

and nine feet long, the ends perpendicular to the base, with the extremities bent to form a hook so that the U-piece can be supported on the horizontal bar and can swing freely on it.

(4) Two rectangular metal grids, nine feet by four feet.

(5) Four triangular metal grids.

The two rectangular grids are attached to the base of the U-shaped piece by iron rings, and the triangular grids are attached, apex downwards, two to each of the upright arms of the U.

By means of wire fasteners the ends of the large grids are attached to the triangular grids, so forming a V-shaped trough, and when it is desired to transport the apparatus, these fasteners are removed and the grids fold flat.

A chain is attached to the centre of the horizontal limb of the U-shaped bar, and by it the trough can be swung like a punkah, the swinging causing greatly increased draught and rapid incineration.

Echoes of the Past.

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN ARMY SURGEON.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. A. MORRIS,
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(Continued from p. 390.)

We landed in January on a cold wintry morning and proceeded to London. The next day I reported myself at the War Office and was received by the Director-General, Sir Thomas Crawford, K.C.B. He was particularly gracious and kind, and told me that I would be posted to Aldershot for a course of drill and ambulance instruction, and added that he had selected me to relieve Lees Hall as Adjutant of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps in six months time.

Two months later I found myself in the North Camp at Aldershot. Surgeon-Major Rae was in charge, and doing duty were Saunders, Cardozo and Pool. A month later I was on the square drilling in the South Camp.

Surgeon-Major W. Johnston commanded the Depôt. He was a distinguished officer, who with Surgeon-Major Don did much of the spade work for Sir Thomas Crawford and their work prepared the way for the Regulations of to-day.

Surgeon-Major W. Briggs Allin was the senior instructor and about the keenest soldier I ever met. His assistant was Surgeon J. Falvey, who had distinguished himself at the siege of Lydenburg in 1881. He was a genial Irishman but very quiet, and I recollect editing his thesis for promotion. Our Mess was established in a hut before the present building was taken

into use. James Andrew Clark (now Sir James Andrew Clark, Bart.) was one of us. A fire-eating Irishman, named Barrington, was another. Our senior dining member was Brigade-Surgeon Beaufort Scott. He was a very handsome man who always turned out spic and span, possessed a gentle and cultured voice and was much liked. He had been employed in 1878 to recover the body of H.I.H. The Prince Imperial, and the result was a warm friendship between the Empress and Scott.

Those were strenuous days at Aldershot and when the work was over we were tired. At last my orders directing me to report in London arrived.

In India I had taken an interest in Ambulance Transport and now it began to take some shape. I joined the Royal United Service Institution, and embarked on a course of battle reading in relation to the casualties. The library helped me; indeed I was a member till last year, nearly forty years. I have often regretted my brother officers were not more interested in it. Young officers are always treated well and considerately there, and it was a real inspiration to hear the most distinguished admirals, generals and others speaking on various subjects. I also was a reader at the British Museum, and attended as often as I could lectures at the Royal Institution and the School of Mines. I am sure I gained much by this practice.

During my first six months with the V.M.S.C. I followed on the lines laid down by my predecessor, Lees Hall, who was very popular and had everything in good order. He is remembered by the magnificent staff he gave the Bugle Major.

Although I never served with Sir James Cantlie, it would seem disloyal not to mention how much the V.M.S.C. owed to that distinguished gentleman. He organized the Corps and was the first Commandant. When I joined, Mr. Norton of St. Mary's Hospital was the Commandant; Surgeon-Major Platt was second in command; Dr. J. E. Squire was the senior captain, a keen volunteer and full of ideas.

Surgeon-General Slaughter, the elder of two brothers, was the P.M.O. He was a bachelor and had a place in Hampshire. He was succeeded by Surgeon-General Lewer who inspected the V.M.S.C. at Chelsea Barracks that year.

