

VOL. I., No. 9.

OCTOBER 20TH, 1917.

“

Stand

Easy”

”

Chronicles

of

Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

TWOPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 9.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20TH, 1917.

TWOPENCE.

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

Writing our Letters.

One of the redeeming features of this war—and in spite of its overwhelming horrors there are not a few redeeming features even in this human catastrophe—is the way in which letters have been found to be more than ever a great link between those who are parted from one another.

How these letters are cherished, and even those little field postcards, with their various bits of news crossed out till one precious item is left, have been eagerly scanned by thousands of anxious eyes at home.

And what have the home letters meant to our men in trench and camp, at sea or on land, who thus get a whiff of the old home?

What splendid letters our men have sent home! So full of good cheer, and expressed so well. I quote from a letter of a soldier at the Front: "We are fighting for a reconstruction; for a strong, sensible basis for a new age. A world catastrophe such as this always marks the dawning of a new age, pregnant with immense possibilities of development and a nobler life. But, unfortunately, it is often only the few who note the opportunity, and strive to use it—yet the hearts of men will be ready for better things as the roar of the guns dies down." Some of the most beautiful letters, perfect examples of real sympathy and tenderness, are those from men who have seen a comrade die and then write to the wife or mother to break the news. There is a strength about these letters, which are free from weak sentimentality, that brings true comfort. Or again, the letters from the sisters reporting progress—or reverse, alas!—of patients in the wards, brings a tenderness of touch which helps the anxious and bereaved.

How delightful are the letters of Billy to his mother, when he describes some of those things he has seen in dear old London. Among

the many things he tells his mother is about a trip to London. "Well, mother, I saw London. It is a sort of moving picture. It is just a confused jumble of grey stone buildings to see it at night; there is practically no light, save the ghastly green ones that causes everyone to resemble an olive green in complexion. The taxis and 'buses creep along with no head lights. As you look up at the sky, you see ribbons, seemingly miles long, shooting out in every direction, which are the anti-aircraft search-lights. This is indeed a wonderful sight. I spent a few hours visiting places of interest, such as the Tower of London. I ransacked it from the entrance gate to the Keep of the White Tower; touched the spots where Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Dudley, Mary Queen of Scots, and the others lay, and prayed and died; climbed the 12th century stairways, trod 12th century floorings, and read inscriptions cut in the walls by the prisoners—civil, political or religious. I also visited the large hotels of London, and many other places, which were full of interest to me. I stood in the old Abbey, and it is beyond me to tell you the thoughts engendered as I stood in the vaulted old aisles." What Billy has written to his mother in Canada from the old country thousands of our men have done.

These letters are read and re-read by those who receive them. We should be very careful to read the letters which we receive from home or friends—in fact, a letter should be read more than once; there may be more in it than we first notice. This is specially true of those we intend answering, because the next letter to our friend should show that we have carefully read the letter, otherwise there can be no real correspondence.

Interchange of ideas, sympathy with difficulties, delight in one another's pleasures, can only be secured if letters grow out of each other.

Perhaps these present days of anxious separation will help to teach us the power of a letter to bring comfort from one to another. If so, then letter-writing will be given its rightful place in human society as one of the most helpful and joyful opportunities known to mankind.

The Conscientious Objector.

"A week's leave you chaps. It's me to get a hair-cut," thus Claude Benion. "You'll need it all right; long hair and brown Government trousers are possible for Dartmoor, but London—you did say London, did you not?" enquired one, leaning idly against a granite menhir that had been commandeered as a door-post. "M'yes, I suppose so," answered the other soberly.

Mention of his destination reminded him of where he would like to go. He passed his fingers through his long brown hair, straw-coloured at the tips from much exposure to the sun and rain, hats being almost an unknown quantity at Princetown.

A young officer home on leave rode by, casting a glance of withering scorn at the group of slackers. Claude Benion felt himself get hot all over. Never had he been able to accustom himself to the slighting looks people with husbands and sons at the front gave him. It reminded him of the looks he received from the other chaps at school when he forgot to punch another fellow's head if he cheeked him.

He moved away from the others; the old pain came back as memory stirred, and the sweet face of Aline flitted across his vision—Aline, scornful in her sweetness, and again he lived through her scathing remarks about cowards, and the man she married would be brave, and go and fight for her and their country.

Two days later, wearied with London—a London bereft of friends—his family too ashamed of him to own him, found Claude at the little wayside station of Poer, in Norfolk. It was nearing eventide, and having deposited his suit case at the only inn he sat down to a wretchedly served meal to appease his appetite. He felt happier than he had done for some time. Aline was but a few miles away, and he determined he would see her once again, and prove to her that his were real principles—had he and his fellow prisoners not argued it out again and again as right, on the moor—but that, if she wished it, he would do other work to help on the war as long as it wasn't guns or munitions. He wandered from the inn to where Aline Catchpool and her mother lived.

Now he could see the lights of the house, he began to hurry to try and get a peep through the windows before the blinds were drawn. Quietly he crept over the lawn, and gazed eagerly into the room. His starved love sprang

into stronger being as, seated in a low chair with her head bowed between her hands, he beheld her. She was alone, and crying.

Then she loved him still, and was lonely, too, and miserable.

Claude sank on his knees, cursing the cowardly thing that he was; shamed to the core.

Oh, he would tell her all—all his inherent horror of killing, and how he'd lived with the fear of it all his life.

He beat his head and cursed—cursed that he'd inherited such a trait. Suddenly was borne in upon him an all enveloping noise of many engines. At the same moment the door opposite was flung open, and Aline appeared in the aperture, followed closely by her mother and two frightened maids.

Coming rapidly towards them was an air-ship of enormous size, evidently in difficulties.

Claude sprang into the beam of light thrown by the open doorway, rushed to the house, pushed back the frightened maids, and slammed the door.

"The light," he stuttered, "they'll see it!" "You!" cried Aline scornfully. "Oh, of course, you *would* be afraid. Stand back!"

