, I was authorised by my patient (in Court) to speak freely and to produce his case sheets if necessary, so that this could not be considered a test case.

Nevertheless, it attracted considerable press publicity.

I supported these opinions in a letter published on the 18th May which said :

> I have practised my profession in one of the poorest and one of the richest districts of London, and I believe that the doctor should be the servant of the public, and that the public will only regain efficient service and the medical profession will only regain its honourable prestige by the abolition of the bureaucratic panel system.
>
> Many doctors thought that they were badly let down by the British Medical Association when it delivered them over to the Radical Government, and showed their indignation by resigning from the Association, as I did.

Later in the month I gave an interview to the *Daily Sketch* on the subject and in their issue of the 25th May, was reported to have said :

> The individual pays without getting proper benefit, and the medical profession is put in a most derogatory position.
>
> A panel doctor has been assured of his patient for three months, at any rate, and that is grossly unfair to the individual. A patient should be able to choose his own doctor.
>
> I thought it might be possible to devise a scheme by which a patient might have a book of coupons entitling him to the service of any doctor, willing to serve on the panel.
>
> Hospitals also ought to be brought into any system that might be adopted.
>
> The best way to improve the national health is by preventive medicine rather than by curative medicine. The panel system emphasises in the public mind cure rather than prevention.
>
> Under the panel system you see queues of people lining up for the doctor. He sees each one for a minute or two, and gives, possibly, something in a bottle. That, I say, is absolute waste of money.
>
> There should be individual liberty for the patient to choose any doctor he likes. Why should he be compelled to take any particular doctor's medicine? The panel system tends to do away with the stimulus to good work imposed on doctors by competition.
>
> The prestige of the medical profession has suffered under the panel system, and the public is not helped.
>
> What has been the effect of the panel system? Lots of

doctors who had very small incomes, now have very comfortable incomes. It is not because they have become more skilful.

Osteopaths

For some curious reason, which I fancy has a basis in class antagonism, Left Wing Press and partisans seem to sympathise with the claim of osteopaths to the right to charge fees for their treatment without first qualifying as members of the medical profession. The *Daily Herald* of the 1st March, 1928, had a big type heading "Doctors and Osteopathy," with a sub-title "Manipulative Surgery again Attacked" which appeared to me to be biassed and unjust, and to ignore the fact that the rules and regulations passed by the legislature and the General Medical Council with the view to protect the public from quacks and unqualified practitioners were passed with the object of benefiting the public, not the medical man. I, therefore, sent the following letter to the *Daily Herald* which, however, that journal did not publish :

It is very difficult for the non-medical press and public correctly to understand the attitude of the medical press and the medical profession towards osteopathy. This difficulty is very evident in the headings and remarks on the subject appearing in your issue of to-day. For instance, "manipulative surgery" and "osteopathy" are quite distinct the one from the other, and great confusion exists in the minds of the uninstructed non-medical public owing to their error in considering these terms as interchangeable.

Manipulative surgery is recognised, accepted and practised by the medical profession, many of whom freely acknowledge the debt they owe to experienced "bone setters" in regard to the treatment of joints by manipulative or bloodless surgery.

The osteopath, however, teaches that a large number of medical and even germ disorders are due to small displacements of the bones of the spine, which can be cured by manipulating the backbone. The medical profession consider that it would be most dangerous for the public to place any reliance on the treatment of disease due to infection of the system by microbes, by manipulation of the backbone, and they are unable to discover reliable evidence in support of the claims of osteopathy.

They are, however, most willing to welcome both bone-

setters and osteopaths into the profession providing they agree to pass the usual test to show that they have received the minimal training in the rudiments of the healing art. The medical profession contains members with widely differing experience and opinions regarding treatment—some believe in diet, some in electricity, some in inoculations, etc., while some only deal with particular organs, such as the eye, or ear, or with certain special diseases such as heart diseases, tropical diseases, skin diseases, etc., etc. They have only one thing in common—they have all passed a test of minimal knowledge when they entered the profession.

Why should the bonesetter and the osteopath alone refuse to pass this test of knowledge and training in the fundamental truths of anatomy, physiology and pathology on which alone a sound superstructure of therapeutics (or the healing art) can be built ?

The medical profession in insisting that none can be permitted to practise the healing art without some guarantee of minimal knowledge is surely acting in the true interests of the public.

Health Insurance

The burden of illness and the menace of sickness or accident that may give a knockout blow, is the special dread of the wage earner, and although this is particularly the case with the man with a wife and family dependent on his earnings, yet the single woman or man who has to depend on her or his own earnings does not escape from this haunting fear. The only safeguard is insurance, and while the State to a certain degree, protects the wage earner of less than five pounds per week, those earning above that sum receive no State help and must insure themselves.

Insurance against sickness and accident is offered to men by a large number of insurance companies, and the majority offer fairly reasonable policies. The important point to bear in mind, is that it is unwise to take out any policy unless it includes *all* sickness and *all* accidents. Any policy in which a *list* of scheduled diseases or accidents is given should be avoided, as also any policy that is not permanent and that can be refused renewal at the end of the year by the insurance company.

Few, if any insurance companies that I know of, issue sickness or accident policies after the age of sixty, although very many, indeed the majority of professional men, are

dependent for their livelihood on their earnings up to seventy or over.

At the age of sixty, therefore, a professional man who has been unable to save enough to retire on, and so is compelled to continue working is in a sad predicament, when he becomes a victim to sickness or accident.

I venture to give myself as an instance. For twenty-five years I have held a permanent sickness and accident policy. During the whole of this period I have drawn benefit on only two occasions (War Risks being excluded) and then only for a month—yet the insurance company have refused to prolong my policy beyond the age of sixty.

Health Insurance of Business and Professional Women

While some insurance companies issue permanent and satisfactory sickness and accident policies to men, few such policies are apparently available for women, even for those wholly dependent on their salaries for support for themselves, and perhaps some dependents in addition.

The sickness and accident policies offered to women are frequently almost farcical in character, the sickness benefit being restricted to certain diseases listed, from which the most common causes of illness are excluded and in which diseases from which the insured either could not suffer (such as hydrocephalus) or was extremely unlikely to suffer (such as Asiatic cholera) are included. Even if all other forms of sickness are admitted, except diseases peculiar to women, women are generally unable to obtain *permanent* policies like men, although the female sex is certainly no more liable to sickness and less liable to accident than the male sex.

The policies issued to women are usually for one year only, and if the woman, during the year claims benefit under her policy for any illness that may perhaps recur, the insurance company refuses renewal at the end of the year. The woman even if she carefully reads her policy, which is not always the case, does not understand that such words as "during any further period for which the company may agree to renew the insurance" means that the policy is only renewable yearly at the option of the company, and she takes out her policy believing that it will fully and permanently protect her against all likely risks. She will gladly continue paying her yearly premium until perhaps,

after many years, illness falls upon her, when she discovers to her dismay, either immediately that her policy does not protect her from the disease from which she suffers, or, if she has an all-sickness policy, that at the next date of renewal that renewal is refused and that she has expended in premiums a sum far in excess of the insurance she has drawn, and that she cannot now reinsure elsewhere except at a prohibitive cost.

State Insurance Wanted

If the State were to undertake the health insurance of the middle classes, women as well as men, on a sound self-supporting, but at the same time, generous basis, there would perhaps be no need for hospitals for the middle classes, and in any case, the insured person would be certain of being able to afford the cost of treatment in such hospitals.

A sickness and accident insurance, coupled with an old age pension, on an actuarial basis, and issued by the Government would be warmly welcomed by the majority of professional and business men, and indeed appears to be urgently needed.

Royal College of Surgeons

In 1926 I was invited by the Society of Members of the Royal College of Surgeons to propose the following resolution that the Society was bringing forward at the forthcoming Annual General Meeting of the Royal College of Surgeons, on the 18th November.

> That this 38th Annual Meeting of Fellows and Members again affirms the desirability of admitting Members to direct representation upon the Council of the College, and respectfully requests the Council to take a postal vote of Fellows and Members on the general principle, as set out in this Resolution.

I agreed to do so and in proposing this necessary democratisation of the governing body of the Royal College of Surgeons, I said :

> To-day, when the argument "no taxation without representation" is generally acknowledged as ethical and logical

the basis of my argument is that the system of government at present existing in the College is archaic and not democratic. It is sufficient to stress that the College is governed by a Council composed entirely of and elected by Fellows, while nearly 90 per cent. of the College is composed of a rank and file of members who are unrepresented and have neither voice nor vote. Such a constitution of any governing body of a highly educated rank and file is an anachronism at the present day, and an anachronism which must be ended.

The records available seem to suggest that success in the higher professional examinations and a life spent largely in cultivating and maintaining an expert and masterly technique—a technique that fills members with admiration and respect—does not necessarily imply exceptional skill in diplomacy, administration, organisation or legislation.

Indeed, I think that there will be little doubt but that the life of the general practitioner, which brings him into close contact with the world outside his profession, is more productive of the development of abilities in these fields of work.

The Society I have the honour to represent has in the past on several occasions undertaken a postal vote of members throughout the world and on each occasion the replies of Fellows and Members have shown a majority in favour of the inclusion of Members in the Council. Indeed, as recently as 1925, such a postal vote gave the remarkable result of 72 per cent. of the postal votes received from *Fellows* being in favour of the representation of Members on the Council. The excuse offered by the Council when previously requested to take a postal vote of Fellows and Members on the subject has been that the expense is prohibitive. This is an extremely lame excuse and can only be regarded as eyewash, as the Society that I represent know from experience that the cost would not exceed £100. I am informed by the Hon. Secretary of the Society that I represent that in 1907 and 1908 the Council did take a postal vote of Fellows and Members on some important issue, with the result that shortly after the counting of the votes the Council took action directly opposed to the wish of the majority as expressed in the ballot. I feel certain that such contemptuous treatment of the rank and file by the Council could not be repeated at the present time.

With great respect I venture to suggest that in these days the efficient management of our College demands that Members of Council should be experienced men of affairs rather than experts in surgical technique.

The resolution was supported by a number of speakers, and as far as I can remember, no speaker opposed the resolution, which was carried almost unanimously, there being I think only one vote recorded against it.

The Council of the College, however, continued its traditional policy of "masterly inactivity" in respect to democratising itself.

CHAPTER XIX

SAFEGUARDING RACIAL CHARACTERISTICS

Lord Queenborough's Deputation; Materialism v. Idealism; Woman and the Race

DURING my Plymouth fight in 1922, and in my address at the launching of my ex-Service Movement at Camberley, I had emphasised the importance of securing Britain for Britons, and of not permitting persons of foreign descent, however wealthy, to obtain dominant positions in politics, industry or Press.

The Alien Peril

On the 2nd December, 1924, an article appeared in the *Daily Mail*, under the heading: "The Alien Peril—Work-shy Reds kept by the British Taxpayer," which included the following paragraph:

> The decision of the Socialist Minister of Labour, Mr. Tom Shaw, last February, to extend the payment of the dole to aliens, naturalised or not, has given a great impetus to the invasion of England by numbers of work-shy and anarchist people, who come here to be kept by the British taxpayers and spread revolutionary ideas among us. Many of these individuals have situations found them by friends here but they continue to work only until they get sufficient stamps on their insurance cards to claim the benefit, after which they live on the dole.

Sixteen months before, the same journal had drawn attention to the leakage of aliens into this country since the removal of passport restrictions for day trippers. The method adopted was to take advantage of these non-passport trips from London to buy more tickets than were required, and to hand the return halves to the would-be immigrants in the French ports.

In May, 1925, the executive of the Workers' Liberty and Unemployment League was invited to appoint rep-

resentatives to a conference to consider the advisability of drafting a Bill to amend the Naturalisation of Aliens Acts, 1914 to 1922, and the President (myself), and Vice-Chairman (Mr. A. C. H. Pendlebury) were appointed delegates.

Several meetings of the conference took place and were attended by representatives of fourteen organisations, including the National Citizens' Union (Lady Askwith) ; British Empire Union (Major J. S. Mulholland) ; British Women's Patriotic League (Lady Sydenham) ; Ex-Service Civil Servants' Association (Mr. J. G. Stewart) ; National Constitution Defence Movement (Mr. Stafford Northcote) ; British Fascists, Ladies' Imperial Club, National Workmen's Constitutional Council, Loyalty League, Musicians' Union, and my own little League. Lord Queenborough presided at all these meetings, which were held in his house in Berkeley Square.

The conference decided that the best procedure was to draft a Bill, and then ask the Home Secretary to receive a deputation that would ask him to support the Bill and give our reasons through the mouth of Lord Queenborough, who would introduce the deputation, and three other speakers. Lady Sydenham was invited to speak from the point of view of woman and the home, and myself from the biological aspect of Race.

Deputation to Home Secretary

The Home Secretary (Sir William Joynson Hicks) received the deputation at the Home Office on the 23rd July, 1925, and the deputation consisted of twenty-three persons, representing twelve organisations.

Lord Queenborough introduced the deputation, read the Petition and handed the Bill to the Home Secretary. The Petition as originally drafted was very long, and I had submitted a much shorter form, which had been accepted unaltered, and was that presented, and ran as follows :

Petition

In view of the presence in Great Britain of over one million unemployed workers, irrespective of nationality, the acuteness of the housing shortage, the increase in crime due to the admission of aliens, and having regard to the fact that over thirty-two thousand aliens have been naturalised since 1906, and with the knowledge that the ultimate object of the alien in coming to the United Kingdom is to acquire British nationality

in order to facilitate trading and to insure against deportation from this country : We the undersigned, being of British race by descent, our parents and grandparents having been of British nationality by birth, do petition the Secretary of State for Home Affairs to introduce legislation by means of a Bill which shall contain the following clauses :

1. All persons applying for naturalisation after the passing of this Act will have to prove ten years' residence in the United Kingdom and any such persons will then be on a period of probation for a further one year.
2. A certificate of naturalisation shall not be granted to any alien who has been admitted to the United Kingdom prior to the passing of this Act, unless the name and country of origin, the history of the applicant and his forbears, have been published in the *London Gazette* and the public notice boards of the parish, township or district both in his own district and in the one from which he has addressed his application. He will then only be naturalised if he can prove he has not been guilty of any civil or legal misdemeanour. He must produce, when applying, a medical certificate of physical, mental and moral fitness and proof of financial stability during the previous ten years, and he must not have been sued for debt. Any person making a false statement in the matter shall be guilty of misdemeanour, punishable with two years' imprisonment, with or without hard labour, and any certificate of naturalisation obtained shall thereupon be cancelled.
3. No person naturalised after the passing of this Act shall be capable of being a Member of the Privy Council or a Member of either House of Parliament or the Judiciary, nor shall he be permitted to change the name he bore at birth.
4. The fees in connection with naturalisation to be quadrupled. The basis of cost to be estimated from that in force at this date.

Lady Sydenham's Address

Lady Sydenham followed with an address that included these paragraphs :

"I have been directed by the British Women's Patriotic League to convey to you their views in regard to some of the objects of this Draft Bill. We all feel most strongly that the presence of aliens and of naturalised aliens in this country is exercising an evil influence upon family life and public morals.

