

VOL. I., No. 2. JULY 14TH, 1917.

“

Stand

Easy”

Chronicles

of

Cliveden.

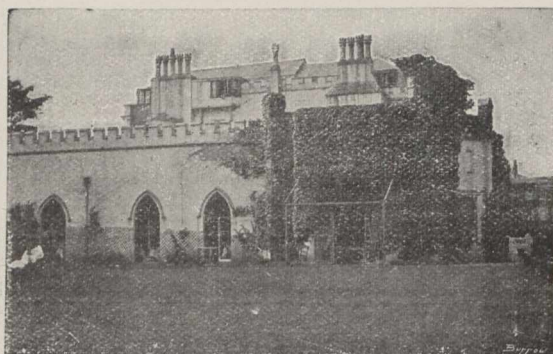
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Byron.

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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 2.

SATURDAY, JULY 14TH, 1917.

THREEPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF MAJOR MEAKINS.
EDITORIAL STAFF { L.-CPL. W. C. PIKE.
PTE. F. HEASELL.
PTE. BAKER.
L.-CPL. KANE.

The Connaught Athletic Club.

A conspicuous advance in the organization of sports and recreation at the Hospital has been accomplished in the formation of the Connaught Athletic Club. In the past each branch of sport has been independent, with the result that those with comparatively few enthusiasts amongst the members of the staff have oft-times had a difficult and discouraging road to traverse. It is to be hoped that the Athletic Club will rectify this.

We think it would be well to take this early opportunity to set forth the exact scope of the Athletic Club in order that all may understand their relationship to it. In so far as the membership is concerned all of the staff and the patients are eligible, irrespective of what form of sport or recreation they are interested in. The control is vested in a central executive and a committee, who are elected for six months. The executive consists of a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and a committee of five members, elected by the various branches of the staff in proportionate representation. All ranks are eligible for any office.

This controlling body is not to be associated with any particular branch of sport, but it shall endeavour to see that all reasonable forms of recreation, in which sufficient numbers of the staff or patients are interested, shall have every encouragement. This does not imply, however, that the executive shall be expected to take the initiative. Any group of members of the Connaught Athletic Club may form themselves into a sub-club for a particular branch of sport, such as a tennis club, cricket club, baseball club, football club, etc. By placing their aims, organization and estimated yearly expenditure before the central executive they will be assured of every encouragement and reasonable help—financial and otherwise. In other words the

Connaught Athletic Club will act for the general administration of an association of clubs.

As the Summer is now on the wane it behoves the members to begin the organization of their Winter sports. With such a complete gymnasium as we have at our disposal there is no reason why those interested in boxing, wrestling, basket-ball, fencing, gymnastic exercises, etc., should not look forward to a most enjoyable Winter.

The success of the Connaught Athletic Club will depend upon the formation of sub-clubs. We may rest assured that the central executive will do their part; let us see to it therefore that all of the members do likewise.

The first meeting of the Connaught Athletic Club was held in the Recreation Room on July 5th, 1917. A constitution was adopted, and the following officers were elected:—*Hon. President*—H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught; *President*—Col. W. L. Watt; *Vice-President*—R.S.M. Jones; *Secretary*—Sgt. Eldridge; *Treasurer*—S/Sgt. McDonald; *Committee*—Capt. H. Lewis, Nursing Sister Crossley, Hon. Lt. Upton, Cpl. True and Cpl. Nightingale.

Church Announcements.

DIVINE SERVICE.—SUNDAYS.

Parade Service, 11 a.m. | Evening Service, 7.

Holy Communion.

Anglican 9 and 11.45 a.m.
Non-Anglican, 1st Sunday in month, 11.45 ..

Splinters.

Flattery is the finest cure for stiff necks. It turns almost anybody's head.

His first love and his first shave are two episodes in every young man's career that he never forgets.

The woman who hesitates usually has an impediment in her speech.

A Man of his Word.

One dark night in the month of — I stood on the parapet of the front line of trenches, "somewhere in France."

I saw in front of me a man creeping towards our lines. I had had no orders about a patrol being out, so presumed it was one of the enemy, and took aim and fired. I knew I had hit someone, for I heard a groan. He was then so quiet that I thought I must have hit one of our own men, so, after a while, I crawled to where I had seen the man, but there was no one there. I searched the shell-holes and eventually found my man lying in one where he had crawled when he heard me coming.

"Kamarad, wounded!" he cried at once, but as I was afraid he was shamming, and as he had his waist stuck around with "potato-mash" bombs, I ordered him to get up. He had thrown away his rifle he told me in good English.

He threw his bombs away and began to bare his wound, and asked me to stop the bleeding. I did what I could and told him to "hurry up," as it was nearing daylight and I did not want Fritz to see us. He hesitated and then exclaimed: "Kamarad, are you married?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Do you love your wife?"

"Yes," I said.

"If your wife was ill would your Officer let you go to her?"

"Yes," I repeated.

"Well, Kamarad, my wife is dying and they wont let me go to her, so I came out on my own to give you a little grenade strafe. I thought I should never get back alive; that is what I prayed for, and one of your lads got me with a bullet."

"Kamarad," he continued, "let me go back to my own people, for now I shall get to see her perhaps before she dies."

I thought this a ruse to get away from me, so told him roughly to "get a move on!" He never said a word but got up and we proceeded towards our lines.

We had gone about twenty yards when he faced me suddenly, and cried despairingly—"Kamarad, shoot me, for I don't want to live now that she is dying."

I had not the heart to shoot him and told him so. Then he started pleading, and burst into tears.

I couldn't stand much of that, for I have a wife and kiddies too, so told him to get back and I wished him luck.

"Kamarad," he said excitedly, "if ever I have the luck to do you a good turn I shall not forget."

* * * * *

About six months after I was picked for a bombing raid. At this time we were about a hundred miles from where I had had this little experience. We got safely to the Bosche line and had our bit of fun. Not being satisfied with our success, we set off up a communication trench, when suddenly we tumbled into about fifty of the enemy; there were eight of us! One silly chump of ours tossed a bomb among them and knocked out about twenty, but it was no use. We were out-numbered and so put up our hands, as we didn't want to die just then. They tied our hands behind our backs and marched us, not out of the trenches, but into the front line, and tied us to the parados. Our artillery was throwing a barrage over in case Fritz counter-raided, and shells were dropping pretty close. We lost two men this way, but were lucky it wasn't more.

Next morning they amused themselves by offering us bread and drinks, but would take them away again before we could get them to our mouths.

