

Tuesday, 18th.

Sighted Gibraltar at 11 o'clock. Very pretty sight, at anchor at 5 p.m. Quarantined for the day.

Wednesday, 19th.

After obtaining passports allowed to land. Inflexible in dock..... Calser, Pelorus, Exmouth, Venerable, several destroyers and Queen Elizabeth in harbor and two French boats. Visited hospital. Saw some Australian wounded.

Thursday, 20th.

Visited club; made honorary member. Met Captain of Marines from Inflexible; interesting chat; praised Australian forces up; similarly Commander Forbes of Lizzie praised them to the skies.

Friday 21st.

Algeciras. Camp Adjutant obtained passes over some old forts; thence to Algeciras. Returned to ship; found gun mounted.

Saturday, 22nd.

Sailed early in the morning on last stage of journey. Cold wind. Choppy sea. Some people upset; saw much shipping. Fired off four rounds from gun to see if it would work; hit target.

Sunday, 23rd.

Uneventful. Passed some ships. Double watches.

Monday, 24th.

Packed; double watches. Evening spent looking for submarines. Lying on drawing room sofa.

Tuesday, 25th.

Saw Eddystone 3 in the morning. Later cliffs of England. Armed trawlers. Later fields like chess-board. Plymouth. Train through delightful country to London.

Wednesday, 26th.

War Office. Morris' Office. Bank; letters from home, and from Jack. Uniform and equipment. Wrote Fryett.

Thursday, 27th.

Wrote home. Agent General? Automobile Club. Rang up Mr Spicer. Kit, outfit, &c. Rest of day went in tube London Bridge, &c. Monument. Evening to Waldorf with Dan. Later walk with Birrell.

Friday, 28th.

Fitted uniform. Holt's magnificent institution. Fixed up in no time. Then Burberry's. Bought coat. Evening to Spicer's; delightful house and people. Nice dinner, good cigars, most enjoyable; good bed.

Saturday, 29th.

Smoke in delightful English garden, then motoring through country. Delightful hotel- "Seven Oaks" with big garden, for lunch; then through Park to Knowles estate. Most preserved Elizabethan manor in England; most interesting. Back to London for dinner. Had a very rushed week obtaining kit and uniform, but managed to see something of London. Spicer's are delightful people, and have been very good to me.

Sunday, 30th.

Hyde Park with Colville and Dew. Colville off to front. Lunch with Colville, Dew, Olive, Rody and Rogerson. All off to front. Drive afternoon Hampton Court, then through Bushy Park, then home with Trine, Fortin, Misses Donaldson, Barrow, and Gardley.

Monday, 31st.

Busy obtaining kit, &c. Theatre "Tonight's the night" in evening. Received orders to report at Bulford R.A.C. training centre.

J U N E.

Tuesday, 1st.

Uniform to-day; very thankful. Rushing round paying out money. Theatre in evening, after dinner with Dan. Saw the McArthurs. Heard of Mathison's death.

Wednesday, 2nd.

Off to camp by 11.40 train. Affecting farewell of nurses. Arrived camp. Tea. Found only two Englishmen in mess. Several Scotchmen and Irishmen; also many Australians, and Canadians.

Thursday, 3rd.

King's Birthday. Up at 6 a.m. Run with 53rd F.A., bath, shave, &c. Breakfast, O.C.'s. parade at 9; off at 12; lecture till 1 p.m. Lunch. Fall in 2 p.m. as King's Birthday; let off from other drills. To Salisbury, photos, Cathedral. Ordered to grow moustache.

Friday, 4th.

Up at 6 a.m. Run squad drill with 53rd. 7.45 breakfast. O.C.'s parade. 9 squad drill, stretcher drill, and many other forms of drill. Lecture by C.O. till 1, lunch. Fall in at 2. Squad drill till 4. Sent to London to complete kit. Leave till Sunday night.

Saturday, 5th.

Carpenter and packer in the morning. Cursing over kit. They are absolute wasters. Elliott and Fry to have photos. taken. Afternoon to see Charlie Mackay at the St. Georges hospital. Most interesting. Cathedral at Salisbury magnificent. Oldest one in country. Magnificent state of preservation. Built 1420-1457. Greatly destroyed by Wyatt. Suffered severely in Cromwell's time. St. Georges-- fine floors; a complete hospital. Lester Institute-- men. Day Rooms. Subscribed by different people.

Sunday, 6th.

Regent's Park and Zoo. Afternoon to see Captain Jones, R.A.M.C. Royal Hubert, Woolwich with Moran, Rogerson, Dew, and Birrell.

Monday, 7th.

Drill 6 a.m.; off 7, breakfast; 7.45 C.O.'s parade; 9 an squad drill, stretcher drill. Slanged because no slacks. Relief Room 12-1; 1 to 2 lunch; 2 to 4 stretcher drill. Saw Australian transport lines. Met Colonel Moon and Captain Goddard.

Tuesday, 8th.

Similar day. Guest night.

Wednesday, 9th.

Drill. Mules in afternoon. Mule is a ---- without a doubt. Brought draft of mules over from remount depot; had a devil of a time; still delivered required number; after some shuffling with artillery.

Thursday, 10th.

Mules and Canadian remounts. Devil of a time. Drill. New arrivals to mess.

Friday, 11th.

A Major arrived to-day, and later a Lieut.-Col (our old swine) Drill as per usual.

Saturday, 12th.

Drill. Two Captains and another Major arrived. Place fairly crawls with big bugs now. After to Southampton, very good. Afternoon with Dan and Birrell.

Sunday, 13th.

Captain Goddard of Australian M.T. lent us car. Driven by Collins who was the State chauffeur of Victoria. Through New Forest to Rufus Stone, John Barley Corn Inn. Green dragon on inn 500 years old. Stonehenge, &c.

Monday, 14th.

Drill &c.

Tuesday, 15th.

Appointed with Birrell, Wain, and Overbolt (Canadian) to the 58th Field Ambulance.

Wednesday, 16th.

Drill with Ambulance. Found that blighter who had my horse had given it a girth gall.

Thursday, 17th.

Preparation for route march.

Friday, 18th.

30 miles to-day to Heytesbury. Very tired. pitched ~~xxxx~~ tents and fell into sleeping bag. Camped on site of White-horse of Westbury; said to have been cut out of the chalk by Alfred the Great in commemoration of victory over the Danes.

Saturday, 19th.

17 miles to North Beadley. Camped in meadow of Boan farm. Formed dressing stations, and collected wounded.

Sunday, 20th.

5 men brought from T ----- by civil police. Hell to pay and leave stopped. Lost my opportunity of seeing Bath. Damn it.

Monday, 21st.

20 miles to day. Fixed dressing stations and "collected ~~xxxxxxx~~ wounded".

Tuesday, 22nd.

18 miles to-day. Camped at Felshurst. Passed Robbers' Stone, where three highwaymen were hanged.

Wednesday, 23rd.

Inspected by King, and then marched back to camp. Very thankful to see Bulford once more.

Thursday, 24th.

Squad drill, stretcher drill, kit inspection, simply routine work. Riding in the evening with McCombie and Steel. Been ordered off to Sutton Veney near Westminster with 52nd. F.A.

Friday, 25th.

Waggon drill. Paying men in the morning. Granted leave for London. Arrived London with Overbolt and Dew. Went to see "Oh, be Careful" at the Carrick; very good.

Saturday, 26th

Dentist all the morning having a tooth crowned, and back again in the afternoon. Met Dan 4.30; off to Richmond, then to the R.A.M.C. headquarters. Mess with Dan; most interesting, glorious dining hall with paintings depicting all the R.A.M.C.'s V.C's around the wall. Later with Dan to the "Man who stayed at Home", a most interesting play. Met Donovan there; he was late Captain of Sydney University Hockey team. Supper at Trocadero; back to Regents Park, and thence to bed.

Sunday, 27th.

Met Cousin Ida in the morning. Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, to lunch with her, and a long talk about people at home. Then walk through Park back to Regents. Spent evening in lounge speaking to Farenbridge of Sydney, and listening to Band.

Monday, 28th.

Caught 6 o'clock train to Bulford. Dan saw me off at Station. Arrived Bulford at 7; not had going for 80 miles, eh? Stretcher drill, and waggon drill in afternoon. Orderly officiating all evening.

Tuesday, 29th.

Trench manoeuvres. Marched through Skipton, Ballenger, to Bedlam buildings; took up our position and erected dressing station. Thence got into touch with P.M.O. of the Worcesters who manned out ~~xxx~~ trenches.

Wednesday, 30th. June, 1st and 2nd July.

Collecting wounded all night and all to-day. Wounded are placed in dug-outs in trenches. These trenches are magnificent and afford great cover. They are rigged with most ingenious devices. Every passage, &c. is lettered, and the same letters run in the same way, thus W1, W2, W3 all parallel to each other X1, X2, X3, but run in different directions to W. But all trenches communicate and finally get into the firing trenches. Back late tonight.

Saturday, 3rd July.

Asleep all day.

Sunday, 4th, Monday, 5th, and Tuesday, 6th July.

Went out again to relieve 57th in trench work. Set up dressing station in identical spot that 57th had; were told to move 15 yards by A.D.M.S.; did so; had to move again by his order; third time ordered to move; caused much cursing and swearing on Steel's and my own part. A.D.M.S. after hearing me swear for ten minutes and cursing nearly everybody and everything, took pity on us and told us not to move. Of course it was pitch-dark so that I did not see that the "old devil" as he is popularly known, was behind me, or else I would not have cursed so vehemently. Collecting wounded. Back to camp again and turned in at 4 a.m.

Wednesday, 7th July.

Asleep.

Thursday, 8th July.

Out to trenches. Manoeuvres again. Stretchers had to be carried out of trenches (as per diagram) in some parts, as the trenches were so narrow.

(Diagram)

W----- a South Australian, was R.M.O. this time. He is allotted to Loyal N. Lancers. Back to camp this morning, and granted 24 hours final leave. Arrive at Station, Bulford, after a mad gallop with McCombie; just in time to board the train as it moved out. London at 6 p.m. Hippodrome with McCombie, and Alec Birrell in evening. Back to Regents. Met Delling who is off to Dardanelles as R.M.O. Later met George Bury, also on final leave; had a long talk.

Sunday, 11th July.

Morning, Hyde Park, with Dan. Saw some rotten horses and rotten riders, but many glorious girls in the Church parade. Afternoon, Alec and I see cousin Ida; tea with her in the ~~xxx~~ Park. Said "good-bye" to Dan at the train at 7.10 p.m.

Monday, 12th July.

No early morning parade, thank God. Rogerson to R.G.A., Portsmouth. Talbot posted to Australia ----- transport.

Tuesday, 13th July.

Packing and unpacking waggons all day. Ride in the evening; horse very flighty (Old Scabby Eye)

Wednesday, 14th July.

Packing and repacking waggons again in the pouring rain.

Thursday, 15th July.

Still raining like hell. Ride in the rain to the remount depot, with Scabby Eye (horse) and pipe.

Friday, 16th July.

Orders to leave on Sunday morning. O'Neill fractured his collar bone, and suppose someone from us will be taken to fill his place. 57th off.

Saturday, 17th July.

Final packing of waggons and preparing to depart. Thank Heaven we are leaving Bulford, a truly unholy spot.

Pritchard was taken to-day from the 59th F.A. and sent to the Dardenelles. Rogerson returned from Portsmouth as War Office found they had already had an R.M.O. there.

Sunday, 18th. July.

Up at 4 a.m., breakfast 5.30 a.m. Moved off at 6 a.m. Marched to : entrained in 20 minutes for Southampton. Waited on dock from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. when we were shipped aboard the Mona's Queen, a ferry boat usually running to the Isle of Man; also a paddle steamer. 40 officers in accommodation for 10. Arrived at Harve at 1.30 p.m. off boat at 8, stayed in docks till 12, then marched to No. 5 Rest Camp, Harve.

