

with it, and the whole country lie open on a broad front with various routes available.

At this stage one also believes that the end of Turkish resistance in eastern Anatolia will be reached. The shadow of Russia has long been over this part of the country. For more than a hundred years the people of north-eastern Anatolia have been familiar with the inexorable Russian advance. Territory was lost in 1829, and in 1878 Kars and Batoum were taken as well. There are veterans still scattered about the country who tell of what happened in the war of 1878. They were at the taking of Kars, at the battles of Alaja and Zevin, and know that although the Russians were repulsed before Erzeroum, it did not prevent loss of territory. With a Russian army in occupation of Sivas the worst fears of the Moslem population would be realised to the letter, and the moral effect be greater than anything which has happened so far. For whereas Erzeroum

was the great outpost fortress, Sivas represents the country itself which Erzeroum was supposed to guard. The occupation of Sivas would be considered the visible proof that Osmanli rule in these parts had reached its end.

It may be said, in conclusion, that the fall of Erzeroum has happened at the right season for farther westward operations, especially beyond Erzingan. The snow goes in April; spring rains follow; and then comes the early summer, in which the ground bakes hard and will carry wheeled traffic wherever that can travel. As the country opens coming westward towards Sivas, formed roads count for little in the months of summer. When no obstacles intervene the road becomes the shortest line from one point to another on the natural route.

In the two parallel valleys of the ancient Lycus and Halyss, somewhere between Shabin Karahissar and Karabel Dagh, we may see the fate of Anatolia played out this summer.

The Sussex ... by Ski

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TORPEDOED!

NEVER was the sea in the Channel more blue than on the afternoon of March 24th when the *Sussex* left Folkestone harbour for Dieppe. I felt in high spirits. My month's leave had been just long enough to clear away all the feeling of staleness that had crept over me after twelve months' work at the Hospital, and to give me an appetite for more. A year is a long time in War. In a year the members of a corps, a ship's company, or the staff of a hospital, get to know one another very intimately, especially if, as in our case, the unit is somewhat isolated. In a year our Hospital had become a living thing, and our Head Surgeon a Chief who commanded that something that is more than loyalty and respect, yet which an Englishman hesitates to describe as devotion. So I was right glad to be going back to a life I loved, to a Chief I delighted to work with, to comrades proven in long months of alternating stress and monotony, and to a little group of friends. Then there was also the prospect of bearing a share in the terrific work of the expected spring offensive. The sea was blue and calm, the sun shone brightly: the English coast and the shipping in the harbour grew less and less distinct. Overhead a gallant little British dirigible performed aerial evolutions, as though to suggest to us that Britain was

on the watch in the skies as well as on the seas. — We steamed out punctually at 1.30 to the rousing cheers of British troops soon to follow us to France. In less than an hour we had a reminder that the enemy also keeps his watch by sea. We passed thousands of floating bags of jettisoned cargo—wool or forage. One that floated apart, quite close to us, bore the name "Essex" in black letters. A little group of passengers stood by the rail that divided the forecastle deck from the first-class promenade deck and discussed the matter. "A sinister reminder of possibilities," I said to my neighbour, a stout elderly man. A British officer who had braved worse dangers at Mudros laughed, and said they had probably been thrown overboard—this was not submarine weather. The Germans were afraid to show themselves in calm seas: they preferred to work when the crests of the waves were cut off and there was a lather of foam to hide their periscopes. Presently they strolled aft. I was left nearly alone, watching a Belgian officer who had fetched his dog from the forecastle companion and was exercising it on the deck. Then he too disappeared. I turned to the sea again, and watched—for a periscope. It grew cold, and I was beginning to think of going back to my sheltered chair to roll myself

up in my rug, when in a moment the whole earth and heaven seemed to explode in one head-splitting roar. In the thousandth part of a second my mind told me "Torpedo—forward — on my right —" and then the sensation of falling, with my limbs spread-eagled, through blind space.