At night they were relieved, and we were thankful, as some of the new Bosches were better natured.

At about ten at night, when I was just dozing off to sleep, I heard a voice I seemed to have heard before say "Kamarad, she was alive when I got home." My eyes came open at this.

"Kamarad," he went on, "you did me a good turn. I will do you one now."

Without another word he began to untie the ropes that bound me. At last I was free.

"Let me cut my pals free too," I said.

"No," he couldn't do that, or he would be a traitor to his Fatherland. He was giving a life for a life only.

Then he told me his wife was better and that she had told him that if ever he met me again to wish me the "best of luck."

As he said these words a shot was fired and the poor beggar was lying on the ground. I don't know if he was dead, but he never moved. I did a dive round the corner, and climbed the parados. I had been seen, so lay close. It would have been death to have ventured into "No

man's land." For two hours they kept a good look-out. Then I saw some of them get off the parapet. I crept into "No man's land," and crawled towards our trenches—but I was out of luck, for, as I neared them, I heard "Halt! who are you?" The Bosche heard it too, and promptly put a bullet through my leg. Before I could drag myself over the top I got another in the head. After that I knew no more until I was at the C.C.S.

P.S.—This story was told me by a chum, and I can prove a lot of it to be true.

PTE. IRWIN.

What's What.

When you've done your bit in Flanders, that amazin' muddy
It starts one cogitatin' and a-wonderin' what's what— [spot,
Why you left the plough, the ink-pot or some other "eushy" job
For the slushy, shiverin' trenches with a vermin-stricken mob?
'Cause a Tommy is but human after all, and prone to doubt
What the devil all the killin' and the murderin's about.
Ever since I came to Blighty I've been readin' up a bit,
How the world was ever fightin', had to have a martial fit
In the bowery, or the Balkans, or some Asiatic zoo,
Where a martyr may be Tartar, Mongol, Malay or Hindoo.
E'en the pre-historic cave-man was as happy as could be
As he slew his sleeping bride with nasty neolithic glee!
Then the Jews and 'Gyptians also were a mighty martial lot—
Slew each other with a shin-bone, ass's jaw or drinkin' pot.
Interference with longevity was their besettin' sin;
They were fairly nuts on brevity—unless it's mentionin'
Methuselah, the good old scout, who lived as many days
As Lloyd George will years in hist'ry for his vict'ry-winnin'
ways.

* * * * *

Mark well the page of history, the sordid sinning strife!
Because man would not organise, small states could not unite.
While serving petty interests—his eyes himselfward bent—
Man prated selfless reverence to King and Government.
A Judas to his sacred trust! at heart but one desire—
Himself, and then his party, last and least of all—*Empire!*
For so it was with ancient Greece and mighty Rome of old,
Both built by selfless sacrifice of God-like men and bold.
Composed of many nations, many tongues and many creeds,
They were Greek and Roman *first* of all—and *then* the lesser
breeds,
But they lost the key to unity and found the party knife,
Stabbed the noble heart of Empire, raised the party flag of strife.
Fell to earth these noble empires; all their freedom, peace and
light

Was supplanted by oppression, petty states and feudal night!
All but perished, too, the noble arts, the sciences, the laws,
'Neath the pall of those dark ages; hushed it seemed was
Freedom's cause.

Never more to lift her pinions, never more hold high her head
In the old God-gallant fashion of the empires that are dead!

* * * * *

Lifting high her flaming brand Freedom groped with eager hand,
Cast about and roamed uncertain for a space;
Found a new and alien strand, our own Anglo-Saxon land
And she fired the soul of *Empire* in our race!

* * * * *

There is magic in our Unity and marvel in our Might,
There is sinew in our struggle when we wage the Empire's fight.
When it's Empire *first* my Briton, be you Anzac or Canuck,
South African or Irish, English, Welsh—whate'er your luck—
Brood of Empire whelped in liberties unequalled 'neath the sun,
United we are victors, independent, peaceful, *one!*

A.R.R.

Items of Interest.

V.A.D., HIGH WYCOMBE.

From time to time during the month of June parties of men have been entertained at Daws Hill to tea. The kindness of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lincolnshire, expressed in this and many other ways, is sincerely appreciated.

The weekly Whist Drive is a well established fixture. In simple fashion the war is carried on from week to week between the nurses, patients and lady friends. (We are not quite sure whether the lady friends belong to the nurses or the patients—rough notes supplied do not make it clear).

A vote of thanks is due and is hereby accorded to Messrs. Young & Co. for lending a marquee to the Hospital. Well placed, near the larger sleeping tent, it provides a splendid shady spot for siestas and pleasant little chats.

Through the kindly offices of Mr. H. Cox the Town Council has put up a row of seats for the wounded against the Churchyard wall—a favourite corner "where everything can be seen."

W.O.C.

- A stands for All of the nurses—they're first.
- B for the Brave Boys who came to be nursed.
- C stands for Commandants, Cookie and Curtis.
- D for the Doctors, who find where the hurt is.
- E stands for England—our dear Motherland.
- F for our Fighters—a valiant band.
- G stands for Gubbins—our chief commandant.
- Hospital H—find a better you can't!
- I for our Iodined aprons—alack!
- J for the Joy when our brave boys come back.
- K for our Kitten—one blue eye—one green.
- L Lady Lincolnshire—generous and keen.
- M stands for Matron—all slackers beware!
- N for the Night Nurse—asleep in her chair.
- O for our Orderlies—no task they shirk.
- P Pantry People—we value their work.
- Q for our Quarters—their work is no play!
- R for the Rules that we break every day.
- S for our Sisters—their work we must mention.
- T our Time off—Heaven send its extension!
- U for Unselfish devotion and thought.
- V for the Volunt'ry work of all sort.
- W for Wycombe—the town of our birth.
- X our 'Xpenses—no subject for mirth!
- Y stands for You who have all done your share.
- Z for the Zeal that's been shewn everywhere.

BEATRICE M. WILFORD, High Wycombe.

Ward Notes.

B. & C.

The "inhabitants" of B. and C. wards all hope that Sister Cummings is having a real good time during her leave. The strain of a long period of active service has had a telling effect on her health, and we trust she will return greatly benefitted by her much needed rest.

Paddy has also left us to take over "command" of the Sinn Feiners, as he says—says he! It is sad to part with so much humour—but good luck to ye Paddy, me bhoy!

Rumour has it that the medical wards are shortly to resume their perigrinations—next stop, Walkers' Wards! Has Captain Walker anything to do with it? (Pardon the feeble "joke.")