"No, no, they will see the light and bomb the place."

"Who are you that you should give orders here? Stand back, I say, coward!" Mechanically he obeyed her, when an awful explosion took place, and shook the whole house.

Claude sprang to Aline's side, caught her in his arms, covering her head and face, while an awful rage possessed him, that they dared to try to kill her.

"Most unnecessary, thank you," came from Aline as she coolly pushed him from her. "No one is hurt; it exploded outside, somewhere," and she proceeded to open the door.

"Oh, look, look; it's coming down!" They ran out to see the monster drop to earth in the field opposite.

Aline, quick as thought, ran to the gate leading into the field, while Claude, much abashed at his seeming heroics, followed her. As they drew close to the Zeppelin they saw vague forms climbing out of the car, and Claude heard in German. "Here are some of those English swine coming."

"Hollo, you English beoples," came impudently. "Two, tree, vour, fife; dat all?" he counted.

"Enough to make you prisoners, as you

can't escape," said Claude, also in English.

"No, tank you! Where you keep your petrol?"

"Where you are not likely to get it," answered Aline quickly.

"Oh, ho, liddle cat, so I doan't get it, hein?"

"No, you don't," answered Claude for her, "and just you speak respectfully to the lady."

"Eai, eai, mein tear, you vos, what you call it, sbit-fire."

"Take care," said Claude.

"Tage care; I no tage care. You go get petrol, zee?"

Claude felt a ring of cold steel pressed against his cheek. He must gain time—time for others to come up. The airship must have been observed.

"Oh, very well, come on. I'll show you where it is."

"Three of you go with him, and see there's no communicating, and you," pointing to another, "you guard the women here," said the officer in command. "We may get away, yet. There seems to be more than one tank punctured, and we must have enough to get back on. I think we chose the right spot to come down in. The lights did it. I was certain it was a big house—and apparently only one man here. We're in luck. Hurry comrades."

Claude stretched his ears, and thanked Heaven he'd been taught German after all.

"That's right, coward," jeered Aline, who hadn't seen the pistol in the dark. "Help your allies."

Bitterly Claude led the way. Everything seemed against him.

"The Herr Capitaine was right; we could not have chosen a better spot," said one as they moved away.

"Yes, and if they've got petrol we'll do for him, and then there will only be the women to deal with."

"I'll deal with the young 'un," said the Herr Lieutenant as he slammed the gate.

Claude started forward resentfully, and then checked himself. No good could accrue from any interference at that moment.

"Verdamdt!"

"What's the matter?" still in German.

"I forgot to load my pistol."

"Never mind, it cowed him before, and will again," said an enormous Hun.

This was pleasant hearing for Claude, who by this time boiled with indignation. All his

rules and principals seemed to merge into a wild longing to get at the man, and do something—he hadn't quite formulated what. His life or theirs; Aline and insults or dead Germans. His brain reeled and throbbed to bursting point, while his mind seemed to become suddenly coldly clear. A plan began to take substance. He remembered the little old stone outside dairy, where the Catchpool's petrol was kept. He unlocked the door, and watched them carry out all there was and put it down outside.

"Now then, you get in there," said the Herr Lieutenant, holding the pistol at Claude's head again, "We'll lock you up in safety," but Claude stooped suddenly, and siezed a can full of petrol, and before the officer had finished speaking dealt him a terrific blow on the side of his head that felled him to the ground. The pistol clicked derisively as he fell. In the next instant he hurled the full can at the tallest man's head, and almost split his skull open. He went down without a groan. The third he dashed at with his bare hands, quickly getting a strangle-hold on him. Manual labour on Dartmoor had hardened his muscles to whipcord. They swayed and scuffled, but bones and muscles weighed against beef and beer, and the joy of killing was upon Claude Benion. With a sigh the man sagged and wilted. Claude flung him down with a contemptuous laugh, and threw back his head, sniffing the night air—this killing business was getting a hold on him. He heard the sounds of talking and footsteps, and he laughed again.

Appeased, he sauntered back to the Zeppelin, and searched for Aline among the many people who had collected there. Then he noticed there was a bright light—the Zeppelin had been fired.

A "Special," Aline's old gardener, came up to him. "Weren't there three more, sir?"

"Yes, but most of them are dead, I think," he answered.

"What killed them?"

"I did, because they tried to kill me," he answered amusedly.

"You did!" exclaimed an awed voice at his elbow.

Claude led Aline gently away.

"Yes, darling, they insulted you, and incidentally tried to kill me, so I think I was justified—I think I rather like killing, dear," he said, taking her hand. "So if you'll marry me I think I'll go and enlist." K.H.

Ward Notes.

F.1.

We were sorry to lose our Dressing Sister, and are sure she will take up her duties at Shorncliffe in the manner she did amongst the boys here. May good luck follow her.

What price our kitchen staff! They are to be reckoned as "second to none" in the Hospital. There's a "Sharpe" fellow amongst them. "May" they continue to keep up their reputation.

There are many heated arguments in this ward led by our anti-aircraft gunner, who professes he has been in every branch of the combatant services. (We don't think!)

Quite a number of our boys have left us for fresh fields, amongst them being that celebrated Australian singer, "Young Butt," who, by the way, has the honour of wearing the Military Medal.

I have no pain now, "Nimrod," dear,
But oh, I feel so dry,
Connect me up with Dakins,
And there let me lie. "NIMROD."

F.2.

The patients who were fortunate to be invited to see the pictures (not the Hospital kind), and have tea at Spindler's returned brimming over with praise.

The healthiest part of these chaps happens to be their appetite, which was at last appeased.

Why *should* we lose our Night Sister? We don't want to! "Comparisons are odious," but "odious" is a feeble word to use in the case of our "Robin Hood," who, when asked at a party how he liked the cake, compared it with a dumpling.

The chaps on the verandah "want to go home." It's "some" cold out here. A HOSPITAL "SOURDOUGH."