Tuesday, 20th July.

Off early in morning to the station; entrained, and waited 4 hours, and then moved off. Passed Rouen, Ac.: in train all day and night; finally arrived at A-----.

Wednesday, 21st July.

Disembarked at 10 a.m.; marched 4 miles to L----- to be there billeted till Friday I believe. Very tired, looking forward to good sleep.

Thursday, 21st July.

Awakened early by Sergeant, who stated that someone demanded our billets. Had to get up; found R.E. and staff captain; latter said had been a mistake in billets and we had to turn out.

Friday, 23rd July.

Started off at 8 a.m. on the march to Arques; halt at 11.30-2 p.m.; then on till 7 p.m. when arrived at Arques. As usual the worst billets were given to the R.A.M.C. The French have no idea of sanitation- cesspools in the middle of the yard.

Saturday, 24th July.

Fell in at 8 a.m. on the march to St. Hilaire. Infantry falling out like flies all along the road. Expected us to carry them, but they were left as we cannot carry 3,400 men in waggons.

All French houses in the villages are most insanitary. Cess pools built in the middle of the yard. No fresh air, and frequently one has nocturnal visitors, or in other words, small insects which bite.

Sunday, 25th July.

Still St Hilaire. Orderly officer. Had to see Lieut. Williams into hospital at Lillers. Around the billets with O.C.; then Church parade; too much money wasted on tomb-stones and shrines.

Monday, 26th July.

St. Hilaire. O.C.'s parade at 9.30. Dismissed to clean billets. Busy all day with sick of R.B. 94 Field Coy. Afternoon rode into Lillers to change cash with Birrell and Steele. Visit from Bew and Ford. Motor ambulance arrived; all presented by Australians.

Tuesday, 27th July.

St. Hilaire. O.C.'s parade at 9.30; orderly room at 10. Talking with men in billets till dinner time. Afternoon paying med. Visit from 59th F.A.

Wednesday, 28th July.

St. Hilaire. Morning, routine drill. Afternoon, 7 mile route march. Special censoring of letters in the evening.

Thursday, 29th July.

A red letter day; shook hands with Sir Douglas Haig, who said that Australians had sent many fine ambulances to S. Africa, and that he heard those in the Dardenelles were magnificent, &c. A septic op. Censoring of letters.

Friday, 30th July.

Strafed by A.D.M.S. as we were parading. Urgent septic op. Man detailed to me shot through the L. brachial artery; so promptly put tourniquet in; apparently should have waited till boiled tourniquet and allowed man to bleed to death in the meantime.

Saturday, 31st July.

Hell of a day. Orderly medical officer on the march; seeing men who have fallen out all along the road. One man found in ditch; no pulse, shallow respirations, blue in the face, fortunately face was just above the water. Had to inject strychnine and take him along. Got back into No. 2 Clearing Casualty hospital at Merville at 11 p.m. Then back to find my billet at ----- Found that Birrell, Bradley, Steele, Overbolt and myself billeted in an empty house with the usual cess-pool in front; still we are a very happy party.

Sunday, 1st August.

Haverskerque. Seeing sick from 7 a.m. till 10.30. Then church parade and off jobs till dinner time. In the transport park most of the afternoon.

Monday, 2nd August.

Haverskerque. Routine work. Nothing doing.

Tuesday, 3rd August.

Haverskerque. Last night guns going off very vigorously. Drove with Bindley to see 59th F.A. They are just as badly off as we are with regard to stinks.

Wednesday, 4th August.

Haverskerque. C section stole some fruit from the orchard in which they are billeted. All before the C.O. as they would not give the names of the delinquents. Hell of a row. Every one strafed from the officers down.

Thursday, 5th August.

Haverskerque. Morning inspected by General Wilcocks, the General of the Army Corps. Said we were very fine and asked all of us where we came from. Seemed to consider Overbolt, Birrell and myself, as a personal matter, and thanked us profusely for coming over.

Friday, 6th August.

Orderly officer again; damn it. Strafed the transport for not looking after their sanitation better. Steele, Johnson, Andrews and C.O. gone up to the trenches.

Saturday, 7th August.

Haverskerque. Bathing parade in canal. Nothing doing in afternoon. Mansell who comes from Wicklow, and is M.O. of the Meerut Div. Amm. Col. came over to-day. He asked me whether I came from Ireland as he knew a number of Newtons there. I fear none of them were our family.

Sunday, 8th August.

Orderly medical officer, and collecting sick and taking them to St. Venant.

Monday, 9th August.

Haverskerque. Ordered to move to-morrow to Calonne. Bradley ran over fowl which Steele paid for and kept. Had it for dinner.

Tuesday, 10th August.

Calonne. Marched to billets at Calonne via Merville. Appointed C.O. Sanitation. Afternoon cleaning up. Quartered with Steele in tent.

Wednesday, 11th August.

Calonne. Cleaning up all day.

Thursday, 12th August.

Cleaning up. one cut throat, one cut hand and one cut foot. Many sutures.

Friday, 13th August.

Calonne. Australian papers arrived to-day, but no letters. Curse it. Practising removing wounded from trenches around Merville.

Saturday, 14th August.

Calonne. Morning C.O. parade at 9.30. Orderly room inspection of sanitary arrangements of the camp. Medical inspection of C section. Cleaning up. Afternoon, bathing parade in canal. Dew and Ford rode over to see us. Sent out at night to look round various dressing stations and aid points. My first visit to the trenches. To go up several nights with the 19th B.F.A.

Sunday, 15th August.

Church parade at Calonne in field next to 59th F.A. Afternoon cleaning up camp. Up collecting wounded with 19th B.F.A.

Monday, 16th August.

In morning inspecting with the medical staff of 19th Division. Afternoon eternal cleaning up. Up collecting wounded with 19th B.F.A.

Tuesday, 17th August.

Went with ambulance to collect sick along La Bassée road which was shelled during the night. To the R.F.A. 87th Brigade where found a major (R.F.A.) had distributed morphia to the sick; strafed him. Up to Worcesters, Warwicks, Gloucesters. Back to Merville to No. 7 C.C.S. Back to camp at 3.30 for dinner.

Wednesday, 18th August.

Dull in morning. Order that Steele is to transfer to 19th British F.A. Very sorry to lose him indeed. Went up with him collecting wounded this evening.

Thursday, 19th August.

Steele ordered off to-morrow. Cigarettes arrived from Dan into Merville with sick. Guns strafing all night.

Friday, 20th August.

Seeing sick in the morning; a few dressings &c. Two padres arrived, Hart and Jameson.

Saturday, 21st August.

Major Russell arrived this morning. Took parade. In charge of C section. Very dull week.

Sunday, 22nd August.

Collecting sick. Evening long walk with the Major.

Monday, 23rd August.

Parades, &c. Evening, Capts. Stewart and Benrod in to play cards with Colonel. Australian mail.

Tuesday, 24th August.

Parades, &c. Birrell appointed O.C. Baths.

Wednesday, 25th August.

Bradley sick.

Thursday, 26th August.

Riding Scabby Eye in the afternoon with Andrews.

Friday, 27th August.

Ordered to be read to move off to-morrow at 9 o'clock. About 10 orders and counters up till 4 p.m. Then finally told to unpack.

Saturday, 28th August.

Everything packed in readiness; told to go. Received order after order from various members of the Divisional staff, but finally received orders to leave, and marched to Paradise or rather Eglise, and on arrival was told off with Major Russell to go advanced dressing station at King's road.

Sunday, 29th August.

Started off to advance dressing station. Major Russell at Rue de Chavelles. Arrived. At night went up to aid posts and collected wounded. Quiet night, only a few bullets about.

Monday, 30th August.

Ill. Had to collect during the day. Had to lie down at night while bullets went over. Took over dressing station at Tuning Fork. First experience of shelling out beyond Festubert.

Tuesday, 31st August.

Still feeling off color. Russell ordered off to take command of Div. 8. B.F.A. Captain Cowen arrived- very decent chap indeed, fond of Kipling and horses. Had nasty experience to-night as Cell was hit and trolley was hit twice before we could get patients off and lie down. Two patients killed.

Wednesday, 1st Sept.

Same old thing, but raining hard. Mud everywhere, in dug-outs and elsewhere. Had water and mud inside dug-out. 34 "black mariae" landed near us to-day, 10 not bursting. Trouble to-night collecting. Out all night. Strafed several times.

Thursday, 2nd August. Sept.

Visit from Col. Pike, D.M.S. and A.D.M.S. Collecting during the day. Raining hard. Mud over ankles. Not been out of wet clothes for two days. Collecting at night.

Friday, 3rd Sept.

Artillery firing all day- given us a headache. German aeroplane brought down, Hurrah. Colonel visited us. I wish he would keep away. I don't like his visits.

Saturday, 4th Sept.

Same thing once more. Artillery going like the devil, especially "Gentle Annie" and "Big Lizzie". Shrapnell burst within 2 yards of us, followed by two "Jacks" one on either side. Expected next one to come in the middle, but no more fell, and after ten minutes we got up and went on with our work with trembling knees.

Sunday, 5th Sept.

Started to vomit. Feeling very seedy. Out all night collecting. 30 shells fell near us to-day. ~~Paradise~~ Put into officers' ward. Vomiting still continuing.

Sent back to Paradise

Tuesday, 7th Sept.

Up and about. Better. Taking things easily.

Wednesday, 8th Sept.

At work. Dressing cases and receiving new ones.

Thursday, 9th Sept.

Still receiving. Up most of the night.

Friday, 10th Sept.

Work in hospital. Ride on Scabby Eye; very nice. Out with cars collecting wounded. A few shrapnel to-day.

Saturday, 11th Sept.

Work in hospital. Dew came in to see me to-day. Out with cars collecting wounded. Shrapnel burst overhead, 4 pellets went through car but hurt nobody. Major Wilson, an Australian, in hospital, only slight wound. Another Australian called Vice in this evening.

Sunday, 12th Sept.

Orderly and receiving officer. Up most of the night. Letter from Jack who is at Malta with ty. Out collecting wounded.

Monday, 13th Sept.

Snitch returned, working in ward. Ride to L-----. Saw Bradley's new place; very nice.

Tuesday, 14th Sept.

Working in wards, &c. Out at night collecting wounded. Not much strafing, thank God.

Wednesday, 15th Sept.

Working in wards. Took some men to L----- for bath; they needed it. Collecting wounded at night.

Thursday, 16th Sept.

Working in wards. Reading Kipling with Cowen.

Friday, 17th Sept.

Advanced dressing station once more. Warned of attack. Started preparations for a large number of wounded. Worked hard building trolley track and filling up holes (shells) on the road along which our waggons will come.

Saturday, 18th Sept.

Still hard at work on trolleys as well as other work. Fixing up wards and berms, &c. Checking supplies to see that all is on order. Dew came to see me to-day. Padre Hart returned from dressing station. Huns knocked part of the dressing station down to-day; took refuge in a ditch.

Sunday, 19th Sept.

Trolley lines again. Church service by Hart. Wards beginning to look decent. Have used much ~~eyewash~~ wash to please the big bugs. Everything white.

white

Monday, 20th Sept.

Bombardment commenced. Guns bang all day. One's head aches with the row, especially with the battery of heavies just behind us which are making a frightful din.

Tuesday, 21st Sept.

Very bad night due to the bombardment. Everything shakes. One would think this was the end of everything. 50 shells fell near us to-day, fortunately no one was hit, but they knocked out one mule and two gun dug-outs.

Wednesday, 22nd Sept.

All night long the noise has continued; my head is splitting. We have to shout to hear ourselves speak. Had a narrow squeak to-day. A shell burst 10 yards away and the concussion blew me across the road, but for a bruise or two escaped.