William Wellington Lake was a Captain in the V.M.S.C. He was a splendid fellow, and we all loved him. He was tall, with a kind smiling face and always full of fun. He told me that his mother wished him to be christened "Waterloo," because he was born on that day, but his father desired "Wellington." Lake was a very practical soldier, and had seen service in the Russo-Turkish and Serbian Wars, also in Egypt and elsewhere. He wore a string of medals and orders.

Mr. D'Arcy Power (now Sir D'Arcy Power) was another favourite. He was the son of Sir Henry Power, the surgeon and examiner whom all students liked. He was a gentle, kind man who gave us confidence at those

trying times. D'Arcy Power was a "chip of the old block," with the most engaging ways, and performed his duties faultlessly. He is now in the first rank of the profession. Sims Woodhead was one of us, and perhaps Sherrington of St. Thomas's has not forgotten the part he played in the Corps. I know he backed the volunteers well.

We assembled at Folkestone for Easter manœuvres and settled into camp near the Leas. On my way down I met Captain Drummond of the Scots Guards, who, I think, was acting Brigade Major, and he asked me to dinner. Here I met "Wattie" Beevor of my Service and then attached to the Scots Guards as their M.O. He was an indefatigable worker, a good friend, and one of the best gentleman riders of the day. I shall have to refer to him again. Easter Monday was the day for the battle. Crowds came out to see us die as we carried our side to victory. The decisions of the umpires were generally worded so cleverly that a victory in some part of the field occurred to both sides.

Our corps had to be split up for the battle and I had to arrange this in consultation with various staff officers, so had to cover a lot of ground. I came across Lake with his company waiting for casualties. He was having an animated conversation with some farmers as he sat on a gate and they smoked his cigars. He was not fussing, but I knew would meet any casualty coming his way. In the meantime it began to rain in torrents and the day was spoiled. Still the battle raged furiously till lunch time. I made for our headquarters and found the first Tortoise Tent I had ever seen pitched, but not trenched, so I called the men to get their spades out and trench or we should be swamped, but they responded very feebly. I shouted, "Isn't there a man to tackle this job?" and I was going to start myself, after the mare was arranged for. A handsome, soldierly-looking person in civil clothes seized a spade and soon got the trenching done. I thanked him and asked him into the Mess tent. This was Brooke Greville, one of my best friends from that day, though I have seen nothing of him for a long time. He was in the Foreign Office when I heard of him last, and I expect found it congenial as he was a very fine linguist. It transpired that Greville was representing the makers of the Tortoise Tent. This was a remarkable invention of Captain A. Saville Tomkins, who had fought through the Garibaldian Campaign. He was a City merchant, an ardent volunteer, with a very inventive mind. His tent eclipsed all others and was reported as the best at that date.

In the summer of 1890 I was invited to become a member of the Committee of the Royal Military Exhibition at Chelsea, and was entrusted with the arrangements of the Ambulance Section. It was here I first met Sir John Furley, one of the most distinguished pioneers of the Red Cross movement of the century. He had a great war record extending back to the Franco-German War of 1870.

A length of building of 120 yards was allotted to me and I set to work. I first enlisted the help of Mr. John Tussaud to give me the figures for a

Dressing Station. I went to the Doll's Hospital and entered into arrangements for figures and busts, which I dressed up in various uniforms and pitched them about on the prospective field of battle till they were killed or dying. Mr. Roland Ward supplied the lines of communication with animals, in the forefront of which was an elephant. Mr. Ward said to me, "I am afraid the elephant will not do as he is charging with his trunk in the air." This beast had been shown in the recent Colonial Exhibition with a tiger on its head, and fighting. However, after thinking, Mr. Ward said, "I can alter the eye, and you can put some grass by his trunk and I hope it will be successful." He also lent me three camels and many yards of suitable scenery. It only remained to fetch the elephant from his stores at the docks. Greville undertook to bring this animal up, and I only wish I could tell the story as he did. It was like this. Having procured a lorry from some contractor, the elephant was slung on to it, and in the late afternoon the procession began. It was more or less a triumphal march. The spectators cheered or jeered, horses shied at the huge beast with his threatening proboscis, and when they reached Whitechapel some doubtful witticisms were levelled at the "show." Speed was increased in the respectable City and under the shade of St. Paul's. Eventually it arrived at the Criterion for a rest and refreshment. Soon they started again with wild yells and shouts from a host of amused people, and finally brought up at Chelsea in the small hours and a wall had to be taken down to admit the beast. It must have been exciting and funny. The next day the elephant took its place and behaved very well through the season.