"Aliens have always been at the root of the white slave traffic and the shocking evils, moral and physical, which constitute a blot on our fair name as a nation, are almost a monopoly of aliens whether naturalised or not. Men of British extraction have been induced for money payments to go through the form of marriage with undesirable aliens who wish to avoid deportation.

"A moral epidemic may be caused by comparatively few individuals who have been permitted to establish themselves in close contact with our national life. A naturalised alien enjoys the full privileges of a British citizen however racially undesirable he may be. Our own people are, therefore, powerless to deal with the great and growing evils which we can plainly see. We must look to the Government to protect us, and while we know that Governments cannot impose a moral code upon the nation, they can at least prevent the degradation of that code by aliens."

My address on Race

I then gave my address, which ran :

"The wide distribution of the British Empire ; the respected position amongst the peoples of the world achieved by the inhabitants of these small islands ; the social, political and industrial development which have followed the settlement of distant lands with our brothers and sisters have not been due to chance, but we claim they are due to some inherent quality and virtue in the blood of our Nordic race.

"These inborn characteristics are the most precious inheritance we have received from our forebears, and to you, sir, has been entrusted by the nation the duty and privilege of guarding this sacred heirloom, so that we may pass it on unbroken and undefiled to the generations of our people that come after us.

"The Nordic race is an intelligent, freedom-loving, industrious and law-abiding race, jealous of its liberty and privileges and always prepared to make sacrifices of blood and treasure in support of its ideals, and with a dogged and valorous service to expend its inborn fighting spirit in such defence. It, however, is no lover of extremes and prefers wise compromise to headstrong opposition and recognises that only by evolution and never by revolution can permanent progress be obtained towards these ideals for which it works unceasingly through the generations.

"Your study of history of past and present days will have taught you, sir, that almost invariably the fomentors of unrest, the organisers of revolution and the leaders of criminal and anti-social organisations have come from other than Nordic stock and it is not, therefore, necessary for the deputation to impress upon you, sir, the great importance of checking the

contamination of this stock with other stock in which civil and national virtues are not so prominent.

"Within the last half century other stocks have been attracted to this country in large numbers, many of whom fortunately do not mix and inter-marry with the Nordic stock but form separate colonies within our midst, colonies whose traditions, customs and philosophy are entirely dissimilar to our own. In some such colonies both language and religion differ from our own as well as race. At a recent General Election I addressed a meeting in the East End on behalf of the Conservative candidate and I am certain that not ten per cent. of the audience were of Nordic stock or were capable of taking a national viewpoint on any question.

"Notwithstanding the tendency of non-Nordic stock to herd together, there is far more inter-marriage with Nordic stock than is advisable, and I believe that at the present moment in London less than half the children born here have the blue eyes and fair hair characteristic of the Nordic stock.

"From the viewpoint of race it is a clearly understood fact that it is as desirable to discourage race admixture by non-Nordic females as by non-Nordic males, so that it appears highly desirable that both sexes, whether married or single, should be similarly treated. We, Sir, venture to impress upon you our opinion that the time has come, and indeed is long past, when some effort should be made to prevent further dilution of that Nordic blood on which our national existence depends, and one of the most important methods of attaining this desirable end is to reduce the facilities for rapid naturalisation. Apart from the future beneficial effect of such legislation, we believe that within a decade it will produce a marked reduction in industrial unrest, political agitation, and crime."

Sir William Joynson-Hicks's reply.

The Home Secretary then replied as follows :

"The present position is that nobody can be naturalised unless he has been either here or in the Empire for five years. That is the minimum time.

"Now I am going to tell you something that may amuse you. I sometimes have on one day four or five—I have had as many as six—naturalisation papers up for final consideration. On several occasions I have taken the trouble to go through these personally, and the average length of residence in this country has been *twenty-two years*. There has not been a case since I have been in office when I have naturalised at anything like five years and I think it is very much better that I should retain the discretion.

"The men naturalised are those who have lived here thirty and forty years, married English wives, and have English children, some of whom have married, and served in the Army, and people who are, as far as I can make out, thoroughly desirable citizens ; and there is an advantage when a man is really settled down here with a view to becoming an Englishman and living his life here, in making him an Englishman.

"I am not responsible for the fact that there are about 200,000 aliens in this country. They came before the War, the bulk of them ; they came in owing to the policy of the Liberal Party before the War in opening the gates of Great Britain to the alien.

"They were more or less invited to come in and they swarmed in, and the people in the East End of London to-day and in the North-West division of Manchester, which I know so well, and in Leeds and in one or two other centres, are the people and the descendants of those people who came in twenty years ago. I cannot turn them out.

"We have allowed them to come in and if they behave themselves they must remain. If they do not behave themselves, out they go. I have deported since I have been in office 128 aliens and I am prepared to deport any more if you show me that they are undesirable aliens.

"Then there are a certain number who come in here as students. It is desirable to let men and women who want to come in and study in our universities and schools. They are generally allowed to stay for a longer period, six months or a year ; with renewal if no complaint against them is made. At the end of their time they go out.

"The whole alien organisation is very, very carefully conducted at the present moment, and there is hardly ever a case in which an alien comes in, who is allowed to remain in for permanent residence.

"You have here a Home Secretary who holds the view you have expressed as to the great value of British naturalisation."

The Bill that the deputation asked the Home Secretary to support was called "A Bill to amend the British Nationality and Statute of Aliens Act, 1914 to 1922."

Though the Home Secretary said that pressure of business would not permit him to give Government support to the Bill, and though he was not in complete agreement with the Bill as drafted, his reply was looked upon as fairly satisfactory, and the deputation felt that his personal feelings were clearly on the side of limiting the ingress of desirable aliens and assisting the egress of undesirable ones.

I myself did not consider that he differentiated sufficiently between different *races* of aliens, my view being that it was essential to cut out dilution of Nordic blood with Mongolian and Negroid blood ; so that *special* care should be taken to exclude from this country any more persons belonging to races whose origin lay in Northern Asia or in Africa, such as Slav, Chinese, Japanese, Negro or Arab races.

Quality more important than quantity

The Caucasian Races (Nordic and Mediterranean) mostly speak Aryan languages (English, French, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Russian, Armenian, Persian and various Indian tongues), but the Semitic and Hamitic section of the Mediterranean peoples have languages entirely separated and distinct from the Aryan peoples. It would therefore appear advisable that as few as possible of the Mediterranean peoples speaking Semitic or Hamitic languages should be admitted to permanent residence or British citizenship, for they almost certainly spring from entirely different root stocks than those of the Caucasian Races whose languages are Aryan. From the viewpoint of Race admission of persons of Nordic, or Aryan-Mediterranean descent would not seriously affect our strain and therefore could be permitted. The Prussian is probably of a different race from the inhabitants of the rest of Germany, and is either non-Nordic, or has a high dilution of non-Nordic blood.

To my mind the future of our race was more important than the temporary question of employment.

No returns of aliens resident in Great Britain give any clue to the very large number of persons of Semitic-Mediterranean blood, as the majority of these have attained British nationality by birth long ago. However much one may admire the Jewish characteristics, especially in the fields of finance, art and science, it is beyond question that the characteristics that have enabled the people of Great Britain and her Dominions to achieve their position amongst the nations of the world are due to their special blend of various Nordic strains.

That mankind owes a tremendous debt to the Jewish race, particularly in the Philosophy of Christ, Divine in its Humanity, must never be forgotten.

It is true that leaders of different sections of the Christian Church have at various periods of History defiled and prostituted His noble Philosophy, and in unchristian intolerance and fanaticism have been guilty of great cruelty and narrow-minded injustice, both to fellow Christians, non-Christians and Jews. But it has been the Aryan interpreters of Christ's Philosophy, not the Philosophy itself, that has been to blame.

If the world discards the gold standard, perhaps Jewish influence in finance may diminish, but the benefit of Semitic influence on ethics, science and art must remain to the permanent and perpetual advantage of mankind.[1]

The different races of the world are the result of the influence of "variation" on selective evolution in different quarters of the globe under different environments. They may be looked upon as Nature's experiments in the production of the most efficient type of man. For hundreds of thousands of years, Nature's experiments for the selection of valuable types and the discarding of unsuccessful types went on unchecked. The different types did not mix, as the difficulties and dangers of moving away from their own areas were insuperable. It is only within the last thousand years that the rapid development of means of transport and communication have permitted different races to meet and mingle to any appreciable extent. The last century has broken down all Nature's barriers of seas, mountains, deserts and distance ; and Nature's experiments in evolution in various separate and isolated communities have been very seriously interfered with. This stage of experimental evolution has ended.

The present position and its dangers must be faced. Are the dominant and most promising races to go forward keeping their valuable inborn racial characteristics ? This can only be possible if marriage between the dominant and subject races is forbidden by strong laws. Or are all

[1] *December*, 1933

It would appear that Hitler's enthusiasm for Nordic culture has carried him too far.

While his veto on Nordic-Semitic marriages may be biologically sound, his blind antagonism to the Jewish race, to which Germany, in common with all Aryan races, owes so much, must in the end be prejudicial to Germany's progress and prestige. The deprivation of Jews of professorial and professional posts which they have adorned and deserved is similar to the ancient Hun destruction and contempt of intellectual or artistic culture.

existing races to mix together until in a few centuries or perhaps millennia the world becomes populated with an almost homogeneous race, the result of an intimate mixture of all the different races? This resulting mixed race will almost certainly be less efficient than the present dominant races, but more efficient than the present subject races.

It will be a stage of retrogression in man's development.

Artificial Evolution

Women, and men, however, have moved so far from the primitive and have acquired such control of natural laws during the last century that possibly in the future an artificial and voluntary selection may replace natural and involuntary selection. The success or failure of artificial voluntary selection would depend on the wisdom of those responsible for the mating and their appreciation of what strains were most valuable to the human race. If an inferior race obtained by force the control of the breeding, good strains might be destroyed, and bad multiplied, to the great disadvantage of humanity and the arrest of its progress. Nordic races will believe that their complete ascendancy in the world must be established before artificial voluntary selection can begin.

Sterilisation of mental deficients

At the present period of the evolution of our race, and of knowledge of, and facilities for, birth control, there can be little doubt that the primitive type of low mentality is more prolific than the cultured intellectual type, so that our race may be in danger of degeneration and retrogression owing to the swamping of the latter by the former, and it appears not improbable that the time may not be far distant when the State will take steps to safeguard itself against such a tragedy, by the sterilisation of those criminals, degenerates or mental deficients the elimination of whose strains and inborn characteristics would prove of benefit to the race. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how the human race *can* progress, if the present state of protecting, fostering and providing for prolific inefficients and their families is persisted in by sentimental people who by so doing interfere with the selective evolution of nature by which upward progress has been maintained in the past.

Within the last half century, the sense of the sanctity

and inviolability of race has very greatly diminished in Europe and South America, and, though to a considerably less extent, in Asia. The only countries where it is still fully recognised are Germany, Japan, Australia, and to a much less degree, the U.S.A. It is now quite usual to see English girls associating with negroes or mongols. Even in "upper middle" and "upper" class social circles, marriages between Nordic girls and men with a very obvious strain of negro blood—usually it is easy to trace a connection with the West Indies—are not very uncommon.

To suggest that the Briton is superior in every way to every other people or race, is not only a false conceit but an absurdity. I have an intense admiration for the peoples of the countries of ancient culture and civilisation who recognise that blood, race and the inborn characteristics, the result of centuries of culture, are of more worth than piles of metal, however precious. In Europe, the peoples of France, Italy, Spain and Germany are each in their different ways superior to those of Great Britain, but our particular use to the world and humanity will probably be best maintained by guarding with care those simple primitive virtues of a sense of justice, freedom, and the sporting spirit which have been handed down to us by our forefathers.[1]

British Justice

It is this innate fairness and appreciation of the feelings and rights of "the other fellow" which has enabled our flag to fly in world-wide breezes, and, we like to think, to the advantage of those who live under its protection. It is this admirable characteristic that makes the parties of the Left tend to be "pro-native" to a degree disadvantageous to the true interests of those native races within the Empire whose welfare it is our duty to foster and advance.

The Roman, Saxon, Danish and Norman conquests of Britain were all responsible to a certain degree for the

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Since this chapter was written, Hitler's Government has boldly dealt with the problem of sterilisation of mental defectives. The new law comes into force on the 1st January, 1934, and during the year 400,000 sterilisations will take place, equally divided between male and female. As those liable for sterilisation include cases of morbid mental excitability, and not only cases of mental deficiency, perhaps the results may not be as favourable for the intellectual progress of Germany as anticipated.

characteristics of our race. Our art, as expressed in architecture, is also deeply influenced by these conquests, except the short and partial Danish one. Probably during the 400 years of the Roman period the implantation of its cultured blood must have been as widespread as it was precious. Our doggedness, our spirit of freedom, and our love of the horse seems to have come down to us from the ancient Britons, our sense of law and discipline from the Romans, our social outlook and love of song and music from the Saxons, our love of the sea from the Danes, and our love of the chase and sport from the Normans. During the last nine centuries our insular position has prevented further dilution by outside blood to any considerable extent, except comparatively recently, so that time has permitted the evolution of an almost distinct type, which has been replanted in pure culture in Australia and New Zealand, whose governments have wisely recognised the duty of preserving it undiluted with Asiatic blood.

It has always appeared remarkable to me that the Christian Philosophy, a humanitarian and democratic philosophy of kindness, should attach so much importance to blood. Yet the very first seventeen verses of St. Matthew's gospel consists of the genealogy of Christ *for forty-two generations!* and the Founder did not hold out any hopes that thistles would produce figs.

Both Religion and Science seem equally emphatic that blood (not social position or wealth) is of supreme importance.

England, as ever, had freely given of her best in the defence of liberty and justice in the Great War, and the flower of her true aristocracy, the sons of the squirearchy and of the great public schools lay dead on the field of honour. If ever any social class justified its existence by service and sacrifice, this one did, giving far more in proportion than any other, so many, indeed, that it has been almost wiped out—probably it is no exaggeration to say that ninety per cent of the members of this class who were of military age at the outbreak of war, offered their services to their country in 1914.

Those who love England and all she stands for can wish their country no better fortune than that the successful industrialists, who have during the twentieth century supplanted the squirearchy throughout the length and

breadth of the country, will in their sons give to England as noble a gift. And they surely will, provided they come of the blood, the Nordic blood, by which alone our British traditions can be passed on.

The Wansey Family

My Bayly forebears added by marriage in different generations three strains of Wansey, so that my family perhaps contains more Wansey blood than any other and my pleasure in unprofitable tilting at windmills seems to be a Wansey characteristic !

In September, 1929, I purchased a cottage in a Norfolk village with the delightful name of Great Snoring, six miles from the beautiful sandy beach of the little-spoiled small port of Wells-next-the-Sea, and only two miles from the now disused church of West Barsham.

