

WHO GOES THERE? *

"Who Goes There?" by the author of "Aunt Sarah and the War," opens with some pages from the Diary of Miss Pauline Vandeleur at Mrs. Neldon-Weldon's Hospital, 60, Grosvenor Square, in which are related the story of "The nice new Boy in Bed No. 3." The boy had been badly wounded in the fighting round Loos—so badly that two of his own men running by stopped and stooped and turned him about, and then hurried on, one saying to the other "Past praying for." Still later an inquisitive bit of shrapnel came and "took liberties" with him and tore away even some of the flesh of his breast. He said he felt his heart sent over to the wrong side. "A moment later a brother officer bent over him with a brief recognition, put a handkerchief over his head as fly-guard and sun-shade—or cerement.

"The boy had just enough strength to pull this kind, and perhaps even reverent, covering down over his torn breast. That instinctive act saved his life, the surgeon afterwards thought; for the dust and earth thrown up all about him must have bred blood poison." At last he was borne away to the base hospital, deftly bandaged, and then laid out not as dead but nearly so, with half a dozen other unfortunates in a cattle truck. That jolting railway journey seemed to spell out for him all but the very final word in the vocabulary of poor human agony. At Rouen, a doctor boarded the carriage announcing: "I can take two—the two worst of you; the others go on to Boulogne." Each sufferer cast his vote for his comrade: "Take him I'm nearly fit; there's nothing very much wrong with me." The Boy was one of the fortunate two to be detained. When he told this for the first time his voice failed him. Then he said in explanation, "As we two were lifted out of the truck we heard the others sob."

After this it is good to hear that though he may never be perfectly fit he had convalesced sufficiently to say, "Sister, how good it is to be alive."

Miss Vandeleur's comment on the nurses is interesting: "The splendid trained staff here are my hourly admiration. Every woman a born nurse—nonsense; as well call every man a born soldier! One soldier in every man, maybe, as Owen used to say, or one nurse in every woman; but that's perhaps a very small percentage of his and her total pop. Even the most dedicated nurse finds herself sistered inside by other inconveniently intrusive women. 'Who goes there?' she challenges them, and the countersign *isn't* always 'Friend.'"

Here is another item from the diary:—

"In a certain hospital lay a private—both legs broken, one arm off, one finger missing from remaining hand, one eye out, a fractured skull. Margarita, on a cheery round, approaching him,

said: 'Well, my man, I suppose you're longing to be back in the trenches?' He looked up with his remaining eye, and slowly said: 'Use your common sense mum.' He hadn't spoken for three days—he was not expected to speak again."

"THIS ENGLAND."

The second chapter of the book, by the late Captain Owen Tudor, V.C., is concerned with "This England." Writing of "the nation in the man," Captain Tudor says that "generations are at war with generations in the most pacific of us. Teuton and Celt, Saxon and Dane and Norman fight the old fights, slay and are slain, on our newest body's battlefields. . . . A Restoration granddam in us smiles into a looking-glass, from which a Quaker ancestress averts her gaze, &c. We went to the Holy Sepulchre with Cœur de Lion; to Greece with Byron; . . . there's a saint in every sinner, and a sinner—bother him! in every saint."

A conversation is related between Captain Shireburn, a Roman Catholic, one of the components of "This England" and Captain Tudor, and the reason why the former came to fight the battle of an officially Protestant country is interesting, and should be studied.

"I'd fight with an added happiness," said Stephen Shireburn, "for a land firm in the faith of my fathers. Still the Establishment of a Church, though not mine, seems right enough as a national recognition of religion. . . . 'This England' in a sense is not only the greatest Protestant, and the greatest Mahometan, but also the greatest Catholic power—my heart and my sword at her service, sir! . . . We are not ingrates, Owen. Fifth George was the first of his house who didn't begin his reign by dubbing us idolaters—and he, too, the first of his line (happy auspice!) who doesn't speak German . . ."

"So you see why I am out for England. Could I have stayed away, do you think, with that recumbent cross-legged effigy in the Church at home (we have a Crusader in the family) to reproach me? . . . We—I am last of my line, my father's only son, and if it should be my fate to stay behind in the last trench, please see to it someone, that my legs are crossed!"

Another night trenchant—as these nocturnal trench talks were called, "was with Brendan O'Neal, a capital fellow, a new type of Irish officer whom the great war has brought into harness in the common cause."

"Irishmen fighting now for Ireland," said Captain O'Neal, "know that their cause, which is the cause of arbitration courts and of kept treaties is the cause of all righteous men."

In the light of after events Captain Tudor's remark, "I've a friend at home—you and she must like each other well some day, Brendan," is interesting.

The last words of Captain Tudor's notes sent to his cousin are: "Next time I write it shall be—livelier. But you'll know that there's a heart-

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[previous page](#)

[next page](#)