

Vol. II.

No. 34.

Monday, October 7th, 1918.

"Stand Easy."

Chronicles .. of .. Cliveden.

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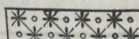
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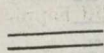
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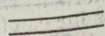
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BUSINESS MANAGER ...

A/SGT. LESLIE S. CUMMING.

Vol. II.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 7th, 1918.

No. 34.

Editorial.

Heartiest congratulations to the Colonel on his promotion.

The departure of Capt. van Norman, late Registrar and Adjutant, to the D.G.M.S. Office, London, is probably the most far-reaching event of the past fortnight for our small community. Registrar and Adjutant of a General Hospital of 1,485 beds, including auxiliaries, is no sinecure, and this dual position has now been filled, and well filled, by Capt. van Norman for over six months. The nature of his manifold duties brought him into contact with every department of the hospital, and sometimes into very violent contact, but for this there was always a good cause and the proper result usually followed. He will be greatly missed by all as a most able, conscientious, and just administrator, for whom nothing was too great or small for kind and careful consideration.

Capt. D. P. Hanington, who has now taken over the duties of Registrar and Adjutant, comes to us from the Canadian Officers' Convalescent Hospital, Matlock, Bath, where he has successfully filled a similar position. Nothing better could be wished him than that he will meet with the same success as those who have previously occupied his chair; doubtless Capts. Neff and Lewis, who preceded Capt. van Norman, will be fresh in the minds of many warm admirers.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we are able to announce the opening of a competition for the Best Short Story. Capt. Upton, on behalf of the Patients' Entertainment Committee, has promised a prize for the winner of the competition, which, in view of the well-known generosity of this body, should prove a sufficient stimulus to produce no end of talent. The following are the rules of competition:

1.—Open only to patients in hospital (this includes auxiliaries).

2.—Story must not exceed 1,000 words.

3.—Manuscript to be submitted, addressed to the Editor, not later than 21st October.

The story winning the prize will be published in the first number of November.

In our next issue a half-page cartoon will be produced, and, if there are a sufficient number of cartoonists in hospital, doubtless some benevolent person will offer a prize for this type of our magazine work also.

In closing, we desire to thank the artist who did such excellent work on our recent posters.

Some thoughts on Peace.

Men find their most happy conditions in the pursuit of peaceful occupations and the enjoyment of home life.

It will be a pleasing sight to see this concourse of war break up and men returning to the farm, factory, and family. War is unnatural and should be treated as a monstrous evil. The nation that regards military exploits as the chief occupation for its energies is forsaking solid happiness for empty glory.

(1) *Politically*, a nation becomes prosperous when industry flourishes, trade is unchecked, literature finds patrons, science and art are pursued, and general education is put in the reach of all.

(2) *Religiously*, a people is prosperous when angry controversy gives place to peaceful cultivation of holiness, and practical efforts to conquer the sin of the world and to spread the blessings of christianity.

(3) *Personally*, men are prosperous when they are at liberty to work in peace and to enjoy the fruits of their labours without molestation. How-

ever, it is not possible to enjoy solid peace till after the faithful performance of the duties of war. Our duty just now is to carry through the established once more upon the face of the earth. The cry of "peace at any price" may be the ignominious utterance of blindness, indolence, of cowardice, or selfishness. We can have no worthy peace while the wrongs of any who have claims upon us call for our active interference.

National peace must follow the establishment of order and justice—better all the horrors of war than unchecked tyranny, unpunished violence, or outraged innocence.

Religious peace must follow the righteous maintenance of truth and right. We must not let false religion go unchallenged, or unholy conduct unrebuked, for the sake of preserving peace. Christ came to send a sword (St. Matthew X., 34), and His peace comes after the valiant overthrow of lies and sin which oppose His rule.

Personal peace must follow the battle of the soul with its sin and doubts. That is a hallowed peace which comes from conquering doubt. We must fight it down. No true peace is possible while sinful habits are unopposed; these must be resisted unto blood. Then shall true peace follow victory over evil, whether it be the host of Germans on the western front that oppose our national life, or the religious scoffers in our home defences, or the sin degraded member of our domestic fireside—all these must be met by war if we are to live in peace.

A.C.T.

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

Another fortnight gone! We are glad to welcome Matron back, to see her looking so well, and to hear she has had such a good time.