When I came to myself again I was groping amid a tangle of broken wires, with an agonising pain in my back and the fiercest headache I have ever known. My hair was down and plastered to my chin with blood that seemed to be coming from my mouth. There was more blood on my coat sleeve. I was conscious that I was bleeding freely internally with every movement. My first definite thought was, "If only it is all a ghastly nightmare!" But I remembered. My next thought was a passionately strong desire not to die by drowning—then, I crawled free of the wires that were coiled all about me and stood up. In one unsteady glance I took in a number of things. Near me a horrible piece of something, and a dead woman. (Afterwards I wondered why I was so sure she was dead and never stooped to make sure.) *Below me, on the quarter-deck and second-class promenade deck,* numbers of people moving to and fro, many with lifebelts on. I never heard a sound from them, but it did not strike me as odd then. Now I know I was deafened. So I had been blown up on to the top deck, to the other end of the ship.

I swayed to and fro, and looked for a stairway, but could find none, and began to be aware that I had only a few moments of consciousness left me. Something must be done if I was not to drown. I forced my will to concentrate on it, and came to the side, where I found three men looking down on a lowered boat. I also saw a lifebelt on the ground. I picked it up, and not having the strength to put it on, I tried to ask the men to tie it for me. Then I found I could not speak. So I held it up, and one, an American, understood, and hastily tied it. Then I saw one of them catch hold of a loose davit rope and swarm down it to the boat. There was my one chance, I decided. My arms were all right, but would my legs work? I took hold, and made a mighty effort to cross my knees round the rope: I succeeded. Then I slid down till I was just above the water. I waited till the roll of the ship brought me near enough to the boat to catch, with my right hand, another rope that I saw hanging plumb above it, while I hung on with my left. It came within reach: I caught it, let go with my left, and lowered myself into the boat. Then I wanted to sink down in her bottom and forget everything, but I dared not, for men were pouring into her. I saw a man's knee hooked over the side of the boat where I sat. I could not see his body, but it was in the water, between us and the side of the

Sussex. As in a dream I held on to his knee with my left hand with all the grip I had left, and with my right held on to the seat on which I sat. I could do nothing to help him in, but on the other hand, so long as I remained conscious, his knee-hold should not be allowed to slip. No one took any notice of either of us. Gradually I began to hear again. The men in the boat were shouting that there was no more room, that the boat was full. One last man tumbled in and then the people in the boat pushed away, and men on the *Sussex* helped. Others continually threw gratings and planks overboard.

Our boat was dangerously overcrowded. Already she was half swamped. I wondered when she would upset. A man on either side seized gratings and towed them alongside. One made a herculean effort and pulled the man whose knee I had been holding into our boat, and nearly upset her. No one said a word. He was an elderly man, and his fat face was white and piteous. His hands never ceased trembling. He had had a terrible fright. Some one suggested getting out the oars, and others said it was impossible, as they were underneath us all. However, it was managed, and several men stood up and changed places. Again we nearly upset. I joined with the others in commanding these wild folk to sit still. Three oars were produced. One was given to a young and sickly-looking Frenchman opposite to me.

He did not know how to use it. Every one shouted to get away from the steamer. The water had now reached my knees, and I began to notice how cold it was. I saw three other women in the boat. They sat together, white and silent, in the stern, nor ever moved. They were French women. Some one noticed that the water was increasing, and there was a wild hullabaloo of alarm. A Belgian—the man who had pulled into the boat the man whose knee I held—called for hats with which to bale, setting the example with his own. But we were so tightly packed that no one could get at the water, whereupon the Belgian climbed overboard on to one of the gratings I have already mentioned, and a young Belgian soldier followed his example on the other side. They held on to our gunwale with their fingers.

Sometimes the people in the boat baled furiously, sometimes they stopped and stared stupidly about them. Some shouted to "Ramez! Ramez!" Others equally excited yelled "Mais non! Videz l'eau! Videz l'eau!" I apologised to my immediate neighbours for that I had no hat to lend, and for that I was too hurt to stoop, but I put my hands on the earring oar the young Frenchman was feebly moving across my knees, and did my best to guide his efforts. As often as not he put it flat on the water, and sometimes he merely desisted altogether, and gazed vacantly in front of him. The

Belgian asked for a handkerchief, and groping in the water at the bottom of the boat, found a hole and caulked it as best he could. Thereafter the balers kept the water from increasing, but did little to reduce it.