On the 9th November, the following editorial appeared in the *Fakenham Journal*, which perhaps has some interest as an example of family history in which inborn characteristics appear to have been handed down since Norman times.

Interesting Association Revived at Snoring.

> Those of our readers who have studied the history of North-west Norfolk will be interested to hear that an ancient association of name and district that has been broken for many centuries has been renewed by the recent purchase of a cottage at Great Snoring by Dr. Hugh Wansey Bayly, of Harley Street, London.
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> Sir Hugh de Wanci was a kinsman of Sir Osborne de Wanci, whose name appears amongst the "Compagnons" of William the Conqueror on the west wall of the church of Dives-sur-Mer, the Normandy port from which the Conqueror sailed. Sir Hugh was lord of Barsham under Earl Warenne, son-in-law of the Conqueror, and assisted the latter in founding Castle Acre Priory. The Barsham Manor was half a league in length and breadth, and contained a church and four mills.
>
> Sir Hugh de Wanci also held the manors of Thuxton and Depedene, which he subsequently gave to Castle Acre Priory. His two sons, Ralph and Roger, and his daughter Esmond were liberal benefactors of educational and religious institutions. Sir Ralph was great-great-grandfather of Catherine de Wanci, who was an heiress and married Sir Edmund Gurney, who died in 1387. The Gurneys after their marriage added the Wansey arms

to their own. The Wansey arms can be seen still in the south window of West Barsham church and on a grave slab in the north-east part of the church. In the window the Wansey arms are in the centre, with those of Clare on the left and Warenne on the right.[1]

In 1216 Sir Geoffrey de Wanci, great-great-grandson of the founder of the family in Norfolk, settled at Clive Wansey (now known as Clevensey) in Wiltshire. In Norfolk the Wansey family held manors and estates in Barsham, Southall (or Wanseys Manor), Easthall, or Welholme, King's Walden, and Depedene. The Wiltshire branch of the Wansey family settled in Warminster in the 15th century and remained there continuously until the death three years ago of the Reverend Raymond Wansey, vicar of Bishopstow, about one mile from Warminster, who was engaged in collecting material for a history of the Wansey family at the time of his death.

The Wanseys of Warminster took a prominent part in the Civil War, Major Henry Wansey being a successful supporter of Cromwell, and carried a standard bearing the legend, "For Lawful Laws and Liberty," which became celebrated locally. Another Warminster Wansey was Deputy-Governor of Hurst Castle when Charles I was prisoner there.

The Wansey family, ever since Norman times, were distinguished for their love of freedom, democracy and education, and the family records show that devotion to these ideals were handed on from one generation to another.

Woman and race

The transmission of the racial characteristics of the British Commonwealth untainted and undegenerated must depend not only on prevention of dilution by Asiatic and African blood, but also by the determination of the women of our race to continue their traditional sacrifice of self for home and children.

On the 3rd April, 1928, the *Morning Post* published a letter from me under the title "Women and the Vote."

[1] *December*, 1933

During the last three years this little church, which contains Saxon and Norman architecture, has fallen into tragic disrepair. It is no longer used for divine worship and is deserted except for the swallows who have made it their home. The roof is in holes and some of the windows are broken and there is grave danger lest the fine old glass forming the coats of arms may be destroyed. The Wansey arms in this church consist of three gloves in the window and five on the thirteenth century stone graveslab. At a later date the gloves were changed to hands, while a branch of the family took the splayed falcon.

This filled my letter-box with communications rich in praise or blame.

One was from Dr. Marie Stopes, who was clearly very cross, but as her self-imposed mission of preaching a combined sex satisfaction and birth control crusade did not come within the scope of my letter, her anger seemed rather baseless, especially as I was largely in agreement with her.

The combination of an excess of population in general and of women in particular at the present time seemed to suggest that the ultimate victory of her crusade was inevitable.

It was clearly unjust and unbiological to demand that millions of women should throughout their lives suppresss their normal and healthy sexual appetites ; and the upward progress of humanity might quite possibly depend on birth control and the restriction of parenthood to unions whose offspring would be unlikely to be handicapped by mental deficiency or physical disability.

Later I sent an article on "Woman, Biology and Politics" to the editor of a leading periodical, who returned it to me with a compliment, but added, "it's *true*—you surely don't expect me to publish it ?"

The present age has been called an age of specialism, but one specialist has existed from the dim, prehistoric times, and Woman is her name.

Woman, the Specialist

This specialist, the Mother Woman, became the centre of the human circle, the nucleus of the race cell, the supreme type that moulded all other types to her own use. She recognised and was proud of the inevitability of her vocation, and pursuing this whole-heartedly, knew that she was responsible for a sacred trust, a mighty secret, a sublime duty, on which the very existence of the race depended, and it was her joy to sacrifice herself on this altar to her own puissance. If the rule of the survival of the fittest is not followed, degeneracy and retrogression must take the place of evolutionary progress, for there can be no standing still. If it can be conceded that Woman has become in essence and function a specialised being, evolved with the object of devotion to her essential function of motherhood, and if it be agreed that such specialism cannot be interfered

with without a probable danger to the race, then anything that distracts Woman from her mother duty, that interferes with her preparation for such duty, that develops attributes and characteristics which are not essential for that duty (and which, indeed, may be antagonistic to such duty) must be studied with grave concern by those who look forward.

Woman the Queen, Man the Worker

The Mother Woman for her own advantage was provided by Nature with slaves to minister to her wants. The Male developed first physically and then intellectually, so as to be in the best position to guard her from danger and provide her with the necessities of life, as his transient and occasional duties of mate were secondary to his protective and providing duties, which occupied by far the greater part of his time.

The great amount of time that Woman had to spend on her special, all-important work, which, for short and long recurring periods demanded her whole attention, to the exclusion of protracted mental and physical exercises, render it impossible for her to compete successfully with Man in work that demanded high physical or intellectual development

No Equal Moral Standard

Woman and Man, having different duties to do, require different characteristics. When such characteristics are good for the race they are called "virtues," and when bad for the race they are called "vices." There never has been and never can be any "equal moral standard" for both sexes ; and, indeed, special and different virtues have been assigned to women and men ever since the dawn of history until recently a small coterie of faddists, knowing naught of and caring less for biology, have made equality of the sexes in everything, a foolish and ephemeral slogan. Those whom a wise Nature has made unequal, complementary, and different, both physically and mentally, cannot be made "equal" by faddist fulminations or freak legislation.

It is incredible and absurd to suppose that Woman, through countless ages, should have concentrated her energies on her mother role and left physical and intellectual

strife to Man, if such specialisation of her energies had been prejudicial to the race. If natural selection and survival of the fittest are not theoretical myths (and in spite of vehement opposition in some quarters, Darwin's logical and reasoned theories are accepted more and more every decade as proved scientific facts) then it is clear that if Woman's specialisation and concentration on the mother role had been prejudicial to race advancement, this characteristic would have been eliminated by selective evolution.

Woman and Creative Thought

If a woman is truly feminine with a highly developed mother instinct, she will have little free time outside her own all-important duties, and if in later years, when the burden of these duties has been lightened, she finds herself free to take up other interests, she must necessarily be handicapped in competition with men who have had no such previous drain on their time and energy. It is quite untrue to say that women shine in politics, in business, in learned professions, or even in art. They do not. When a woman achieves a very moderate position she is acclaimed as a wonder. What eternal creative work in intellectual or artistic fields has Woman performed? Where is the female Plato, Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Columbus, Beethoven, Napoleon, Pasteur? It is easy, without a moment's thought, to mention the names of dozens of men whose creative thought has altered history and acted as shining beacons marking the progress of mankind—it is difficult to think of a single woman.

The great women of history have their niche, not for creative work, but for their influence on prominent men, and, it may be added, their purely feminine rather than their intellectual influence.

In the training and education of young children and in the nursing of the sick, Woman is pre-eminent, and she more than holds her own in dramatic interpretation of character and emotion. Instinct, with which she has been endowed more fully than Man (being, as she is, more primitive) is more often her guide than reason, and emotion sways her more than logic, for which, indeed, she often openly expresses supreme contempt.

In literature women have recently taken a prominent place as authoresses of "best sellers," but it is doubtful

whether any of these will survive the test of time, as such books are often rather analytical studies of phases of emotion, rather than examples of polished and philosophic prose, and perhaps, it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that women have failed to produce a great masterpiece, either in poetry or prose. The number of women whose books have become classics is very small.

Women have now been admitted to the medical profession for more than two generations, yet even in the special branches of the study of the diseases of women and children, they have failed to establish supremacy for themselves, or, indeed, to reach an equality with men. I know of no purely medical subject on which a recognized and accepted authoritative text book circulating throughout the English-speaking peoples has been written by a medical woman holding a medical diploma issued in this country. Women are extremely valuable for posts where accuracy, conscientiousness and method are required, rather than initiative, originality or deduction, such as secretarial stenography, or the lower branches of the Civil Service ; and they are also well adapted for the passing of examinations which are largely a test of memory rather than of originality, intelligence or creative thought.

It is greatly to be hoped that now woman has the majority vote and, therefore, the decision as to what laws and policies shall guide our country through the difficult future that lies ahead of us, her instinct for the protection of her own essential root-type will not fail her, and will steer the Ship of State ever onwards towards the dawn, pregnant with hope and possibilities.

False Feminism

In competing with Man instead of making use of Man, in demanding equality where she had superiority, in replacing an ancient power behind the throne for a very insecure throne of her own, in neglecting primal and essential work for secondary and subordinate work, many will think Woman very foolish, especially as her privileged position, socially, legally, and financially must be jeopardised.

However, it is not Woman as a sex who has demanded the vote or who desires to compete with Man. It is only an extremely small minority who would have escaped notice except for their noisy importunity which is highly

distasteful to the majority of their more feminine sisters. The dominant (bossy) woman who refuses to adapt herself to man, but expects man to obey her, is not an attractive type to the virile man ; so that such atypical "sports," if they marry, often become the wives of men deficient in masculine characteristics and tend to be absolutely or relatively sterile. Should an ordinary man marry a dominant woman, too often for the sake of affection, peace and quiet he becomes subservient to his wife, and it is not long before observers notice a pathetic change in his character, which loses all masculine personality and attributes of mastery. He can only save his soul at the expense of domestic peace.

It will not be surprising if, within quite a short period of time, any country rapidly degenerates and becomes of little account, in which Woman exchanges her halo for a tinsel crown, and loses the substance whilst grasping at the shadow ; in which Man permits the Mother Woman to be sacrificed on the altar of false gods at the demand of a shrieking and sterile sisterhood.

I think most lawyers will agree that Woman, if under the influence of emotion, tends to lose all impersonal sense of justice, and this characteristic may be as much for the good of the race as it certainly is to the advantage of her children and family.

Many women really believe the routine feminine excuse for the conspicuous absence of women from the historical niches of those whose creative thought has influenced humanity, by asserting that "woman was kept in subjection to man by man's physical force, she was denied all opportunity of demonstrating her intellectual equality with Man, and her abilities remained latent awaiting the opportunity of freedom afforded by the present century." This excuse appears to be based on a false hypothesis and to be fundamentally unsound from a biological point of view, for the argument assumes that attributes that are beneficial to the race can be hindered from development by attributes which are baneful to the race. To admit this is tantamount to discarding and disavowing all the principles of natural selection, survival of the fittest and heredity, which support the belief that what is good for the race must develop and increase, and what is bad for the race must diminish and finally be eliminated. If the participation of Woman on

an equality with Man in creative thought had been good for the race, such participation could never have been prevented throughout the ages by any malign male influence.

The History of Civilisation only covers about 200 generations, which is a very short period in the long process of the evolution of man which has occupied millions of years. Probably there is practically no difference between the men and women of the earlier civilisations and those of to-day. We have more knowledge, we have learned by experience, but we are essentially the same as those of long ago.

Of one thing only can we be certain, that if the emergence of Woman from the home into the struggle outside the home (that has hitherto been borne by Man) is bad for the race, those races who have handicapped themselves by such social customs will eventually pay the price of all inefficients and be eliminated by a Nature that does not permit the flouting of her laws, and will go down before other races who have not set themselves in opposition to the logic of biology.

CHAPTER XX

THE HIDDEN HAND ; LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE ; SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF VENEREAL DISEASE ; FARCICAL LAWS ; WORLD OPINION

ANY record of my work, experiences and opinions during the sixteen years covered in these memoirs would be incomplete, and cowardly incomplete, if the campaign with which my name is closely identified, and in which I have taken a leading part, was omitted. I should much prefer to omit these last two chapters, for I feel a great reluctance to plunge again into an attack in which I have received some painful wounds and no credit from my opponents for humane or honourable motives ; in which I have made many enemies and few friends, have met financial loss, and have apparently fruitlessly expended time, devotion and money. It appears for the moment to be an unpopular and lost cause, but I feel that I should be a traitor to my principles and generation, and to the memory of those courageous comrades who have died during the ten years' struggle, if for the sake of peace or weariness or a desire to escape unfriendly criticism, I left unwritten my record of my fight and of my failure.

I believe that knowledge is good, and ignorance bad, and that all knowledge must ultimately advance humanity's progress upwards, and that in our days of print and publicity probably a truth once launched can never be permanently suppressed.

For twenty-five years my daily professional work, except during the first two years and the last year of the Great War, has been largely dealing with the diagnosis and cure of venereal and sex disorders. During the War when the venereal hospitals contained men to the number of an army corps, or more, who were so badly needed in the forward areas that their absence jeopardised victory and necessitated the sacrifice of men holding positions that could not be reinforced or supported by non-existent reserves, I began to realise that curative methods were a failure as



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RICHARD GREVILLE VERNEY,
LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, 19TH BARON, 1919

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regards the spread of venereal disease, and I determined to try after the War to emphasise the necessity for prevention.

Report of Royal Commission

The Royal Commission on Venereal Disease which was appointed in 1913, issued their report in 1916, and published as their considered opinion the appalling statement :

> While we have been unable to arrive at any positive figures, the evidence we have received leads us to the conclusion that the number of persons who have been infected with syphilis, acquired or congenital, cannot fall below 10 per cent of the whole population in the large cities, and the percentage affected with gonorrhœa must greatly exceed this proportion.

The Royal Commission was ordered to "inquire into the prevalence of venereal diseases in the United Kingdom, their effects upon the health of the community and the means by which those effects can be alleviated or prevented."

Yet, the whole question of prevention was entirely ignored and no reference to prevention occurs in the report.

The National Council for Combating Venereal Disease

During the War, and more or less arising from the Royal Commission, an anti-venereal organisation had been founded which was of a semi-official character and took the name of the National Council for Combating Venereal Disease.

Just before my demobilisation, when I was commanding a field ambulance in Norfolk and was on the lookout for work to carry me on until I could re-establish my practice, I was told that the National Council was seeking lecturers. I, therefore, got in touch with the General Secretary, Mrs. Gotto (now Mrs. Neville Rolfe) and an interview was arranged when I met her, with the late Sir Malcolm Morris, a prominent dermatologist and official of the Council.