G.1.

Although we have on a previous occasion used these notes to convey our thanks to Miss Aird for her many acts of kindness to the ward, yet, as the inhabitants of the wards are of a nomadic type, continually giving place to new arrivals, we feel bound once again to give expression to our gratitude. Here's our hearty thanks, Miss Aird, for all your many kindnesses. We deeply appreciate all you are doing for the boys who are lucky enough to come to this haven of rest.

Items—

Our noted animal imitator has recovered from another serious operation. The result was a matter of great "sus-Spence."

As it happened, the patient returned in a very amorous frame of mind. He told us he was engaged to Florence. We would like to know when the happy event is coming off.

We wonder if our "star-turn," Dick, is likely to "get off" this season. Since he has donned khaki he seems to carry on more than ever with the "tarts." Baa!

Jock has gone on leave to "Glasca." Now, Jock, "stop yer tickling."

Laugh and grow fat! Dan is with us—one look at his face, and—

Our M.O., Capt. Beer, was dressing a patient the other day—with alcohol dressings—when the patient, objecting to alcohol, said he had no use for beer. What an unfortunate remark!

We regret to say that our cinematograph operator has left us for Harefield. We are of opinion that the present operator joins in our regrets.

We shall not have so much weight to throw about in future. We are losing one Stone. Cheero, Charlie!

We have a patient who derives his name from the Dining Hall. It is said he has a mouth big enough to swallow it. "Put a locker in it, Hall!"

G.2.

We are all very glad to welcome Sister Wilman back to the ward. Is it true she kissed the Blarney Stone?

"Taffy," of carriage fame, wishes it to be known that he is in no way connected with the other "Taffy" in the Hospital who gave the necklace to a ravishing young female in Maidenhead.

If it takes one orderly three days to wash the windows in one ward, how long would it take him to beeswax the Crystal Palace?

Things we should like to know—

How many dinners Joe eats at home?

Is it true that he keeps his hat on to have his hair cut?

Who gassed the Sisters' cabbage?

If Cl. B. is really buying himself a spittoon for use in the kitchen?

Who it is who prefers a night's rest in the "spud-hole"?

If "Old Bill" is really having a special staff of orderlies to scratch his stump?

H.1.

We are sorry to hear that Colonel and Mrs. Sawyer are leaving for London. We will miss them very much in this ward, where their many kindnesses are appreciated by all. We trust they will find life enjoyable in London, and we know their memories of Cliveden will always be pleasant ones.

It is good to have Miss Stevenson, our Ward Lady, back with us again after her holiday, which we trust she enjoyed.

One of the patients in this ward would like to know if he can put in a claim against the baseball team for the damage their blinking mascot has done to his locker. A writing pad, three tomatoes and a box of cigarettes must have made a tasty meal!

Who is the gallant V.C. in this ward who stopped a "9.2" shell with his foot?

Does Taylor still juggle with eggs?

Does Napper enjoy Henderson's recitations?

We will back a certain few of our bed-patients to "act the goat" better than any other patients in the Hospital. No wonder the goat comes round here so often. It must be looking for its brothers.

Wanted! An expert electrician to say when the current is off.

H.2.

Will K.1 kindly note that they can have one of our Frenchmen with pleasure, but unfortunately we cannot guarantee him to be docile as his expressions become somewhat embarrassing at times.

It is noticeable that our pet tin-whistle nuisance has temporarily abandoned his pastime, but, unfortunately, he still retains ownership of that instrument of torture. Will somebody volunteer to relieve him of it. We have every reason to believe that he keeps it under his pillow.

If it took seven bed-patients three months to knit a white elephant a red waistcoat how long would it take a certain N.C.O. to get the "Bird"?

Did anyone notice the immense sigh of relief that our Night Sister gave vent to when she was informed that a certain bed-patient did not require his forty yards of bandage? Poor old Carey!

Several of the good "old-timers" have gone this week, and we wish them the best of good luck.

Our sympathy goes out to the patient who has had such hair-raising adventures "out yonder." We did not realize that this war was such a serious matter until his advent among us!

J.1.

Here's wishing you the best of luck, Jock, and may your leave (for an indefinite period) be a long and happy one. We are more than sorry to lose you because you were a real good sort, and you *could* laugh.

Who is the Sister who wants to know what effect the lighted end of a cigarette has on a thermometer, and why?

Patients beware! Some of the orderlies have "been over," you know!

Good old Smithy! Forty-five years of age. Fought in Matabeleland, South Africa, Egypt, Gallipoli and France, and still going strong. Anybody beat that?

Welcome to the new arrivals in the last two convoys. Remember where you've come to, and act accordingly. J.I has an all-round reputation, second to none. If you don't believe it, ask your Sister.

K.1.

Poor old Jock! It was real hard lines that, having put on your civvy suit, and bade an affectionate farewell to your old pals, you were prevented from going home because of the Regulation that says you must remain in Hospital three weeks after being boarded. Never mind, old man, you have got your ticket!

Whew! The age of miracles has not passed. The manner in which our M.O., Capt. Wright, cured a man suffering from shell-shock—as a result of which he had not walked for eight months—in half-an-hour has staggered the ward.

We wonder whether we could turn him on to the Paymaster. It might save a great many cases of "financia embarrassmenta."

Sillitoe, old-timer, we miss you in the ward. You are a real good sort, and we wish you the best of luck in the C.A.M.C. Carter is another whose departure was a sad loss to us. He, too, has our warmest wishes.

No, Cpl., you should not stop out so late—even though you were only developing films.

K.2.

The majority of us have now made the acquaintance of the new electric battery. It has a most awe-inspiring appearance, and we were inclined to be a little "windy" when we heard its opening chorus. However, it proved quite friendly so our minds are quite at rest again.

We sent one of our boys to do some shopping in Maidenhead the other day, but he came back empty-handed, saying that by the time he had satisfied all the M.P.s in the Eastern Command that he had got a genuine Army Form B 295 he just had time to catch the 6 o'clock 'bus home again.