Thursday, 23rd Sept.

Lillers. Up watching the effect of the bombardment from a machine gun emplacement. Our shells hit all along the German trenches. The wire is in a tangled mass. Called in at house with the idea of having a smoke. Found I had no matches so went out to borrow some. Hardly left house when it was hit by a big shell.

Friday, 24th Sept.

Ordered off from ambulance with Andrews, Sergeant and 10 men to report to No. 6 C.C.S. at Lillers. Found there Col. Norman, Major Wilson, Capt. Tindall, who knew Mollie at University College, and Shand, Lieuts. Timson and Lowe ~~and Lowe~~. Later Capt. Wright, 5th London, F.A. arrived on improvised Red Cross train.

(There is here a gap in the diary the reason for which is explained)

BATTLE OF LOOS.

Thursday, 30th Sept.

The last few days have been like a nightmare, long continuous. The rush ~~anxiety~~ started on Saturday at 2. During Friday night the bombardment had continued, becoming more and more severe until the row became almost unbearable, when suddenly at 6 o'clock it stopped and we knew that the infantry attack had commenced. At 2 p.m. the first convoy of wounded arrived. I went on duty in the receiving room, dressing cases, and asking everyone "Have you been inoculated since you have been wounded?" This of course refers to the anti-tetanus serum. At first they had all been, but later we were inoculating hard. The wounded came in all the afternoon. I managed to get some dinner, and put in then until 10 a.m. the following morning, dressing, inoculating, stopping haemorrhage, &c.

At 10 a.m. we had a slight lull, had a good whisky and soda, and went back to work. Worked till 5 p.m. bending over stretchers. Wright departed with 1,250 cases in improvised train. Then had some breakfast. Work again. In the night I remember going into the mess room and pouring out a whisky and was awakened two hours later by an orderly and found the whisky untouched. Andrews departed on Monday and went to Havre with a train. He returned on Wednesday, Wright returned on Tuesday. Slept all to-day. Nearly 6,000 cases, I believe, through our hands till to-day.

Friday, 1st October.

Only about 400 cases to-day. Quite an off-day so to ~~xxx~~ speak. Sergt. Tills sent back to unit under arrest. Charge-Drunk while on active service (See letters for 1916. Lillers *No. 6*, C.C.S.)

Saturday, 2nd October.

In surgical wards with Tindall, dressing all the morning; seems queer to have a nurse to assist one once more. Walk in the afternoon around the grounds of an old chateau, which is the headquarters of the Royal Engineers. If it were not for the occasional sentries one could imagine oneself in the midst of a peaceful country.

Sunday, 3rd October.

Dressing cases in the morning in the surgical wards; walk in the afternoon.

Monday, 4th October.

Surgical ward. Have a rotten cold.

Tuesday, 5th October.

Cold still rotten. Gave some anaesthetics; somewhat broke the monotony of dressing cases.

Wednesday, 6th October.

Orderly Officer, seeing sick and all new cases. Cold somewhat improved.

Thursday, 7th October.

Orders to go up as R.M.O. to replace a man killed until the proper relief should arrive. Went up through Veneille. Crawled up a communication trench, and found the battalion somewhat depleted, but happy.

Friday, 8th October.

Worked at getting my aid post completed. A few wounded as they gave us four hours shelling. To-morrow at day break an attack to be made on a trench 70 yards away.

Saturday, 9th October.

5 a.m. Rained all night. Attack put off owing to the weather. 6 p.m. Artillery have been pounding away on both sides, and 30 casualties as the result of this bombardment of our trenches. Got rather knocked out by some sand bags and earth caused by the explosion of a big coal box which killed Sergt. *and some* of bearers. Had to be dug out.

Sunday, 10th October.

Sent back and admitted to hospital.

Monday, 11th October.

Still in hospital with influenza and bruises.

Tuesday, 12th October.

An inmate officers' hospital now. By Gad, great to have a bed again after three months, and what is better sheets. Have been sleeping on floor of a garret since arrived at No. 6, C.C.S.

Wednesday, 13th October.

Miss Ross came to see me.

Thursday, 14th October.

Still in hospital, feeling better. Miss Ross again came to see me.

Friday, 15th October.

Hospital. Phillipson, an objectionable Guardsman in next bed. Damn nearly kicked him.

Saturday, 16th October.

Hospital. Up and about again, though somewhat shaky. Will be out to-morrow and then shall have to go to the Meerut C.C.S. Strafe "Tiger" Mac. who refused to let me go to this base though Col. Norman said I should go.

Sunday, 17th October.

Thick fog. Up and about again. Had lunch with O.C.S. mess. Then by car to Meerut C.C.S. Will be glad when I get back to 58th F.A.

Monday, 18th October.

Not very taken with the Meerut C.C.S. as niggers are a damn nuisance. They come and jabber at me and one does not know whether one is wanted at once or what is the matter. Still groggy.

Tuesday, 19th October.

Working medical wards. Glad to say have two white orderlies with me. Strange to be using a stethoscope once more and writing prescriptions. Weather very cold. Parcel from Spicer of sweets, very nice.

Wednesday, 20th October.

Same old game working in wards in the morning. Met Baldy Anderson in the afternoon. Very glad to meet an Australian again. Also Steele. Andrews palls me very much, and I have had to sleep in the same room with him now for six weeks.

Thursday, 21st October.

Thick mist. Same old thing. Work in wards. Orderly officer. Went round hospital with a snuff and butter assistant surgeon. Saw all the cases that were admitted.

Friday, 22nd October.

Raining. Round the wards with McIntyre in the morning. Afternoon Hart, Johnston, ~~McCentric~~ *McCormick* came over; very pleased to see them. They made me feel homesick for the ambulance.

Saturday, 23rd October.

Raining. Letter from Dan saying he was ordered off on foreign service. He seems delighted, but he little knows, poor devil, what he is in for if he gets a field job. Of course hospital work is quite all right, but ambulance and R.M. work is rather hellish, especially in the winter.

Sunday, 24th October.

Raining. Same old round. Wards &c. Billinghamurst and Finch of 12 M.A.C., great chaps.

Monday, 25th October.

Raining. Have a miserable cold. Play in ring afternoon. Over to mess with staff in evening; most enjoyable. Letter from Jack, hurrah.

Tuesday, 26th October.

Raining. Playing nap this evening, with Andrews, Billinghamurst and Finch. Rumours that the M.A. C. may be shifted once more. Gott's strafe as we were very happy.

Wednesday, 27th October.

Raining. This evening orders arrived for 12th M.A.C. to move; 14th came up to relieve them. Two more objectionable blighters than the two officers I have never seen. Now we have nothing but strafing.

Thursday, 28th October.

Raining. Miserable day. These two blighters causing trouble all the time. Over to other mess in the evening. Most enjoyable; talked Kipling, and heard the history of the native regiments.

Friday, 29th October.

Orderly officer. Liking this place more and more. Would be very happy if it were not for the above named blighters. Birrell and Overbolt over to see me. Damn glad to see old Alec again. Hell of a row with Capt. F , cleared the air somewhat.

Saturday, 30th October.

Raining still. Glad I am not in a dug-out. Walk in the rain with McIntyre for exercise. Heard that Surgeon General McPherson ("Tiger Mac") is leaving the corps, and Pike, our late D.D.M.S. is to take his place, as D.M.S. to the army. Damn sorry as Mac never forgot a face, and took an interest in everything, however small, though he could strafe on occasions.

Sunday, 31st October.

Hell of a row. Fox called me a ----- convict, and I altered the shape of his face.

Monday, 1st November.

Things are much improved. Fox sees I am not going to stand any nonsense and is trying to be polite. Have not seen the sun for ten days during which the rain has been constantly falling.

Tuesday, 2nd November.

McIntyre into dinner to-night. Heard news that Indian corps moving. Only the original corps that came over so 19th Div. will be shifted to some other corps. This means that I will go back to the ambulance.

Wednesday, 3rd November.

Mud, mud, nothing but mud everywhere. Later; ordered back to ambulance. On arrival ordered to proceed next morning to advanced dressing station.

Thursday, 4th November.

Raining. Arrived A.D.S. Found everything under mud and water. Dug-outs very damp despite drains. Devil of a job getting wounded out of trenches, as up to knees in mud and water, and could not put stretcher down for fear of drowning patient.

Friday, 5th November.

Raining. Mud and water everywhere. Cannot keep dry. Water up to waist to-night getting sick and wounded out. Many trenches caving. Poor devils are absolutely wet and seeping, and blue with cold. Strafed by shells to-day. "Gott strafe".

Saturday, 6th November.

Raining as usual. Six inches of mud in dug-out in which we sleep. Had to cross a ditch 10 feet wide, and 4½ feet deep with stretchers, so Staff Serg. and I had to wade with each stretcher, whilst other bearers jumped over and took cases from us on the other side. Feeling damned ill; sore throat and chest. Shelled this afternoon with "pip squeaks". Had to take refuge in a drain full of mud and water. God strafe the blanky Hun. Was out in a heavy fall of snow to-night.

Sunday, 7th November.

Still blanky well raining. Most of the dug-outs in the trenches collapsing. Feeling very sick. Had a slight xx rigor this evening. Shall ask to be relieved.

Monday, 8th November.

Sent to H.G. 58th. Went to bed. T. 102, P. 116. Coughing. Cowen and Birrell very concerned. Colonel thinks I am slacking. God strafe him and everybody.

Tuesday, 9th November.

Still in bed. Birrell worked nobly to stop leaks in shed with a waterproof sheet, until he fell 12 feet into 4 feet of mud. He then lifted up his voice in unholy curses.

~~Wednesday, 10th November.~~

Wednesday, 10th November.

Feeling very rotten. Can't sleep for coughing. Rales and Rhonchi all over so Cowen says he wants me to go to hospital, but Colonel is averse to this.

Thursday, 11th November.

Colonel said I might go to hospital if I liked, so I got up to go. This was his chance, so he said if I was well enough to go, I was well enough to stay. Cowen and Birrell strafing like maniacs.

Friday, 12th November.

Cowen discovered creps to-day, and made such a fuss that I was sent to Second London C.C.S. Found Australian nurse there who came over on Cronos; sheets and a bed--glorious.

Saturday, 13th November.

Feeling better to-day, result of sheets and a bed. Discovered a patient two beds away who is also Australian--a vet. who had been transferred from Egypt. Glorious in sheets and bed. Australian-Capt. Humm, friend of MacDonald's.

Sunday, 14th November.

Feeling a little better. Temperature going down. Cough still very troublesome at night. Australian papers arrived, thank ~~xxx~~ Heaven.

Monday, 15th November.

Better. Birrell, Moody, Hunt in to see me. Brought parcels from Edith Donaldson and Budge.

Tuesday, 16th November.

Up to-day for a little while. T. much better. Humm gone to B. Lucky devil as he was quite fit.

Wednesday, 17th November.

Up to-day. Going back to Blushville in the mud to-morrow. Cough still troublesome. Place full of guards and nothing the matter with them.

Thursday, 18th November.

Glad to be back. Living with Moody and Cowen. Found that Birrell was away with regiment. Old man damned annoying. But Cowen refused to let me work, &c.

Friday, 19th November.

Still taking things easy. Rumors that we go out to rest shortly. Thank God for Cowen, as he has strafed the old man for trying to make me work.

Saturday, 20th November.

Heard from Dew to-day. He was sent to the Meerut Division but was then sent back again. Ramsay, the objectionable prig, also came back, but I think he is to go back to the Indian Corps, and we may get Miller instead.

Sunday, 21st November.

Still loafing. Ground frozen this morning. Yesterday up to knees in mud. This morning walking on the mud without sinking into it. Ramsay gone, thank God.