To my surprise, I found that all reference to disinfection was taboo, and that employment as a lecturer was conditional on agreement not to mention or recommend personal disinfection as a method of combating venereal disease. This organisation did excellent work in spreading

knowledge as to the dire effects of venereal infection, as to the great importance of prompt and efficient treatment, and in preaching chastity as the only certain way of avoiding contagion. Their propaganda, however, was largely terrorist and their films presented such exaggerated pictures as to amount to a deception of the public.

I saw one of their films called "The End of the Road," in which it appeared that every libertine not only contracted venereal disease, but invariably as a consequence of such infection became blind, paralysed, or insane. There was little, if any, emphasis in this film on the great hope of speedy and complete recovery if efficient treatment be taken ; and immediate self-disinfection (which would certainly prevent 75 per cent of infections) was unmentioned. This organisation, which received large funds from the Government, and was backed by prominent officials of the Ministry of Health, has been my chief obstacle, as I always found myself up against officialism and bureaucracy, determined to shelve my policy.

It appeared to me that they were in reality a society for dragooning the public into sexual continence, rather than a scientific organisation whose sole object was the reduction of disease.

Heavy V.D. Casualties

It is accepted as a truism that half the blindness occurring in babies is due to gonorrhœa, and half the blindness in adults is the result of either gonorrhœa or syphilis ; that a considerable percentage of mental disorders, paralysis, apoplexy, diseases of heart, liver and kidney are the result of syphilis, and that gonorrhœa is responsible for a great deal of sterility and invalidism in young married women.

It appeared to me to be a reproach against the medical profession that this great amount of death and suffering due to preventable diseases should be permitted to exist, and I felt that whatever the cost, I must make my effort, however feeble, to try to help the people of Great Britain to realise the gravity of the situation.

The marshalling of our forces against the insidious onslaughts of the hidden plague appeared to me to be clearly the duty of the Government.

The first individual whom I approached, a well-known medical man experienced in these diseases, advised me not

to attempt to organise a campaign for the education of the public in medical prevention and said : "You have against you the Puritan, the Government and the Sentimentalist, and you are doomed to failure, which will probably ruin you financially, socially and, perhaps, professionally." However, I felt that it would be shameful to hold back because of the odds, although I was very conscious that my insignificance and poverty were serious handicaps to success, and that such a cause needed a prominent and powerful leader.

Report of Lord Astor's Inter-Departmental Committee

The report of the Inter-Departmental Committee on Infectious Diseases in connection with Demobilisation was issued in 1919. In this report, Lord Astor, the Chairman of the Committee, made the following statements in clauses twelve and thirteen, respectively :

> Certain drugs, if properly applied, are efficient in preventing venereal disease.

and :

> Unquestionably there have been many individual cases which appear to afford positive evidence in favour of a system of distribution of such prophylactics before exposure to infection.

He then proceeded to say :

> The official application of the packet system to the civilian community is neither desirable nor practical.

This conclusion seemed so contrary to evidence and commonsense that I felt certain that some prominent member of the medical profession would take up the challenge, and I was astonished when after a month the statements had been permitted to stand by default.

If it is reasoned that "a false sense of security" is given unless 100 per cent of successes are obtained, every method of either prevention or cure advocated by responsible authorities and proved of undeniable value by long experience would have to be discarded as harmful and liable to produce "a false sense of security." Diphtheria or

tetanus anti-toxin, quinine, the use of antisepsis or asepsis in surgery, Crede's prophylactic method of preventing opthalmia neonatorum, and all preventive surgical operations would have to be abandoned.

Yet, I think I am right in concluding that it would be considered almost criminal negligence to fail to apply in any disease, except venereal disease, a method of prevention that would certainly be effective in the great majority of cases.

Sir James Barrett

During the War, in Egypt, Sir James Barrett, operating on an immense scale among the Australians, of whom he was in medical charge, reduced venereal disease to almost negligible proportions, and wrote: "In my experience, primary prophylaxis has been practically certain in its results," and quoted the results obtained in one camp through which 9,282 troops passed—4,400 reported exposure to infection, and as the result of primary prophylaxis, only thirteen infections resulted.

Surgeon-Commander Boyden

Between the 1st April, 1918, and the 31st March, 1920, Surgeon-Commander H. Boyden, then in charge of the Naval Gunnery School at Portsmouth, supplied 923 bottles of 1 in 1,000 solution of permanganate of potash to men who intended to incur danger. Only one man was infected, and he, disregarding instruction, disinfected not immediately, but six hours after the event.

During 1917, the men of the Royal Artillery Barracks at Portsmouth were carefully instructed to disinfect without delay. Out of 3,750 men only 5 were infected in nine months.

Sir Archdall Reid

On the 1st January, 1917, Sir Archdall Reid, then Medical Officer in charge of 2,000 troops at Portsmouth, began to teach his men immediate self-disinfection with permanganate of potash, with the result that the venereal disease rate amongst his men fell from 92 per thousand per annum to 1.5 per thousand per annum. Many other instances could be produced in which venereal disease has been reduced

to the vanishing point merely by teaching men to disinfect without delay.

The practical application of the scientific principle of disinfection was, therefore, proved in certain instances. Why had it failed in other instances? It failed only where there had been faulty teaching, and when failure, as the result of faulty teaching, resulted, the failure was attributed to disinfection, and not to the faulty teaching of the true scientific principle.

So impressed was I with the evidence in favour of immediate self-disinfection as a preventive of venereal disease, that I made up my mind to try and organise a society to lay before the public the true aspect of the case. After consultation with Lord Willoughby de Broke, and Dr. Saleeby, the first small meeting of the Venereal Prevention Committee took place at my house on the 22nd September, 1919. A month later this committee formed itself into the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Diseases and a provisional constitution, drawn up by myself, was accepted without amendment.

"*The Times*" *Support*

On the day following the preliminary meeting in my house (23rd September, 1919,) a leading article appeared in *The Times*, which I here set out :

Prevention Committee

> We learn with an interest which will be shared by those of our readers who understand the subject of venereal disease that steps were taken at a meeting held last night to further the policy which alone, in our judgment, can lead to their abolition. In the recent Parliamentary Paper issued by Major Astor, the Chairman of the "Committee on Infectious Diseases in connection with Demobilisation," arguments were marshalled against the civilian use of certain prophylactic measures which have been proved to be effective in the Army. Now the prevention of syphilis and gonorrhœa is a task of science, and must be so regarded if any progress is to be achieved. It is idle to urge reasons of morality, for the simple reason that the innocent suffer equally with the guilty. During the War there was a vast increase in propaganda directed to improve standards of conduct ; there was also an increase in the incidence of venereal disease. It is not suggested that there is any con-

nection between these two circumstances, but it may be taken as established that the diseases cannot be stamped out by exhortation. They can be stamped out only by building a barrier between the infected and the uninfected. The fact that such a barrier may not afford absolute protection in no way invalidates the arguments in favour of building it. We wish the new movement success in effecting its humane and salutary purpose.

This was a good send off, and we followed it up by a letter to *The Times*, appearing over the signature of members of our Executive Committee on the 27th September.

In view of the White Paper recently presented to the Ministry of Health containing the decision that the official recognition of self-disinfection in civilian venereal disease is "neither desirable nor practical," we think it urgently necessary in the interests of the national and racial health, to ask our fellow citizens for the action which the official forces of the nation find themselves unable and unwilling to take.

There are evidently only three possible courses :

(1) To take no action against venereal infection, apart from moral teaching.
(2) Delayed disinfection (early treatment centres).
(3) To teach and provide immediate self-disinfection.

We all agree in rejecting (1).

The White Paper recommends (2), but the provision of centres for delayed disinfection is not, and never can be, adequate. The London County Council, the greatest urban authority in the country, has rejected the scheme. No method is even suggested that could be worked in rural districts. The practical difficulties in town and country alike are insuperable. Time, the vital factor, is necessarily lost in every case.

There remains only (3), immediate self-disinfection. We maintain that venereal disease is thus preventable ; that authoritative teaching on the subject is urgently required ; and that the means, together with approved instructions for their use, should be readily accessible to the public.

We fail to recognise any moral distinction between the provision of delayed disinfection at centres and the provision of immediate self-disinfection, and we decline the grave moral responsibility of attempting to conceal the knowledge which is capable of saving myriads of the

innocent, living and unborn, from the most hideous disease of body and mind.

We have provisionally formed ourselves into a Venereal Prevention Committee to whom enquiries may be sent to this address.

The Committee at that time consisted of only twelve persons, all of whom signed the letter.

The Times published a second letter from us on the 13th October :

In the reply, published in your issue of the 6th October, by the National Council for Combating Venereal Disease, to our letter of 27th September, we note that the resolution passed by the Medical Committee of the National Council endorsed by the Executive Committee recommending that "more stress be laid upon local cleanliness" accepts in principle the whole policy of immediate self-disinfection which this Committee is determined to advocate.

We decline to accept the description of our policy as "the issuing of prophylactic packets to the civilian community" in the way in which they were issued to H.M. Forces. No suggestion has yet been made by our Committee as to the method or means by which the public may obtain the necessary disinfection material, the fact that such materials are easily obtained at any chemist being in our opinion quite sufficient. The aim of the Committee is solely the instruction of the public on the essential fact that the spread of venereal disease can be prevented by the use of (a) a solution of potassium permanganate, 1 in 1,000 ; and (b) calomel ointment, 33 per cent, provided that the first of these means is used immediately after exposure to infection and the second as soon as possible. These disinfectants may be freely bought and sold without any infringement of the Venereal Disease Act, 1917.

During the fortnight between the publication of these two letters, the Venereal Prevention Committee had increased from twelve to twenty, and the second letter was signed by :

Lord Willoughby de Broke
Professor J. G. Adami, F.R.S.
Sir G. Lenthal Cheatle, K.C.B., C.V.O., F.R.C.S.
Sir H. Bryan Donkin, M.D., F.R.C.P.
Sir Alfred Fripp, K.C.V.O., C.B., M.S.

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., C.B., M.S.
Sir J. Y. W. Macalister
Dr. R. Murray Leslie, M.D.
Professor Harvey Littlejohn, F.R.C.S., (Ed.)
Dr. R. A. Lyster, M.D.
Sir James Mackenzie, F.R.S., F.R.C.P.
Dr. Otto May, M.D.
Sir F. W. Mott, K.B.E., M.D., F.R.S.
Sir William Osler, Bart., F.R.S., F.R.C.P.
Dr. William Pasteur, C.B., C.M.G., M.D., F.R.C.P.
Sir D'Arcy Power, F.R.C.S.
Sir G. Archdall Reid, M.B., F.R.S.E.
Sir Humphry Rolleston, K.C.B., M.D.
Dr. J. H. Sequeira, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.
and myself (Honorary Secretary).

Only a decade has passed since the publication of this letter, and yet of the twenty signatories only eight survive :

Sir Lenthal Cheatle
Sir Arbuthnot Lane
Dr. Lyster
Dr. Otto May
Sir D'Arcy Power
Sir Humphry Rolleston
Dr. J. H. Sequeira
and myself.

The signing of this letter was, I believe, the last act of public service performed by that great and world-renowned physician, Sir William Osler, as he died a fortnight later and was already ill at the time. Sir John Macalister, the distinguished first Secretary of the Royal Society of Medicine, did not survive long.

Our Fighting Vanguard

The van of the old guard consisted of a quartet of sturdy and uncompromising fighters—Lord Willoughby de Broke, Sir Archdall Reid, Sir Bryan Donkin and Sir Frederick Mott, who were all diehards of the bull-dog breed and would never countenance compromise or expediency if such entailed the very slightest surrender of principle. All have died.

Primate's Opinion

The Archbishop of Canterbury's (Lord Davidson) opinion on our campaign was referred to in *The Times* of the 16th October, 1919, under the heading, "Smoothing the Way to Vice"—"The Primate on Prophylaxis," and he was reported as saying :

> Within the last few days, prominent men, to whose opinions they would pay the highest deference in medical matters and who stood prominent in their profession, were distinctly advocating something which might develop into what he believed would be a most disastrous peril to the young men and women of the country.
>
> They must consider where the advice of these men, who were entitled to the very highest honour, was going to lead them. They said they wanted to stop a hideous evil, which was harming the population ; that it could not be stopped too early, that they wished to give men and women the means of avoiding it altogether.
>
> The Church has a moral responsibility in this matter, and they were not left without adequate professional medical support and the support of civil authorities in drawing a distinction between the treatment of persons and furnishing them beforehand with means which could not have any other effect than smoothing the way towards vice. As Christians they were not going to be led by advice which they believed to be so fraught with evil.

The Primate's opinion was also that of the National Council, but my Society were unable to follow his Grace's reasoning in considering treatment after infection, moral, but disinfection before infection unchristian. Indeed, this attitude almost suggested that venereal disease was a useful and deserved punishment for inchastity.

It was not for me to criticise the Primate's opinion on what was right or wrong, but I could not but feel that his Master might in His infinite pity and understanding have been grieved at His name being used as blessing the guardianship of virtue by ignorance and disease.

The Press Association of the 16th December, 1919, quoted me thus :

> Economics and social conditions (whereby the marriage age was yearly raised), the advent of women into the open market as full competitors with men, and the terrible

> war toll of young men's lives, all tended to the maintenance and possible increase of the social state in which many young people had to face the prospect of a future without marriage or in which marriage would be greatly delayed. Had the national health to be ruined, the asylums filled, and the nurseries emptied owing to the fear of physiology, a fear which refused to admit the very powerful and, in some individuals, the almost irresistible call of sex? He challenged the ethics of those who considered it unwise to protect the incontinent from disease. He held that the spread of knowledge of measures against disease would not increase sexual licence.

It is very difficult to condense this controversy, in which many important people ventilated their views in press and on platform, into the small space of two chapters, so I shall have to omit most of the interesting letters and reports which occupy four fat volumes of press cuttings.

Launching of Society for Prevention of Venereal Disease

Offices were established in my house at 143, Harley Street, and Lord Willoughby de Broke accepted the Presidency and the Chairmanship of the Executive Committee. Dr. Leonard Hill, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Professor Sir E. Ray Lankester, Lt.-General Sir Francis Lloyd, Sir Laurence Philipps and Mr. H. G. Wells, were appointed Vice-Presidents, Sir Arbuthnot Lane and Sir James Crichton-Browne[1], Joint Treasurers, Sir Bryan Donkin, Vice-Chairman, and myself Honorary Secretary.

The Executive Committee was a very powerful one including Lady Askwith, Dr. R. A. Lyster, M.O.H. (Editor of *Public Health*) Sir John Macalister (Secretary of the Royal Society of Medicine); Sir Frederick Mott (Pathologist to the London County Asylums); Dr. Eric Pritchard, Sir Archdall Reid, Sir Humphry Rolleston (later President of the Royal College of Physicians), Dr. C. W. Saleeby, Dr. J. H. Sequeira, Lt.-General Sir Arthur Sloggett and Dr. R. M. Wilson (Medical Correspondent to *The Times*).