So much "noise" is heard from various wards whose "brilliancy" has received special commendation. Let all and sundry pay a visit to the immediate neighbours of "A & D," but polish their boots with "Cherry Blossom" first (for fear of shaming them), and do not forget to wipe their soles on the mat outside, please!

Apologies are to be offered for our not entering the arena in the last issue. Unfortunately, or fortunately—which you will—the ward notes were lost at the moment of going to press.

F.1.

Some ward this; what with love affairs and operations.

Some of us had the novel experience of listening to a would-be Romeo the other night, but, unfortunately, Juliet was *non est*.

As usual, business is pretty brisk in this ward and "House Full" is the order.

By the way, I hear that one of our orderlies has heard so much about the wonderful doings of the Staff Cricket Team that he has decided to retire from that game and try his hand at marbles.

I see that G.2 are complaining that they have no gramophone! A mercy for which they ought to be truly thankful. We would be only too glad to see them come and steal ours. Music hath charms, but when you get it sometimes at 5.30 a.m.—well, "nuff sed."

Heard in our Kitchen:—If one of our patients was having a quiet smoke during prohibited hours, could Sister Wur-tell? Probably, for Smithy might Warn-er.

I have listened to the praises of the wards that they are in; Sung by others that I know of, and I do a gentle grin.

If you want to see a real ward, where marvellous things are done, Just call upon the "lead-swingers"; you'll find them in F.1.

When they fail to cure a patient in any other ward They don't mark him as Incurable or bring him 'fore a Board.

They bring him to F.1 and then he's landed for awhile, And Captain Freeze will greet him with a sweet Satanic smile.

Then he'll stick a dozen tubes in him and turn the "Dakins" on, And lo, disease is conquered—another victory won.

The patients, once they get in here, never wish to roam. In fact they won't be kicked out; its too much like a home.

The splints and the extensions in this ward are quite a treat, And other "implements of torture" that we have are hard to

In fact the whole collection—M.O.'s and Sisters too— [beat, All help to make F.1 supreme—we know it; so do you.

L.-CPL. F. G. TAYLOR

F.2.

Good cure for blushing—go out and get sunburnt. "Some cure!" Ask the youth.

Talk about "chewing the fat." Come to F.2. if you think you have the champion in your ward.

Things we want to know.—

Why is it Sister loves (?) "Old Glory" so much?

And how near the orderly was to being put in "clink"?

What was it that caused the "old man" to nearly "die of laughter" the other morning?

And if there is any cure for the cause?

Is it not a pity some of us are so weak? We are so envious.

Whose name is it most of the patients have on the tips of their tongues, and who never "turns down" a request?

What was the matter with the "inseparables," and if they got "fed up" in the kitchen?

What compliment did the "inseparables" pay the patient when they rubbed methylated spirit on his head?

G.1.

It is interesting to note that this ward has utilised one of the flower beds for a kitchen garden. The labours of the patient who has been at work on it will be much appreciated. We lead; others follow!

A gentle hint to new patients—Don't get the "wind up" on account of our Sister-in-chief. She possesses a good heart beneath her severe-looking exterior—although the writer would not care to be in her bad books!

Pte. Gray, of the — Canadians, who was decorated by General Turner with the Military Medal, which distinction he earned last January at Vimy Ridge, is, we are proud to say, a patient of this ward, and one and all take this opportunity of congratulating him.

The patients and staff of the ward desire to express their thanks to Miss Aird for her kind and careful attention to the patients and ward in general. She is our most frequent visitor, and is always very generous with gifts of eggs, lettuce, flowers, etc.

Things some of us would like to know.—

If a certain member of the hospital staff considers it essential that he should carry a cane while on duty?

And whether he does so from force of habit or for effect?

If the hospital hairdresser is not making his fortune out of haircuts at fourpence a time?

What to think of the civil police sergeant for arresting four hospital lads for sheltering in a public house from the storm a week or so ago?

Why the bugler does not save his breath instead of blowing the "cookhouse" call for the patients when they are half-way through a meal?

If the patient did not think himself an "Oliver Twist," when, having asked for more toast, was told there wasn't any?

And if our Australian friend obtains enough to eat now he goes to the Dining Hall?

H.1.

Who is the Sister known to the above ward as "Lightning Kate," a name applied by reason of the way she performs the dressings when it is her afternoon off?

Who was the patient who made the suggestion that she had missed her vocation? Farm work was the whispered alternative!

One of our patients is complaining that his brother, who had travelled 130 miles to see him before going to France, and a friend, who had journeyed 32 miles, were allowed by the police a half-hour only to see him—on a visiting day too. How about it?

H.2.

We boast of the best kept linen cupboard in the hospital, and our Sister-in-charge says it beats 'em all.

It is noticeable between the hours of nine and nine-thirty p.m. that the patients all expect a bombardment. A number of them are apparently well acquainted with the gentle art of bomb-throwing. Judging by the sudden bursts of language they often hit the mark.

We are sorry to say that we have had to say good-bye to the wild Irishman.

We also very much regret having lost Sister Skellen (lucky G.2), but at the same time we welcome into our midst Sister Mack.

H.2 has now another celebrity, adding still another name to our already swollen list—Pte. O'Shea, M.M.

We have been threatened each night for some time past to have a corporal thrust upon us, but we are now beginning to believe he is a myth, as he has never made an appearance.

Our new M.O. must be in the employ of Lord Rhondda. One of his first tasks was to mark us off number three diet.

And how we miss our stout! But he's not a bad "old stick" after all.

We have here an orderly, named Dearie,
Who makes all the patients look bleary,

If asked to oblige,

He always replies:

I'm sorry, but darn, I'm too weary.

We regard the claim of K.1 to be the "Ward of Talent" as being one of those "terminological inexactitudes" we have heard spoken of. Like the man from Missouri; we will have to be shewn!

We do not believe the yarn about our Andy and the Food Controller! Who started it?

J.1.

J.1 had a strange visitor the other evening in the shape of a hedgehog. One patient kindly gave up his bed entirely to the newcomer without even a word of dispute! Kind-hearted soul, wasn't he?

Pork pies are "napoo"; in other words, they cease to exist—at least, for duration. What are we poor patients going to do? Did the pigs squeal to the Food Controller?

We recently had a change of doctors, our old doctor being transferred to a neighbouring ward. We are glad he has gone no further.

J.2.

We would like to know why the last contribution sent in was not printed?

Is it because the "sunshine" ward speaks for itself?