Monday, 22nd November.

McCombie gone on leave, lucky dog. Ground frozen up again this morning. Awfully cold, simply cannot keep warm. 500 cigarettes from Spicer arrived to-day, a God-send as we were reduced to friends for cigarettes.

Tuesday, 23rd November.

Supposed to be off to Merville to-morrow. I hope so, to run ^a corps rest station. Awfully cold and wet.

Wednesday, 24th November.

Orders to proceed to Merville tomorrow. Hurrah to get away from some of this mud.

Thursday, 25th November.

Arrived Merville. Good to be in a town once more. Started on the job of building huts. We don't get much medical work, but we see life.

Friday, 26th November.

Applied for leave; no chance of getting it. Still nothing like some cheek and push. Got strafed by C.O. for applying at this time, and not consulting him. Had a row with the C.O. over his treatment of my patients. He had not examined them and started calling them names, and saying some of them should be shot. I told him he had no right to say these things before he had examined the men. Devil of a strafe about the rights of a C.O. Snow falling.

Sunday, 28th November.

Out all night mending shell holes on a road just behind the trenches. Twice had to stop for whiz-bangs. Temperature 11 degrees below freezing point. Working in huts all day.

Monday, 29th November.

Working in huts. Strafed by a swine of a major for not getting on more rapidly. This after I had been up mending roads for 7 hours last night with the men. Oh, what a life.

Tuesday, 30th November.

Hurrah. Leave granted. Depart 4 a.m. Thursday morning. Expect they will cancel it before this.

Wednesday, 1st December.

Looking forward to leave.

Thursday, 2nd December.

Started 1 a.m. this morning, reached Boulogne 9 a.m. Boat not running. Had to wait till 9 p.m. for boat, so did not arrive in London until 12 midnight. Instead of 12 noon. Also found order issued that instead of leaving to return at 2 p.m. leave at 8 a.m. So have lost considerable amount of leave.

NOTES.

MEERUT C. C. STATION.

Andrews and I are billeted in the Asylum grounds, part of which forms the hospital. We, with two officers, Finch and Billinghamurst of the 12th M.A.C. have a little house to ourselves, and our own mess, which we run very comfortably at small cost.

The staff here are mainly I.M.S. people, and the orderlies are ^{scarcely}parotically all Indians, which is rather annoying to me, as I fear I have the Australian prejudice to colored races. On the staff is Maruh-Khai, who has a full commission in the G.M.S., and messes with the staff. Thank God I do not mess with the staff. Also there are many snuff and butter (Eurasians) about as assistant surgeons, and sub-assistant surgeons. The former rank as first class warrant officers, and the latter as second class.

The cooking arrangements for the Indian patients and staff are rather a nuisance as each caste must have its own separate cooks, and cooking arrangements. So there is a whole long shed divided off into compartments, in each of which some particular caste may be seen squatting down fixing up the food.

Much later: I am changing in my opinion of Marugh-Khai. He is quite a decent chap in his way, though an Indian.

Incidents Battle of Loos.

25th September. 58th Brigade.

The 58th brigade of the 19th Division was ordered to attack as soon as word came through that a position called the "crater" had been taken. The "crater" absolutely commanded their parapets. About an hour after the real attack towards Mullock and Loos, the Brigadier received a message that the "crater" had fallen. So that 9 R.W.F. got over the parapet; that is as far as they went. Machine guns by the dozen were turned on them, and they melted like snowflakes in hell. The 9th Welsh regiment followed them, and met with the same fate. The brigadier then stopped the slaughter, and saved half of his brigade, namely the 6th Wilts. ^{received}The origin of the message has never been discovered. Of course the "crater" had not fallen. *the 9th Cheshires &*

25th September, 1915. 9th and 15th Divisions (Scotch) bore the brunt of the charge and went right over Hill 70 and then through Loos. The 21st and 24th Divisions were sent up to their support, but were rather badly shelled so bolted, the officers in the lead; one man in ten with a rifle, and not one in a hundred with a pack. The wounded of these two latter divisions were in a shocking state of demoralization and swore that everything was lost. They were rather a contrast to the wounded of the former two divisions who were all cheerful and could give an account of what had happened in their small area.

The 9th and 15th Divisions were right up against the German 3rd line but lacked the supports owing to the defection of the 21st and 24th divisions, so that what was nearly a break right through the German lines turned out to be a somewhat messed show. Owing to this lack of supports the forces had to give up a certain amount of the ground they had won.

Every wounded man of the 9th Division brought in a German Picklehaube, but the 15th Division refused to handle them at all.

There was some excuse for the defecting divisions as they had been forced marched up from the base, and had never heard a shot fired in war before, ^{and} ~~and~~ were sent into a hot corner.

25th September. The R.A.M.C.

The R.A.M.C. in the action commencing on 25th September, 1915, lost 11 officers killed, and 24 wounded. Captain Greene who had already won the military cross, was knocked down by a shell, and then tore off his brassard, grasped his revolver, and swore ~~xx~~ vengeance. He was found dead some time later. Another medical officer was sent up to take ^{the} ~~his~~ place of one who had been killed. This particular officer had never been under fire before, and was told the direction to go and given no guide. He walked along a shallow communication trench without bending, and keeping low, and was found dead some hours later, never having reached his unit.

The 36th Field Ambulance lost one officer and 18 men killed and one officer and a number of men wounded from a shell which fell into the advanced dressing station. Still Sir John French

issued an order eulogising all ranks of the R.A.M.C. for fine work.

Types of British Officers I have met.

It is supposed to be the thing in the Army whenever two officers meet one another they should say "Good morning", or "Good evening" &c. as the case may be.

Experiences on meeting some of these people.

- (1) The Subaltern in Kitchener's Army always nods, and in fact, to quote the good old "Speculum", would have a yarn, a spit, ^{and} a smoke, with you at any time.
- (2) Subaltern of Scotch regiment will nod, but look glum and miserable.
- (3) A Cavalry officer places a monocle in his eyes, glares at you, and makes audible remarks such as "Who was that rude fellow"
- (4) A Guardsman on meeting you (of course in mufti) properly introduced, will explain--- "Haw-- what are you-- a Kitchener? Haw, yes, a Kitchener. What was your varsity? Haw- a mere Colonial-- Haw", and then turns his back on you.
- (5) An artillery officer simply ignores you one-- refuses to recognise the fact that you are on the same earth as he is.
- (6) A Canadian (through his nose) "How are you old buck? Wall, I guess I'm very pleased to meet you. What abaht a drink, and a little game? (this refers to poker).
- (7) An Indian medical service man is a thoroughly good chap always. He is essentially a travelled man.
- (8) An A.S.C. always looks upon you with suspicion, in case you intend to accuse him of stealing your rations. After having assured him on this point, he becomes quite genial.
- (9) The regular who is not in the Artillery, Cavalry, or Guards, usually gets in first with a cheery "Good morning".

(Of course there are exceptions to all these, and some of the nicest men I have met have been the exceptions. A travelled Englishman is a delightful companion, but a narrow-minded stay-at-home one is a -----.)

Of course now, if any Englishman says anything to me which one does not like, one merely mentions the 21st, and 24th

Divisions to them and they shut up at once.

An Episode.

A Georges man, who had only been in the R.A.M.C. for 3 weeks, though a Canadian, tried to jump by his seniority, my billet, which was a hospital billet, while he was only a motor ambulance convoy man. The episode ended by his calling me an Australian convict. He had the best black eye that I had seen for a long time.

Another episode.

There was one who came up as a relief when we left Festubert, a man from another division. He would not take many hints. "Oh he knew all about it". He had been in France longer than we had, but he forgot that he was only at the base. So Overholt and I took him round to show him the aid ~~posts~~ posts. On our going round we were troubled with whiz-bangs considerably, and finally an 18 pound shell landed a little way away, but was a dud. We all dropped, but this chap forgot to look where he dropped, and fell into some barbed wire entanglements, cutting his nose. He had new field boots on, which blistered his feet, and finally we had to bring him back to the dressing station on a stretcher, with the perspiration pouring off him.

Trenches in Winter.

Mud and slush, varying from knee to chest high; parapets falling in from the rain; dug-outs suddenly collapsing; sometimes 2 feet of water in the dug-outs; everything wet and miserably cold, and one is expected to be a septic under these conditions.

One night we found one man bogged in a communication trench. After five hours work we got him out. It took a long time as the Huns were very jumpy with their machine guns. That night when we did get the poor devil out, all he complained of was a nasty taste in his mouth, produced by his rescuers making ripples in the water, some of which he swallowed. Of course he was considerably collapsed.

Getting wounded out of these trenches is a fearful job, and now we usually get out of the trenches, and go over land, changing the ducks.

A NIGHT'S COLLECTING WOUNDED.

As a rule an adequate number of bearers are taken, and the staff sergeant is warned of the number beforehand.

At 7.30 we sit down (Cowen and I) in our dug-out for dinner. The rain is pouring down outside, and floor is covered with mire. After dinner we go out after donning our water proofs, and seeing that we have our first F. dressing, smoke helmet and pocket lamp. The men have been all fallen into ^asquads, and have covered themselves with water proof sheets, leaving their coats behind so as to have something dry to put on when they return.

Cowen takes his squad down to the road to go to the tram line. They squelch and paddle through the mud and water and turn up the road out of sight. I fall my men in, and warn them to march one behind the other at intervals but not to lose touch with one another, and off we start on our trip, which runs into the advanced dressing station. The going is very heavy as the line is covered with mud and water. After travelling for about 500 yards we reach a dug-out, and here inquire if the ration party have gone up with the trollies. By telephone to the tube station, which is at the other end of the line, we learn that some of the trollies have already arrived at their destination. This is good news; so off we go. Shortly we pass the famous Grub-st. (Here all the food is packed on trollies) A little further on we meet a sentry. One cannot see him, but a deep voice calls out from the darkness "Halt. Who goes there?" "Friend" I answer, Medical officer and bearer party" "Advance medical officer for recognition". So I advance and am recognised. "Pass medical officer and bearer party" and off we go again. Over the Rue l'Epinette towards the Rue de Bois. Here we leave the tram line ^{and} pass down a lane beside a ridge towards the remnants of a house. This is the Gloucester aid post. We ^{go in} ~~going~~ and find that Farrenridge has four cases- two lying and two sitting. This means that we must bring a spare trolley from the Worcester aid post. So out we go and up the trolley track. The remainder of the journey is over completely

open ground, so we hurry, but it is no use running as one would only fall over in the dark, and arrive at the other end so out of breath as to be incapable of doing one's work well.

We go past the old German trench and come to Dead Cow farm; through the ruin of this out on to Princes street to tube station. This is simply the end of the line, and here the line runs through an opening in the wall of the house, or all that is left of the house.

Taking the staff sergeant with me I go to the aid post leaving the bearers behind in the station under cover. At the aid post we find two cases, so we sent a messenger to hurry up the bearers, and arrange with the ration party for two trolleys. As soon as the wounded are in we move off, stepping and slithering through the mud. Half way through to Dead Cow farm the leading trolley which had the wounded on came off the rails. As we were working to get trolley on again Gell gives a ^{sudden} ~~quand~~ yell and drops, staff sergt. and I and two bearers manage to get the two stretcher cases off, but not before the trolly has been hit twice. We then lie down and wish we were jelly fishes so as to grow out sideways. The bullets come in a perfect stream; a machine gun is at work, and one can hear the tut-tut-tut, as well as the ping-sizz of the bullets. As soon as the ~~mx~~ gun ceased we were off, having fixed Gell up and placed him on a stretcher, we got back at the Gloucester aid post, placed their wounded on trolleys, then very thankfully returned back to camp. The trolleys went off 17 times on the way, and I had to lie in the slush, feel for the relationship between the wheel and the rail, and direct the bearers which way to lift the car. On arrival at the camp I found that Cowen had returned, and he and I dressed the wounded and sent them off in the cars. We then sat down for a cigarette and some tea. Hardly had we finished when a telephone message came in for an encore of the whole business. Oh, who would be a soldier.