Six Members of the House of Commons agreed to form a Parliamentary Committee, of which the Chairman was Mr. A. Rendall and the Honorary Secretary, Captain

[1] *December*, 1933
Now the honoured and beloved doyen of the Medical Profession.

Walter E. Elliott,[1] and the Propaganda Committee included Lord Riddell.

We employed two, and sometimes three, typists and the extensive work we undertook occupied a great deal of my time. During the first seven months of the Society's existence we held two public meetings in London, the first at the Central Hall, Westminster, and the second at the Mansion House where the Lord Mayor was good enough to take the Chair.

Lord Willoughby de Broke and myself also addressed a most enthusiastic meeting of the United Wards Club at the Cannon Street Hotel. During this period of intensive propaganda we three times circulated the Medical Officers of Health of Counties and County Boroughs throughout Great Britain with the gratifying result that twelve Councils endorsed our policy. Ten thousand letters were despatched from our offices during this period.

A deputation to the House of Commons laid our views before fifty interested Members who unanimously agreed to help to further our cause.

Branches of Trade Unions showed a keen desire to hear lectures on the subject, and both Medical and lay Press expressed sympathy with our campaign. I must have given well over a hundred lectures to Trade Union branches and on every occasion my talk was received with most enthusiastic applause, which clearly demonstrated the desire and need of young men of the working classes for the information I gave them.

Our objects were defined as being :

> To instruct the public as to
> (1) The vital importance of self-disinfection at the time of exposure to risk as a preventive of venereal disease.
> (2) To advocate such further steps for the prevention of venereal disease as may be deemed advisable by the Executive Committee.

Necessity of Amending V.D. Act, 1917

At our First Annual General Meeting held on the 3rd January, 1920, seven months after the Society was launched, our President emphasised the necessity of amending the

[1] *December*, 1933
Now Minister of Agriculture.

Venereal Disease Act, 1917, which prevented chemists from selling approved disinfectants against venereal disease accompanied by instructions for use. During the five years of his presidency, to which he devoted a great deal of time, he continually reiterated his opinion that the amendment of this Act so as to remove the embargo on chemists must be the spearhead of the Society's policy, and that until this was done little real progress could be made.

Empty Words of Minister of Health

During the second year of the Society's work considerable advance was made and Lord Willoughby de Broke pointed out in his second presidential address that the Minister of Health had practically endorsed our policy when in a circular addressed to the County and Borough Councils he said :

> It is the duty of all individuals who have incurred, or think they have incurred the risk of an infecting disease, to cleanse themselves thoroughly and immediately and thereby diminish the risk.

Lord Willoughby de Broke added :

> If you alter the word "Cleanse" to "disinfect" we might have written the sentence ourselves, and to disinfect is only another word for "true and efficient cleansing."

He concluded his address by saying :

> Now we have been at some pains to try and persuade the Minister of Health to alter the Act of 1917, or at any rate, to give such a ruling upon it that would allow chemists to sell these disinfectants without any fear of prosecution, and that the Government themselves should give their imprimatur to the kind of disinfectants that should be used, and the instructions that should accompany their sale. This the Government have declined to do themselves, they say so earlier in this statement which I hold in my hand. They have decided that they cannot give official support to self-disinfection as a policy. The Ministry says that there are moral and social considerations which have to be taken into account. They do not state whether there are any political considerations which also have to be taken into account, but the value of this consideration I will leave you

to judge for yourselves. However, the Ministry at present have declined to take the responsibility of thus issuing instructions and giving an imprimatur to the kind of disinfectants which are likely to be the most effective. Therefore, I suggest to you that the right policy for this Society is to welcome the frank admission of the Ministry of Health of the principle and value of self-disinfection, and to ask them at the earliest possible opportunity to remove either by Order in Council or by legislation all doubt and disability in the Venereal Disease Act of 1917, with regard to the sale by chemists of the proper disinfectants accompanied by proper instructions.

If the Government will not take the responsibility for recommending these things (and I cannot understand why the Ministry of Health declines to recommend simple disinfectants, because I should have thought perfectly simple instructions in disinfection is a province which is peculiarly appropriate to the Ministry of Health, who are at Whitehall in order to give out the ordinary knowledge of medicine and the simple laws of health to the people of this country), I say the proper body to take the risk and responsibility for issuing instructions and recommending the disinfectants is the body that has already done it in their pamphlets and their leaflets, and that body is the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease. The next practical step that I think we ought to take is to use every means in our power to have that Act altered in such a way that a chemist can sell what is necessary, together with the proper instructions, without fear of prosecution. The Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease will themselves take the responsibility of recommending what shall be sold and the instructions that shall accompany it. We are reinforced in this society by medical opinion and authority, which is second to none in this or in other countries, and I am very proud indeed to be able to take part in council with the distinguished men whom it has been my lot to meet since I had anything to do with this Society, and their names, as taking this responsibility, are a perfectly sufficient guarantee to the Ministry of Health and to the general public.

Lord Willoughby de Broke then read the resolution which was seconded by Lady Askwith :

THAT the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease take immediate steps to apply formally to the Ministry of Health for their sanction under the Venereal Diseases Act of 1917, for the preparation and sale by chemists under the

supervision and control of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease, of the materials for immediate self-disinfection recommended by them.

Labour Party Support

During this year, Dr. Mearns Fraser, M.O.H. of Portsmouth, who had on his own initiative organised instructions in disinfection in his area, joined our Executive Committee, and on the 9th November I had the honour of being invited by the Advisory Committee to the Labour Party on matters of Public Health to debate the question of the prevention of venereal disease with Mr. E. B. Turner (chief lecturer, and one of the prominent officials of the National Council for Combating Venereal Disease) before the Committee with a view to their determining what action they should take in the matter. After I had received this invitation, and previous to the meeting, Dr. Mearns Fraser had written to the Committee, and his letter and report had been circularised among the members. Our combined efforts succeeded in convincing the Advisory Committee that our policy was the correct one, and a resolution was passed :

> THAT the Advisory Committee, speaking entirely from a medical point of view, advised the Labour Party that a policy on venereal disease, based upon Dr. Mearns Fraser's (M.O.H., Portsmouth) memorandum would be beneficial to the public health.

Support of Birthrate Committee

In the autumn of 1920 the National Birthrate Committee held an inquiry on certain aspects of venereal diseases under the chairmanship of the Bishop of Birmingham, and issued their report in February, 1921, which as regards the medical aspects was a complete endorsement of the policy of my society.

On the 23rd February, 1921, the Bishop of Birmingham invited our Society with an equal number of delegates from the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, to a round table conference, with a view to ending the existing disunion, and we at once accepted the invitation, on the understanding that the terms of the Report would be the basis of the meeting and that the National Council were prepared to put the recommendations of the Report in

action forthwith. We were informed later that the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases had not accepted this invitation, and the conference, therefore, much to our regret, did not take place.

Support of Conference of Health Authorities under Lord Askwith's Chairmanship

On the 1st March, 1921, an important conference of Health Authorities took place at Lord Askwith's London house under his chairmanship. This conference, although convened by our Society, was entirely impartial in composition, invitations being forwarded to all Metropolitan Medical Officers of Health, and Chairmen of their Health Committees, and also to Medical Officers of Health of Liverpool, Portsmouth and Chatham. Nearly thirty persons attended the conference, and the following resolution, proposed by Dr. Mearns Fraser (M.O.H., Portsmouth), and seconded by Dr. Saunders (M.O.H., West Ham), was unanimously passed, after numerous M.O.H.s had expressed their views on the matter :

> THAT in view of the terrible effects of venereal diseases on the health of the nation, and especially because of their effects upon women and children, there is urgent need for Health Authorities to institute active measures to protect the inhabitants of their districts against these diseases. Of these measures, by far the most important is education of the public as to the dangers of venereal diseases, as to the manner in which they are spread, and above all, education in the methods of immediate self-disinfection by which venereal diseases can be largely prevented.

House of Lords Debate

On the 16th March, Lord Willoughby de Broke, in the House of Lords, called the attention of the Government to the report of the Bishop of Birmingham's Committee, and asked the Government what steps were being taken to give effect to its finding. Lord Willoughby de Broke when inviting me to hear the debate said with his accustomed wit—for he rarely wrote or spoke without a witty remark somewhere : "You must excuse the company which is terribly mixed nowadays." Lords Knutsford, Malmesbury, Askwith and Clanwilliam supported our President in the debate, and the Bishop of London, and Lords Sydenham and Gorell (Past

and present Presidents of the N.C.C.V.D.) opposed him. Lord Peel replied for the Government in a somewhat evasive and non-committal speech.

Sir Alfred Mond

On the 25th April, 1921, Sir Alfred Mond (later Lord Melchett), Minister of Health, supported by Lord Onslow, Sir George Newman, and Colonel L. W. Harrison, received our President, Sir Bryan Donkin and myself in his room at the House of Commons. When we entered his room he was leaning back in an armchair smoking a cigar. He did not get up to greet us and I think each member of our deputation of three felt it galling that three Britishers should be in the position of suppliants to one whose appearance, speech and manners clearly showed that he was not a member of our race. We laid the policy of our Society before the Minister of Health but his reply held out very little hope of support, which was not surprising. He appeared to be quite unacquainted with the subject and to rely entirely on the advice of the medical officers with him, whom he was continually consulting.

War Office

On the 13th May, in reply to my inquiries I received a letter from the War Office saying :

> I am directed to inform you that immediate self-disinfection has been carried out in the British Army for the last three years.

Lord Dawson of Penn

Lord Dawson of Penn was mainly instrumental in arranging the Inquiry regarding venereal disease which sat in 1922 under the chairmanship of Lord Trevethin, who conducted the inquiry with scrupulous justice and impartiality.

In a letter appearing in *The Times* of 27th November, 1922, Lord Dawson said :

> Until some conclusion supported by a considerable preponderance of opinion has been reached, it cannot be reasonably expected that the Ministry of Health should do otherwise than maintain impartiality and give a fair

> field and no favour to the two schools of thought and action. As a logical consequence, grants of money should be made to either both or to neither of the corresponding societies.

Report of Lord Trevethin's Committee

The report of Lord Trevethin's Committee of Inquiry was published by the Ministry of Health in June, 1923, and much to our joy, and rather to our surprise, constituted a complete vindication of our policy. As already mentioned Lord Willoughby de Broke had always insisted that the amendment of the Venereal Disease Act of 1917 must be the "spearhead of our policy" and Clause 14, of the Trevethin Report stressed this with strength and said :

> We think that the law should be altered so as to permit properly qualified chemists to sell ad hoc disinfectants provided such disinfectants are sold in a form approved and with instructions for use approved by some competent authority.

Pigeon-holed Medical Evidence

The evidence of witnesses was not printed or published, as at one of the last sittings of the Committee it was decided that in view of the considerable expense the printing and publication of such a large mass of evidence would entail, and having regard to the national importance of departmental economy, the Committee would not be justified in pressing for publication of the evidence in detail.

Lord Willoughby de Broke

Lord Willoughby de Broke died in the winter of 1923, and his death was a blow from which our Society never recovered. His courage and self-sacrifice in doing his utmost to further any cause that he believed was for the good of his fellow countrymen was equalled by his unfailing loyalty to those he worked with. In him I always knew I had a loyal chief, who would never let me down, for he was the perfect sportsman who, at all costs and always, would play the game. With such a witty, energetic and at the same time determined leader, we were able to obtain good publicity as he took a great deal of trouble by personal persuasion in obtaining the support of such Press magnates as Lord Northcliffe (*The Times*), Lord Burnham (*Daily Telegraph*), and Lord Riddell (*News of the World*).

Lord Northcliffe

Lord Northcliffe was very enthusiastic and promised Lord Willoughby de Broke to do everything in his power to assist our campaign, with which he was in hearty agreement. The leading articles and the generous use of his correspondence columns which he invariably gave us was clear proof of his sincerity. *The Times* reprinted as a brochure the correspondence that had taken place in its columns during the first fortnight of 1921, which consisted of two letters from Sir James Crichton-Browne and one each from Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, Sir Archdall Reid and myself.

The *Morning Post* also was very outspoken and courageous in its support, and its editor, Mr. H. A. Gwynne, was at one period invited to the presidency of our Society. He considered the matter for some time, but finally came to the conclusion that he was too occupied to be able to take on additional work however interested he might be in it.

"*Talked Out*"

The whole question had been so thoroughly ventilated in the Press during Lord Willoughby de Broke's presidency that the controversy had exhausted itself and ceased to be good "copy" from the journalistic point of view. There is no doubt, however, that the Press controversy did a great deal of good in enlightening the better educated section of the community who read *The Times* and *Morning Post*, so that although it failed to induce the Government to brave the anger of the "Non-Conformist conscience," it to a certain degree broke down the conspiracy of silence.

Sir Auckland Geddes

Sir Auckland Geddes was elected President of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease in the spring of 1924.

Joint Acceptance of Trevethin Report

Both the organisations interested in the prevention and combating of venereal disease, the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases and the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease, accepted the Trevethin Report, and, as time passed and nothing was done to give

effect to the recommendations contained in the report, these two organisations asked the Minister of Health to receive a joint deputation from them. Mr. Neville Chamberlain received the deputation at the Ministry of Health on the 3rd March, 1924, when the following petition was presented :

> That the law should be altered so as to permit properly qualified chemists to sell ad hoc disinfectants, provided such disinfectants are sold in a form approved and with instructions for use approved by some competent authority.

The deputation further respectfully urged :

(1) That this competent authority preferably should be the Minister of Health, otherwise the Medical Research Council or a Commission of Experts.
(2) That commercial advertising should be forbidden other than by an approved notice on the chemist's premises that materials for self-disinfection against venereal disease, with instructions, are on sale.
(3) That the display of prophylactic packets in shops should be forbidden.

During the last week of May, 1924, the Royal Institute of Public Health held a Congress at Brighton, when one of the subjects discussed was "The Control of Venereal Diseases by the Public Health Services and by Individual Effort." I attended the Congress as the representative of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease, with the intention of reading a paper on the individual effort section of this discussion.

Colonel Harrison Tries to Muzzle Me

In view of an objection raised by Colonel L. W. Harrison of the Ministry of Health, on the ground that evidence given before the Trevethin Committee was submitted under a pledge that it would be treated as confidential, my address was ruled out of order by the Chairman of the meeting. My paper consisted of an analysis of the evidence of witnesses before the Trevethin Committee in regard to the efficacy of immediate self-disinfection as a preventive of venereal disease. Before I sat down I stated my opinion that Colonel Harrison was in error in considering that any pledge that the evidence would be treated as confidential had been given by the Trevethin Committee.

Subsequently in response to inquiries addressed by myself, I received communications from Dr. James H. Sequeira, Sir Frederick Mott and Sir Bernard Spilsbury, who were members of the Trevethin Committee, to the effect that no such pledge had been given. I also wrote to Lord Trevethin on the matter and received a reply from him enclosing a letter from Mr. De Montmorency of the Ministry of Health, late secretary to the Trevethin Committee, stating :

> I have looked into the records of the Venereal Disease Committee and am quite clear that no pledge was ever given to the witnesses that their evidence would be treated as confidential and not published.