Looking around I saw our steamer riding quite happily on the water with her bows clean gone. Afterwards I learned that the torpedo had cut off her forepart, to within an inch or two of where I had been standing, and that it had sunk. I saw another full boat being rowed away from the ship, and an overturned one with two people sitting on her keel. I saw a man seated on a grating. All were convinced that help would be forthcoming speedily. And still the *Sussex* floated. Four times I remarked—by way of a *ballon d'essai*—that it seemed as if she were not going to sink, and always there was an outcry to row, and get away from her. The Belgian and the Belgian soldier evidently thought as I did. They proposed that we should return before we were swamped ourselves. Once again a hysterical outburst. One man jumped to his feet and shrieked, and asked us if it were to hell that we intended returning? I began to be afraid that he and those who thought as he did would throw us others into the sea, but common-sense told me that to remain all night in that overcrowded half-swamped boat would be to court death.

We saw at last that the

other boat was returning. This was our chance. Example is a wonderful thing in dealing with mob hysteria. Tentatively the two Belgians and I proposed that we should go as close to the steamer as prudence permitted, and ask the Captain if she were going to sink. If his answer were favourable, those who desired should go on board, and any who liked could go off again in the boat. If his answer were unfavourable, we would stand off again. The maniac still shrieked his protests, but the rest of the boat was with us. But no one seemed to know how to turn the boat. As soon as we told one to backwater, the other two did likewise. It seemed hopeless. Finally, we let the other two oars pull, and I myself tried to induce my *vis-à-vis* to "ramez au sens contraire," which was the nearest approach I could get to "backwater" in French! He was too dazed to understand, so I simply set my teeth and pulled against him, and in about fifteen minutes the boat gradually came round in a wide circle. How I longed to be whole again so that I could take his oar right away andcox that mad boat! With my injured back and inside I could only just compass what I did. The pain kept me from collapsing, and the exertion from freezing. Even now a mutinous mood came over the boat every few moments, and they wavered and prepared to flee the ship again. It was like a political meeting. The boat

followed the wishes of those who shouted loudest. So we who wished to return shouted monotonously, "Retournez au bateau." When the oars ceased dipping, I called out as encouragingly as I could—subconsciously following, I believe, the example of newspaper sergeants I had read of in French accounts of battles,— "Courage, mes amis! Ramez! Ramez! Courage, mes enfants!" No one thought it odd. The dazed ears heard, and the nerveless arms worked again. Finally, the Belgian dragged me aside that some one might have another tussle with the rising water. It looked as though we were to be swamped, after all, within ten yards of the *Sussex*'s gaping bows, for our crew, in their excitement, had forgotten to bale for some minutes. As we floated in under her sides I made a final appeal, which a young Belgian put into more forcible French, for everybody to keep calm and not upset the boat at the last.

The women now spoke for the first time—and it was to appeal to the excited boat's load to let me be taken off first, since I was injured. I found I could not stand, so sat in the middle of the seat trying to trim the boat while the men scrambled out. I was left alone at last; and the water that came over the gunwale poured over my legs to my waist, some of it soaking through my thick great-coat and chilling me to the bone. The boat was floating away. Some one shouted to

me to get up. I got on to my hands and knees on the seat and tried to crawl along the side, but the change of position nearly caused me to faint with pain. Then the Belgian managed to get hold of the boat and hold her, and some sailors leaned out of the hatchway in the *Sussex*'s side and grasped me by the arms and pulled me up and in as though I had been a sack. There were many far worse hurt than I, and they left me propped against a wall. The Belgian again came to the rescue, and half dragged me to the top of the second saloon stairway. I got down by levering myself on my hands on the rails, while he supported me under the arms. Once in the saloon, he and the young Belgian soldier took off my loosely fixed lifebelt and laid me on a couch. One forced a glass of whisky down my throat, which burned and gave me back renewed consciousness, while the other ran for brandy. I was terribly cold, and the good Belgian took off my boots and puttees and stockings and chafed my feet till one was warm. The other had no sensation for over twelve hours, and five days later, when it was radiographed, proved to be sprained and fractured. He placed a pillow over them then, and proceeded to chafe my hands, first taking off my draggled fur gloves which I still wore. He sat and held my hands for at least a quarter of an hour till they were warm. Then he disappeared to help "the other

women." Meanwhile the young Belgian soldier came and gave me a glass of brandy, giving me no choice, but insisting on my drinking it, and spilling a good deal on my bloody chin and coat collar in his zeal. Soon I felt quite warm again.