(Here follows sketch of trenches).

PART

2.

After a few most enjoyable days in London including a delightful visit to the Spicers who were kindness itself
10th December, 1915.

Tea with cousin Ida at the Criterion- had a good time. Cousin Ida presented me with a very nice silver flask. Dinner with Southey at the Piccadilly lounge. Could not shout each other a drink before dinner but each had to buy our own. Excellent dinner, liquers, Veuve Cliquet, ~~C~~ cigars. ~~THX~~ Then to "Bric-a-Brac", feeling very happy, good seats, thoroughly enjoyed it, and had a good laugh. No taxis to be obtained after the theatre, so said good-bye to Southey and walked to Berners hotel.

11th December.

Caught the boat train at the Victoria. Very glad that there was no one to see me off-- too many touching good-byes. An old and peppery Colonel had almost 2 tons of luggage distributed around the carriage, so the journey was not a very comfortable one. Arrived at Folkestone and found boat waiting. A very rough crossing, nearly every one sick, I laughed and laughed. Hawthorn, an Australian who was with me was very bad, and seemed rather annoyed as I used his waterproof to protect myself. One Brigadier General amused me. He had his beautiful gold oak-leaved red banded cap on. This went overboard, but he didn't care- he simply hung on to the rail with a far-away expression in his eyes. Rather liked seeing a General in discomfort. We had to hang about outside Boulogne for some time as it was too rough to get in. On arrival we reported at the A.M.T.O's office, and enquired about a train. He was a somewhat ancient Major, what is known as a "dug-out", and when we arrived was in a frenzy, dancing up and down, and cursing. Hawthorn and I thought it wise to leave, and having ascertained that there would be no train that day, booked a room at the hotel Louvre. Had a good dinner, and so to bed. In the morning I went to see Sister Loughran at No. 7 Stationary where poor Fairly^e died. Had a long chat with her. Knew that Clive Stephen had a soft job in a hospital somewhere about, but not where. Later met Stacey, an Australian leather-head, and he, Hawthorn, and myself arrived at the station together. Arrived late at night at Werville, only to find the whole place flooded. All rejoined our units safely.

12th December.

Ordered to proceed with the S.O., Cowen, Birrell, and 60 men to build 11th Corps Rest Station to be utilised for men who in all probability would be well in 14 days.

12th to 20 th December.

Found site for Rest Station was mainly a muddy field at the back of several ~~muniment~~ houses. We were given two sappers & to help us and told to draw stores from H.Qs. Whilst on this work we were detached from the Division and were under the D.^{M.S.}~~A.~~^{S.} Corps XI. See diagram of the place as we found it.

We commenced on the skittle alley and hall. All material was brought in waggons and then had to be man-handled through the passages A and B. This meant a large number of men were employed on this alone. The remainder we set to work on putting a floor down in the skittle alley, after which we re-roofed the roof and boarded the sides, then washed out the whole place with lime whitewash. Made 21 tables and forty lamp brackets, and that sort of thing and turned the place into quite a decent recreation room and dining hall. Before flooring this room we had to clear and drain away rubbish, &c. which had collected there for ages. The next business was to fix up the Hall as a sleeping apartment.

(see Diagram 2.)

All the time this was going on the rain and snow were constantly falling, so the muddy field became under water. The hall would accommodate 120 men and as we were to have accommodation for 300 men, huts had to be built.

20th to 31st December.

Birrell was detailed to build baths in ~~another~~ another part of the village and to run them. This reduced our staff by one officer and 12 men. Cases began to come in now and this meant that they had to be seen and orderlies detailed to look after them, which interrupted the work, and again reduced our staff. Of course the Colonel never did any work but simply used to "strafe" about, and spend most of his time in front of a fire in the Mess.

Now came the most difficult part of the whole show. The building of huts, and draining, meant standing in mud up to one's knees all day long, often with the snow falling steadily and now and then everything freezing. The drainage problem was a most difficult one as water will run in this country either north, south, east, or west as the mood takes it. After going carefully over the field we came across what looked like an old well. We dug this out and found that it was a soakage pit from which a drain ran into a small back street, as is the custom in Wlanders. This drain had to be dug up and re-laid and from the end of this we built a drain of 200 yards to the canal, and now we could drain the water off our own site for the huts. Three days later the canal overflowed and simply flooded everything, but we managed to save most of the timber though work was knocked off for two days. We then commenced on the huts. We had to dig down 3 to 4 feet to get solid ground for the foundations which were just broken bricks and then sleepers. The huts were to each accommodate 36 men, and were built with a frame work of 3" x 2" and weather-boarded, over which felt was nailed. At one end was a large window, at the other end the door and in the centre a stove. We built one hut completely at first, not without many trials for we only had, apart from the sappers, one carpenter. Still we all learnt a little about carpentering. The mud was the great drawback. We were simply covered in it and though gum-boots were worn, the mud would get over the top of these and ooze down into the feet.

We next built the frame work of the other six huts, and then decided to build the ablution room as we had 70 patients in and could not longer get on with an improvised ablution ~~bench~~ ^{French} bench. This had to have a floor sloped in such a direction that the water would flow off properly. So we dug down through the mud and started filling in with broken bricks, and then we chipped bricks up into small pieces and filled in the crevices between the larger ones, and then put a layer over all. This layer we smoothed and until it was ready to put

good concrete blocks on. These blocks were cemented together, and made an ideal floor. We then made an ablution ~~bench~~ ^{French} down the centre of this with a drain and a grease trap. Of course the ablution room had walls and a roof to it made of corrugated iron. Whilst working on this ablution room a rather annoying incident occurred. We were under Colonel Firth, D.D.M.S. and to a certain extent Major Potts, his D.A.D.M.S. Neither of these like mud in fact they seemed to have a horror of getting a speck of mud on their boots. Every now and again one or other of them would come and look from the door of the hall at the huts which were about 200 yards away. This day Potts came to the door and could see no one working, as I had all the men on the ablution room, which was out of his view. So this Potts goes back to the D.D.M.S., and reports that none of us were working. He sent a "stinker" in the shape of a letter to the C.O. so I had to go to the D.D.M.S., and explain. Not much use, as Major Potts swore that he had been round and seen no one working, and a regular Major's word is better than a mere Temp. "Loots" in this Army; so I am a liar. About this time the C.O. was ordered to send an officer to relieve a R.M.C. with a regiment- I was detailed. The other two sections were working at field ambulance work, and taking in itch cases (scabies). Well, one day a fool called Andrews, suddenly thought we were not taking cases, so sent an a number back to another field ambulance saying so in a note. Of course the Colonel of this Field Ambulance, who by the way is a deadly enemy of Probyn, forwarded this note to the A.D.M.S., asking where to send his itch cases, as we were no longer taking them. The note was forwarded to Probyn, who chuckled and chuckled all the evening. "I have got Stoney Archer (Col. 59th)- I have got him-- he will get into trouble over this, thank God. I have been waiting to catch him for years". One may remark here that most senior R.A.M.C. officers are trying to catch the next man out in something so that there is one out of the way for the next promotion. Next morning I was seeing the sick, 70 in all, in one corner of the officer's reserved

for that purpose, when the C.O. came in. Of course I jumped up, called the room to attention, and saluted. The C.O. was very genial-- "much work, my boy, I fear.-- well I must see about getting some help for you and Cowen". Then he went to his table and picked up his letters, one of which was from the A.D.M.S. strafing like blazes, and wanting an explanation of Andrew's letter, which Probyn had not seen up to this time. The next I knew was that a heavy reference file had hit the wall in front of me, then the C.O. came over and kicked it, and began tearing up papers, and throwing things about. The office staff stole out one by one. I went on seeing the sick, till he asked me "what the ----- blazes, blinking, bluebottles I meant by it, and anyway who gave me permission to see sick there?" I informed him that he had, and went out with my sick.

That afternoon I asked whether I could have some transport for my kit to battalion headquarters. "Your not going boy, that ----- ----- Andrew is", and the episode then closed. It was a frightfully boyish exhibition.

After this we finished the 6 huts and patients commenced to come in rapidly. Our next difficulty was paths, but in going around the H.M. stores we found a large number of concrete blocks. These were originally intended for draining the trenches but were found to be too heavy to carry up. They cost 2/11 each. We managed to appropriate almost 500 of these, and the problem of the paths was over.

(See diagram for these blocks. Number 5.)

25th December.

That day we managed to give the patients and orderlies an extra feed, tinned fruits, lollies, cigarettes, above their ordinary rations, and at night we had some Welsh glee singers to give us a concert. Much as I dislike Welshmen, I must admit that they can sing.

The H.C. Field Amb. mess consisted of Miller, who came out from one of the other sections, the C.O., Cowen, Moody, Mr. Birrell, myself, and the Interpreter. We had bought a

duck and many other things, whilst with the aid of the intense interpreter, I managed to obtain two bottles of Veuve Cliquot. Our enjoyment was rather damped by the C.O. spitting bits of food out of his mouth about the place, and grawing growling at the champagne, because he hated to see us enjoying anything, and he hated champagne. The day was rather miserable, being very wet.

The next day Cowen was sick. He had not had any leave for six months, and though he had been trying hard to get leave, the C.O. did not seem to want him to go as he was too useful in the office. His wife was also ill, and he was trying to get home to see about an operation. Poor old Cowen, he ~~used~~ ^{tried} to stick it out but had to go to bed early. I took the precaution of removing his breeches, so that on my birthday he was compelled to ~~stay~~ ^{stay} in bed. My birthday was rather funny. A hell of a storm was blowing, and I started work at 6 a.m. finishing at 12 midnight. As Cowen was sick I had a good deal of the office work to do, which the C.O. ^{should} really do, and 170 sick to see, and then to supervise the building of bath houses, latrines, incinerator, and cook houses. On the 29th Cowen was still sick, so I told the C.O. that he should go to the C.O.S. Of course there was a strife, but I finally prevailed on him to let Cowen go.

The ~~paths~~ paths that we had put in were rather narrow, and soon either side was a sea of mud- this looked most depressing. This rather worried me, but finally I hit on the idea of scraping away the mud and putting clinker down. All these clinkers of course had to be carried in sacks from the road to the huts.
1st to 14th January.

Birrell went on leave on the 2nd. He did not want to go but I ~~wished~~ ^{insisted} that he should, so now I had the corps bathers to run. The next job at the rest station was to build a cook house, to cook for 300 patients. We built a big brick oven in the centre and at each side a place for dices.

(See plan o. 7.

The fire could run right through and was fed from either end and in the centre under the oven. Any part could be cut off so that only "a" would be used, or only "a and b", or again only the rim. Over each opening for a dixie was a little lid so that the smoke would not escape that way. The flue was in the centre over the stove. Of course the whole cook-house had roof and walls of corrugated iron, the floor was cemented and the whole of the inside white-washed, whilst the floor was washed down between meals.

The next job was the bath-house, this was divided into two compartments. The men entered at one end, threw their dirty clothes into a bin, and then had their bath, dried, went into the next room, received clean clothes, dressed, going out another door.

(See diagram No. 8.)

Now when a man was admitted he was seen by the medical officer, and if not too sick, was then taken to the bath house, given a bath and clean clothes, then taken to his hut and shown his bed, then to the recreation room, where he was given some food. Of course his kit and equipment was handed into the pack store on his arrival. His blankets have also been fumigated since the last patient used them.