We admit being the "Ward of Merit," but we should like to advertise the fact to strangers outside the pale of our society.

There is no such thing as a "wind-up" day in this ward. It's a regular cyclone!

There is an epidemic of "stitchitis" raging in the ward at present and the disease is still spreading.

Mrs. Webster, our energetic ward visitor, is doing her utmost to cope with the situation.

We have said farewell to our oldest wardite—Jerry, who has left us for less congenial climes at Bristol. Here's to you, Jerry! May your cork leg never want massage!

We have been thrice commended for cleanliness and good order. This is a regular occurrence, but, owing to the indisposition of our Trumpeter, we have been unable to herald the fact. "Nuff sed." "NABS."

K.1.

The Nephritics have had a shock! It is rumoured that Sister Essery may leave us for a more dangerous branch of the Service. We are hoping that rumour lies. Her cheery presence would be a sad loss. Besides, she makes such delicious orange custards!

We are delighted to have Sister Macdonell on day duty. We never could enjoy her sunny smile sufficiently when she was on "o'nights."

Capt. Robertson has other accomplishments in addition to his skill in medicine. Read the Mag. thoroughly. We are proud of him—though he is a firm believer in physical jerks!

Bright is a "shining" addition to the Kitchen Staff. In fact he is the "light" of Day.

Why is it that a certain patient's bed has been termed "the ration dump?"

"Corpl. Dammes," called sister, and a hospital patient, who was not familiar with the personnel of the ward, observed: "Does he? I'll report him!"

Did we hear the ricocheting of a shell in K.1 the other evening, or was it merely H—n laughing?

K.2.

Greetings friends! We have an explanation to make, and also an apology to offer to the Sisters of our ward. Did you notice, in the last issue, that most of the ward correspondents told you how clean, tidy and nice their wards were kept? I did not, simply because I did not think it necessary. I left it

to Col. Watt, who has told you so regularly in orders after an inspection that I took it for granted that K.2 was the recognised premier ward at Cliveden!

After our kind invitation to you to visit us we were rather disappointed at receiving so few responses, and we think, maybe, it is due to the system they have of allowing visitors in. The corporal at the gate apparently has to keep you standing in the road, getting covered with dust, while he tells you, in his kind, gentle, courteous way, to await your turn. Please tell us if this is the reason—and please do not think that keeping you standing in the road is the recognised way of showing Canadian hospitality!

I would like to ask the Quartermaster if he could not issue smaller tins of Brasso, as the man who does the polishing has strained his back carrying over quarter ounce tins of it.

I should also like to ask the Powers that be if they realize that, owing to the war, lumber is scarce, and that the patients in K.2 are wearing enough, in the shape of splints, to build a hut for soldiers at the front! I suggest real splints or surgical boots to eliminate the waste.

PAT.

ALEX. 2.

We want to know—

If Capt. Campbell is not considered the best sport imaginable each Tuesday and Friday?

The reason why some of our orderlies "bob" on going to France?

And if they think they will possibly become the victims of shell shock from a 22-in. "naval" at Boulogne?

Who is the patient who remonstrated, in the last issue, against the Sergeants' Mess table in the Dining Hall?

And if the aforementioned Sergeants would not be delighted to be favoured with a ward of their own, providing there was a rum issue each night?

Would they invite the privates to a drink? (We don't think!)

"Wind-up" day in Alex. 2? Every Friday!

If we are not proud of our athletic day orderly?

And if the reason why he was selected to represent the hospital at the Abbey Service was due to his prowess on Sports Day, or because of his facial charms?

Why, on Dominion Day, a certain sergeant was refused admittance to the Sergeants' Canteen for tea because he happened to be wearing hospital blue.

PHILOSOPHER.

REST WARD.

The boys of the above ward wish to thank the lady who so kindly gave them a beautiful cake. We are also grateful to Mrs. Watt for her gifts of flowers.

It is with deep regret that we part with Paddy, the ward mascot, who is leaving for Ireland shortly. We shall greatly miss the holly and nettles in our beds, and other expressions of his generous nature!

Who were the two sisters who were photographed with Pte. O'Shea and our Sister? Did they crack the plate so badly that their photos did not appear in the paper, or did our Sister's sunny smile put them in the shade?

The boys of the Rest Ward would like to know why they are never allowed any trips?

WALKER'S WARD.

The Speed Fiends.

Hellup! We are the victims of the speed fiends again. We've got the painters in! Haven't you noticed the look of sleepiness in the eyes of the Johnny Walker's men recently? It's a disease! It is the result of suggestive influence. As a bird is charmed by the rhythmic undulations of a slowly swaying snake, so, likewise, are we becoming unconsciously hypnotised by endeavouring to follow the waves and curves of the whitewash brush in the hands of these experts. The result is curious; we become obsessed with the notion that there aint no blooming brush at all! When we are not searching for our lockers we are wondering what it all means. Somebody come over and tell us what is which. We're not sure of anything, only that, like the poor, the painters are always with us!

Elink Clarion Calls.

We were so simple and childlike in our natures before we struck this job, and for quite a time afterwards we did listen to pathetic tales told by unfortunates and did believe with all the simplicity of our natures. But, alas, a tale oft told, although in divers manners, becomes strangely familiar even to the guileless P.S.

At 10 a.m. each morning the intelligent observer may see a string of cherubic patients filing into the P.S.' Office. They have all been deliberately "crimed" by a wicked M.P., who shamelessly put the fingers of the clock in the aforesaid office forward so that he may get many cases, which may come to the O.C.'s notice and get him another promotion. The P.S. listens to the tales of woe with tears in his eyes—then hardens his heart (which is a great effort owing to his kind nature) and says: "No passes for three days; let's see your pretty face at this office each day from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m."—and the innocents walk away more sinned against than sinning.

Patients are hereby warned that the next person that comes in late and says he couldn't get room on the 9 p.m. 'bus will be "brained" immediately (if possible). We feel that we cannot listen to this excuse much longer and still retain our sanity.

There is a rumour afloat that a certain Lieut. Q.M. has been seeing the sights with the money he won at Epsom. We are authorised to state that this is absolutely false, and that he has contributed largely with his winnings to the Society for the Prevention of Sailors Sticking Pins into Jelly Fish and also to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Flies.

It has been said that a certain W.O. tripped over his spurs one night and almost fell. An eye-witness denies this and gives us the following true facts. It is known by a privileged few that the W.O. in question is a woman hater. One night he saw a woman who took his eye. The wind blew one end of his moustache into the other eye at the same moment, thus momentarily blinding him and making him lose his dignity for the time being.