Several witnesses before the Committee wrote to me to the same effect. I had myself given evidence before the Committee, and no such pledge had been given me. I thereupon communicated with the medical and lay Press stating the facts of the case, which were published in the leading daily and medical papers. On the 17th June, the *Medical Press and Circular* published an editorial on the subject which concluded by saying :

> The question is an important one in that very clearly some members of the Committee of Inquiry itself and some witnesses before it firmly believed that the evidence would be published. The Ministry of Health would do well to clear themselves of any possible doubt as to their *bona fides* in the matter, for it would be lamentable if there were the least possibility that any evidence regarding important health questions could be suppressed by permanent officials of the Ministry without adequate reason.

Sir A. J. Bennett's Question

As ventilation in the Press produced no withdrawal or apology from Colonel Harrison, the Executive Committee of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease decided to ask a question in the House of Commons on the matter, and on the 4th July, 1924, Mr. (now Sir) A. J. Bennett, M.P., asked the Minister of Health :

> "Whether he was aware that Colonel L. W. Harrison, of the Ministry of Health, at the Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health at Brighton, on the 29th May, objected to

Mr. H. Wansey Bayly, Honorary Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease, quoting from the evidence of witnesses before Lord Trevethin's Committee of Inquiry, on the ground that such evidence was confidential ; whether the Ministry of Health had received from the Committee of Inquiry any communication to the effect that the evidence of witnesses before that Committee would be treated as confidential ; and seeing that typewritten copies of evidence were being supplied on application to those who gave it, without any stipulation being made that such copies were confidential, would he say what was the reason for the non-publication of the evidence before this Committee."

Mr. Neville Chamberlain replied :

"The reply to the first part of the question is in the affirmative, and to the second part in the negative. I understand that the Committee decided not to ask for the publication of the evidence."

From the Minister of Health's reply it is clear that no pledge was given that the evidence would be treated as confidential, but the last sentence suggested that the Committee decided not to publish the evidence, whereas, in fact, all they decided was not to *print* the evidence on the grounds of expense.

The Executive of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease felt that this reply was not altogether satisfactory, inasmuch as it contained no direct repudiation of Colonel Harrison's objection to publication, and did not guarantee that there would not be a repetition of Colonel Harrison's objection on future occasions.

Mr. H. Snell's Question

It was decided, therefore, that another question should be asked, and on the 16th July, 1924, Mr. H. Snell,[1] M.P., asked :

"Whether Colonel Harrison, a permanent official of the Ministry of Health, was acting under instructions when, at the recent Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health, held at Brighton, he prevented Mr. Wansey Bayly, the Hon. Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease, from quoting evidence given before the 'Trevethin

[1]Now Lord Snell.

> Committee,' on the ground that such evidence was confidential ; and would he undertake that permanent officials of his department, except when acting under his instructions, would not prevent valuable information on important health subjects from being given to the public by competent medical men."

Mr. Neville Chamberlain replied :

> "No instructions in this matter were given to the officer referred to. As regards the second part of the question I am informed that no pledge was given to witnesses before the Trevethin Committee that their evidence would be regarded as confidential and not published."

The Conspiracy of Silence

Nevertheless, no withdrawal or apology was ever received from Colonel Harrison, and no assurance was given by the Ministry of Health that neither Colonel Harrison nor other permanent officials of the Ministry would in future object to quotations from the evidence before the Trevethin Committee. It would appear, therefore, not improbable that there is some "hidden hand" at work to prevent publication of evidence before the Trevethin Committee, and it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that this hidden hand is moved by the opponents of immediate self-disinfection.

The reason for objection to the publication of the evidence given before the Trevethin Committee was not difficult to define, for careful perusal of this evidence will show that practically all those with personal and extensive experience of immediate self-disinfection were unanimous in the opinion that this method was of very great value as a preventive of venereal disease, whilst evidence in opposition to immediate self-disinfection was confined to theory and submitted by individuals who had no personal and practical experience of the method.

The question at issue had become a more important one than the public health question of the prevention of venereal disease, in that a matter of high principle had become involved.

Bureaucracy Ignores Unwelcome Report

A Committee acknowledged by all to be authoritative and impartial had held an exhaustive inquiry at public

expense. Because the evidence of many of the witnesses was in opposition to the strongly held opinions of certain persons, who for other than medical reasons were unwilling that the public should have knowledge of certain scientific facts, this evidence was being pigeon-holed and suppressed.

The conspirators of silence were making their final stand, but a more serious menace lay behind this final struggle, and that was the endeavour of a permanent official, acting either on his own initiative or at the behest of a hidden hand, to exercise autocratic control independently of the responsible Minister.

On the 30th November, 1926, the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease despatched a letter to the Minister of Health, concluding with the following paragraphs :

> We also have the honour to inform you that our policy to which at one time there was some opposition amongst the uninformed, is now practically universally accepted, not only in this country but also throughout the civilised world.
>
> The work which has been carried out consistently for the last five years by this Society has been done entirely by voluntary subscriptions.
>
> We desire to appeal to you for a small share in the anti-venereal grant to enable our Society to carry on and extend the educative work which has, undoubtedly, been a material factor in diminishing the incidence of the disease.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain refuses Grant

To this letter the Minister of Health sent the following reply dated the 15th December, 1926 :

> I am desired by Mr. Chamberlain to reply to the letter of the 30th November from you and Dr. Sequeira, in which you ask that your Society may receive a small share in the anti-venereal grant. In the last paragraph but two of the letter you speak of the policy of the Society which you state is "now practically universally accepted not only in this country but throughout the civilised world." If this policy is that the public should be instructed as to the great importance of self-disinfection at the time of exposure to risk of venereal disease, and in the methods of application of such disinfectants, Mr. Chamberlain could not accept as correct the statement quoted above and, moreover, since

he has felt himself obliged to decline any responsibility for such a policy, it is clear that he could not consider the payment of a grant from National Funds in support of it.

Law Officers of the Crown

In reply to a question in the House of Commons on the 1st August, 1923, Mr. Neville Chamberlain said :

> "I have consulted the Law Officers of the Crown as to the effect of Sub-section (2) of Section 2, of the Venereal Disease Act of 1917, and I am advised by them that there is nothing in the Sub-section to prevent a chemist selling disinfectants for the prevention of venereal diseases where no written or printed instructions are affixed to or delivered with the disinfectant, or from giving verbal recommendations of medical preparations intended to be used or applied for the purpose. In the light of this opinion it would appear that legislation would be necessary in order to permit written or printed instructions to be supplied with the disinfectant, or to restrict the existing powers of chemists by confining them to the sale of articles, the composition of which has been approved by a competent authority."

Farcical Law

According to the Law Officers' interpretation of the Act the farcical position was that a chemist could sell any inefficient disinfectant and could give inaccurate oral instructions for its use, but could not supply printed instructions drawn up by experienced medical men, or receive, or give, any guarantee that the disinfectant supplied was effective !

And the Ministry of Health refused to take any steps to amend this absurd Act, which plainly fostered disease rather than health.

The Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease replied to Mr. Chamberlain's letter of the 15th December, 1926, as follows :

Memoranda of World Opinion

> We beg for your information and in justification of our statement to bring to your notice the attached memoranda of world opinion for the prevention of venereal disease.

Space does not permit giving the whole of the memoranda *in extenso* except as regards international organisations.

International Organisations :

1. *The International Council of Women :* The Executive committee of the International Council of Women at the Hague, in May, 1922, approved a report which said : "We think it is quite justifiable that the means of individual prophylaxis should be within the reach of all, either by centres of disinfection or by the sale of individual packets.

2. *Union Internationale contre le Péril Venérien :* In January, 1923, the Union Internationale contre le Péril Venérien was founded in Paris, and by 1926 had enrolled as affiliated bodies authoritative societies dealing with venereal disease in thirty-four countries, including all the Great Powers except Russia. It was definitely laid down in its constitution and programme that one of its main objects was the "popularisation of the principles of hygiene and prophylaxis," and the first number of its official bulletin published in February, 1926, reports that its objects are "diffuser la propagande contre les maladies venériennes tant au point de vue prophyläctique qu'au point de vue morale."

3. *International Labour Office of the League of Nations :* In 1926, the International Labour Office of the League of Nations, Geneva, published a report on the "Protection of the Health of Seamen against Venereal Disease" containing recommendations of a joint commission consisting of five representatives of seamen and two members of the governing body. This Commission recommended that the circular published by the British Shipping Federation should be forwarded to various shipowners and seamen's organisations, proposing : (1) the dissemination amongst seamen of exact knowledge of the prevention and cure of venereal disease, and (2) distribution at cost price to seamen of the requisite materials for prevention by self-disinfection.

As regards the items quoted under national organisations, the following brief resumé must be sufficient :

1. *Great Britain*

(a) In June, 1923, the Committee of Inquiry on Venereal Disease presided over by Lord Trevethin issued their report which contains the following statements :

> The instruction by medical officers of venereal disease clinics of male persons attending such clinics in the preventive use of disinfectants offers a useful means of educating the community. . . . There is no evidence of facts in support of the view that any system of disinfection would tend to increase the number of exposures and raise the disease rate. . . . The law should be altered so as to permit properly qualified chemists to sell ad hoc disinfectants provided such disinfectants are sold in a form approved and with instructions for use approved by some competent authority.

(b) In 1926 the proceedings of the Imperial Social Hygiene Congress (convened under Government patronage at the British Empire Exhibition, Wembley, in October, 1925), was printed by H.M. Stationery Office and published. Surgeon-Commander T. B. Shaw, R.N., representing the Admiralty, said that the method of prevention in the Navy included (1) education ; (2) prophylaxis, and stated :

> The part played by suitable and immediate prophylaxis is no longer disputed by any reasonable person,

and that

> our only hope of eventually exterminating venereal disease altogether is in the wider application of this measure.

Major E. C. Lambkin, representing the War Office, said :

> The system which has survived at the present day is the packet, which is left at suitable and easy places of access so that any one who wishes may take any number. There is neither supervision nor compulsion about the use of these . . . there are full instructions for use in each packet.

(c) In his report on the health of the Army for the year 1924 (published 1926), the late Sir W. B. Leishmann, then Director General of the Army Medical Service, said :

> The fall in the incidence of syphilis and the progressive decline in the incidence of other venereal diseases in the Army at home during the last four years is attributable to the advance made in the prevention, diagnosis and treatment of the disease and to the vigorous anti-venereal disease propaganda which followed the wave of venereal infections during the War period.

The report further states the measures adopted in the Army for dealing with venereal disease include (1) medical education ; and (2) medicinal prophylaxis.

2. *The United States of America* :

In December, 1924, an important Venereal Conference took place at Hot Springs, Arkansas, the eighty delegates attending representing the Public Service State Venereal Disease Officers, State Departments of Health and City Health Officers, practising physicians, manufacturing chemists and voluntary organisations. A resolution was adopted by the conference after full and free discussion, which included the following :

> Whereas experience has shown that education and measures for the control of environment can be aided by the incorporation of measures for immediate disinfection of those exposed to these diseases, which measures have been proved to be scientific and practicable, be it resolved that greater efforts now be made by official and voluntary agencies to devise and demonstrate community procedures to this end, and be it resolved that a special committee be appointed to facilitate such efforts.

Ministry of Health's Reply

To this letter and enclosure the following letter was received from the Ministry of Health dated the 26th January, 1928 :

> I am desired by Mr. Chamberlain to say, in reply to your recent letter, that he has read the memorandum which you enclosed respecting immediate self-disinfection as a preventive of venereal disease. He does not however find in it any sufficient justification of the statement that the policy of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease "is now practically universally accepted not only into this country but throughout the civilized world."

It is difficult to understand how Mr. Chamberlain could have felt justified in authorising the despatch of this last letter in view of the fact that he had himself correctly defined the policy of our Society as that the public should be instructed as to the great importance of self-disinfection at the time of exposure to risk, and in the methods of application of such disinfectants. It is also difficult to imagine that anyone who compared our policy with the opinions of international organisations quoted in the memorandum, could fail to acknowledge that it had been endorsed throughout the civilised world. If the opinions expressed by the organisations mentioned in the memorandum are not accepted by the Ministry of Health as a world-wide expression of opinion on the importance of educational propaganda in regard to individual prophylaxis, it would be interesting to know *what* the Ministry of Health would consider as endorsement of such a policy. One is driven to the conclusion that it is a case of "None so blind as those who will not see and none so deaf as those who will not hear."

Venereal Disease Act Amendment Bill

When Sir Basil Peto introduced his Venereal Disease Act, 1917, Amendment Bill in the House of Commons in 1926, it received the support of every medical Member of the House of Commons with the exception of one, and passed the second reading. The Bill consisted of two clauses as follows :

(1) Notwithstanding anything contained in the Venereal Disease Act of 1917, it shall be lawful for all properly qualified chemists to sell approved disinfectants for use

as a measure of protection against the risk of infection of venereal disease, provided that such disinfectants are sold accompanied by approved instructions for use.

(2) The disinfectants sold and the instructions for use shall be issued under the authority of a Committee nominated by the Royal College of Physicians and the Society of Medical Officers of Health.

Mr. Chamberlain, however, did not see his way to give facilities for a third reading of the Bill.

Is this important, simple, scientific knowledge to be continually withheld from the people owing to official opposition? The question is really one involving personal liberty, and, in face of official opposition, the need for the education of public opinion is greater than ever if, as it must be, this official opposition is to be ultimately defeated.



SIR ARCHDALL REID, K.B.E., M.B., C.M., F.R.S.E.

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CHAPTER XXI

THE CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE

Sir Auckland Geddes ; British Social Hygiene Council ; The Phillips Case ; Sexual Reform

Sir Auckland Geddes

A FEW months after Sir Auckland Geddes's election to the Presidency, his secretary called on me and told me that he had done so without instructions from Sir Auckland in order to tell me that in his (the Secretary's) opinion Sir Auckland desired to accept the presidency of the National Council which had been offered him, and that if my Society did not agree to his holding the dual presidencies that he (the Secretary) believed that Sir Auckland would resign the presidency of our Society.

I replied that I was astonished at his visit, that I was in communication with Sir Auckland frequently, and that if Sir Auckland desired to sound my opinion on the matter he would certainly do so direct. Nevertheless, I felt certain that the secretary would never have taken such a step on his own initiative and that his visit was a diplomatic manœuvre by Sir Auckland. I at once wrote to Sir Auckland Geddes and arranged an interview, when he told me that he *did* feel that our cause would be forwarded by his accepting the presidency of the National Council. I then told him that I would do what I could to insure the Executive's agreement and acceptance of his views, which I did, although I had some opposition to overcome.

Attempt at Agreement with National Council

The greater part of the sixth year of our Society's existence was spent in trying to arrange a basis of fusion between the National Council and ourselves.