The one thing that used to annoy me was taking those convalescents who were fit enough for an hour's march every afternoon. They were of course all sorts, Guards, 19th Division, 38th Division. They hated this, and so did I, as they marched rottenly, and one was the laughing stock of all we met. Again, there was the road-mending to do at night- filling shell holes. This was a rotten job as the road was usually under water, and the only way to find the holes was by walking into them and every now and again we would be strafed by machine-gun fire_ but I was always the first to lie down never minding about the mud and water.

The horses had a very hard time, for not only were they worked hard, at drawing material for the rest station, but they were up to their bellies in mud and water on the lines.

Our drivers had very little sickness, and they were never dry, and working at all hours. Often most of the night on road mending.

Tom Moody, the Qar. was awfully good to the men at this stage. Though there was a rum issue, the Colonel said it was not to be issued, as he loved storing things up, but Moody, risking trouble for himself, would give these poor soaked devils some. Again, often and often he has sat up half the night in his store keeping a fire going to dry the men's clothing, and issuing them out for the night with new clothing from store, and buying out of his own pocket coal to do this with.

We used to receive supplies of tinned goods, sweets, tobacco, &c. from the Red Cross for the sick and wounded. This the C.O. would take and put under his bed. He never distributed it, and would change tobacco with people for tinned crabs, which he would bring down to the mess, and eat in front of everybody. One day he stole all our ration tobacco, and did this, but I made such a fuss about it that he never did it again. One day I remember the mess bought some tinned fish (herrings) Birrell and I were out on duty, so did not come into the mess until late. Everyone, including the C.O. had some, and the others left some for the two of us. The C.O. then helped himself to this, and hid the plate on which the fish had been under a newspaper, so that we could not see it.

About this time the 46th division left to go to Egypt, and the 38th, a new division, took their place. The C.O.C. of this division was an M.P. called Ion Phillips. He had as his A.D.C. one of Lloyd George's sons, whilst the other a major who only joined at the commencement of the war, and had seen no fighting, was brigade major to one of the brigades. The R.A.M.C. were laughable. They were all country practitioners in Wales, and were enlisted as temporary Lieutenants as is usual. Suddenly they "downed tools" and demanded that some of them should be made Lieut. Colonels, others majors, others captains, &c. With a number of politicians at their backs they went to London and the War Office. The War Office backed down and gave them all they demanded, so that men who joined the army after I did,

with no special qualifications, were now Lieut. Colonels, Majors, &c., all senior to me. It is this sort of thing that ruins the army. No wonder the Canadians and the Australians that I have met lately in France are fearfully bitter against the English.

The Colonel when he first came home from the front had been acting A.D.M.S. to this Division before he was given command of the 58th F.Ambulance, and so had been at loggerheads with these people. Now when they came into the 11th corps they, of course, sent some of their sick to the corps rest station, and I was the only one left to do duty there so I saw them. One day two very bad cases of trench feet arrived-- swollen with the skin gangrenous, and as we could only admit cases likely to be well in 14 days, I called the C.O. to see them, and advised their going direct to the casualty clearing station. The C.O. agreed to this, and said he refused to write to Colonel Davis, or to have anything to do with him. So he ordered me to write and inform him that these cases were not fit cases for us, and had been sent to the C.C.S. This I did. Next day a man was brought to this F.Amb. howling with pain. He had acute rheumatism, swollen joints, and endocarditis. He was likewise despatched to C.C.S. Again I was ordered to write and state that the case was unfit for C.R.S., and had been sent to C.C.S. The next morning a highly abusive note came into the C.O. complaining of my impertinence in writing to a Lieut. Colonel, &c. &c. Probyn seized a piece of paper and wrote "Lieut.Col. Davis, T.C., R.A.M.C. I acknowledge your most impertinent and discourteous note of even date, and have great pleasure in forwarding it to higher authority". (Note the size of the T.C.-- temporary Commission").

This annoyed Davis more than anything as he said he was a Regular. Now the fun started. Davis insisted that the cases were fit cases for the C.R.S., and he was not going to be taught his business by a mere temporary & Lieut. This was soon settled, as the C.O. of the C.C.S. wrote and said that in his

opinion none of the cases would be fit for duty for three months at least, and that he had evacuated them to the base.

Then Davis said that my letters were highly impertinent, and demanded to know why I had written them. I replied that I had been ordered by my C.O. to write them. Then the D.D.M.S. asked Probyn why he had allowed the letters to go,-- this without ever seeing the letters. Probyn began to get scared then, and though he had read the letters before their despatch, and has said at the time that they were quite all right, he told the D.D.M.S. that I had probably exceeded my authority. The D.D.M.S. then demanded that I should apologise to Davis. This annoyed me intensely so I claimed the right that the whole matter should be forwarded to higher authority, namely the D.M.S. First Army Surgeon-General Pike, K.C.B.S., &c.

Pike came down and I saw him, and said that I was fed up with the whole show. I had not had too good treatment in the R.A.M.C., my time was nearly up, and that I was perfectly willing to resign my commission, but that if I could help it I was not going to be made a scapegoat between Colonels of the R.A.M.C.

The first thing that Pike did was to read the letters, go and see the C.O. of the C.C.S., and then strafe like blazes about the whole show, and tell Davis that if he was not careful he would send him home.

The main routine of the C.R.S. was seeing sick from 6 a.m. till 8:30 a.m.; breakfast, office work, C.O.'s parade of patients at 10; supervise building until 1 p.m.; luncheon, admitting patients 2 to 4, then seeing about the patients going to duty 4 to 6; 6 to 8 mess dinner; 9 until anytime office work, seeing patients who made complaints.

When I saw the sick, those I considered fit I marked for duty. Those that in my opinion were not doing well I marked for C.C.S. The C.O. hated cases being sent to the C.C.S. and was always telling me that I would lose his decoration if I sent so many to the C.C.S. He never thought about the patients. Of course he never got a decoration for building the C.R.S.

At the C.O.'s parade at 10 a.m. he would go through the 200 to 300 patients and without examining them would say "this man is fit for duty" send him back, Newton". If the man was fit I said nothing. If I considered he was not fit, I would say so, but the C.O. wanted to send as many men back as possible, as this looks so well on returns. If he insisted I would ask him to examine the patient. This he would refuse to do. Then I refused to sign the discharge papers unless he gave me written orders to do so. This of course he would not do, as the responsibility would be with him.

About this time I had been watching a man carefully, and had examined and reexamined him and finally decided that there was nothing the matter with him, so marked him for duty. The C.O. knew this and on his parade he marched up to the man, grabbed hold of his wrist and said "remarkably irregular pulse, Newton,-- feel it my boy" I felt it, and it was as regular as mine so I said so. "Nonsense my boy, you must show some consideration for these men, and take a little interest in them." This was rather hard after I had fought for man after man to be left in the C.R.C.

Whilst Birrell was on leave I had to run the corps baths. We used to bathe 900 men a day, and issue them with clean clothing. The Guards were awful nuisances- they thought they should have baths at any hour, and that other regiments should give way to them. I always refused to do this, as I did not see why a Guardsman should have preference to anyone else. Another thing was that they always demanded new under clothes, instead of those that had been washed at the laundry. The officers used to come and curse at me, but I always told them that I considered them more nuisances than the A.S.C. This is a terrible insult, and it used to make them mad.

One man in particular annoyed me. He was a captain and adjutant of the 1st Batt. Grenadier Guards. He would come into the office, screw a pane of glass into his eye, and say "Now, are you the bath-house keeper?" I always said "Yes, are you the sanitary officer?" This always made him gurgles with

rage. He would then demand that the Guards have preference over mere Kitcheners. I always referred him to Kitchener on the subject, and told him that the guards would take their turn with the others. One day this man forced his way into my bedroom to make his demands, so I told him to get out quickly, or I would throw him out. He went, and put in a complaint to corps headquarters-- got strafed, and I was never again worried by the Guards.

On 12th January, Andrews returned, and this lightened the work. I was now ordered to attend a Board comprised of Col. Probyn, Major ~~de~~ Potts, and myself, for the purpose of examining men who were passed 6 months ago as unfit for infantry work. Neither Potts nor Probyn would examine a man, though I asked them to repeatedly, and they passed man after man ^{as fit} who was palpably unfit. I objected and argued, but it was no good, and Probyn said to me "its no use your making a fuss, we as senior members will have the blame if anything goes wrong, so just you sit tight and say nothing and we will get through much quicker". I asked him to put this in writing, but he refused, and when the ^{report} report was drawn up, I insisted, much to their annoyance, in ticking off the men that I considered unfit, and a note being made to this effect. All these men were examined a month afterwards, and the majority ^{were} sent to the base as unfit.

16th January to 4th February.

On 16th I was ordered to go as R.M.O. to the 4th Kings Liverpools, who at that time were in the trenches at Windy Corner, Rue de Bois, a part I knew only too well. I arrived at 38th Batt. Headquarters and obtained an Orderly as I did not like wandering about by myself, and finally arrived at Batt. Headquarters in the reserve trench, or what used to be the reserve trench. Here the mud was over one's knees, and the water above that up to one's waist. I ^{found} ~~knew~~ that only half the Battalion was in, the other half resting at -----, and would relieve this half in 5 days time. This was rather delightful for the R.M.O., as he would have twice as long as anyone else

in the trenches. Major Beale was in command; he had just returned after having had his skull fractured in the second battle at Ypres. At first I rather disliked him, but I became very fond of him before I left. Hughes was acting Adjutant. Stubshaw, the bombing officer, and with myself this was H.Q. mess. The dug-outs were not very good, having, despite frequent pumping, 18" of mud and about 12" of water in them. My bed was composed of trench boards, piled one on top of another in order to get well above the water level, but after we had gone to bed this level would rise and rise, and frequently one would awake with the water lapping about the bed.

The rats were a terrible trouble. We used to shoot them with our revolvers, but the best thing was a very light pistol we stuffed with old nails, shrapnel balls, etc. This was Hughes' idea and it worked splendidly. A----- pistol, by-the-way is used for firing ~~that~~ star shells, and has a bore bigger than a 12. These rats would run over one when one was in bed. One night I was awakened by something scratching about inside my flea-bag, and found it to be a rat. I soon got out and killed it in the flea bag. They ate through the canvas and two layers of strong wicker work of my No. 2 medical punnier to get at the candles inside. Again, as soon as a dead man was brought in if he was not watched they would eat away the flesh from his face and hands in no time.

The communication trenches between the reserve and front line had disappeared, and so there was no communication between the two except at night, and the front line consisted of bits here and there, the remainder simply being lakes of water.

(See diagram No. 9.)

The wily Hun was always shelling the reserve, but he left the front line alone to a great extent, as I don't think he quite knew where it was. Most of his shelling was with light stuff, 18 pounder, whiz-bangs, and an occasional 4.2 but he did not do very much damage.

About 4 o'clock one afternoon I was rung up from the front

line and asked to get down if possible as they had a very bad head case. Well, it was not my business to go to the front line, and when one gets there one can do nothing. Hughes was very much against the idea of my going down, but Beale said he would leave it to me. This of course meant that I had to go, or he would think I was faking. So Clappet, my orderly, (well named too) and myself set off. We went down Rope trench to Rope Keep. It was not very good going in Rope trench, but it afforded us some cover, though it meant wading through water up to one's middle. At Rope Keep we rested a bit; it was just beginning to get dark, and as the rain was coming down in torrents, we could not be easily observed. We started running through the mud as hard as we could over the 200 yards of open, and were not observed until 20 yards of the trench, but though they opened fire they did not hit either of us. The man was long past all aid, and deeply unconscious, so it was all really for nothing. I did not go back until it was dark, when I walked back along the trench board path. The Hun knew of the existence of these trench boards and would sweep them at intervals during the night trying to catch the ration parties and reliefs. One is fairly safe if they don't start firing at the spot where one is as otherwise one can hear them begin to the right or left, and lie down whilst it goes over. When a star shell goes up one lies down if there is time, if not, keeps perfectly still as the slightest movement will betray one.