Readers will be pleased to learn that a series of theological lectures are being given by a Spiritual Adviser during the evenings. Some of the N.S. appreciate them very much

—especially when they are given on the river.

We are pleased to announce to our numerous patrons that, owing to the fact that this hospital is full of poets (tame and otherwise), we have started a poets' corner at the above address. We caught a few when we were out chicken hunting the other day. They were wandering about with vacant stare—brought about by trying to find words to rhyme with Cliveden and Taplow. We shall be pleased to ship the "bunch" to any old place, carriage paid.

A shell-shock case wandered into our office the other day to inquire if "police" rhymed with "release." We haven't decided about the latter yet.

Patients are hereby warned that the last 'bus doesn't leave Maidenhead now.

The conductress on the night British 'bus complains that it gets so crowded that she almost gets squeezed to death. I am informed that many of the boys are partial to "chicken" sandwiched.

The wardmaster received another box of cigars the other day. He offered one to us, and we were so surprised that we involuntarily exclaimed: "What's the matter with it!"

The P.S. had a fall from his bike when going down Hedsor Hill and narrowly escaped breaking his neck. Many of the patients have expressed their regrets.

THE POLICEMAN'S LANDMARKS.

A Canadian Tommy, on arrival at Victoria, asked P.C. Phlatfeet the way to Snakewood Scrubs.

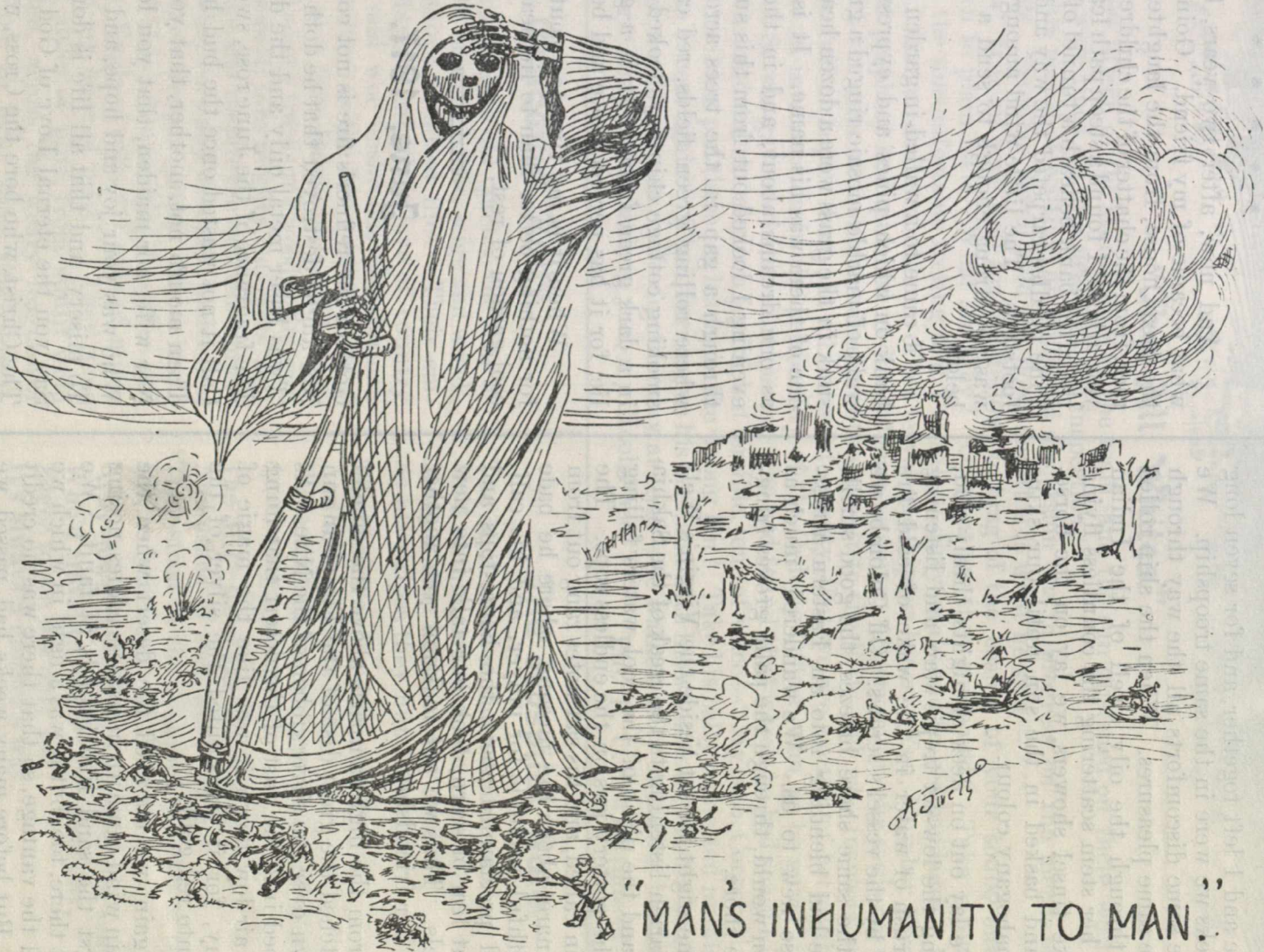
P.C. P.: First you take the toob to the Bank.

Tommy: What Bank?

P.C. P.: Just arsk for the Bank. Then take a 'bus at "The Angel" and get off at "The Stag's Head." Take the first turning to the right, then the second to the left and you're at "The Plough." Next, take a tram to "The Princess Alice," walk up as far as "The Anchor," turn to the left, pass "The Pig and Whistle," and there you are.

Is it any wonder that the Tommy made tracks for the first saloon bar?

TIRED OF HIS TASK.



"MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN."

The Cemetery above the Thames.

By kind permission of "The Times."

He and I left together, and for seven long hot weeks we were in the same troopship. We had the same discomforts all the way through and the same pleasures. When the ship rolled lazily through the oily swell of the Indian Ocean, her stem scattering the countless flying fish like tinsel showers, we lay on the horse-boxes and basked in the sun until our skins were mahogany colour.

We lay out on deck of nights, thinly clad, watching the low-set tropic stars and listening to the rush of water in the wake of cold fire fanned by the vessel's screws. Off Colombo we smelt the same shore breezes, the good smells and the bad blending into an Eastern atmosphere so new to us. We wandered, much as children would, through the palm groves fringing the shore.