A liaison committee had been formed during the last year of Lord Willoughby de Broke's Presidency, and terms of agreement had been arrived at by this committee, which were accepted by my Executive, but were turned down by

the Grand Council of the National Council. During the discourses it emerged that the National Council were not in reality free agents, or an independent organisation, but were in effect the propaganda department of the Ministry of Health in regard to venereal disease. I had a good deal of trouble about the minutes of the liaison committee, as on several occasions members representing the National Council expressed their views too frankly to please their General Secretary, who did not wish these embarrassing remarks recorded in the minutes. For instance, one prominent member of the National Council (the late Mr. E. B. Turner) said: "We get £7,000 a year from the Ministry of Health; if it came to throwing over £7,000 a year or disinfection we shall throw over disinfection."

As Lord Willoughby de Broke had said: "The only fusion that we should obtain would be that of the Lady of Niger and the tiger; and it was, you remember, the tiger who smiled." During this period the National Council for Combating Venereal Disease changed their name to *British Social Hygiene Council*. We found that on the National Council side any decision of the liaison committee had to be sanctioned first by their Executive Committee, then by their Grand Committee and then by the Ministry of Health, which probably meant Sir George Newman who, we, knew, was against us.

So all our meetings and discussions were just eyewash and camouflage and the only thing the National Council really wanted was to put on us the onus of breaking off negotiations.

At the Sixth Annual General Meeting our President, Sir Auckland Geddes, said:

"After very careful thought upon the subject I personally—and I speak in this without authority from anyone except myself—believe that fusion between the two societies is undesirable, and my reason is quite a simple one. I have found it undesirable because although both societies have different emphasis laid upon the different recommendations, I think it is only natural that some minds will find it more easy to lay emphasis and stress upon one particular aspect rather than upon another, and I think where we are dealing with such a subject as this, that it is inevitable that those at the one extreme of thought will find it practically impossible even to understand the other point of view of those at the other extreme of thought upon the subject

although both extremes and those that are between are working for the same end. I think that we in this society have got hold of an extremely important part of the work which has to be done and upon that part we lay our particular emphasis. We wish to see, as I said last year, the causal organisms of the different diseases destroyed whenever and wherever they may be found. We want to see that this matter is dealt with without an infusion of sentiment which in respect to the attack upon the organisms is out of place. But there is also a wide field for co-operation with those who lay the emphasis upon the moral side, and more upon the emotional side, and I believe that if we were to attempt now to get all who are working for the prevention of venereal disease into the one society we would lose a great deal. I think we have to be content to work as allied organisations, working together as closely as the different methods which we adopt will permit. In the belief that the continuance of the organisations is good, is really better than fusion, I have after very careful consideration accepted the position of President, not only of your society, but of the other society, believing that in that way, that although the societies continue as separate and independent bodies, it will be possible to present a united front to—shall I say—the Government of the day, or shall I say the Department of State concerned with the health of the people."

Mr. (now Sir) Basil Peto, M.P., and Mr. (now Sir) A. J. Bennett, M.P., both expressed their agreement with the President that fusion was impracticable and undesirable.

A Stormy Year

The seventh year of our Society's life was its stormiest. Dr. A. J. Sequeira was Chairman of the Executive Committee during this trying year, and it was largely due to his courage, tact and judicial sense that the Society weathered the storm.

In August, while the meetings of the Executive Committee were adjourned until October, I was invited by the Secretary of the Union Internationale Contre le Péril Venérien to attend a meeting of their Executive in Paris with the view of assisting in their deliberations and perhaps of joining the body.

The Executive Committee not being in session I discussed the matter with Dr. Sequeira and he authorised me to accept. I therefore did so and engaged my room at a Paris hotel. I thought, however, that it would be pleasant

and courteous to carry a letter of greeting from our President to the President of the Union Internationale, and I, therefore, dictated a letter, had it typed and sent to Sir Auckland Geddes for his signature as I, as Honorary Secretary, generally drafted all such official letters.

Sir Auckland Geddes Tries to Bully Me

Sir Auckland did not return it but asked me to dine with him at his club. He then told me that the anti-venereal campaign was "part of our political front," that there was a disagreement between the representatives of the British Social Hygiene Council, the British Red Cross and the American Red Cross on the one side and the French and Belgian representatives on the other and that if I butted in I might upset the apple cart. I replied that I, and I believed the S.P.V.D., were not interested in the political front, but were only interested in the prevention of venereal disease, that I had accepted with the sanction of my chairman, and that I could not withdraw without consulting him. Sir Auckland said : "If you attend the Paris meeting I will resign the presidency and I will see that you do not get a hearing at the Paris meeting."

This nettled me, and I replied that I would consult Dr. Sequeira on the matter. Dr. Sequeira and myself were both agreed that we could not take any line of action that would entail the resignation of the President without first obtaining the support of the Executive Committee and I, therefore, sent excuses to the Union Internationale.

Sir Auckland was clearly annoyed that I did not accept his wishes as orders, which I ought to obey without comment.

Sir Auckland Geddes Demands My Resignation

A few weeks or months later I received a very official letter from the President stating that he would welcome my resignation as Hon. Secretary as he had received a letter making a complaint that in his opinion necessitated my resignation. I replied that I was in complete ignorance in regard to the matter referred to, but that I would certainly put my resignation in the hands of my Executive Committee, who would doubtless accept it or not as they thought fit, after investigating the subject of his complaint. The complaint turned out to be an action taken by the paid secretary

in the course of her duties without my knowledge, but for which, of course, I as Hon. Secretary was responsible, and for which I accepted full responsibility. The action was a perfectly natural one and was done in good faith and was not at all a serious matter. Nevertheless, the President addressed for an hour the largest meeting of the Executive Committee that had ever assembled, pressing them to accept my resignation. Sir Auckland can speak well, and the fact that he had been our Ambassador in Washington argues for his tact, yet he could not obtain one vote for my resignation. Sir Auckland then tendered his own resignation, which was later accepted. He also immediately afterwards resigned the presidency of the British Social Hygiene Council.

I think he was so accustomed to dominate the situation that he was astonished that first an unimportant doctor like myself and later a committee of mixed character containing men and women who had never held high public office in diplomatic or political work, could refuse to surrender to his forceful personality.

And fails

I was not in the room during the discussion but when I re-entered the room to receive the Committee's verdict I at once sensed that Sir Auckland had failed in his attempt to break a man who had felt that his dictatorial methods must be withstood, for Sir Auckland's appearance was that of a beaten man and he seemed to have shrunk in size and his masterful self-confidence to have deserted him.

The wonderfully loyal way in which every single member of the Committee present refused to sacrifice me in order to placate the President, although I know several thought that his resignation might well prove ruinous to our Society and cause, was a great joy to me and an experience that I shall always think of with pride and gratitude.

Union Internationale Incorrectly Reported by National Council

On the 21st October, 1925, the *Morning Post* published a summary of the recommendation adopted by the Council of the U.I.C.P.V. at a recent meeting in Paris and also a leading article on the subject.

The first paragraph of the summary was :

> The Council of the International Union against Venereal Disease, at their recent meeting at the School of Medicine, Paris, unanimously agreed that the only means of suppressing venereal disease is the proper medical treatment of those suffering from infection, and that the regulation of prostitution has not at any time and in any country helped to limit the damage caused by infection.

The leading article said :

> What we consider the most important recommendation is that medical treatment is the *only* means of combating the disease.

We immediately replied in the following two letters drafted by myself, approved by my Executive Committee, and despatched over the signatures of the Chairman of the Executive Committee (Dr. Sequeira), the Chairman of the Women's Committee (Lady Askwith), and the Hon. Secretary (myself).

> We note with astonishment that the leader appearing in your issue of the 21st instant contains the statement that the Union Internationale contre le Péril Vénérien at a recent meeting of its council in Paris made the extraordinary pronouncement "that medical treatment is the only means of combating the disease." Your report of this council meeting also states in the same issue that it was "unanimously agreed that the only means of suppressing venereal disease is the proper medical treatment of those suffering from infection."
>
> We desire to protest against this pronouncement, which we hold is contradictory to the large amount of scientific evidence on the subject now available, and which so far as this country is concerned was submitted before the Trevethin Committee of Inquiry, which in 1923 issued its report acknowledging the value of immediate self-disinfection as one of the methods of reducing venereal disease.

The *Morning Post* of the 5th November, published another letter from us which exposed the British Social Hygiene Council's error in the matter. This letter said :

Further information has come to our knowledge in regard to the report of the Union Internationale contre le Péril Venérien, which in justice to the Executive of that body should be published.

We have received from M. Weisweiller, the General Secretary of the Union Internationale, the official copy of the recommendations of the Executive at the meeting on the 9th October. Under the heading of "Prostitution" this report runs :

> Considerant que la sterilisation therapeutique des malades atteints d'affections Venériennes est un des principaux moyens d'aboutir à la suppression de la syphilis et à la diminution des autres malades venériennes.

We have also received a copy of the report of this Committee meeting issued to the press by the British Social Hygiene Council and dated the 15th October. This report runs :

> That medical treatment (sterilisation therapeutique) of those suffering from venereal infection is the only means to bring about the suppression of syphilis and the reduction of other venereal diseases.

Your readers will observe that there is an important discrepancy between these two reports, the official report being that treatment after infection is *one* of the principal means of suppressing the diseases—with which everyone cannot fail to be in agreement—while the other, that issued by the British Social Hygiene Council, states that medical treatment after infection is the *only* means, and it was this latter statement, which now proves to be a misstatement, to which we draw your attention and against which we protested in our letter published on the 30th ultimo.

Perusal of these two reports makes it clear that we should have addressed our protest to the British Social Hygiene Council and not to the Executive Committee of the Union Internationale contre le Péril Venérien.

We requested the British Social Hygiene Council who had distributed the incorrect report widely, to give equal publicity to their error in translating "un des principaux" as "only" but we received no reply to our letter and we greatly doubted whether the British Social Hygiene Council took any steps whatever in the matter beyond seeing that further editions of the report were more in agreement with fact.

This kind of "terminological inexactitude" was what we were constantly up against, and it is difficult to believe that all such "mistakes" were inadvertent.

Sir Basil Peto

At the Eighth Annual General Meeting held on the 28th June, 1927, Sir Basil Peto, M.P., was elected President, and the following resolution was passed :

The Phillips Case.

That this Annual General Meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease desires to call the attention of the Minister of Health and the public to the facts :

1. That recently a man was sentenced in Manchester to six weeks' imprisonment for selling printed information similar to that distributed by this Society.
2. That the man had sold similar printed information in other districts without prosecution and with the unofficial approval of Medical Officers of Health and Military Commanding Officers.
3. That the information supplied by this man was similar to that which is quite legally distributed by certain local authorities.
4. That the methods of prevention described were those which have been officially taught and successfully practised in the Navy, Army and elsewhere.
5. That the above facts illustrate the present contradictory and deplorable legal position.

Sir Basil Peto in his address said :

"One thing which has happened recently, only during this year, which has a direct bearing on the work of your Society, is the conviction at Manchester of a man named Phillips for selling information to the public regarding the prevention by immediate self-disinfection which he has sold in other parts of the country with the approval of persons in authority for several years. This information has been distributed in Manchester by its own Health Authority in 1921, and in the form of our 'Directions for Men,' of which the Manchester Health Authorities purchased ten thousand copies from us. Now on that, your Committee decided to send a letter to the Press, and it was signed by Sir James Crichton-Browne, Sir Bryan Donkin, Sir Ray Lankester, Dr. Graham Little, Sir Archdall Reid, Sir

Sharpey Schafer, Dr. Drummond Shiels, and the officials of the Society, and it sets forth completely and concisely the whole of the question in regard to this prosecution and conviction."

Sir Basil then read the letter that had been published in the *Morning Post* which was practically the Resolution just passed set out in letter form.

To the report of our Eighth Annual General Meeting was added an appendix containing correspondence that had taken place between the S.P.V.D., the Home Secretary and Mr. Phillips, in regard to the latter's trial and sentence, of which I here give only the two most important letters.

British Social Hygiene Official Tries and Sentences Man Who Teaches Disinfection

143 Harley Street, W.1.
20th April, 1927.

The Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson Hicks, Bt., M.P.,
The Secretary of State for Home Affairs,
The Home Office,
Whitehall, S.W.1.

Sir,—We, the undersigned officials of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease, acting for and on behalf of the Executive Committee of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease, pray that you will grant this our petition for the release and discharge of Frederick Phillips, of 82 Bristol Road, Hulme, Manchester, convicted at the Manchester Quarter Sessions on the 31st March for an alleged offence under the Venereal Disease Act, 1917, and sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment in the Second Division.

We venture to suggest for your consideration that the offence for which Mr. Phillips was sentenced was only a technical one and that the sentence of imprisonment of Mr. Phillips was excessive on the following grounds :

(1) That the leaflets contain information as to disinfection based upon the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease leaflets, 10,000 of which leaflets were purchased from the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease by them in 1921. Enclosures A1, A2, B1, B2.
(2) That the letter (enclosure C) written on behalf of Mr. Phillips by the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease and held by the Judge was not read to the Jury.
(3) (This heading consisted of criticism of certain remarks

by the Judge with which the Executive Committee were not in agreement.)

(4) That Mr. Phillips was not granted an adjournment of the case to permit him to obtain assistance and evidence material to his defence.

(5) That owing to lack of funds he was not efficiently represented by Counsel, the Poor Friends' Counsel acting for him only having been instructed one hour before the hearing of the case.

(6) That it was singularly unfortunate that the case came to be tried by the Recorder for Manchester, who is standing Counsel, member of the Executive Committee and Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee of the British Social Hygiene Council (late National Council for Combating Venereal Disease) and held office at a time when that Society's policy was adverse to self-disinfection, although that policy has in recent years been modified.

(7) That since the beginning of the year 1920 Mr. Phillips has carried on an uninterrupted campaign on exactly similar lines to the one which he has been undertaking in Manchester, but has never previously or elsewhere been warned or interfered with by the Police with the exception of one prosecution in Birmingham on the 6th January, 1921, when the case was dismissed. In some areas he has carried out his campaign with the strong support and approval of the local health authorities. Mr. Phillips holds some striking official testimonials.

We have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your obedient Servants,
BASIL E. PETO (President),
JAMES H. SEQUEIRA
(Chairman of Executive Committee),
H. WANSEY BAYLY (Hon. Secretary).

After an interval of three weeks the Home Office sent the following reply to our letter :

Home Office,
Whitehall,
11th May, 1927.

The Secretary,
Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease,
143 Harley Street, W.1.

Sir,

The Secretary of State, having carefully considered the petition submitted by you on the 20th ultimo, on behalf of

Frederick Phillips, did not feel justified in recommending any interference with the sentence imposed by the Court in this case.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
(Signed) HAROLD SCOTT.

S.P.V.D. Closed Down for Ten Months

A fortnight after the Annual General Meeting in 1927, the Executive Committee decided for reasons of economy to close down for six months, and, indeed, remained closed down for ten months. I did not agree with this decision, and considered that our Society should have seized on the debate in the House of Commons on the Edinburgh Bill which dealt with notification and compulsory treatment of venereal disease as an excellent opportunity for once again pressing our own view.

