malaria, have been explained as being caused by a mechanical blockage by the parasites of the capillaries supplying important organs, but it is conceivable that, in many others, a secondary infecting organism, such as the *N. catarrhalis*, may be present as a cause of the abnormal features. Such is believed to have occurred in this case, but as the matter is still rather hypothetical, the terms "septicæmia" and "bacteræmia" have been carefully avoided in these notes.

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**Travel.**

**A Trip to Morocco.**

By Colonel M. J. Williamson, M.C.

Spain at war has made a great difference to life in Gibraltar. It is not good for man to live in a small crowded island for months at a time, doing the same things and living in the same environment day after day. Transport is so easy these days that movement has become essential to our idea of normal existence. Spain used to be the natural outlet for officer and man. The lovely cities of Andalusia were within easy reach and the motor car hummed along good roads with the old-world beauties of Spanish towns as an attractive goal and a complete change from the embattled circumference of the grim old Rock.

We are not completely battened down. The Nationalist Government have granted permission to go as far as Algeciras to the West and Torremolinos (70 miles) on the East. In between we can still play polo and golf at Campomento, and hunt over the hills and cork woods. Many R.A.M.C. officers will be glad to hear that these steep, stony hillsides still make the horses blow, and dodging the cork trees gives the riders a thrill just as it did of yore.

All this preamble is merely to show what a good thing it is that Morocco holds out a beckoning hand from across the Straits when leave is felt to be a necessity for the good of the soul.

We set off for a fortnight in January, doing the thirty miles to Tangier in the little Gibel Dersa, which steams across three times a week.

Tangier is the best starting point for a visit to French Morocco from this part of the world. A glance at the map will show that Casablanca is really more central. It is not, however, so accessible from Gibraltar, and besides, we wanted to look at Tangier.
We were not tremendously impressed with this cosmopolitan town. It has a beautiful climate and bristles with hotels built for the benefit of sun searchers and income tax dodgers, but the bazaars are poor, and it poured with rain, so we only stayed long enough to make arrangements for our trip and left it without regret. To enjoy living in Tangier a house on the hill outside is the method of choice, and there are some charming villas on the high ground near the golf course some four miles out.

We had not brought a car as advice on the matter was so conflicting that we put our trust in the train service. The main reason against the car was that the road cuts across the Spanish Morocco border, where the anti-car brigade said that hold-ups of a couple of hours or so might be expected. I think these people must have attempted to go through during the siesta time, when hailing an official from his couch is unthinkable. If the holiday mind is above worrying about an odd hour and perhaps a personal search, a car in Morocco has many attractions. The roads are good and comparatively empty, so that pace is easy and safe. I shall certainly take a car if I go over again.

The trains did us very well indeed, however, and we set out at 9 p.m. for Marakesh, our furthest south point, in a wagon-lit of exceeding comfort. It is true we were turned out at Casablanca to change into another train at 6.30 a.m., but that only meant stepping across a platform. As we neared Marakesh, the flat, well-cultivated land changed to a barren countryside with outcrops of stone-covered hills. Looking ahead we got glimpses of the snow-clad Atlas mountains, and suddenly found ourselves
running through a great date palm grove, which is a feature of the countryside just north of Marakesh.

If you discuss Marakesh with other travellers, inevitably they will open with "And didn't you think the Mamounia was marvellous?" They are talking about the hotel. There are others, but they can be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulder. It seems all wrong that a place which is supposed to be more Eastern and Arabian-nightish than Baghdad, should have its glories, in the minds of many, overshadowed by the luxurious appointments, the magnificent outlook, the cuisine and the excellent service of a modern hotel. However, you do spend a lot of your time in it, and to wake in the morning, step on to your balcony and see the sun rise over the Atlas Mountains is one of the unforgettable sensations of the town.

The mountains, seemingly so close, are seen across the orange groves of acres of hotel gardens, and make a vivid contrast with their wintry sides gleaming rosy in the dawn, to the parched, sun-dried land which surrounds the city.

Marakesh consists of two main parts, the native city and the new French city. The latter houses the Foreign Legion, native troops, and the attendant families. It has no points of interest to the ordinary tourist.

The native city is a great straggling place, surrounded by a formidable wall. Inside its circumference are gardens, palaces and bazaars (local name Souk), linked up by all sorts of roads, ranging from the broad boulevard running to the main square (La Place Dje Maa-el-F'na) to the tiny, blind-walled alleys of the bazaar quarter.

The town dates back to William the Conqueror's time, but its heyday was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A guide is a necessity, but his activities have to be checked. His main idea is to conduct the visitor to a succession of Moorish houses, some of them fine old places, where all manner of rugs, leather work, and jewellery and antiques are displayed for his delectation. The big idea is that purchases should be made. On everything bought the guide demands and gets a substantial rake-off from the shop owner. So it is essential to have a clear idea of what is to be shown and allow no divergences unless, of course, the desire is the acquisition of Eastern products for the home.