Our new blue uniforms have made a great impression on the town generally. It is nice to see the boys in some decent clothes.

We have lost poor old "dad" (Pte. Duke), he was taken suddenly worse on the evening of Sept. 21st, and passed away the same night, much to the sorrow of the whole hospital. He had seemed so much better the last few days. The military funeral took place on Tuesday, and 88 patients followed. The Commandant, Quartermaster, and some of the Nurses were also present. The boys sent a beautiful wreath and collected a handsome sum for the widow.

Again, we have to congratulate Nurse Buchanan and Nurse Reynolds on passing the advance examination and gaining the blue stripe.

We hear that Bdr. Gray, R.F.A., has received the praise and patronage of Princess Pat. for his needlework. Well done Gray!

Roll of Honour.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to the Rev. Capt. R. N. Burns, C.F., former Chaplain to this hospital, who lost his only son on the 28th of Sept. in action.

Miss Burns, one of Capt. Burns' daughters, is a well-known visitor in Ward F.1, and we feel sure that all the boys in that ward join with us in our expression of sympathy for those who mourn the loss of a true son and an affectionate brother.

Connaught Athletic Football Club.

The C.A.F.C., with a very imposing list of friendly games arranged, opened the season at home by opposing a team from Eton and Windsor, composed chiefly of the Grenadier Guards. After a very keenly contested game, the visitors won by four goals to two.

On Saturday, Sept. 28th, the Hospital team travelled to Reading to oppose a team of the 30th Middlesex Regt. The Hospital team opened the scoring with a perfect shot from the inside left. This goal, scored so early in the game, evidently influenced the referee. The game finished in favour of the home team by seven goals to three. The Hospital casualties were four men slightly injured.

On Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 2nd, the Hospital team met an eleven from C Battery, R.F.A., High Wycombe, on the home ground. Owing to some of the members not having recovered from the strenuous game of Saturday our team turned out somewhat weakened. The gunners assumed the offensive early in the game, and retained the same until half-time. During this time they obtained four goals, and the Hospital one—a penalty, well taken by Scott. The second half yielded better football, the home team holding their opponents well and having a full share of the game. The gunners added one more goal to their score, the game thus ending in their favour by five goals to one.

It is hoped before Saturday to introduce some new blood into the Hospital team. It should be added here that unnecessary arguing and dirty play should be avoided. There is a tendency among some of the boys to give way to these two evils.

SPECTATOR.

Soccer.

A soccer match was played between the officers and men of the Hospital on September 28th. The purpose of it evidently was to bring the above-mentioned parties together, and to provide some amusement for the patients. Both objects were reached in a most admirable manner. The Padre, for instance, came so closely into contact with one N.C.O. that in the melee he got off with a black eye, while the N.C.O. is suffering from a bruised shin.

It is quite impossible to express oneself too strongly on the fine team play—it was scientific. One could see at a glance that many members of the opposing teams were old-timers at rugby, lacrosse, "pump, pump, pull away," sprinting, &c. The butcher was there with the beef everytime he met Capt. Coghlin or Capt. Taylor, and Bugler Rankin outwinded Capt. Washburn in every heat.

Anyway, it was a good game. There were some gymnastic feats that would have attracted attention in a Spartan arena.

May there be many more such games. The score was—Officers, five; men, eight.

Echoes from the Eye and Ear Clinic.

1.—First Tommy: "That ear doctor is certainly a good one!"

Second Tommy: "Is that so? Why?"

First Tommy: "Well, I had been deaf in both ears for two months, and after he gave me the first treatment I heard from my brother in France."

2.—Swingitt (approaching ear department): "Sir, can you do something for me? The ringing in my ears is so loud at night that the other patients are unable to get any sleep!"

3.—O.C. of Eyes: "Now, Jock, if you don't give up drinking you will lose your eyesight entirely."

Jock: "Well, doctor, I don't mind. I've seen pretty nearly everything."

Ward Notes.

F.1.

Here we are again, b'hoys! Well to the fore again.

Things are going strong here since the steam was turned on in the ward. Our friend, Hopkinson, has been at it again. He dreams of fighting over after all.

The question of the hour is, "Who shot the rabbit?"