My show started with an entrenched position at the front with dead and injured lying indiscriminately about and bearers applying first aid with the aid of a "hairy" or a F.M. companion. Then followed transport to the Collecting Station, supplemented by hand seats to the Dressing Station. This was an artistic piece of work, with a beautiful nurse, who well represented the Nursing Service. After this came the Lines of Communication, showing every form of transport to the rail-head, and there Zavodovsky, like the old man from the sea, appeared. It was a very complete picture.

Her Majesty the Queen intimated her intention of visiting the Exhibition and arrived in a bath chair escorted by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. We were in review order of dress, and when the Queen reached my place I was ordered to tell my story. I gave a brief ambulance lecture to which Her Majesty listened. When I had finished I saluted once more, and was told that the Duke said, "There, mother, you know all about it." It was a great day for me as I had lived many years with my grandfather, who was Clerk of the Works, and for forty years had quarters in St. James's Palace. He had filled me with great ideas of Royalty and loyalty. I hope they are no less now and, I may add, I am certain they are not.

The Military Exhibition was a great success in all its aspects. It did not make a lot of money, but it stimulated the finest patriotism. The

collection of pictures was exceedingly good and everything was carried out thoroughly and unostentatiously. The Ambulance Section came in for very kind criticism. I gained all kinds of ideas and did not reckon how near I was to getting my foot on the first rung of success. This year



Sir William Mackinnon, K.C.B., D.G.

I read a paper at the Royal United Institution on the "*Transport of Wounded in War.*" I took meticulous care in its preparation. General Goodenough was in the chair and a discussion followed which proved so instructive that another afternoon was given to it. Sir John Furley, Sir Vincent Barrington, Maclure, Platt and many others took part.

Surgeon-General Sir William Mackinnon, K.C.B., was now in the chair, at 18, Victoria Street, the headquarters of the Medical Services. He was always kind to me, and while I was Adjutant of the V.M.S.C., took a great interest in it.

My lecture at the Institution came to the notice of Sir Thomas Longmore. He invited me to bring out a new edition of his "Treatise on Ambulance," if the D.G. approved. Sir William most cordially approved and I commenced getting my notes in order, and also had the fortune to be advised and assisted by Sir John Furley. He wrote the chapter on the Red Cross, Surgeon-Major W. Johnston the article on the A.M.S., and I did the rest. The book has disappeared into the limbo of the past.

It was this year that Koch startled the world with his cure for tuberculosis, under the *ægis* of the German Emperor. At this time I received an invitation to visit Paris, Vienna and Berlin, and was given the leave on condition that I reported on the cases I saw, and I was also given facilities to examine all the latest inventions in ambulance transport. I was fortified with introductions, and in November, Tomkins, Roos and I left Charing Cross for the Continent.

Paris was our first stop. I called on the Comte de Beaufort, President of the French Red Cross, armed with an introduction from Sir John Furley. I was ushered into a waiting-room, and asked to excuse delay, as the Comte was unexpectedly detained with the President of the Republic. I could hear them talking and about to separate. Suddenly, out came Marshal MacMahon. He was a big man with a high colour. I came to attention and bowed, but he did not see me. I then saw the Comte de Beaufort, who was most pleasant. We discussed the Algerian mule, and I hardly know in what connection, probably mule carriage for the sick. He gave me some addresses to see material, etc. The next three days I spent in examining the newest inventions of the French army, which included the first field dressing, Maggi's consomme, and an enormous searchlight on a wagon to light up battlefields when searching for wounded.