On getting back to Headquarters I found General Bridges there of the G.C.C. Division. He replaced Farkin some time ago. It was good to see a man taking an interest in his troops. He was of course soaked and covered in mud, and later went down to the front line. I rather envied him, as he would go back and get a clean dry change.

We used to get some amusement from Otto Schmidt, who used to call out from the German lines-- "I'm Otto Schmidt, and have a wife and 3 children in Liverpool, and keep a ham and beef shop" The answer to this came from a hefty wharf laborer-- "put up your head, lad, and she'll soon be a widow". He used to

carry on long conversations. One officer had a servant called Hamlet, and he was always calling for Hamlet. One morning a voice called out from the German lines- "Good morning. How's Hamlet this morning".

On the 21st we were relieved by the other half Battalion. Of course I had to stay. Colonel Allen, an Australian, was in command of the Kings and he came up with this half of the battalion. He was a delightful man and we got on very well indeed. His sister married Leeper of the Trinity College.

Major Jones, the adjutant also came up, bringing with him some good old port which was very acceptable. Colonel Allen made a tremendous fuss about me being allowed to go up to the front line in the afternoon. This settled once for all the question of my going up to the front line in day time.

Of course one used to go up to the front line in the night time as it is good for the men to see that the medical officer is about. Whenever I went up to the firing line my revolver was strapped on loaded, and the holster undone. This was necessary, as the Hun5 would lose their way occasionally and get through the gaps in our line. We caught several at rope keep, who thought they were back in their own lines. Of course, one never wears a red cross brassard as this would show up too much, and one would be worried by the unpleasant attention of the sniper.

One rather bright night, we caught about 100 Huns in a working party. The exact position with reference to the squared map was telephoned to the artillery, who opened fire. The first salvo was 30 yards short, the second and third direct hits. After that the Hun stretcher parties worked for hours.

Braziers were allowed in the dug-outs, but one had to be very careful, as the slightest smoke promptly drew shell fire, a thing to be avoided with great care. The usual thing is to feed the braziers with small pieces of coke, and only have enough fire during the day to light a cigarette. At night we would get the fires going more steeply, instantly being bogged in the

During this time men

trench. Sometimes it would take hours to get them out. Poor devils they would be frozen and collapsed.

One night it was decided to have a bombing stunt, so the bombing officer took 20 bombers out; they were followed at an interval by a covering party. I went up to the front line and established an aid post there. For over half an hour there was just the usual popping of rifles, and occasional bursts of machine gun fire, when suddenly bang, bang, bang, went the bombs down the Hun trenches. About 5 seconds later the Huns for hundreds of yards let go everything they possessed. It was a fearful din. Whilst this burst of firing was going on, our men, bombers, and covering party, lay down in no man's land. The Hun then commenced a systematic traversing fire of our parapet with the hope of getting the bombers on their return. In this way they were unsuccessful as the bombers did not come in until the strafe was over. They brought with them one prisoner and a number of papers, identity discs, etc. from dead Germans.

When anyone gets out into no man's land ^{their faces & hands} are blackened and all papers, identity discs, etc. are left behind so that if they are killed, or captured, no valuable information is obtained.

A bomber goes out with a canvas waistcoat on. This waistcoat is full of small pockets, in which the bombs are carried. He is armed with a small dagger, and half a pick handle, the end of which is leaded, and has two 10 inch nails driven through it at right angles. Both ends of these nails are sharpened. This makes a very useful weapon.

(Drawing No. 10.)

In this episode we had only two men slightly wounded, and accounted for 15 Huns. The next day the Huns retaliated by shelling, but except at Rope Keep, did not do much damage. Here they obtained some direct hits. A 6 inch shell secured a direct hit in one dug-out. Of the unfortunate occupant we only found part of his left leg and the boot. Two days later, or rather nights, B Company was sent over to raid Boache trenches. They got there and bombed down for 200 yards in either direction, accounting for 50 Huns and bringing in 2 prisoners. They got

into the Hun's lines through a gap in the trench. One of the officers crawled up to the sentry and stunned him with a pick-handle before he could give the alarm. Our losses were 2 killed and 7 wounded. The reason why the Hun does not do so much raiding is that we have too many patrols out at night, and these patrols are always driving the enemy patrols in.

The day after the raid the Hun gave us a concentrated shelling in the reserve trenches especially whiz-bangs (18 pounders) 4.2" and 5.9". I was in my dug-out dressing the first man to be wounded. Clampt was there with me of course, when there was a devil of a roar. I was flung down and the dug-out collapsed, just leaving a small place standing at the end where I was. Clampt's humerus was fractured and a piece of shell entered his chest. The patient had his boot cut, while I got off scott free, save a bruise or two. The two stretcher bearers who were standing outside were both killed. We were dug out from this, and I was kept busy all the afternoon, as the Huns shelled and shelled.

About 4 o'clock our heavies, 12" and 15" joined in. We could only hear the shock of this big stuff going over and then the very devil of an explosion. Our 18 pounders, 4.5" and 6" howitzers kept it up solidly for 48 hours, and the remaining time we were in the trenches we never had a shell.

After I had spent 14 days in the trenches, we were relieved by the Welsh division, who up to this time were undergoing instruction, but now came up as a complete division. The night we were relieved we were marched to Hinge, and the next morning I rejoined my unit with a devil of a sore throat. The C.O. was away and Miller was in charge. I was sorry to leave the 4th Kings as they were a good crowd. Their second night in France was waiting waiting to pop the parapet at Neuve Chapelle where they lost 9 officers and 300 men. After this they were marched to Ypres with the Lahore division, and took part in the second battle of Ypres, losing 17 officers and 600 men. Of course they had been brought up to full strength after Neuve Chapelle. After this they had a fortnight's rest and

were filled up to strength, and went into the May fights at Festubert, coming out the 17th May, 200 strong. When the Lahore division went away, they were attached to the 19th, and have now been sent off to the 33rd, so they ~~xxxx~~ are having a wandering existence.

2nd to 14th February.

Miller sent me to hospital as I had a temperature of 103. After a fortnight in hospital I returned to the unit, only to find that we were to give up the Corps Rest Station and go to Estaires, and take new dressing stations in the Neuve Chapelle area.

14th to 28th February.

The C.O. has collected a large quantity of Red Cross stuff, and all sorts of things so that the wagons would not possibly cope with the material. This meant two trips- an absurd condition of affairs.

Birrell was busy over the corps baths, and I was sent out riding with orders to A and B sections at 6 a.m. When I arrived back I met Birrell coming from the baths. We found that the C.O. had cleared off with his own stuff, and very little of our true equipment. We cursed hard as the weather was very bad, snow had been falling for days. The three of us had to load the wagons when they returned. This took three hours, and we then rode with the wagons to Estaires. Arriving there at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We had been going strenuously since 6 a.m. and were frozen. We found nothing to eat as all the mess stuff had been finished, and when one of the other officers asked about the two of us the C.O. said "Oh, they're all right- don't worry about them". So nothing was kept. Tom Moody, the quartermaster came to our rescue with bully beef and rum. Whilst we were absorbing this the C.O. came in and cursed us for being so long, and wanted to know where his box of papers were. We told him we hadn't seen the _____ box, and didn't--- care where it was. He never said a word but went away. About two hours later he came back and told Birrell, who was transport officer, that he could not put the horses on the lines as

there was a ditch full of water 15 feet deep and 8 feet wide between the road and the lines. Birrell got up and said "Do you think you have a ----- Englishman as a transport officer-- come on, Bill, we will build a bridge". We went out and found a P.M. store and made friends with the Sergeant in charge, with the result that we obtained a couple of loads of sleepers from him. With the aid of the farrier we rivetted these together and made a decent bridge.

For four days the C.O. would not speak to us, much to our relief. But it was rather annoying at meal time when he would spit food out of his mouth on to the table, even into one's plate at times. A few days later I was on night duty and a waggon full of wounded including a Lieut. Colonel Watt of the Royal W. Lancers. I had them all unloaded from the waggon and put inside. Two of the tommies were very bad, so I attended to them. Whilst I was doing this, Watt kept calling out for me. I told him to wait as I was busy. At the time I was giving an intravenous saline. When I finished this, I went to Watt, and told him there were others much worse than he was whom I would attend first, and that with wounded rank was of no account at all. He cursed and strafed and swore all the time. Finally I got him off to the C.C.S. He sent in a report about lack of attention, which was forwarded to the D.D.M.S. and through him to the C.O. When he read it he yelled "You young pup, look at the damned mess you have got me into now, I will lose my decoration, what the ----- do you mean"? I explained that I had done what in my opinion was the right thing, and told him I was not going to be called a young pup by him or anyone else in the army, and that he could either apologise, or I would demand an inquiry. He cooled down and then apologised. I had to write a report about Watt, and my explanation was finally accepted, as they could not go against my contention that with ~~xxx~~ wounded rank did not count.

A few days later Birrell and I had another row with the C.O. We were the only two who would argue with him. This time

it was at mess. He had helped himself to sauce and had used the lot, so Birrell asked one of the servants for another bottle. The C.O. said we were not to have another bottle, so Birrell asked who paid for the sauce (of course we did). The C.O. then said it didn't matter who paid for it, we would have what he chose to allow us to eat, and no more. So I said I was fed up with the whole Ambulance, and Birrell said we had a dog's life since we joined it. Then there was an almighty flare-up, and next morning we both applied for resignations in writing so that it had to be forwarded to the A.D.M.S. That day Miller applied for a transfer, and Tom Foody the quartermaster asked to be allowed to resign his Commission. Three days later the C.O. was ordered to return to England. He became quite decent before going and stated that though Birrell and I were cantankerous Australians, we had never let him down. There was much to admire in the man. He was undoubtedly brave, and won his D.S.O. by bringing in a gun single-handed at Solenzo. He would have received a V.C. for this but he went into a gunner's mess and told them they were a lot of cowards. A confidential report was sent in about this which changed the V.C. into a D.S.O.

Major Caddell took over command, and from that day things improved in the Field Ambulance, in fact we have a ~~gix~~ great time now. Whilst at Estaires we were bombed several times by aeroplanes, and occasionally shelled, but very little damage was done.

All February the snow fell almost continuously and froze as it fell, so that everywhere were great banks of snow. All the horses had spikes screwed into their shoes to help them obtain a footing. If one had to go about, one would come back frozen, no feeling in toes or fingers, and often almost crying with pain. Whilst we were in Estaires we were ordered to supply 40 men and one officer to unload coal barges. As we had two advanced dressing stations, this meant that some of the men who had been on night duty, had to spend their time for sleep in unloading these barges. This unloading was hard work as each barge contains 300 tons of coal, and it all had to be unloaded with baskets. The snow fell all the time and it was

bitterly cold. One day an aeroplane came over, and laid eggs. One of these dropped between two of our coal barges into the Canal. It covered us with water, but did no further damage. We had a great pleasure in seeing this particular aeroplane brought down about an hour later by one of our own. Just before it hit the ground, it dropped all its bombs, as the crew were ~~xxx~~ apparently not anxious to land with several percussion bombs attached to the machine. Unfortunately neither of these men were killed, and only one wounded. On 1st March, McCombie, Birrell, and myself went down to ~~the~~ relieve the section at Green Barn, an advanced dressing station just behind Neuve Chapelle, and a hell-hole of a place. We marched down at night with out section of 60 men. One cannot move any number of troops in the daytime as they would be seen and promptly shelled. Green Barn was an old farm house, sand-bagged and earthed around, and in one big barn we had placed a steel dug-out, covered with 14 layers of sand-bags, and 3 feet of earth with a heavy layer of brick on top and outside all the walls of the barn. These are magnificent dug-outs, and will stop all light stuff. We had three aid posts to collect from, Ebenezer farm, Hogg's hole, and Sterling castle. Four of our bearers ~~were~~ live in these aid posts, (4 in each). These men are relieved every 24 hours. The medical officers of the A.D.S. must go round the aid posts once every 24 hours, and also whenever called for. When a man is wounded he is brought down by the bearers in the aid post by means of a wheeled stretcher or a trolley to the A.D.S. where we attend to him, and send him down by an ambulance waggon to H.Q. Field Ambulance. Of course in each aid post is a medical officer belonging to a regiment. They have three days in and four out, whereas we may be in for a weeks.