These wounded Tommies are becoming a nuisance, aren't they?

"Smiffy" says he's got "Mac" where he wants him at last, and now he's waiting for his other "friend" to have a relapse with his "Dis. Semi. Cart. Knee."

"Peace" is still raging on the verandah. Why ever didn't they send that cinema man round here for some real "Hospital Life" pictures?
H.J.B.

ALEX. 1.

Words cannot adequately express our regret at losing Sister Foster, who for the past two months has tended the "nightly" wants of this ward, and has greeted us every morning with her cheery smile. Lucky H.2—that's the second prize you have taken from us! Fair exchange is no robbery tho', for we have been fortunate in getting both Sister Norton and Sister George from your ward.

Did we see the ghost of a late member of this ward during the night the last convoy arrived, or was it really so cold in Ontario 2 that the patient himself came to us for sympathy. He sure looked frozen!

Can anybody explain the strange behaviour of "von Hindenburg" during the last few days? Did somebody really give him two "No. Nines" while he rested in the arms of Morpheus?

We wonder if the "Die-hard" will try stepping out of bed again—on the wrong foot?

To Alex. 2.—After a close inspection of our ward we find we have no shell-shock cases, and we presume you have been mixing us up with your verandah. Anyway, we would like to be rolled if you can manage it.

Things we want to know—

If "Smudger" will need his crutches again after his visit to town?

If our hero feels any better?

Why the "Gramophone" does not try another record?

If Bob still feels tired after his long and tiring railway journey?—to Taplow!!!

Why "Windbug" hates our poor inoffensive night orderly?

When the "Dakins" expert returns to his fold—to take up his duties as instructor?

ALEX. 2.

We all very much regret the departure from the Hospital of our orderly, Fred. Good luck to you, Fred, boy, wherever you may go.

We have a great fighting man in our ward. The question is: Did he really throw his egg at our orderly ("Slim"), or did the egg slip?

The latest addition to our ward is the marquee, which we have named Alex. 4. There are twelve of the old boys in it, and they are known as the *Secret Society*. Beware, anyone, on entering same without giving the *Pass Word*.

Anyone wishing to become an all-round man, and also learn Scotch, kindly call on one of our members (Tobin) in the marquee.

After a lot of trouble we have now got together a company of bed-makers, who unfortunately have to rise every morning at 5.30 to oblige our Night Sister. We would like to know if, when the Day Sisters come on, they can really see any difference in the beds.

Welcome to our ward Sister Addison. May your stay be a long one.

The great game in our ward is *house*—open to all. It passes many a long evening away.

Good old Crawford! We trust you will stop here with the boys. (Come on, me old Tulip, half-pass-five—nice cup of tea ready, boy!)

We are all very sorry to lose our old pal, Pte. Beer, who was one of the best.
"THE FILBERT."

ONTARIO 1.

It's all right "16"! Don't get "wind up." We are not going to "strafe" you *this* time!

We were on the point of composing a farewell address to our "Skipper" in this issue, but at the eleventh hour we got word that he was not leaving us after all, so naturally we must refrain from saying the things we intended. At the same time, the boys are all jolly pleased that he did not desert us (and we are not asking for jam on it!)

Say, does our night orderly think we are all "Billies," with his morning "stunt," "Come on, Billy, it's seven o'clock"? Why not Algy, Bert or Charlie?—anything rather than "Billy." It is suggested that he must have previously been stable-boy to our goat.

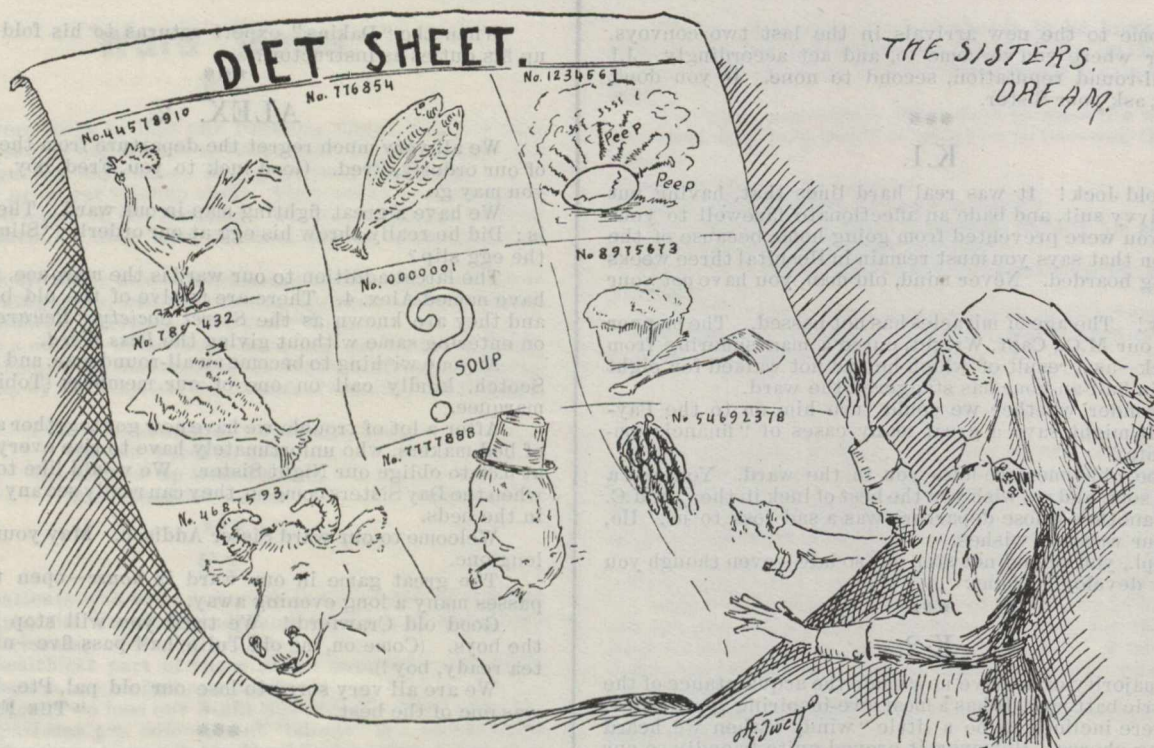
Talking of "hidden talent" amongst the boys, we would hint to Mr. Upton that we have a man who quotes Shakespeare in his sleep. We have not discovered who it is yet, but when we do he's "for it"!