We notice that our M.O. now sports a nice, highly-polished "Sam Browne." We wonder if his ward batman will be granted a week-end leave so that he can buy some white heelball?

Friend Steel has been going strong of late. In the recent advance on the "Maidenhead Front" he captured a "Big Bertha," complete with ammunition. It is a wonder how he managed it with only one good arm!

McMann has got it badly again. His latest stunt is laying on his bacon to keep it warm until the tea comes up.

We greatly appreciate the efforts of the band, which has lately been tearing off a few yards outside of our ward.

We notice that Brooks appeared on duty with a nice clean bandage round his head. Has he been undergoing training in the O.T.C., or is it the result of a recent footer match against the "Diehards"?

Parker wants to know if, after swallowing a pen nib, he would contract appendicitis, and would he have to take a dose of ink to make him right (write) again?

Another patient wishes to know if he would be interned as an alien if he caught German measles?

Things we want to know—

Why does Webster wear his tie whilst in bed? What is his attraction at Bourne End?

Why did Everton shave his upper lip? Did he want to make the Post Office girl think that he was young?

Does Digger really hide his spare blanket under the egg cup in the kitchen?

Who was the Sister who got wet feet through looking for mushrooms?

When are the up patients going to get an afternoon out to tea?

"EFF ONE."

J.1.

Now that we have "Parsons" in this ward we note that the "Train" services are renewed.

McGlue. Stick fast, old boy!

Did a comrade really "Merritt" the dive into a "Lake" recently?

Pte. Holt is willing to play draughts (drafts) with any other patient. If he does, he will certainly catch a cold.

The verandah men should be warm at night with MacRae (ray) to warm the night air.

It was hard lines on you Mac that the angel did not meet you at the gate. She was doubtless able to see through our X-Ray clerk.

William, it was hard luck not to depart *en route* for Liverpool. Hope you are not Raw(son).

Is our senior poultice wolloper short of breath? We note his pants, to Kirkdale on Sept. 30th, at 8 a.m. Good luck to 'em! Look out for the fall of Metz.

There is evidently no shortage in this ward of potatoes—in the socks. They are frequently and religiously handed out "holy."

Can the linen Sergt. tell the boys when they can have a new "fit of the blues"?

A new, and we hope a better, penman will write the Ward Notes for the next issue of STAND EASY.

"JAY ONE."

Alex. 1.

Since our last notes appeared we have lost Capt. McCartney, who is replaced by an old friend in the person of Capt. Borden. He is certainly one of the best, and we hope he will have a long stay with us.

Sister Crysler is now "boss" of the other party, and so everything, *pro tem*, is beautiful.

All the old hands have gone, some to depot and some to Canada. Amongst the latter was the well-known "Square Head." We hope the ship does not get torpedoed!

"Shut-the-gate-mister" is now in bed, having gone over the top the other day. A lot of people wish they could shut something else.

We hope our buckshee Sergt. and his square-pushing pal will come to bed earlier in future, and thus not call down the "Savage" wrath of one called Met-Calf.

What does "High Wycombe" mean, and why was Gray so persistent in saying this when talking of Lord Stratheona's Horse after his operation?

Who is "Curley," and what were his feelings when accosted down town by Maidenhead Peggy while with his sister?

What is the matter with Austin's face? The burning question of the hour is, "Was he dropped when he was young?"

One of our new comers, Pte. Ledger, of the Bedfords, passed away on the 1st inst., after a most painful operation. All our sympathy goes out to his wife and family.

There are now three "Reds" in the ward, but, of course, the original still reigns supreme. There are "Reds" and "Reds"!!!

Alex. 2.

What do you think of our handy-man from New York coming into the ward from the verandah because he was feeling the effects of the cold? Is he likely to become our Night Sister's batman?

We are very sorry to hear that our friend Wheaton has had his leg off. We trust that he will soon recover from the effects of the operation. We wonder why he called for Lester.

Bedford will soon become our Ward Commander. Let us hope he will succeed in his great task; he is gradually becoming to be what he will be.

We do wish that someone could have a much pleasanter face around our ward. It doesn't need much guessing "Who?" Ask some of our bed patients.

"Marine Transport" is to succeed our friend Darky. We trust he will look after the boys as well as Darky did.

Ontario 2.