I had heard a great deal about the covered way.

(Diagram 11.)

and though it would cover one completely and the only danger would be from shells. Judge my dismay when I discovered the covered way was only a ditch with trench boards in the bottom of it. The ditch only covered one to the middle, but always

one could lie down in it. On arriving at Port Logy I found we had to cross the road in the open. A big notice board was put up here ^{crossing} "Don't loiter ~~anywhere~~ this road- a sniper has this place marked". I got across quickly, and walked down to Ebenezer farm. Just before reaching this place there was another notice "Don't loiter here, a machine gun plays intermittently on this point". I ran. After Ebenezer we came back to the entrance of Baluchi trench. A large number of Germans are buried here, killed in the Neuve Chapelle fight. We went up Baluchi, past Battalion H.Q. to Mogg's Hole, and then as there is no communication between here and Hun street, we had to come back Baluchi to Euston road. Then over Port Logy to the covered way, along this to Sand Bag Alley. Here one must again cross the open over the road, and another notice is displayed "Be quick crossing this road as it is frequently sniped". It is. A few days later when I was running across this a sniper put a bullet through my burberry and trousers. I was running very hard at the time, in fact thought I was doing my best, but it is wonderful what a little encouragement ^{ment} from a sniper will do. This day four men were sniped here. After crossing Sand Bag Alley one gets into Oxford street trench and from this into Hun street, and so to Sterling castle. Then one goes back down Hun street, Oxford street, over Sand Bay Ally up to the covered way, and so home. This round takes nearly three hours.

On the 3rd McCombie became ill and was sent to H.Q., leaving Birrell and I to run the place. Birrell and I had never been allowed to go anywhere together before by Probyn, but Caddell saw that we were friends, and so now we are always sent together.

All went smoothly for some days- just occasional shelling, and a little sniping, but nothing very much.

The batteries (diagram 11) are an infernal nuisance, as we often get shells that are meant for them.

On the 9th the trouble began and the Hun shelled hard especially at Neuve Chapelle, and along all the road and com-

munication trenches. This was the anniversary of the Neuve Chapelle. I had to go up to Mogg's Hole as there were more casualties than the medical officer could deal with. I took Sergeant Brown with me; he is an awfully fine chap, with a good head in civil life, a Missionary in China. We got up, after lying down once or twice and finally got the wounded and ourselves home safely. Later in the day, an h_e shell hit the A.D.S. but fortunately only one man was wounded. We had many schrapnel over us, but no one was hit as the dug-outs are schrapnel proof. The machine gun used to play up and down the road, especially at night, and as the effective range of a machine gun is 2,700 yards, and we were only 1,500 yards away, things used to be very unpleasant.

Two days later we decided to blow up a small salient of the Germans called the Duck's Bill and clear up this part of our line. Another medical officer, and 14 bearers were sent for. It was my turn, so up I went along Baluchi, and then along Shaftesbury-avenue, to the fire trench. The mine was to go off at 4 o'clock and 3 companies were to pop the parapet, and hold the German line until two companies had cleaned out and straightened our line. Our wire had been pulled up earlier in the evening. The men were keen and all waiting on the fire step ready to jump over, using the most awful blasphemy possible. Our officer was standing in the trench with a luminous watch in his hand, saying "five minutes to go, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute" and then the R.E. officer let off the mine. There was an appalling explosion, and immediately afterwards our men went over. They accounted for about 200 Huns, killing them with the bayonet, bombs, pick-handles, and trenching tools, &c. Whilst this was going on the Hun was badly shaken and hardly fired. The other two companies straightened our line. At the end of an hour the three original companies came back with 2 prisoners, and one man killed and seven wounded. We had expected a number of casualties and were very relieved. We got home and went to bed. The next day the Huns started and shelled and shelled. He kept this up

for fourteen days off and on, varying in intensity. The A.D.S. had many schapnels over it, and all round the h.e. fell, but we only got the splash, and our dug-outs saved us.

Birrell had to go up in answer to a call a few days later (and was caught in a barrage of fire) to Ebenezer farm, a place that was always in trouble, and ~~xxxxxx~~ where one only had a brick wall and a layer of sand bags between one and the next world. As this place was constantly shelled with ~~xxxxxxxpaw~~ ~~haaayes~~, especially 8", which are absolute and unadulterated hell. I thought Alec was sure to be killed as I could see at least a dozen shells bursting in the air at once. But he was crawling along a ditch with his orderly. The ditch was full of ancient mud, and smelt, but he said the smell was sweet to him. He got back two or three hours later. Every night we had to mend the roads, rather a risky proceeding as the road would be swept with a machine gun every now and again. We would bring the waggons down full of stores, empty them in heaps, and get the waggons away again as soon as possible. Birrell and I when we return to Australia are not going to practice medicine ~~h~~ but are going into partnership, and will become road contractors. We know something about mending roads, but nothing about medicine as we have forgotten what little we did know.

We were both sent in to H.Q. division to see the A.D.M.S. about renewing our contract. We were promised all sorts of things by the A.D.M.S., our 14 days leave which is due to us by the contract, and ~~xxx~~ ^a hospital job when we liked, &c. So we signed on again, and returned to Green Barn A.D.S. Two days later the Huns blew up a mine at Neuve Chapelle which made me go up to Mogg's Hole with extra bearers. We were busy all the day.

Up till about the 15th the snow fell heavily, and then we had better weather. All this time, in fact till I left Green Barn on the 25th, I was never able to get out of more of my clothes than my boots and tunic, and we never had a whole night in bed.

One night Birrell and I both felt that something was going

to happen so we stayed up for some time. But all was quite still with just the tut, tut- tut, of machine guns, and the phut, phut of the rifles, so we went to bed at 4 o'clock a.m. There were two terrible detonations, and we knew two mines had gone up. We both jumped up, and I collected 14 bearers with stretches, shell dressings, surgical haversacks, and all, and waited. At 5 o'clock an orderly dashed in, wounded on the way, with a message for bearers and medical officers. The Hun were shelling all the roads with schrapnel and h.e., so I decided to cut across the open to Ebenezer, 600 yards. They did not spot us until we were half way across. By the way, we were running hard and then they started their schrapnel at first short and then too long, and then to the right and then to the left, but they never got us. The whole of us were out in a long string, running like the devil. Then they started on Ebenezer. I never spent a more uncomfortable two hours, bending over stretches, wondering when it was going to get me in the back. There were 60 cases in all on stretches. We sent them away in trolleys, and wheeled stretchers and the trollies ran out. Then Walsh, a bearer, disappeared. He returned later wheeling two trolleys. He had ran across the open to Mogg's Hole and obtained two there, and how he was not killed I do not know. It was a miracle as the trolleys were hit twice by schrapnel. The cases would come in and the men would report "~~Dead~~ ^{Dead} on the way, Sir". I would pull down the blankets and see. I pulled one blanket on a stretcher and found a dead German officer. I nearly jumped on him. Finally we got them all away, and I returned home, running like blazes; very thankful to be unhurt. The C.O. of the Infantry Batt. (8th North Staffords) at Ebenezer sent a very nice letter to Caddell about us and the prompt help Lieut. W.S. Newton and bearers had given him under the most trying circumstances. This was the first thanks we ever received for our work, so Caddell was pleased.

On the 22nd Birrell returned to H.Q. to take over the duties of Quartermaster, as Moody was on leave. McCombie came back. The next morning Sergt. Brown and I set off on our round and

did Ebenezer and were on our way to Hogg's Hole when the fun started. First on Ruston road, then on to Baluchi where we laid down pressed against the side of the trench. An 8" hit 15 yards up, and obliterated the trench, another about 20 yards down, whilst the schrapnel went up and down the trenches. Finally a gas shell (K.C.N.) burst on the other side of the parapet. Sergt. Brown got one whiff, jumped up and said b----- He had never been known to swear before, and raced towards Batt. H.Q., I following. Where the 8" had burst we had to get out and a machine gun started pumping, but did not get us. We arrived at Hogg's Hole and had a drink. The shelling slackened now and we started back. We had just passed Batt. H.Q. when it was shelled and the H.Q. staff came down Baluchi. We raced down Baluchi along the ditch in Ruston road, over Port Logy, up to Sterling castle. On our way back things got very bad so we laid down in the bottom of the covered way near a party of infantry. The infantry officer's head was blown off and a number of his men killed and wounded. We transferred ourselves to another ditch taking the wounded with us. Here I found a number of our bearers ~~with~~ the relief going up. The ditch was full of water but we did not mind and simply laid there. It was here that my diary was ruined. Finally we got home and went into the dug-out and refused to move for 10 minutes, as I wanted to feel what a roof over my head was like. Shortly after getting in, both Sergt. Brown and I commenced to vomit so on the 25th we were both returned to H.Q. We got out of Green Barn fairly well- Tills and Mauder killed; Bates, Nottage, Tayler, Gordon, and Winwood wounded. I hope I never see the place again, though I fear I occasionally dream of that 22nd morning.

Back at H.Q. Ambulance, in bed for three days, and then about again. One day I was going ~~xxx~~ ^{from} my billet to the hospital when I suddenly met ~~xxx~~ Wilf Feathers, a staff major, 6th infantry brigade, he was trying to find billets, &c. I managed to help him and two days later rode to Sailly with Alec and had dinner with him. I met Fogarty (Joe) and one or two other men I knew.

I found out from Pethers that the Field Ambulance could march through Ostairen the next day and that Gardner was attached to this. So next day Alec and I walked out to meet them, armed with all our spare Lucy Hinton tobacco. We rather looked a little surprised, suddenly coming upon him. They were marching to Bally, so Alec and I accompanied Ted and De Haven, the dentist attached to this crowd. I had a long talk with Ted. He looked very fit indeed and had become fat. The next day we rode out and saw him again, catching him just as he was marching off to go into action at Arringham, just south of Armentieres. Everybody seemed delighted to get hold of Lucy Hinton again.

Whilst at H.Q., Birrell and I went to see the A.D.C. re our fourteen days leave. Major Irvine, who was D.A.D.C. at H.Q. left to take over command of the Field Ambulance. The D.A.D.C. refuted everything that Major Irvine had told us, and had not it in writing, and had signed on again, we were pretty uncockered. This annoyed Caddell very much.

On the 8th April Alec and I took our position down to our other A.D.C. at St Vaast. This is a very comparatively restful place as a rule; very little sniping; and the A.D.C. is only occasionally shrapnelled; rarely shelled with heavies. Also this A.D.C. only collects from two A.B.C.s, so things were not so bad.

St. Vaast is, in some ways, a rather depressing place, as it is next to a big cemetery, containing several B.A.M.E. people. We christened it the Padres' Home, as owing to the proximity of the cemetery, Padres were always dropping into meals.

The round at St Vaast was quite so easy one. We walked up the road from St Vaast, past Windy Corner to Factory Post A.P. Except at Windy Corner there was very little sniping as a rule. Of course one might get shelled anywhere on the road. After Factory Post our course lay down to Batt. H.Q. through the communication trench to Copse stand, then along to Plum-street where the other A.P. was situated. Then back along the trench to Windy Corner, and home. Whilst we were at St Vaast, and