One night we sat beside the Virgin's Well at Matarieh listening to the creak of the Sakhia wheel and the splash of the cool waters falling from the pottery jars on the endless rope. The muezzin called, and his sad notes rang out from the minaret above the mosque, where he bade the faithful assemble for prayer, and his call, a creed proclaimed above the house-tops and without fear or scorn, took our talk into new channels. Thus we got to know yet another side of our friendship.

From the high ramparts above the citadel we watched the great disc of the Egyptian sun go down over the silver ribbon of the Nile. As it dipped into the dust of the desert that hung in the air low down it was like the magic of alchemy, for it transmuted the silver of the river into red gold.

Again, we marched the desert when the khamsin wind came up in restless eddies, nosing amongst the sand like hounds at fault. We fought there, too, but it was a fight in which we had all the vantage, so that there was no credit in it. But before many weeks had passed we were in a different battle, one that lasted but six days for me, and for him seven long months.

The last I saw of him was when he walked down to the beach beside my stretcher and

waited outside the dressing station to see me safely into the barge. He nearly choked me trying to make me drink from his scanty store of water. Then I lost him.

* * * * *

And now, after two years, I have found what became of my friend. Going down from the great house, from the laughter on the terrace, from the chatter of the children beneath the yew arbour, I found a steep path leading towards the river bank beneath a tunnel of green leaves. Pine needles carpeted the way and softened my footsteps. The little wind among the tree-tops was not strong enough to send a sound so far below.

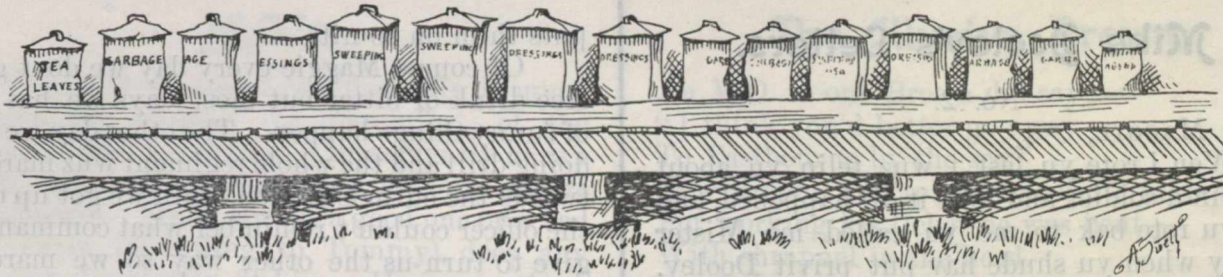
I came to a walled-in garden under a great bank on which pines and cypresses grew. A walk of marble mosaic ringed a green oval, and sunk in the grass were a dozen headstones. On one of them was his name. It is a spot such as one dreams about, and in the still of the evening I looked out from this sunken garden through a gap in the trees across the river, where rolling green fields, red cattle, and the smoking cottage chimneys looked like a picture in a dark green frame. It is a good place to lie, for it has perfect peace and beauty.

When it is my time to go out I could wish for nothing better than to lie near him in that cool garden of rest.

June, 1917.

Gold in the refiner's fire is not consumed,
Nor aught destroyed that he doth count as loss;
'Twas baser metal only and the dross.
The fragrance of the June rose, sweet perfumed,
Call it not wasted once the bud hath bloomed.
Then mourn not, mother, that you lost a son,
Nor wife, nor maiden, that you lost the one
Who was your joy and hope, and all is doomed
To misery, and that all life is done.
Say you the eternal Love of God doth wane!
The Christ, who bore the Cross, was never slain
In spirit. Heroes but live again
Who, for the love of Freedom, Home, and God,
To-day lie buried 'neath a foreign sod.

T. ATKINS.



"The All Whites."

There were fifteen of the sturdy ones in the team, and the sun glistened on their white uniforms as they were lined up in a neat row for inspection.

During this period of waiting, an animated discussion was in progress on the merits of their respective souls. Number Seven held the floor, and this is what he said—

"Yes, yes! It is all very well for you fellows to brag of the beauty of your souls, but when you come down to plain facts—What are they? Of what are they composed? Take mine for instance! I've the uncomfortable feeling that I'm full of dirty swabs and frayed bandages. Your's, Number One, I have no doubt is made up of tea leaves and kipper bones. You, Number Five, have fulfilled an old prophesy and returned to dust whence ye came. Every morn our souls are turned inside out, with the same monotonous disappointing result to the little god who inspects us, with his glass eye so full of hope. I say, in all our white purity, that we are worthy of better things."

Here came an interruption in the personality of the Orderly Officer, who, as he gazed into the soul of Number Seven, gave a visible start (as one who had found that which he had sought in vain for many months) and did exclaim in a joyful, but terrible, tone of voice—"My oath, Corporal! What the—who the devil has put these tea leaves in the wrong bin? Take his bally name and number and see that it doesn't occur again." Then, turning on his heel, and with his whole countenance brightened by a smile that would not come off—for that day at least—he walked away swinging his cane and gaily whistling "I'm coming back to you, my Hoolahhoo." Pte. F. C. OWEN (late of H.2).

The Canadian Rally.

From Winnipeg to old Quebec the sons of Canada arise to face the battle, seige and wreck, wherever Britain's standard flies. Their emblem is the Maple Leaf, their love of country always first; and woe enshrouds the German chief whose emblem is the Liverwurst. These strong young men from lonely hills and boundless plains and snowy tracks and woods primeval, where the rills swell into mighty cataracts, will cheer, encourage and inspire the wearied soldiers of the King, who, worn and wounded under fire, still nobly to their weapons cling. These brave young men of vision fine are glad to suffer and to bleed when England calls "O sons of mine, come to me in my hour of need!" They come from fragrant aisles of pine, from sunlit wold and shady glen, across the weary leagues of brine they come to fight with Englishmen. The Kaiser cries, "My men, on guard! If we'd avoid a shameful rout we'll have to battle doubly hard for German sausage and for kraut!" WALT MASON.

The Hospital Gate.

The M.P. stood at the hospital gate;
He'd nothing much to do.
Many a man he'd put in "clink,"
So his stripes they numbered two.

The time was Sunday—visiting day,
And many lads in blue
Were waiting for mothers and sweethearts,
Just as they always do.

The M.P. lined the visitors up
And asked of each their name.
They stood in the dust and the heat of the sun,
But to him it was all the same.