Who is the guy, coming in after "lights out," who pulls patients out of kip? We wish to warn him against this action, for the whole ward is in an uproar against such disturbances. The Night Orderly might assist us in securing the culprit. Some other "mug" causes annoyance every night by blinding patients with a flash-light.

We would like to see an increase in shillings for the capture of mice in the piano.

Every respect to the patient proceeding on leave to Scotland to find out if it had been shifted. Ask Fleming, he knows where it is.

Who is the old reprobate in this ward? Is he the only man who has been to France, and why did he discard his sticks after the Board?

Anyone wanting a cup of tea should apply to Sister Kellett.

Who is the Scotch veteran who always asks for more porridge? Will he break his ankle on leave?

Who is the fair young man who had the sudden attack of heart failure when he found he was for disposal? We anxiously await the next Board.

For rent: One Scotsman, with Irish brogue; one mousetrap and mouse.

We all wish God-speed and best luck to friends, Todd and Stoneman, on their return to Canada.

Cairo, and the Egyptians.

Another extract from a letter from a Trooper in "A" Squadron, Herts. Yeomanry, Egyptian Expeditionary Force, dated 11th August, 1918.

Cairo is very hot at present—in fact many days we have had higher temperatures than the Sudan,—but still I do not find it inconvenient; it is much drier than Palestine, of course. I did not come from the Jordan Valley, where the climate approximates that of Abyssinia on account of the low altitude (1,200–1,300 feet below the Mediterranean). I should have liked to have gone down there last winter when in Jerusalem, but at that time it was out of bounds to sight-seers. However, I have looked down into it from the Mount of Olives, which is better than not seeing it at all.

I have, for a long time past, wanted to give you some idea of the people out here. I have described buildings, &c., but have said very little about the population, or its customs.

The English person's idea of a harem is very erroneous. As you probably have the same ideas, or none whatever, I will give you a description of calling on "Mesdames aux Hareems." From what I remember, the mention of the word harem in England caused a hush, each person thinking of some item from cheap literature, dozens and dozens of veiled and unveiled beauties, windows overlooking the river, into which weighted sacks, containing a fallen favourite, were thrown nightly.

The houses in the East are divided into two sections, the "Selamlik," or place of welcome, and the "Haremlik," or women's quarters. The courtyard and garden of the former is overlooked from both the men's and the women's quarters; the women's windows being covered with a wooden screen known as "musrabezeh." The courtyard of the "Haremlik" is only visible from the women's quarters.

The "Selamlik" consists of a large reception room where the householder receives his friends; and other rooms for the male members. High up on one side of the reception room, is a gallery covered by a screen, where the women folk are sometimes invited to sit and listen to the conversation going on below.

By Moslem law, a man is allowed four wives (freeborn), and four slave wives. The civil law of Egypt has, however, made the latter illegal for some years past. The latest figures available show that the great majority of Egyptians find one wife quite as much as they can manage! When a man does take two or more wives, a separate establishment is provided for each. Consequently, each wife lives in blissful ignorance of the existence of the others, until the man dies and his property is divided up. The occupants of a harem are, therefore, the wife, the mother of the householder, his sisters and daughters, and their female servants. Sons remain in the harem until they attain the age of six or seven, when they take up their quarters in the "Selamlik," visiting their mother daily.

Among the poorer classes, in the rare event of a second wife, separate rooms are provided. Of course, this does not apply to the poverty stricken, where a man with two or more wives, with their families, live huddled up like sheep. An Egyptian home life can, nevertheless, be just as ideal as a European.

The marriage ceremony can be very simple. The expression, "I make you my wife," before a witness, being sufficient. Among the better classes, however, a great deal of very picturesque ceremony is introduced.

Divorce is equally easy. "I divorce you," said three times, being sufficient. For instance, a man sits down to his supper, and finds that it consists of too many beans, and not enough oil, "I divorce you for the first time," he says. The next day he complains of too much oil and not enough beans. "I divorce you the second time," he says. The third day, the woman has the "needle," and provides no supper at all. "I divorce you for the third and last time," he says. Nothing remains, but for the woman to pack up her dowry, and clear out.

The Egyptian lady appears to be quite content with her lot, spending her time visiting her friends, and doing needlework, of which I have sent

one or two specimens home. On race days they arrive in good numbers, but remain in their carriages and cars on the side of the course, and have no wish to emulate their Western sisters by freely mixing with men folk.