There are some fine specimens of Moorish palaces and tombs to be seen, but what interested us were the Souks and the main square.

The Souks are a maze of narrow streets with matting strips overhead to keep off the sun. The streets are lined with shops much like those of the Peshawar Bazaar; each street has its own trade and all are crowded. Nobody took the slightest notice of us unless we showed interest in the wares displayed in any particular shop when everybody else rushed to
display something better than the thing we were looking at. It was the people that were worth coming to see. The Arab in his burnous and leather slippers was the commonest male type, but all sorts of costume, picturesque or merely dilapidated, clothed many varied types from the light-skinned Jews to the coal-black African negro. The ladies were for the most part extremely closely veiled with a tight white face-covering leaving the narrowest slit for the eyes. Even the fat and aged hid their charms. The edicts of Mustapha Kemel have cut no ice with this part of the Moslem world.

Eventually we struggled out into the bright sunshine of the great square. It was afternoon and the morning markets had all closed down to give place to the amusement side. The great open space was crowded with people in little groups. In the centre of each group professional entertainers of some sort were busily doing their stuff. The first we met was a bearded veteran declaiming a tale to an open-mouthed audience who hung on his words. The guide said, “He tell story from Arabian Nights.” Perhaps so. Next we struck a snake charmer, then a group of musicians, then dancers of various sorts and all had their clientele. We were shown an old slave dance as a star turn, but a stamping crowd of oldish negroes with beaded headdresses failed to stir us to any wild enthusiasm even when blood-curdling yells were thrown in to give the show a spice of excitement.

In the hotel that night we met Arnaud Massey who, at the age of 60, spends his winter months as golf professional to a local Pasha, who is such a golf enthusiast that he has conjured up an eighteen-hole course with grass fairways and greens from the arid waste just outside the walls. The secret of this seeming miracle is, of course, unlimited use of irrigation water. Into the ethics of that we did not delve too deeply but greeted with joy the chance of playing with the famous old golfer. His wife was an Edinburgh lass and he knows Scotland well. His golf is still grand to watch and he enlivened the round with tales of Andrew Kirkaldy and Ben Sayers, told with homeric gales of laughter and emphasising bangs with his free arm on my shrinking person.

Rabat was the next place we visited. It is the seat of the Government of French Morocco and is quite a different type of town to Marakesh. It is on the sea at the mouth of a river facing the famous pirate haunt of Salé, standing grimly behind its city walls, across the estuary.

The old town of Rabat is crowded in behind its sea wall along the river front; behind this to the south is the main town with its government departments, grouped round the Residency in a picturesque garden setting, its hotels, cinemas and broad, well planned streets. The Sultan has a palace of imposing extent on the fringe of this part of the town. His guards looked most formidable in red plus eights and red braided jackets. A long-carved sword dangled at their sides and formed, as far as could be seen, the main armament.
A large proportion of this main town is comparatively newly built and has sprung into existence since the French arrived in 1912. A separate and entirely French town, sited clear of the old town, is one of the ideas of town planning which the French have held to in most Moroccan cities.

In Rabat they have laid out a magnificent new residential quarter on rising ground south of the main town. The Avenue de la Victoire is the central road of this new town and its proportions are worthy of the name. There is a pleasing air of space everywhere. Charming villas of individual design set in their own gardens border the road, a beautifully laid out Jardin des Plantes adds grace to the main Avenue and altogether the place is so attractive that my wife toyed with ideas of hanging up the hat there in the aftermath of Service.

I will not bore you with descriptions of the sights of old Rabat, but they are well worth spending a morning over. We did them justice and then set off for Meknes.

In the hotel bar at Tangier I had met a returning traveller who had told me that I must on no account miss seeing Volubilis, to which it would be easy to drive from Meknes. He gave the recommendation with the reservation that his profession (he was an architect) might have coloured his judgment of the desirable, but that he had never seen such mosaics in any city of the olden days.

We followed his advice and, after a fifteen mile drive, found the excavated remains of the town spread over a rounded hill overlooking a wide valley. Many of the houses had walls three or four feet high and the lay out was plain to see. The better class houses must have been pleasant places to live in. The dining rooms were roomy and were floored with mosaic. Our bar friend was quite right, these mosaics are wonderful with their brightly coloured fish and birds redolent with life. Leading off the dining-room, in some houses, was a little passage way to the household bath with stone pipes in situ for water carriage of hot and cold water. There was a hot water system undoubtedly, as the pipes connected up with an obvious furnace-room next door.

The town was complete with its Forum, a triumphal arch, fountains and temples. The Latin inscriptions (dates circa 100 A.D.) on the stones were so clearly cut that they would have delighted my late classical master.