Several of the boys wish to know whether it's fair to charge sixpence for pushing the 'bus up to the Hospital? Also has the "man in front" been used to driving a tank? He tried to take a ditch the other night.

"WHAT do you know about this here blooming language of flowers, Bill?" asked one wounded hero of another.

"Well," said Bill, "I know this much about it—a couple of theatre tickets and a fish supper talks much louder to a girl than a two-bob bunch of roses does!"

A CERTAIN rather stout lady was having a little difficulty in entering the Cliveden 'bus the other day, and the conductress noticing her vain efforts said kindly, "Try sideways, madam." "Sideways?" retorted the lady, "can't you see I aint got any sideways!"



Tea-Total.

Upon thanksgiving night, I think,
When all were feeling "in the pink,"
And come what may
No one could say
He had not had enough to drink—

One of our staff, I hate to say,
Was wheeling on his homeward way
When, as he spinned,
A horrid wind
Just up and blew his hat away!

He stopped his wheel at once he said,
For it was cold upon his head.
Then on the ground
Felt round and round,
And round, 'til he was seeing red.

At length he stopped in great disgust,
The missing hat he loudly cursed.
The personnel,
He feared like h—,
Would think he had been "on the bust."

This is the tale he told to me,
And, plausible as it may be,
I hope he feels
When at his meals
Hereafter he should stick to tea!

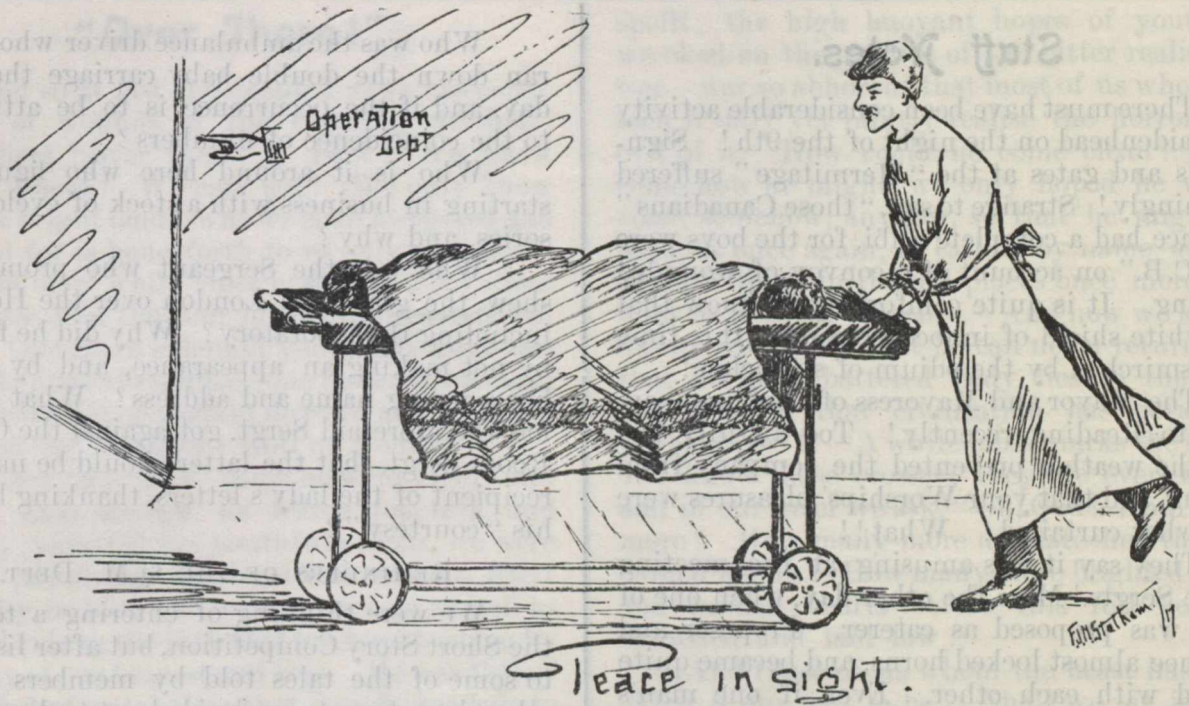
H.D.B.

Connaught Orchestra.

The effort to form an orchestra for the Hospital, it is pleasing to learn, has had very satisfactory results so far. Sgt. R. Sinclair, who has this somewhat difficult task to do, has gathered eight musicians among the staff and patients, and these form the nucleus of what is hoped will be a first-class orchestra. This number, however, is not sufficient, and we have been desired to strongly appeal to those patients who can play stringed instruments to hand in their names, so that at least a number of 15 is reached. If the men will "volunteer" instruments will readily be supplied, and they will have the satisfaction of knowing they will have assisted in supplying a long felt want.

THE COLONEL'S CONGRATULATIONS.

Bandmaster R. Sinclair was cordially and deservedly congratulated by Col. W. L. Watt at the patients' concert on Monday night upon the progress of the Orchestra, which was heard for the first time. The music was certainly excellent, and the audience showed their appreciation in no mistaken manner. The whole programme was well compiled, and the entertainers were "jake." It is hoped that more of these patients' nights will be arranged.



Postal Notes.

By "POSTIE."