I was told a story of an Egyptian who spent some years in Europe, and America. On his return, he suggested that his wife should adopt Western clothes and customs. The poor lady instantly burst out crying, saying that her husband could not possibly love her any more, or he would not wish her to be exposed to insult and shame. From this, you will see that the Egyptian women are their own stumbling block to advancement. There are exceptions, however. A short while ago the native press was full of complaints from girls of twelve years of age, they had to leave their studies just when they became interesting, in order to put up the veil, and think of married life. I also know of an Egyptian, who, before the war, took his wife and daughters to Europe each year. Whilst in Egypt the ladies were closely secluded, but no sooner had their boat left the quay, than they appeared on deck in Paris frocks, mingling freely with the other passengers.

Islam is, of course, the sheet-anchor to the nation; only by renouncing his religion can a Moslem become Westernized, as you will see later when I try to describe the Sheikh and the Effendi. C.H.E.

Y.M.C.A. Programme.

Wednesday, October 9th—Australian Records Concert Party.
 Saturday, " 12th—John Conrad Concert Party.
 Wednesday, " 16th—Lal Edwards Concert Party.
 Saturday, " 19th—Morley Peel Concert Party.
 Wednesday, " 23rd—The Oddities.

We've done our bit in Hell.

Composed by the late Pte. Fred Summers, 1st C.M.R., found on the battlefield and handed in by 1009639 Pte. A. DeMetz, Ward J 1.

I'm sitting here and thinking of the things I left behind;
 And I hate to write on paper what is running through my mind.
 We've destroyed a dozen dug-outs, and cleared ten miles of ground,
 And the worst place on the map of hell I know is left unfound;
 But when the strife is over and the job is done full well,
 We'll be happy hereinafter, 'cause we've done our bit in hell.

We've built a dozen kitchens, for the cooks to stew our brains,
 We've marched a thousand miles, through snow-storms and through rain;
 We've washed a million mess-tins and peeled a thousand spuds,
 We've rolled a million blankets, and washed a million duds;
 And the holidays and Sundays that we've worked it's hard to tell,
 But there'll be no work in heaven, for we've done our work in hell.

We've killed a million Germans—the thought makes our blood feel hot,
 We've shaken a million lice from out our Army socks;
 We've visited a million billets and made a thousand camps,
 And packed a million bullets in our enemies coats and pants;
 But when our work on earth is done, our friends behind will tell—
 "When they died they went to heaven, for they'd done their job in hell."

When the final call is sounded, and we've put aside life's care,
 And we've made our last great charge o'er the corpse-strewn bloody stair;
 Then the angels make us welcome, and the harps begin to play,
 We've saved a million pay-checks, but we've spent them on that day.
 It's then we'll have St. Peter tell us loudly with a yell—

"Take a front seat, you brave Canadians, you've done your bit in hell."

Staff Notes.

We hear the "Gimnee" Club has been disbanded since the clock has gone back (an hour), and it is supposed that the reason for disbandment is that the members have found it impossible to "keep time" under the new schedule.

Earlier in the season a number of our boys had visions of additional revenue from their allotments. Now they are wondering whether they will have to pay the Heinies for harvesting the "spuds." It seems another case of "count not your potatoes before they are dug."

During the combat between our Association Kickers and the Hindenburg Line at Reading, a Scotty was heard to say to one of the opponents (not from Aberdeen):—"Away with ye—General Allenby captured your country the other day with less casualties than we had here."

The Maple Leaf Social Club has reorganized for the coming season, and is expected to meet with the same success which attended its evenings of last winter. Under the able presidency of Cpl. W. L. Petheridge, with Cpl. W. R. Short looking after the finances, and L/Cpl. T. Hetherington "calling off," the weekly dances will surely be the events of the next few months.