'Way down the line stood a dear old soul,
Who'd travelled some miles that day,
Eager to see her only son;
It's always a mother's way.

I heard a voice shout: "Hello, mum!"
And looked for the fond embrace,
But the M.P. shouted: "Wait your turn!"
With a "smile" on his "handsome" face.

Mike Dooley's Letters.

No. 2.

DEAR MAGGIE,

Wen i rote yu last i wuz telin yu about me bein a soldier and how it all happened, and wen yu rote bak to me yu called me Mister Dooley when yu shude hav put privit Dooley. Of course yu bein a woman dont know the difference, but in the army only liftenents is called mister so remimber wen yu rite again becuz it wud be bad bizness if one of thim wuz to git all thim kises yu send me.

Now Maggie acushla i wuz sory to see in yur letter that yu wuz walking out wid O'bryan, the sun of the preecher. Of course yu can do it if yu want two, but bein as i am a soldier and away frum home he is takin a meen way of gitten yu away frum me, but i no you will not forgit yur darlint Mike.

Yesterday wuz a big day in our camp. Some old geezer with red tape on his hat and medals and a foine horse, cum from the war to luk us over, so my curnel got us on the parade ground and he sez, sez he, now min look yur bist and dril like hell and, bein as we wanted to plase him and maybe git the canteen open an hour sooner, we wud.

B'gobs whin the brass hat, "thats what we calls thim generals," well whin he cums ridin up the curnel hollers out to present arms and give the general salute, but somethin went wrong with the bugle boys, cause they started to blow cookhouse for supper instead of the salute and the whole of us started off on the run. Thin the old general cuts loose and cums tearing after us on his horse. Back yu block-heads sez he, fall in and let me luk youse over, thin I'll tell the officers to have a pint for each man rite after the fall out, so back we cums. Whin the ould brass hat wuz finished we wuz told to dismiss and go and get our pint, and we needed it.

When we go to bed at nite the same bein a cuple of blankets and three boards on the floor, then is when i get mad. The feller what sleeps next to me wears coat and pants made of sum stuf wid flowers on it and he calls them pejammers. Them things may be all very fine for women folk but why the divil a man has to insult the eyes of his comrades is more than i can understand, however the red headed feller i told yu about put sum tar in the seat of thim and he wont be able to git out of thim if he

puts thim on to nite.

Of course Maggie every day we dont get a free drink of bitter but most days we has lots of funny things happen. The other day we wuz doing drill and the whole regiment wuz marchin towards the curnels garden, whin we got up close the officer couldn't remimber what command to give to turn us the other way so we marched rite over the flower beds and up on the curnels porch. He cum rushing out from dinner with a napkin under his chin and a knife and fork in his hands shoutin what are yu blankety blank men doin here, but our officer wuz tyin up his shoe and didnt let on he heard him, then the curnel sez it wuz a good thing that it was germuns we was goin to fite cause any other kind of people wud laugh thimselves to death whin they seed us, but the germuns bein such swine wouldn't have sense to laugh and we wud hev the fun of killin thim off. By this time our officer remimbered the command and marched us away, but the curnel wuz gettin so red i wuz waitin to hear him go bang, like a football. I bet the officer got his whin he met the curnel after.

Well Maggie darlint dont yu forget to rite me often and dont let that sun of a minister fool yu. I am goin to have ten days leave soon so i hope to see yu. Tell dinty Mc shane i'll sell him that black pig for twelve shillins if i cant get fifteen from anyone else and the pig dont die befor i get home.

Your Darlint boy in Carki,

MICHEAL.

Old Major Muffat sat on a "wisbang"

Lecturing his subalterns seven.

He swore, and he cursed,

And the "wisbang" it burst . . .

He'll finish his lecture in heaven!

It was on the occasion of the visit of Queen Alexandra to a Red Cross Hospital that a visitor asked a bed patient's opinion of the Queen Mother. "Weel," he replied, "she was alreet but she dinna leave us an oonce of tobaccy or a packet of cigarettes, and they would have done us a durn sight more good than a shake o' the fist!"

Bill: Get away—yer father couldn't pass the doctor!

Jack: Your's couldn't pass a pub.

M.O.'s.

The M.O. of a ward can obviously do much towards the comfort (or discomfort) of the patients under his charge. Consequently he is a much cultivated official within his own sphere of influence. He is always a good one or a bad one—never (according to Tommy) does any half-way description fit him. He is sometimes accused of having been bribed by Germany to undermine the constitutions of the British troops by administering No. Nines and other similar atrocious poisons!

The M.O.'s are always more or less popular, according to their method of marking the extras on the Diet Sheet and a few other things!! Undoubtedly they are seen at their best in the Surgical wards. In sterilized gloves and gown, with their attendant myrmidons about them, the tools of their trade at hand, they simply *beam* with good-natured appreciation of their position. With jest and quip they can unconcernedly "yank" out a piece of shrapnel from some sufferer's anatomy, and, with a mixed look of surprise and reproof, will demand to know what on earth the victim is yelping or squirming for! "How the dickens can I fix that leg if you're going to make a fuss like that?" "Salt solution, sister, please!" "That leg is coming along fine, my boy!" "I must let the Colonel see that, sister; what do you think?" "Yes, give him plenty of 'dakins,' its clearing up fine!" etc. In the main they are conscientious and sympathetic, almost entirely un-regimental, as ready to pass the joke as to sign the pass. They like to see the boys happy and yet are woefully wise to the manifold tricks of the occasional slacker. They say nothing, but they smile indulgently and mark them a little light duty and P.T. work for awhile, which same is only a slight bulwark between them and "Command Depot," the bourne to which all soldiers (who have been over once), long so ardently to return. They do, really! We've heard them say so! Lots of us owe quite a lot to the kindly offices of our M.O.'s. They've treated us fine. They're "Jake!" They have the keenest kind of appreciation for Tommy, and Tommy knows it and so, Tommy-like, he grouses about him occasionally. It is *one* luxury the M.O. cannot mark him "off." Tommy wonders what the M.O.'s will do when the war is over and there "aint any but lady patients!" Specially the "medicine and duty" ones. W.C.P.

The Illusive Brown.

