

slaughtered by bomb and fire our helpless wounded, our brave surgeons and nurses in our hospitals in France on that day. As we heard a real man exclaim when he read of this latest atrocity, "Curse these red-blooded murderers"; then he added, "and curse the invertebrate in high places at home who have brought this disaster and disgrace upon us." That is just how millions of British-bred people feel. Surely, it is time the "invertebrate" in high places came out of their sanctums and got into touch with the man and woman in the street—especially with the woman.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe tells us the ghastly story in the *Daily Mail*:—"I have a story to tell to-day of another bombed hospital, some distance behind our front, of more nurses and doctors killed, of more patients blown to pieces, pulled hastily out of burning wards, of a building collapsing and burying the theatre where an operation was being performed, of a long death-roll and many injured, perhaps to die in a few hours, perhaps to be sufferers for life. On the spot this morning I learned that several W.A.A.C.s, devoted women, were also killed by a bomb in the shelter to which they go during a raid. The first things I saw when I reached the hospital were the blackened and still burning walls of a building which I last saw filled with wounded men after one of our recent battles. It was a long building of three stories, and was the wing of the hospital. There were many wounded there. Now it was completely gutted. Only the walls stood gaunt and hideous in the sunlight."

DOCTOR'S ACCOUNT.

"Tell me how it happened" I said to one of the medical officers. He shrugged his shoulders. 'Simple enough,' he replied. 'A bomb at 25 minutes to 1 this morning [Corpus Christi Day]. I was in bed, and the first thing I heard was the noise of bombs falling near. Four dropped near by in a line. The airman was coming towards us from the next town, which is on the way to the front; then he lit a flare. The moon was up, it was a clear, bright night. Every one of our buildings had a big Red Cross on it. This place is well known. It has been a hospital since the early days of the war. Then he dropped another bomb and it hit that wing. You see what happened. The frontage went crashing down and, of course, the people on the ground floor hadn't a dog's chance. "Luckily, there were not so many there as usual. In that part of the building was the operating theatre. Most of the medical officers and nurses working there had gone to supper; some were doing an operation on a wounded officer. They were all killed at once, buried in the ruins, probably blown to pieces by the explosion.'

"In all that I have seen and heard of the pitiful and the terrible in warfare this midnight scene in the operating theatre stands out as a surpassing horror. Nurses and surgeons gathered round the unconscious patient. Bombs are heard exploding near by. They take no notice. Their task must

be quickly done. None of them thinks of taking shelter. Then suddenly a crash, a blinding flame, an avalanche of bricks and timber; the table, the patient, the nurses, and surgeons all in the twinkling of an eye buried beneath it.

"There were officer patients on the first floor, above them sergeants, and higher still corporals. The officer patients had no chance. Some of the sergeants and corporals escaped, because they came down on the top of the avalanche, not underneath it."

Great efforts saved much suffering and life, but, alas! what a tragedy! Mr. Hamilton Fyfe adds:

"The hospital, I must add, stands in an isolated and conspicuous position. There are no military establishments anywhere near it. I must not omit, either, to mention that the list of killed is now considerable, but that not one of the nurses has any thought in her head save to carry on, whatever the dangers may be."

We must now add murder of the helpless sick and wounded and their courageous attendants, as part of the scheme of Hun warfare.

Before we are permitted an official account of the disaster at Etaples on the 19th ult, Mr. Philip Gibbs again reports in the *Telegraph* the return of the murderers. He writes from France last Sunday: "Once again our hospitals have suffered from this work in the night, and they are the same group of hospitals where the great tragedy happened a week or so ago, as I described at the time. On Friday night last, or rather the small hours of Saturday morning, the German raiders reached this place and continued their work of destruction. The huts of one of the hospitals were almost completely destroyed, and once again there was a martyrdom of women and wounded men and hospital attendants. In this hospital nurses were amongst the killed and wounded, and there were casualties among the patients and orderlies, but in other hospitals round about other nursing sisters were severely wounded, and the list of victims is not light, although by good fortune the wards were not filled, as after days of battle, and there were many marvellous escapes. This killing and maiming of non-combatants and wounded men protected by the Red Cross after their ordeal of battle is most tragic and sickening to the soul. One wishes that the enemy would at least have shown some touch of chivalry on one day in the year, that day of Corpus Christi, when we agreed not to bomb Cologne because of religious processions."

We repeat, the concession to the Pope was one of the most ghastly blunders of the war, and one which will cost the Government dear, if it dares to repeat it.

THE PRECIOUS ONLY SON

BELL.—On May 30th (Corpus Christi), 1918 killed in the air raid while lying severely wounded in hospital in France, Captain James Clifford Aveling Bell, R.F.A., the precious only son of Sir James and Lady Bell, 4, Queen's Gardens, Windsor, aged twenty-three years.

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