It had not always been easy to keep the peace in Committee between such sturdy uncompromising fighters as Sir Archdall Reid and Sir Bryan Donkin on the one hand, and those like Mrs. Ramsay and Sir Arbuthnot Lane, who belonged to the *suaviter in modo* rather than the *fortiter in re* school on the other.

Sir Archdall Reid

Sir Archdall was very angry with me once when I suggested that it might be wise to press our propaganda for establishing the truth of our cause rather than concentrate on the error of our opponents' cause, or the curious and unpleasant tactics or unbalanced fanaticism of our opponents themselves. He always maintained that we should have won years ago if we had concentrated our attack on Sir George Newman and Colonel Harrison, whom he considered to be Sir George Newman's obedient shadow. My refusal to assist him in his policy of personal attack was the reason of his retiring from the Executive Committee.

Sir Archdall Reid published his book of over 500 pages on the "Prevention of Venereal Disease" at the end of 1920, the introduction being by Sir Bryan Donkin, and this work was endorsed by the S.P.V.D. as containing the evidence and arguments on which it then based its policy.

All who want to study the problem of the hidden plague should be acquainted with this book of Sir Archdall Reid's published by William Heinemann.

Sir Archdall Reid was a great man, of courageous, original and clear thought, and his works on "Heredity" and "Alcohol" marked a new outlook on these problems. His pugnacity, simplicity, keenness of intellect, kindness of heart, and honest, fearless and outspoken criticism of those who differed from him always reminded me of the character of that greatest political fighter of our time, Clemenceau the Tiger, and by a curious chance they died within a week of each other. Reid, like Clemenceau, did not suffer fools gladly, but reserved his bitterest scorn for those who were not fools but whom he considered had surrendered principle for personal advantage. He perhaps wrongly placed Colonel Harrison and Mrs. Gotto (Mrs. Neville Rolfe) in this category, the former because prior to his appointment to office under Sir George Newman he had been a pioneer advocate of preventive personal disinfection and the latter because he held her as General Secretary to be responsible for the manœuvres of the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, and the British Social Hygiene Council, from whom Sir Archdall asserted she received a good salary as General Secretary. Whenever I met him he always said "the Society will make no progress unless they go tooth and nail for George Newman and his tools, Mrs. Gotto and Harrison."

He thought me foolish and lacking in courage for refusing to support him in his personal attacks, and my refusal to assist him in pressing his views on the Executive Committee nearly cost me his friendship which I valued very highly. To the end he maintained his opinion that the Society could only move forward over the bodies of these individuals, whom, he reiterated, we were certain to destroy if we pressed our attack on them.

I had carried the torch and done all the routine work for nine years, had addressed a very great number of meetings, had drafted innumerable letters to the Press, had personally obtained most of the larger donations, had attended many conferences as the only representative and I felt it was time that a younger man should carry on.

I Resign Office

I resigned the Honorary Secretaryship at the Annual General Meeting of 1928, and concluded my last report as the holder of that office with the following paragraph :

> I am pleased to think that I, the last of the original official quartette, President, Chairman, Vice-Chairman and Honorary Secretary, whom you entrusted year after year with the conduct of the Society's affairs, am still empowered by the Executive Committee to hand on to new officers the old policy, unweakened by compromise and untarnished by the worship of that false political goddess, "Expediency." We have stood for principle, a great principle of freedom and truth for which it is an honour and privilege to fight, and in bidding you farewell I venture to prophesy that if the members of our Society, however few they be, will only maintain their courage and never swerve from the principle and policy laid down by the founders of the Society, we shall at long last certainly achieve that victory that time always gives to those who have scientific truth as their spear and an unselfish love of humanity as their shield.

It was a great wrench to me to resign the office I had held for so long, and on which I had spent so much time, thought and enthusiasm.

The meeting was good enough to express appreciation of my efforts and to elect me to a Vice-Presidency of the Society.

League of Sexual Reform

In 1929 I was invited to read a paper on the "Prevention of Venereal Diseases" before the World Congress of the League of Sexual Reform, to be held in London in August, 1929. In my address, which was printed in the Report of the Congress, I pointed out that concerning these diseases the majority of the inhabitants of this island and western civilisation generally assume an attitude considered characteristic of the ostrich in regard to danger, and of certain African tribes in regard to subjects declared "taboo" by their witch doctors. These diseases are regarded by many persons living in the twentieth century in precisely the same way as by those living in what we call in our superior way "the dark ages," when plagues, pestilence and famine, an earthquake or eclipse of the sun were regarded by the superstitious and scientifically ignorant persons of those picturesque but unreasoning days of faith as manifestations of Divine wrath—whips of the Deity whereby weak mortals might be driven along the narrow path of virtue as defined by their unbiologically instructed minds.

"*If Preventable Why Not Prevented*"

That astute patriot King Edward VII, when told that a certain disease was preventable, said : "If preventable why not prevented ?"

A considerable section of persons who honestly believe themselves to be moralists and actuated by ethical and religious ideals, must logically be considered as vicious and immoral in their attitude towards these diseases. For they think they can erect a beautiful temple in which to enshrine the virtues on a foundation of disease, ignorance and fear.

The followers of Christ, Gautama the Buddha, or Confucius rightly pride themselves on the fact that the teachings of these Great Ones were based on love, sympathy and tenderness, so that the religions they founded were superior to those based on fear.

Sexual virtue can never result from intellectual vice, and to oppose the spread of knowledge that will reduce disease and death is certainly intellectual vice.

In the old days the extra pious, self-confident folk generally succeeded in murdering the man of larger vision than themselves, but they never succeeded in killing the scientific truth, for preaching which they sacrificed the preacher.

The stages of advance in astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology and even sociology, are marked by the lives of such far-seeing ones, sacrificed by those who could see no farther than their noses, on the altars of the ever popular twin gods, Ignorance and Prejudice.

Venereal disease *can* be prevented, it *has* been prevented, or very greatly reduced, almost to vanishing point, in some units of communities where alone it is possible to obtain exact figures regarding these non-notifiable diseases, such as the Navy and Army. The incidence of such diseases has apparently been much reduced by these same methods of prevention in civilian communities who have carried out instruction in such methods.

Venereal diseases alone of all diseases is in the great majority of cases contracted at a definite time, so that those exposed to infection know the exact time of risk, and are in a position to be able to take immediate simple precautions which will prevent the development of the disease.

No other diseases therefore offer such an opportunity of

attack and defence, for, the moment of danger being known, it is not necessary to put up the barbed wire, or commence the artillery barrage, until the very moment when such defensive and offensive tactics will produce their maximum effect, and almost assure victory against these very vulnerable battalions of the hosts of the infinitely small.

The micro-organisms causing these diseases are very frail, and are at once destroyed by any antiseptic that can reach them, but they soon dig themselves in and when once they have got below the surface and beyond the reach of antiseptics they will multiply rapidly, and a lengthy course of treatment will be necessary to assure cure, that is, destruction of every single microbe. Indeed, though the very great majority of established infections are cured in time it can very rarely if ever be established with mathematical certainty that no relapses or recurrences are possible.

These diseases are, therefore, easy to prevent, but difficult to cure, yet money during the post-War decade was poured out like water in attempting the difficult cure, while it was altogether withheld from propaganda in education in the easy prevention, except in regard to prevention by abstention from risk of contagion, namely, by strict sexual continence outside marriage. Gold has been freely lavished on exhortations to sexual virtue, on describing in exaggerated phrases the terrible results of infection, but the civilian campaign has really been directed not against the prevention of venereal disease but rather for the suppression of the sexual instinct outside marriage. Such propaganda has very carefully excluded any reference to the medical prevention of infection by immediate self-disinfection after risk, which has been most conclusively proved to have a very high value indeed.

Indeed, it is true of all the great plagues that menace or have menaced mankind, that their ultimate defeat is only secured by preventive, and never by curative, medicine.

"*Disease is God's Punishment!*"

Venereal disease would long ago have been erased from the list of shock troops in the armies of Death, and, indeed, in civilized countries would have become only a pathological curiosity, if infection with these easily preventable diseases had not become involved and confused with the all powerful sexual taboo.

Opposition is given to education of young men in sexual hygiene on the grounds that this is accepting the inevitableness of, and therefore licensing, sexual irregularity ; some extremists apparently almost feel that it would be sacrilege to deprive the Deity of what they, and they alone, consider one of His most powerful weapons in His eternal combat with Satan.

On one occasion in the discussion that followed a lecture that I gave, a clergyman said : "Venereal disease is God's punishment for sin" but was rendered speechless and foolish by a private soldier at the back of the hall who rose and said : "Am I to conclude from the reverend gentleman's remark that irregular sexual relations with a virgin or a respectable married woman is not contrary to God's laws, seeing that such are never visited by His punishment of venereal disease. When I was young I was taught that while irregular sexual relations with a loose woman were wrong, with a virgin or a decent married woman they were infinitely more wrong." The reverend gentleman collapsed like a pricked bubble, as every chatterer must when up against stern facts.

I do not mean to suggest for a moment that the clergy are the leading opponents of the medical prevention of venereal disease, for this is not at all the case, indeed, the very great majority of ministers of religion of all denominations are on the side of education in such prevention, and on one occasion it was my privilege to give an address on the subject to a Clergy Club, when every member present supported the dissemination of such knowledge. It is the *layman* puritan whom we are up against, and of the puritan cult it can be truly said that the "female of the species is more deadly than the male."

Unscrupulous moral bigots

There is probably no human being more intellectually immoral, more unscrupulous in withholding, twisting or exaggerating evidence, more imbued with the savage doctrine that the end justifies the means, than a leader or an official of an emotional cult, who are obsessed with the delusion that they have ethical and religious sanction for their cause. It is because of this undoubted faith, that many of the greatest crimes against human progress have been committed by such bigots, so that the term *odium theologicum* has come to bear the meaning of a particularly vindictive,

illogical, narrow-minded hate and ignorance. This is absolutely a wrong meaning, for the really great leaders and ministers in all the religions that have for their object the social and moral progress and reform of mankind, have recognised that only by love and knowledge, and never by hate and ignorance, can mankind rise in the course of ages to those sublime heights which he certainly can attain unless dragged back into the depths by well-meaning bigots.

Venereal disease probably causes more prolonged mental worry and physical disability than any other disease, for it carries with it a social stigma in addition to the disability of disease ; yet puritanical extremists under the pretence of protecting the public against quacks, succeeded in inserting a clause in the Venereal Disease Act, 1917, whereby it was enacted that it was a punishable offence to expose disinfectants for sale for the prevention of venereal disease, or to sell them on demand accompanined by written or printed instructions for use ! *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*

It is very certain that the laws of God, Nature and Man must contain the same fundamental truths, if ethics, religion, health, progress, and happiness, are anything but names, and long before the dawn of the age of sanitation and preventive medicine our people recognised that *cleanliness was next to godliness* and that *mens sana* could only exist *in corpore sano.* Yet our backward-gazing opponents of education in simple biological facts seem to believe that the existence of some forms of uncleanness of body are necessary to secure the cleanliness of the soul.

A *reductio ad absurdum* was reached by the State-aided National Council for Combating Venereal Disease (renamed the British Social Hygiene Council) who in their early publications permitted the recommendation of a very mild and, therefore, often ineffectual disinfectant (sodium stearate [soap] and water) after sexual risk, but forbade the recommendation of an effective disinfectant (such as potassium permanganate and water).

Sexual urge normal and healthy

Let us face the facts, that the sexual urge though easy to control in some is almost impossibly difficult to control in others; that the age of marriage tends to recede more each

year from the age when full sexual potency is reached : that complete suppression of the sexual urge during the period of virile adult life is often associated with degrees of disability, varying greatly in different individuals : that provision of the most comfortable environment and the most enticing or strenuous distractions will never permanently deflect the mind from concentration on the satisfaction of primitive urges of the body : that more than half of our young manhood, and this the better rather than the worse half, are occasionally carried away by the sexual urge.

And the qualities most valuable to the citizen are usually associated with virility.

December, 1933

Our Prevention Campaign received wide Press support, and in addition to *The Times* and the *Morning Post*, many important papers (the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New Statesman* in particular) were very helpful.

CONCLUSION

My Journey's End

HAVING finished my record of the sixteen years' work that came my way and of my opinions on matters of public interest during a period that made my middle age very interesting to me, I cannot but doubt whether the recital of my experiences and endeavours in war, politics, and social work, all of which lay along by-paths in the life of an ordinary man, are really worth recording.

Yet, at each stage of my sixteen years' journey I feel that something has emerged that ought to be recorded by an ordinary man, in order that the ordinary man of the War and post-War period may escape the accusation of allowing crying examples of error, folly and injustice to pass unchallenged.

As an ordinary man who loves his country, I have felt that I *must* throw down my challenges in defence of her honour, health and happiness.

It will be the ordinary man, the manual worker, the clerk, the small "business" man, and the rank and file professional man who will win the peace in spite of the Party politicians, the plaintive pacifists and the fanatic faddists.

At the end of the sixteen years covered by these memoirs I still believe as confidently as in 1914 that the principles that are vital to our national existence, development and prosperity, are protection of our frontiers, our industries, our employment, our racial characteristics and our health ; and that these desirable ends will best be reached by strengthening our air arm, our inter-Imperial trade, our class co-operation, and our laws in respect of aliens and preventive medicine.

THE END

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THE VETERANS

Up from the valleys of the shining past
We hear old voices call, old bugles sound ;
Dim through the mist of years we still can see
The soldiers and the ships, our cross-filled flag.

Let us hand on to youth this fiery cross !
'Tis time the young men girded up their loins
And took the baton from the hands of age,
'Tis time the veterans should rest and dream.

Action belongs to youth and talk to age ;
There's been a decade and a half of words,
When old men, tired of deeds, sat round and talked ;
Now 'tis full time for silence and bold deeds.

Pursuing "Peace" proud politicians prate
And twist and turn, eager for praise and power ;
Our day, of good and evil hours, is past,
We salute Youth, gallant iconoclast.

"TIENS TA FOI"

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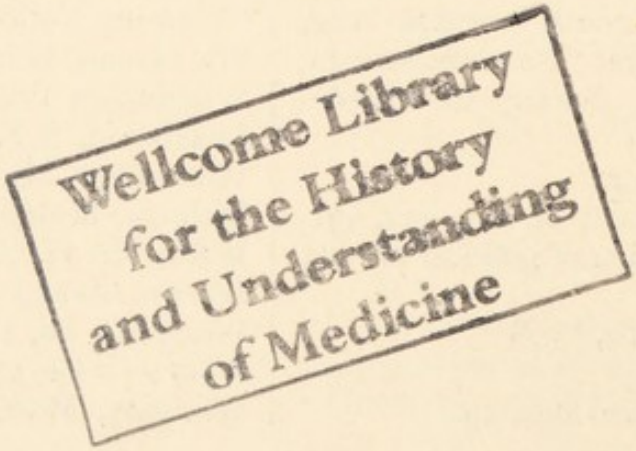
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