We left Paris, and after a cold tedious journey arrived at Berlin, and settled down in the Frederick Strasse Hotel.

The next day I called on the D.G., General Stabs-Arzt von Coler. I was not in the least impressed by his mysterious air, and compared with my D.G. he was nowhere. I also left a card on Werner, his Staff Officer. Now this officer had been in England and had been entertained all the time by us, so I really expected to meet a versatile, sympathetic man who would help, but I was disappointed. He asked the medical officer of the Potsdam Guards to show me his place, so I called on him and met a friendly, decent German. He took me to the regiment and I saw a little, but nothing worthy of record.

I went to Bergman's clinic. On my way I saw the Kaiser driving along the Unter den Linden. He looked as alert and restless as ever and was driving very fast. I must give him his due, and remark that he knew

the way to play the Emperor from the picturesque point of view. I spent some time at the clinic, but saw nothing out of the way, so passed on and called on Professor Golterman, and found him weak and recovering from "flu."

The afternoon I spent at Dr. Ewald's clinic, and saw cases which had been treated by tuberculin.

Having heard nothing from von Coler, I determined to move on to Vienna as soon as Tommy and Roos could leave, and at breakfast I told the hotel that I would leave that evening. At 3 p.m. an orderly rode up and handed me a letter telling me in so many words that Berlin medical affairs were at my feet, and that I could commence the next day but should call at the office first. I believe they started all this when they heard I was leaving. I replied to the letter and thanked the D.G., and told him I had seen a good deal, and regretted that I could not change my plans. There my German experience ended.

I must introduce my friend, Gustaf Roos, a handsome man and a courtier, whose father, a Swede, had married an English lady. Roos also married an English lady, and they were the parents of the late distinguished warden of the Indian marches in the Khyber, Sir George Roos Keppel. Gustaf Roos had enjoyed a long experience as agent for Nordenfeldt and other big firms on the Continent, and was familiar with almost every Court in Europe, of which he wrote a most interesting story. In addition, he was a charming, agreeable, and interesting companion. He is 90 years old to-day, and I hope to see him again.

Our feelings were mixed when we left Berlin by the evening mail for Vienna. It was too early to dine before starting, so we decided to do so at Dresden, where we were again disappointed as the train was two hours late. We did not get anything to eat till we reached Pilsen on the Bohemian frontier. It was a cold, clear frosty night, and here Roos foraged and procured some sausage and bread which we washed down with Pilsener beer. The next morning found us at Vienna and at the Granville Hotel.

The chief letter of introduction I had was from Sir John Furley to the Baron Mundy. The Baron was a Hungarian of aristocratic lineage, who in his younger days was in the army, and was a staff officer at the battle of Königgrätz. He told me some of the details of that campaign which ended so disastrously for Austria. Retiring as a comparatively young man, he devoted his life and wealth to ambulance work. He was evidently under the magical influence of "Le Souvenir de Solferino," written by Henri Dunant many years before, whose work under Furley and many others was taking a definite form. Later, he took up with the same enthusiasm, "First Aid to the Sick and Injured in Civil Life," and organized at Vienna the "Wiener Frieiwilliger Rettungs Gesellschaft." He built a depot, equipped it and personally supervised it, and lived on the premises. I can see him now burning with zeal in his work, which was of a very complete and thorough nature.

I had the pleasure of being asked to Professor Billroth's clinic and I saw him operate. He showed some interesting cases and made some very shrewd observations. He also invited us to his schloss outside Vienna where we spent a pleasant afternoon with him, during which he played the violin. I spent all the time I could spare looking at the beautiful city. I saw the Hofburg, but could not get inside; the church of St. Stephan, the Votive Church and a church parade; the Imperial Stables, and went out to Schönbrunn where two years earlier the tragedy of the Crown Prince Rudolph had been enacted. I visited some gardens in the late afternoon and saw some excellent skating, and skated myself. It was odd seeing officers in uniform on the ice, but it made a very pretty picture and they all skated well.