Presently the electric lights were turned up, to my great astonishment. The Belgian surprised me still further by taking away my boots and stockings "to dry before the kitchen fire." I did not yet realise what we owed to the strong watertight bulkheads of that well-constructed little vessel (built, I learn, by a man who has done more than almost any other for our Hospital, even to the willing sacrifice of his daughter. Her health was ruined by the hardships and exposure in those first few weeks of December 1914, when our pioneers found a long uninhabited building and were faced with the unexpected task of lighting, heating, and draining it, in addition to cleaning and fitting it up).

After that, long hours of waiting. A woman shrieked incessantly up on deck. A man with a wounded head came and sat patiently in a corner. A girl, complaining of a pain in her chest, came down the stairs and lay down on a corner couch. She never moved nor spoke again. By midnight she was dead. None of us guessed, none of us knew. She died bravely and silently, quite alone. Another woman showed signs of approaching hysteria. A young Belgian officer, who had been attending

her, suddenly ceased his gallantry, and, standing sternly before her, said brusquely, "After all, if the very worst comes, you can only die. What is it to die?" The words acted on her like a douche of cold water. She became herself again and never murmured. We others, perhaps, benefited too. It is nerve-wracking work lying helpless in a damaged vessel, wondering whether the rescue ship or another enemy submarine will appear first on the scene. And no ship came. At intervals the Belgian boy soldiers came down to reassure us: "The wireless had been repaired. Forty vessels were searching for us. There was a light to starboard. We were drifting towards Boulogne. The 'Phares' of the coast were in sight." But no ship came. The light to starboard faded. Another appeared, and faded too. Then we heard the regular boom of a cannon or a rocket. We all knew that something must have blocked our wireless, but no one said so. The Belgian came down to sleep, fixing his lifebelt first. With him came a good Frenchwoman, who was very kind to me and washed the blood from my face and rinsed out my bleeding mouth. She was very hungry, and all I could do to help her was to hold her jewels while she went on deck to search for her hand baggage, and, later, to give her some soaked food out of my pocket. There was no food left anywhere. She said some brave words, too, about death coming

It took a long time to transfer all the remaining passengers of the *Sussex* to H.M.S. —, for the sea was becoming restless, and the two ships hammered and thumped at each other's sides to such purpose that the rescuing destroyer had to go into dock for repairs when her labours were over and she had landed us all safely. The injured were at once attended to, and I had not been more than half an hour on board before the surgeon came to visit me. Having sent the Belgian below, he did all he could for me, and then, assured that I was by no means *in extremis*, he hurried back to attend to three others who were. The mate of the destroyer came and made me comfortable, and sent me tea, and a young gunner to keep me from falling off the couch when we should move, and reappeared at intervals to see how I was getting on. He gave me chocolate, which I ate quite greedily, having had nothing for over twelve hours. Unfortunately, as soon as the destroyer began its homeward race, I was very sea-sick. How these little ships of ours can move! Had I guessed then, as report now has it, that a submarine fired two torpedoes at us on our way back to England, I should have felt more kindly towards the prodigious speed of our rescuer. As it was, I took pride in, but got little comfort out of it.

Somewhere near 4 A.M. the kind mate came to tell me we were coming in to —. The young sailor had already gone

to his station. Thoughtful always, the mate wrote out a telegram to send to my home, which should reassure my people before ever they read the morning's news. (But War is War, and that telegram, so censored that it appeared to come from me in France, did not reach my home till late that evening!)

I was carried by sailors out on to the deck and placed on a stretcher, and then a R.A.M.C. surgeon with orderlies took charge of me and carried me aboard the hospital ship —, a sister boat to the *Sussex*, where, with one other Italian woman, whose legs were broken and her skull fractured, and eleven men, I was put to bed in an empty ward. Several surgeons, the matron, and three military nursing sisters attended to us, and by 6 A.M. we had had our wounds and hurts dressed and been made as comfortable as our condition would allow. The dying woman and a dying man had been taken almost at once to the little civil hospital in the town, where they died later.