As everyone knows the postman is one of hardest worked and most abused men in the world, yet, gee! it's great to be on the postal staff! When you are up to your neck in a Canadian mail, 25 people knocking at your door for registered mail, there is usually a sweet young voice asking, "Mr. Postman, if I post a letter to Toronto to-day, when will it get there?" "Slim," our friend next door, is yodeling his melancholy "Yaki, Hoola, Hiki, Doola," and all the world seems blue. Then, perhaps, you turn up a postcard, saying, "Meet me at the Gas Works, Bill"—you smile, and the world brightens up once more.

Our regimental goat, minus his batman, visited us the other day, and before he was discovered had ate half a sack of mail, hence the rumour that some mail had gone down! When discovered, he was imbibing red ink, which accounts for his dissipated appearance of late.

Like the telephone girl, the curious things a postman could tell you would raise h— all round if he did not use discretion in circulating his items of interest. Bearing this in mind, we will simply remark that there were eight appointments at the Gas Works last week; that Burnham is a favourite trysting place; that we

had a post card last week which made us blush, and we were forced to place a covering over it! It is addressed to the goat's batman, and he can have same if he calls personally for it.

After this date, boys, no one will be allowed to have more than three *nom de plumes*. At present, one gay Lothario has six, but we are going to limit him to two?

We have letters addressed to:—The Goat's Batman, "Saucy Slim," Cpl. Charming (naughty corp!!), Sgt. Showman (what a hint!!) and Sister Susie (is she the one who is "sewing shirts for soldiers?")

And say, boys, don't always tell us the letter that never arrives is the one that had the 10/- note in, and please have a heart and use your regimental number, as "T. Smith, Esq." is *no bon*, for we have 63 Smiths, 85 Browns and 48 Jones' on our file now, "savez?"

We want to know why the Imperials are so keen on registered post cards?

We are heartily glad the plum season is over, and say, fellows, don't let mother send any more eggs in "proper" parcels! Cheero, the rush is on again.

—
 "ONE of the most blinding things in the world is riches," said Mrs. Astor at the debate last week. "There is nothing like it, unless it be extreme poverty."

Staff Notes.

There must have been considerable activity in Maidenhead on the night of the 9th! Signboards and gates at the "Hermitage" suffered alarmingly! Strange to say, "those Canadians" for once had a complete alibi, for the boys were all "C.B." on account of a convoy of wounded arriving. It is quite comforting to know that our white shield of innocence cannot this time be besmirched by the odium of suspicion!

The Mayor and Mayoress of Cookham voyaged to Reading recently! Too awfully bad that the weather prevented the company from coming, and that your Worships' pleasures were somewhat curtailed! What!!

They say it was amusing at the meeting of the Sergts.' Mess the other day, when one of them was proposed as caterer. Proposer and nominee almost locked horns, and became quite peeved with each other. Even if one man's pre-breakfast diet *is* somewhat cannibalistic, is it not a trifle unusual to announce that fact when putting forward a reluctant candidate for the post of caterer?

Did anyone notice one of the Sergeants in an awful fluster on the night of the convoy? It is rather tough to be debarred from visiting the home one has so painstakingly won, especially when one's grip on it is still a trifle uncertain. One never knows, does one?

It, sure, must have been an interesting lecture, but fancy causing all that rumpus because the diagrams soaked through the paper and outlined themselves on the pure white pages of the Night Duty Book. Suppose it had been on the Bill of Fare!

We should like to know—

Why the keeper of the Hospital Fumigator is wearing such an innocent look these days. Does he imagine he is running a Sunday School, or does he require "permission to marry"?

Why the Transport Sergeant became so exceeding "sore" about it when word was received of the expected arrival of the convoy? Who was the bird?

If the youngest man on the transport is not the original "sleeping beauty"?

Why the Transport Corporal wears slacks every evening, and carries patent shoes?

Why "Gerry" has taken to carrying a music book around with him? Is he trying to bluff the troops, or is he writing symphonies in G?

Who was the ambulance driver who nearly ran down the double baby carriage the other day, and if the occurrence is to be attributed to the coincidence of numbers?

Who is it around here who figures on starting in business with a stock of cycle accessories, and why?

Who was the Sergeant who promised to shew the girl from London over the Hospital, including the laboratory? Why did he fool her by not making an appearance, and by giving her a wrong name and address? What grudge has the aforesaid Sergt. got against the Orderly Room Sergt. that the latter should be made the recipient of the lady's letters, thanking him for his "courtesy"?

REMINDERS OF THE Q.M. DEPT.

We were thinking of entering a team in the Short Story Competition, but after listening to some of the tales told by members of the other departments we decided not to do so. For fancy story-tellers they have us "backed right off the map."

Matches are at a premium! Ask Campbell; he knows!!

A pair of socks was found in the vegetable room a few mornings ago. Loser please call immediately, as a Board of Enquiry will be called to condemn!

There is anger in the heart of one of the Orderly Room staff. "Shorty" vows vengeance on the sender of the mysterious p.c.!

One of our "stenos." has the happy knack of being unable to write a correct letter. Poor child! He was at the school!!!

How is it that everybody but "Shorty's" goat can get leave of absence?

We notice with regret that our Clothing Store Corporal is losing weight since taking over his job! Apparently "chewing the rag" in the Clothing Store is not so nutritious as in the Provision Store!

Questions we would like answered—

Does the Quarter Bloke spend his evenings alone as often as he says he does? (Replies may be sent to the Editor.) Did he meet Maud as arranged per postcard? Maud is some "flapper"!

Why some people don't like Sparrows? Ours suits us to a "T."

Will our new Lieut. Tomkin "C.B." us if we fail to get our returns away on time? (The Sergt. Steward is particularly anxious to know).

"The Draft will leave."

(Extract from Regimental Orders.)

I sit in the hut at the depôt,
 I can tell you I'm not feeling gay,
 My pocket-book's thin, and I can't even grin;
 'Tis the end of a dismal day.

Last night, when the bugles blew tattoo,
 A bunch of the boys went to France.
 No music or singing to cheer them;
 "The band had to play for a dance!"