All the beauty and the chivalry assembled on Thursday evening, Sept. 26th, in the ball-room of the Swan Hotel, and enjoyed an absolutely delightful evening of "fantastic toe." Music of the finest order was furnished by the Hospital Orchestra:—Cpl. W. R. Short, violin; Pte. J. H. Wright, guitar; and Pte. W. G. Short at the piano. The boys simply could not keep their feet still. Among the numerous and illustrious assemblage "Jimmie" was seen "Flapping" about, full of pep as usual. Patsy is also making "rapid strides" towards proficiency in the art of twinkling toes; while Thompie, in Camel Corps regulation dress, seemed to have just stepped in for the occasion. L/Cpl. Sewhartz was also seen doing the graceful in the best of form; while "Tuffie" seemed quite at home, minus the kilts which so embarrassed his debut of last season. White socks seemed to have lost their pristine popularity. The "last rose" of a year ago failed to bloom even as a "wall-flower," and is probably a case of "frozen-out."

Light refreshments of coffee and cake were served during an interval. At that time, Sgt. Trew rendered a selection from "Bob Service" in his usual inimitable style, and Cpl. W. R. Short sang, "Over the Hills of a Heart's Content," in a pleasing voice.

Finances permitting, the club proposes to make each weekly social an entire success, and it is hoped that each member will do his best to fulfil the object with which the organization was first made:—"To provide some place of sociable amusement where the environment is more agreeable than in the ordinary available places of public amusement."

"GILLIP PHIBBS," *Unofficial War Correspondent.*

Our Hospital.

It's just a lonely little place beside the river Thames,
Where swans abound in plenty, also the water hens.
It's on the Cliveden estate, where you can always roam,
The place is absolutely bon, in fact, it's just like home.
We go for picnics once a week—I tell you they are great—
Sometimes aboard the old "Good Hope"; sometimes on the estate.
The Sisters here are just O.K., you can find none to beat them,
In fact, we like them all so much, we fancy we could eat them.
And once we leave this little joint, and move along our way,
We'll often long to be back here, if just for half a day.
So now, before I leave from here I've one more word to say,
Three cheers for the good old hospital—"Harrah" "Harroo" "Harry."
W. T. JENKINS, Ontario 2.

A Heinie Overheard.

Scene.—Interior of Nissen Hut, floor of which is covered with sleeping figures rolled in blankets. Droning of Boche aeroplane quite close.

1st Wakeful Pte.: Listen to that old devil.

2nd Ditto: Pretty close, too.

3rd Ditto: It's ours.

1st Ditto: Like h—, it's ours.

Vinblancoed Pte. (from corner): Now is the septed time; Good Book says so—now is the septed time. (Bomb falls with a thudding crash; everybody is wide awake.)

3rd Wakeful Pte. (ironically): Guess that's Fritz alright.

Optimist (cheerily): Keep under the blankets, children.

Pessimist: Isn't it he—; just as we're down the line too.

Man feeling for his tin Lizzie: Gosh, if one dropped on here a fellow 'ud have a hard time collecting his thoughts, wouldn't he? (Another loud crash heard.)

Optimist: A dud.

Optimist's "Wife": Jee-rusalem, if that's a dud I'd hate like h— to be under a live one.

Optimist (to "Wife"): Don't be scared, sweet one; they say bombs wont come where lice are, so we're all right.

Job's Comforter: Ah, well, they only carry four, and he's already dropped two.

Diminutive Pte.: They tell me I'm small, but, by gosh, I feel like Vimy Ridge to-night. (3rd crash heard.)

Pessimist: Don't seem to be going away, does he? Are you sure it's four they carry?

Optimist: Four or six.

Dim. Pte.: He's going away now, can't you hear? (4th crash heard.)

A Voice: Where did that one go?

Another: House on the hill.

1st Voice: Lord help our sergeants!

Optimist: You can all go to bye-byes now, children; it will take them at least half an hour to get another stock of pills.

Vinblancoed: Now is the septed time; Good Book says so—now is the septed time.

A Cook: Aw, go to sleep, you —.

The Anzacs' Lament.

No doubt you all have heard about the boys who do or die;

Of them I'll tell a story that will fairly make you cry.

They've fought in Flanders, fought at Ypres, and on the Somme as well,

They've fought in every part of France, but cannot get a "spell."

There's five of these divisions of the good old "Aussie" sort;

The boys who know what stouch is, and have tramped from south to north.

They've been in rain and been in mud; you'd think they'd done a crime,

And the hardest part of all is, that they cannot snatch their time.

They've boxed on now without a spell—it must be quite a year,

While other boys have had a spell, and boozed on "vin" and beer.