The tenderness and goodness of those Army Sisters was wonderful. I have worked for a year in a hospital and I have learned to know nurses for human beings—cheerful, hard-working, conscientious, unselfish to the last degree where their patients are concerned; but here I actually fell in with that ideal of an Army Nurse which many a chivalrous man has built up in his mind round stories of Florence Nightingale and im-

to all, only coming once, and being soon over. How much one person's courage can help others at such a time! Then she tied on a lifebelt and went to sleep beside me. The ship was rolling now, and the seas slapped noisily against her somewhere, jarring her all through her frame. But the Captain had said she would not sink for eighteen hours, and we all believed his word implicitly. Still, it was an ugly noise, and seemed to bethink her helplessness.

And then at last the news of rescue! A French fishing-boat was coming! "Women and children first," the young Belgians cried. My Belgian succourer roused himself and fetched my stockings and boots. My right boot would not go on. My putties he could not manage, and so he tied them round me. He was always cool and practical and matter-of-fact. "I have been in the Belgian Congo," he explained, "and in shipwrecks before. I know what to do, and I am not alarmed. You can trust entirely to me." And I did. There was a great bump as the fishing-boat came alongside, and a rush upstairs. Once more I was left alone, for my Belgian friend had gone up to see about getting me helped on board. He came back to say that the crush was so great that he would wait till it was over and then take me. It seemed a long time, but he came back at last, only to find he could not lift me. Then he went away calling for an "homme de

bonne volonté" to help. A young Chinese responded, and together they staggered up the heaving stairway with me. When they reached the ship's rail it was to hear that the boat had gone! A British torpedo-boat was coming, we were told, and so the fisherman had gone off with as many as she could safely carry to Boulogne. With her went my hope of reaching my own hospital in France. I was sure the destroyer would take her load to England.

Once more I was on the point of collapse, and very seasick to boot. The Belgian supported me as if I had been a little child, and I tried to convince myself that I was not in dreadful pain. Perhaps half an hour passed, and then the destroyer came. This time one of the French sailors helped him to carry me, and I was placed on my back, across the ship's rail, and when the roll brought her near enough to the destroyer, British sailors grasped my arms and pulled me over. For one sickening second my legs dangled between the two ships, but the sailors hauled me in just before the impact came. They carried me to the chart-house and laid me on the couch, and before long the Belgian joined me, and, utterly exhausted, lay down on the floor. From that moment I felt entirely safe. We English are brought up to feel complete confidence in the British Navy, much as they teach us to trust in Providence. And the Navy deserves our confidence,

aginations of his own. I really met her—I was not dreaming. I was in very great pain, and suffering physically more than I have ever suffered in my life, but my memory of those long hours between dark and daylight is one not of personal misery, but of the beautiful tenderness of those Nursing Sisters. This may bring comfort to many whose menfolk travel homewards in hospital ships.

At midday we were moved—the men to a Military Hospital, and I to the small overworked civil hospital. Followed days and nights of great pain and misery, till on the fourth day I was fetched away in a motor ambulance and brought to one of London's great hospitals in an ambulance train. Here again I met a kind Nursing Sister, and was touched deeply by the gentleness of the R.A.M.C. orderlies, as I had been on the hospital ship. I had felt so alone since the sailors and my good Belgian succourer had come to say good-bye to me on the Saturday morning, and later the surgeons of the destroyer and the hospital ship, and those kind Nursing Sisters—so that it felt like being back among "ours" again, when the Ambulance Train Sister and her military orderlies took

charge of me. At the station I was unloaded by men of the City of London Transport Column—Volunteer Red Cross men from the city—and placed in an ambulance whose owner-driver has been doing this work since the war began. It was a long, long drive, and never have I been in an ambulance more carefully driven. A good Red Cross lady accompanied me and took charge of my bundles and my coat, and did not lose sight of me till I was in charge of the nurses at the —— Hospital, where I am now. There is little more to tell. I was overhauled that same afternoon by a surgeon, and radiographed—and hurt though I was, I was already professional enough to take a keen interest in the beautiful apparatus in the X-Ray room, but amateur enough to realise with a thrill of pride that *our* radiographs, though our installation is small and comparatively cheap, are as good as any I saw on the show frames that day. One up for the old Hospital in France! The Huns had smashed my foot, broken one of the lumbar processes of my spine, strained back and thigh muscles, and bruised me internally. Worse—they had placed me *hors de combat* for nearly three months!

SKI.