Boys whom I worked, played and slept with,
 Comrades when needing a friend,
 Pals when my pocket was empty,
 Chums when I'd dollars to spend.

Never a wrong one amongst them,
 Men, every one of them white,
 Gone, with laughter and hand-shakes,
 Away to the trenches to fight.

They tell me that's what they came here for,
 To fight 'gainst the Motherland's foe,
 Trained to a hair for the battle,
 Ready and anxious to go.

Boys who are doing their duty
 As true Britons always have done,
 Who will stay on the job till it's finished,
 Until the last battle is won.

Then, when their big fight is over,
 Returning with victory crowned,
 Their names in the pages of history
 Will for ever be justly renowned!

All honour to those in the trenches—
 May God take care of them there,
 And grant that I, too, will be with them,
 Their hardships and glories to share!

A.I.

A Word of Regret.

The patients generally share the great regret felt by the staff at the departure of Matron Russell. Of a retiring disposition, her kindness and thoughtfulness endeared her to all with whom she came into contact. Miss Russell enjoyed a well deserved popularity, and the most cordial wishes for her future health, wealth and prosperity are extended to her. Her loss we shall feel, but we are fortunate in having a most able lady, Matron Pope, to take her place. We heartily welcome our new Matron, and trust that the amicability which existed between her predecessor, the staff and patients, will be continued during her stay.

To The Orderlies.

I lack the words of beauty bright
 To sing of them as Shakespeare might.
 These men who're always in the light,
 The Orderlies.

No horrid job they'll ever shirk,
 Just watch them make the patients work,
 And all for love—without a perq.
 Good Orderlies.

When there are operations grave,
 With what a tender hand they shave
 The shrinking patient. Hear him rave,
 "— Orderly."

I've never heard them once complain,
 Tho' they are called now and again,
 They hurry to the chaps in pain,
 Kind Orderlies.

And you should see their N.C.O.'s
 Arrayed in perfect fitting clothes
 Correct from cap to taper toes,
 Smart Orderlies.

It is a shame—If they should stay
 A day and night or so away,
 They dock them of ten minutes' pay—
 Poor Orderlies.

By soberness they set much store,
 And whiskey one and all abhor,
 We do not call them any more
 Disorderlies.

For further praise my pen has stuck,
 So I must wish the best of luck
 To each and every "Taplow Buck,"
 Our Orderlies.

It is pleasing to record that during the month of September no fewer than 2,900 patients participated either in the parties so generously given by ladies and gentlemen of the district or in the river trips. This number is the largest in the history of the Hospital, and exceeds the number for August by 800. This statement is also indicative of the arduous work so well performed by Hon. Lieut. Upton.

A TEACHER in a Maidenhead school recently examined her class in physiology. "Now Minnie," she asked, "can you tell us what is the principle function of the stomach?"

"Yes, teacher," answered Minnie, "the principal function of the stomach is to hold up the petticoats!"

Nocturnal Nonsense.

One of the boys in blue came home last week after overstaying his pass some four days. He was asked for a reason for this, and he replied, "It's the air-raids." "What?" said the P.S., "Why, there hasn't been an air-raid for three days!" "I know," was the simple reply, "but I thought there might be." Exit P.S.!

The night was cold and dark. A few stars were struggling to pierce the black sky, and the frost in the air seemed to accentuate the stillness of the atmosphere, which was only broken by the occasional "hoot" of an owl and the fairy-like footsteps of the Night Wardmaster, who was plodding patiently towards the Hospital in the hope of being able to "bum" a cup of coffee in one of the kitchens.

Inside the Hospital there was not a sound to be heard except the continuous shaking of the patients on the verandahs, the machine-gun-like rattle of the air in the steam radiators and the snores of the night orderlies, who were dreaming of—who knows—perhaps of the radiant face of some beauteous maiden in Maidenhead, or perhaps of the excessively high price of beer, which would account for the occasional snort.

Occasionally a door would bang; a nervy patient would start up from his sleep, and the orderly would awake, cuss and turn over again. The Sister would sigh because the hot water bottle that she was clasping to her bosom was getting cold, and take her feet from off the radiator because there was a smell of something burning.

The N.W.M., having finished his rounds (and coffee), was returning along the dark passages that lead to his abode of rest, and was just nearing the pay office, when he was frozen with horror by beholding an awful apparition gazing at him out of the darkness—a face, long and white, surmounted by a pair of horns, cruel to behold, and two large eyes looking at him with reproachfulness. Immediately his past sins flashed before him—how he had robbed the Government by drawing his pay; put some tea-leaves in the wrong refuse bin, and neglected to take his proper sleep when on night duty.

Overwhelmed by the thoughts of these heinous crimes and their penalties, he instinctively took a step forward to plead for mercy with the apparition, and then he discovered 'twas only—the goat.

There is no more to tell except that there was to be a pay parade next morning, and the goat was camping at the Paymaster's door so that he should be first and not have to suffer anguish by hearing the P.M. say "No more money left," and then have to walk away feeling like a "goat."

Later.—The N.W.M. has not touched a drop since.

Travellers say that when a person is on the point of freezing to death the desire for sleep is almost irresistible. The Sisters on night duty in the old Hospital building can vouch for the truth in this statement.

Marcus Aurelius tells us that he inherited from his grandfather steady ways. A prominent member of the Sergeants' Mess told us the same. He said unto us, "Verily I say unto you, boys, no longer do I worship at the shrine of Bacchus, for behold I am on the wagon. Hasten thou also, and get a seat, for there is nothing in the other. Again I say unto you, 'There is nothing to it!'" Now he has given the "old gent." the side-step, takes full advantage of his midnight pass and tells us in the morning what a — of a time he had the night before. Alas!

THROUGH all the branches of service in our own armies we have had troubles and jokes innumerable, which found their origin in the thing called "Army Discipline" (see K.R. and R.)