They carry out their stunts O.K., it's done right to the letter,

In fact, of all the troops around, you can't find any better.

They cannot do without them now their deeds shine with a lustre,

But no man can go on for e'er—in time we'll come a buster,

For when old Fritz catches us and blows us all to hell,

'Twill be, as far as I can see, our only long, long, spell.

W. T. JENKINS, 51st A.I.F. ONT. 2.

Ypres.

It was on a blood-stained battle-
 And Ypres was the name, [field,
 Where a gallant band of Irishmen,
 Have won immortal fame.
 It was a great big stronghold,
 The Hun he knew it well ;
 None could take it but the bold,
 For it was a living hell.

The place was in a tottering state,
 And the ground was like a mire,
 When the gallant band met their
 Amid the guns and wire. [fate
 Orders were to take that place
 And hold it at all cost.
 What those heroes had to face
 You can guess by what they lost.

Grimly they took that line,
 It was a fearful sight,
 Without the aid of tank or mine,
 As darkness broke to light.
 There were men of the R.I.R.'s,
 And Inniskillens to the fore,
 Gay Munsters on the right,
 True Irish to the core.

Slowly they gained their way
 To the Hunman's front line trench,
 Then his guns began to play,
 And the shells fell thick and dense.
 They took the line no doubt,
 But the little band grew thin,
 For the Germans they did rout,
 As they were out to win.

How proudly they marched back !
 Few had shown their fears,
 For they had faced the German cracks
 With ringing Irish cheers.
 The world was glad to hear
 That the Irish had advanced,
 The lads that feared not death
 On the battlefields of France.

There will be many a sorrowful sigh
 In many an Irish heart,
 But it proves that Irishmen can die,
 And nobly do their part.
 When victory comes to our troops,
 And peace has claimed her way,
 Let Britain then remember
 How the Irish fought that day.

L/Cpl. D. TAIT, B Coy., 15th R.I.R.

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Major R. Weir, 31, Bedford Square, W.C.1, is secretary of the Department of Correspondence.

Any bed patient may have the fullest information and assistance by sending a note to Pte. C. R. McGillivray, at the Chapel.

A Soldier's Farewell.

I'm going, across the seas, dear,
 Though I've no wish to roam
 Outside this little Island,
 Which holds my all— my home.

I'm going to face the hardships
 Of battle, strife, and pain,
 May God, Who shewed me Duty,
 Bring me safe home again.

I'm going amid temptations
 That I've never known before,
 But I mean to keep the straight road,
 Though I be tempted sore. [dear,

Just keep a corner in your heart
 For my mem'ry, fond and true,
 And think of me in peace, dear,
 Waiting in Heaven for you.

Maybe I never shall return,
 And if, whilst with my gun,
 I should be killed in action,
 Try to say "God's will be done."

It's hard to think of parting,
 But we shall meet again,
 Where battle's fury is not known,
 Where perfect peace doth reign.

Don't fret and grieve for me, dear,
 If I am laid to rest,
 For, however hard the path may seem,
 Remember, God's way's the best.

S.T.

To My Mother.

At even, when it's peaceful
 And all things seem at rest,
 I often think of mother
 Mine, the truest and the best;
 I ponder o'er my childhood,
 From then, each year by year,
 How patiently you watched me,
 God bless you, mother, dear!

I see the idle folly,
 My wayward, selfish pride,
 I always thought that I knew best,
 Off' your advice defied;
 But still you stayed beside me,
 To comfort, check, or cheer,
 God pardon all my blunders,
 And bless you, mother, dear!

I never can repay you
 For deeds so nobly done,
 So just accept the gratitude
 Of your unworthy son;
 I thank God for my mother,
 And pray—humbly and sincere,
 "God have you in his keeping,
 And bless you, mother, dear."

And then in times of sickness,
 Without a thought of self,
 Lovingly you tended me,
 And brought me back to health;
 You faced those days of hardship,
 Those sleepless nights, so drear,
 Without complaint or murmur,
 God bless you, mother, dear!

How many times I've grieved you,
 And brought you needless pain.
 Now I know your ways were best,
 Your love—'twas not in vain;
 I'm proud of you, my mother,
 The 'Right Way' you've made clear,
 God guide my wand'ring footsteps,
 And bless you, mother, dear?

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