We met a number of pleasant people, and before we left Tommy gave a dinner party to our special friends. We returned to England just before Christmas, and early in the year I lectured at the Cambridge Hospital on all I had seen. I was the guest of Colonel Johnston, and it was the last time I saw that distinguished officer.

In the summer of 1891 I was placed on the Committee of the International Congress of Hygiene which was holding its triennial meeting in London. This gave me an opportunity of meeting many old friends from Vienna and other places, and I passed an exceedingly pleasant week. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales received the Congress at Marlborough House and in the evening there was a special entertainment at the Pavilion, which finished up later with a supper at the Café Royal. Greville and I took an M.P. home to his house, exhausted by the strain of the evening.

Every day clever papers were read on our subjects, and great interest was taken in all the work.

We had a splendid reception at Holly Lodge by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, but I regret that I can only recollect the peaches and a great figure in ambulance and military surgery, Sir William MacCormac.

On another evening we were entertained to a soirée at the South Kensington Museum. The week ended with a gala dinner at the Crystal Palace and fireworks afterwards.

The year was full of incident for me, and no sooner was one event over than another took its place. A week later the German Emperor visited England and was received by Her Majesty and also given the freedom of the City of London. On this occasion there was a parade of troops to line the streets, and the V.M.S.C. had to form first aid-posts at different points.

My duty was to ride from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall, and it was very interesting to watch the crowds and see various little incidents among them. The Emperor had passed and was in the Guildhall at lunch, when I found myself talking to a Lancer officer. We also wanted lunch and determined to try a bluff. We rode straight up to the place and dismounting handed our horses to an orderly and walked straight in. We asked some functionary if His Majesty had gone in, and passed on till we

found an overflow place and got some lunch ; we failed over drinks, but later soon made that good.

This was followed by a week at Aldershot, and parades there for the Emperor, as well as our annual training.

These annual trainings were very delightful, for we got in a lot of useful work. The V.M.S.C. was now reinforced by detachments from Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Manchester, Norwich and Maidstone.

We left Aldershot at the end of the training and I went on leave to Wales to stay with my oldest friend, Dr. Philip E. Hill, now Colonel (retired without pay) of the Welsh Division of the Territorial Army. Colonel Hill was one of the most painstaking efficient officers I have ever met.

I fractured my thigh. The first help I got was from Roberts, a bone-setter of repute. Then the St. John Ambulance Detachment carried me to Dr. Hill's, where I remained for many weeks. I was nursed and looked after by Colonel and Mrs. Hill, and I shall never forget their kindness to me.

Owing to my accident my programme with the re-editing of Sir Thomas Longmore's work had to be much delayed. I worked hard at it by the side of the Swanbourne Lake with my wife. She used to paint and I write in the calm and peace of that beautiful place. But my life in this Elysium was not to last. I was warned and soon after ordered to join at Netley.

On July 17, 1893, my eldest son Philip was born at Netley, and a month later we went on leave preparatory to returning to India for another tour of service. The recollection of my earlier tour was still fresh, though five years had elapsed since we left that pleasant land. It was the "East a'calling," as it always does those who have once been fascinated by its mystery and charm. I was fortunate in being permitted to exchange places on the roster with a brother officer, the result of which gave me some spare cash to clear up in England and start in India.

We were allotted passages in H.M.S. "Serapis," and I was in medical charge. The old Indian Troopers had been gradually disappearing, and H.M.S. "Serapis," the queen of all of them, was actually on her last trooping trip. It was the final setting of a very fine class of ship, and many regrets were expressed at their disappearance.

We left Portsmouth in September and reached Bombay a month later. The voyage was hot but uneventful, and on our arrival I was ordered to report at Deolali for duty. I had hoped to go up country, and was rather disappointed, but took no action and obeyed my orders.

(To be continued.)