An M.O. to one Brown did say:—
 "I think you'd better go away
 To Eastbourne by the sea."
 Now Brown, at Taplow, was quite content,
 For working his ticket he was bent—
 With shrapnel in the head.
 But Driver Brown of the R.F.A.
 Said "I shall not go, come what may."
 So 'way went he and got a pass.
 Never a word to those he asked
 That he was for Eastbourne by the sea!
 But one Staff Sergeant got on his track;
 Watched and waited for him to come back.
 But the driver he returned one day
 Just as the bunch had gone away.
 The Staff, he raved and then he swore
 Such things one never heard before.
 He warned Brown that he should go
 The very next week—but it wasn't so!
 For somehow or other he was not on the list
 And so once again Driver Brown was missed.
 But not a word from him—oh, no!
 In all these weeks, where did he go?
 At last the S.S. did him see
 Scrubbing the floors in Alex. 3.
 He grabbed poor Brown by the ear,
 Said, "What the d——l are you doing here;
 It's at Eastbourne you should be."
 He told him to parade next day
 With thirty-five others, so they say.
 The roll was called—Brown answered not,
 And 'twas easy to see the Staff was hot—
 "That man shall go this very day
 If I have to take him all the way."
 But Driver Brown had lots of sense,
 For he was in the ambulance.
 And by the Staff at last was he
 Landed at Eastbourne by the sea,
 Only to hear when he arrived
 That months ago he'd really died.
 His wife was told, in an official way,
 "Your husband is dead, and there's no more pay,"
 But Brown assured them, he was not dead.
 But suff'ring from shrapnel in the head.

L.W.G., Taplow.

A LAMENT TO A LOCKER.

Oh innocent locker standing there,
 How oft have you caused me to tear my hair,
 And cuss in thoughts of despair and doubt—
 When the *dear* little Sister was nowhere about!

Sports.

DOMINION DAY: CANADIANS DECORATED.

There can be no two opinions as to the result of the Dominion Day celebrations on June 30th. Success right worthily crowned the efforts of the organisers and no untoward hitch occurred to mar the conviviality and harmony of the proceedings. The sports yielded the maximum amount of fun; the baseball game, between Astorias and Epsom, produced an atmosphere of excitement, the delightful music of the Canadian band materially heightened the brightness of the proceedings, and Sgt. Hayes and his band of comedians contributed much to the gaiety by their amusing "foolery." "The Day" attracted a large number of visitors and we were honoured by the presence of Major-General Sir Richard Turner, V.C., K.C.M.G., Commanding Canadian Forces in British Isles, and Lady Perley, the wife of Sir Geo. Perley, the High Commissioner for Canada.

General Turner performed one of the most important and pleasing functions of the day—the presentation of Military Medals to four Canadians. The recipients and the deeds by which they earned the distinctions were:—No. 167065, Sgt. R. MacDonald—Distinguished conduct in the field; No. 144237, Sgt. A. E. Green—Was in a raiding party on German trenches, on the night of Feb. 4th. Officer in charge of section killed and Green took charge. Two dug-outs were bombed, a mine shaft destroyed and information brought back; No. 129796, Pte. R. Gray—Was regimental stretcher bearer and, on January 7th continued to attend wounded, under shell fire, after having had his own foot shattered; No. 624231, Pte. J. O'Shea—Was in charge of a Stokes' gun in raiding party, on night of Feb. 3rd, when two enemy machine guns were destroyed.

Pte. O'Shea had the misfortune to lose his leg as the result of the injuries he sustained, and the gallant lad made his way to the General on crutches. Pte. Gray was still a bed patient and received his decoration in the ward.

The baseball game was the first which probably the majority of the visitors had ever seen, and it would be interesting to know which entertained them most—the game itself or the antics of the "supporters." Even the R.S.M. got very excited! It was a great game, however, and the homesters deserved their win by 11—2.

The winners of the sports events, who received their awards from Lady Perley later

in the evening, were:—100 yds. Dash—1, Spr. Walker; 2, Bmd. Oakley; 3, Cpl. Fairbrass. Wheelbarrow Race—1, Spr. Oakley and Spr. Davey; 2, Pte. Metcalf and Pte. J. Dunn. (Taplow). 220 yds.—1, Bdr. Oakley; 2, L/Cpl. Fairbrass; 3, L/Cpl. J. Dunn. Crutch Race—1, Pte. Halifax; 2, Pte. Carson. 440 yds. Race—1, Bdr. Oakley; 2, Pte. Metcalf; 3, Gnr. Meavers. Obstacle Race—1, Spr. Walker; 2, Pte. Davey. Relay Race—1, R.E. Team; 2, High Wycombe. Bun-eating Contest—1, Pte. White; 2, Pte. Humphrey; 3, Pte. Froad. Cigarette Race—1, Pte. Story; 2, Bmd. Meyers. Bath Chair Race—1, Pte. Blewett; 2, Pte. Peak. Needle Threading—1, Pte. Wetherance; 2, L/Cpl. Jarvis. Bolster Fight—1, Pte. Walker; 2, Pte. Mabee.

MILITARY BASEBALL LEAGUE.

TEAM.	WON.	LOST.	P.O.
London American	6	1	.857
Taplow	6	2	.750
Epsom	6	2	.750
Pay-Records	2	4	.333
Orpington	1	6	.143
Uxbridge	1	7	.125

Amusements.

Patients have thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of the following during the last fortnight:—Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Williams (Upton Court), Mrs. Appleby and Mrs. Bird (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Caffin (Marlow), Miss Coleman (Maidenhead), Miss Pixley, Miss Barry (Bray), Mrs. Hollis, Mrs. Davis (Bourne End), Mrs. Reed (The Chilterns), Mr. Schuster, Mrs. Lehman and Mrs. Baker (Bourne End), Mrs. Stevenson (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Wilson Noble (Henley-on-Thames), Lady Devonport (Whittington), Mrs. Howard Vyse (Stoke Poges), Mr. Shackles (Dropmore), Miss Spindler.

OUR CONCERTS.

The concerts have not been so numerous recently, but we enjoyed the visits of Mrs. Collins' London Party, Professional War Classes Concert Party, Mr. Garcia's Choir, Canadian Choir, The Gresham Pierrotte Co., Oscar Asche Dramatic Company, High Wycombe Band.

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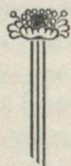
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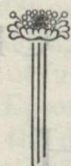
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	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Maidenhead	1 52	53	54	55	56	57	59	010	0
Taplow Ct.	1 182	183	184	185	186	187	189	1310	13
Cliveden H.	1 252	253	254	255	256	257	259	2010	20
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Cliveden H.	1 302	303	304	305	306	307	309	3010	30
Taplow Ct.	1 372	373	374	375	376	377	379	3710	37
Maidenhead	1 502	503	504	505	506	507	509	4510	45

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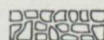
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