There are, of course, no complete buildings in the town as, down through the years, the place has been pillaged for stonework, and later we saw many Roman pillars incorporated in the gateways and buildings of old Meknes. Enough, however, remains to stimulate the imagination and to give a very good idea of Roman living conditions of that time.

Within a mile or so of the ruins is Moulay Idriss, a quaint Moslem
town of 7,000 souls perched on twin hills. Moulay Idriss was a Sultan of the twelfth century and a true descendant of the Prophet. He is buried in the saddle between the hills, and his tomb throws such an odour of sanctity over the town that no Christian is allowed to live within the walls. We clambered up the narrow dirty streets to the top of both hills under the aegis of an amusing young guide whose one desire was to see London. We had some close-ups of native life, but appreciated the beauties of the place to the full only when we saw it, bathed in the setting sun against a background of barren hills from across the valley.

Next day we devoted to seeing Meknes. It is a city of character. The man who gave it its individuality was Moulay Ismael, a great Sultan of the seventeenth century. He had great ideas and a desire to make Meknes the Versailles of Morocco. He went about it in a truly Eastern way by collecting 60,000 Christians, mainly the proceeds of the piratical exploits of the Salé Rovers. He imprisoned these unfortunates in an enormous underground prison, whence they were driven out to work every day. If they objected to the daily toil they were walled up inside the prison next day, a grim spur for the activities of the rest.

It is not surprising to hear that when he asked for the hand of Princess Conti of France in 1682, the lady declined the perilous honour.

All that remains now are the ruins of this imperial dream, but the grandiose proportions of the palace, the gateways, the stables and the granaries are witnesses to the magnitude of his conceptions. The massive stables, walled and arched to stand for centuries, were built for 12,000 horses, and everything else of this Imperial city was planned on the same scale.

As we left, our two-horse victoria drove us on to a green field. "Prison," the driver said. We walked across the sward and were joined by a dusky, trousered maiden, carrying an enormous key. She led us to a corner where some narrow stone steps descended to a massive door. She swung it open and disclosed a dimly-lit cavern. We went in to find a huge vaulted cellar lit by circular holes in the roof. The uneven earthen floor contained thousands of cubic feet, but 60,000 humans must have had many a well-grounded complaint to lay before the local D.A.D.H. when he made his monthly visit.

The Villa Indigène and the new French Meknes we left for another day and hurried on to Fez. A seven kilometre drive from the station in the new French Fez gave us a good view of the closely-packed walled city on the gentle slopes of the Oued-Fez valley. The road led along above the walls, winding and twisting until a final turn fetched up at a gate in the city wall. Just inside the gate was the Palais Jamai, the famous Fez Hotel. It was once a vizier's palace, and in its conversion to a caravanserai, the tiled, Moorish beauties of the architecture and the cushioned divan
atmosphere of the public rooms have been left to delight the cosmopolitan visitor.

From the roof of this excellent hotel the flat roofs and minarets of Fez are seen crowding on the slopes below, and up the hill away to the south. Fez is close around, and a few steps down the terraced garden leads to an archway opening straight into the teeming bazaars of the old town.

A guide is absolutely necessary in these narrow tortuous streets. The blind walls are high and there is no landmark to give a hint of direction in the maze of streets and bazaars which look so much alike.

The native life and the bazaars are the interesting things to see in Fez, and there they are in concentrated form and well worth the viewing. Mosques (outside only), medersas (schools) and gardens are the other attractions; but are really all part of the quaint mosaic of the town.

We spent two mornings buffeting our way along the crowded streets, dodging the panniered donkeys and side-stepping the persistent salesmen. It was enough. The third day we walked straight up into the surrounding hills and were rewarded by a marvellous view of a rolling country with a background of high hills. Everywhere the people seemed friendly, and it was hard to believe that General Lyautey was penned up in Fez by the Berbers less than twenty years ago. They got to within 100 metres of his house before Colonel Gourand got in some effective counter offensive work and relieved the situation.

Fez was our last port of call, and reluctantly we boarded the train for Tangier en route for Gibraltar.

For a sojourner in Gibraltar a visit to Morocco should be natural if history has any appeal. Morocco and Spain have been linked up through the ages, and a tour through the ancient strongholds of their power cannot fail to interest. The note of western civilization superimposed by the French, besides being impressive in its scope and town planning, adds much to the comfort of the traveller and makes French Morocco a very pleasant place in which to spend a leave.

Current Literature.


A sodium hypochlorite solution containing sodium chloride was atomized and the rate of progress of the vapour followed by means of a series of Bunsen burners placed at increasing distances from the atomizer. The yellow sodium flame indicated when the vapour reached the burner and also how long it persisted in the neighbourhood. The rates of travel varied in different experiments, but in one experiment quoted, in which the