In the formation of his new army "Uncle Sam" has apparently been enjoying experiences very much approximating our own former ones. One of them goes like this:—During the recent warm weather a private in an American Infantry Regt. was sitting in a train with his tunic unbuttoned, endeavouring to cool off a little. A sergeant strode up to him and said: "Button up that tuuc! Did you never hear of by-law 217, sub-section D? I'm Sergt. Jabez Winterbottom!"

A gentleman in the seat behind tapped the sergeant sharply on the shoulder, "How dare you issue orders with a pipe in your mouth?" he asked. "Go home and read part 174, section M, part IX.! I'm Major Eustace Carroll."

Here a gentleman with a drooping white moustache interposed: "If Major Carroll," he said coldly, "will consult by-law 31, of section K, he will learn that to reprimand a sergeant in the presence of a private is an offence not lightly to be overlooked!"

Sports & Amusements.

BASEBALL.

"ASTORIAS" v. ORPINGTON, by a "Rooter."

On Wednesday, 10th inst., the "Astorias" had another "Batting-Bee," which, probably, was due to the fact that they were performing for "movies." They collected sixteen hits, which were good for fourteen runs, while Orpington could only get one hit off Stanley.

The "Astorias" long period of idleness tended to make them stale, as their play was not as snappy as earlier in the year, or did the in-field show as much "pip" as they are capable of.

The "Astorias" play Epsom at Paddington on Saturday, October 20th, for the championship of the Canadian Forces in England. If the "Astorias" win they will have won the Pennant, but should they lose another game will be necessary, as the the two teams will be tied for the premier honours of the League. A strong backing of "rooters" will no doubt be on hand to help the "Millionaires" along.

FOOTBALL.

The performances of the Hospital Football Team since the commencement of the season have given excellent promise of great success. As a result of steady practice they have attained good combination, and are now an XI. to be reckoned with by any team in the Hospital League. The team is composed of patients and staff, and can therefore be called fully representative of the Hospital. As an instance of the progress of the XI. one might quote the first and second meetings of Taplow and the Canadian Forestry Corps. The former was almost a wash-out, but the second was pretty football.

The second of these meetings—a League fixture—took place on the Golf Course on Saturday last, and resulted in a victory for Taplow by the only goal scored in the match. The homesters turned out as follow: goal, Stiff; Evans and Jones; Southern, Sims and Omerod; Davis, Bailey, Tate, Petherbridge and Henwood.

The teams were very evenly matched, and the game was a fast one. Despite prodigious efforts to get between the posts by both teams, the interval came with no score, and it seemed that the second half's play was also not to materialize. Eventually, however, Henwood got away on the left and shot, but the ball hit the cross-bar. Bailey caught it on the rebound

and popped it into the net splendidly.

On October 6th, Taplow played Basingstoke Military Hospital in their first League game, and obtained the points by winning 2—0.

Patients who can play football are invited to give their names in to Sgt. Simons, so that the team might be even further strengthened if possible.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

Our hearty thanks to the following for their kind hospitality during the past fortnight: Mrs. Lionel Brown, Maidenhead Skating Rink, Mrs. Treherne, Miss Gardner, Mrs. Tomassett, Mrs. Grace, Sir James Duke, Lady Vansittart Neale, Mrs. Astor, Lady Boston, Mrs. Wild, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Lionel Clark, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Maidenhead Picture Palace, Messrs. Spindler & Son, Mrs. Archie Baker, Mrs. Skimming, Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Du Cros, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Buckeley, Mrs. Serocold, Miss Coleman, Mrs. Fortescue, Mrs. de Lobiniere, Miss Moore, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Rutland, Miss Pixley, Mrs. Howard Vyse, Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Schuster, Miss Barry and Mrs. Clifton Brown.

OUR CONCERTS.

Capital entertainments have been given by Mr. Edward Bouquet's Dramatic Society, the Professional War Classes Relief Fund Concert, the 30th Middlesex Orchestral & Concert Party (by kind permission of Colonel G. F. Coleridge), Mr. Fred Duxbury's Recital, Mrs. Marcus Collin's London Concert Party and "The Revonians" Concert Party.

Mr. Zimmer, of the Workers' Educational Association, conducted the debate on "Should a Prime Minister be paid a larger salary than an unskilled labourer?" on Friday of last week. The discussion was certainly interesting, but the subject opened up such a wide field that only the fringe of it was touched. Lack of opportunities for the higher education of the children of the masses, the wage and land problems, and industrialism were some of the points dealt with. The debates are to take place fortnightly, and more definite aspects of the social question will be discussed. Incidentally it may be mentioned that it is very probable that a Debating Society will shortly be formed among the patients.

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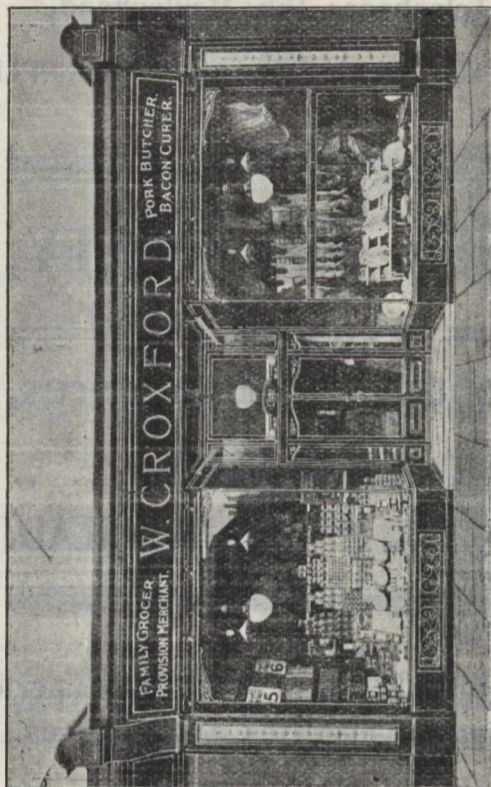
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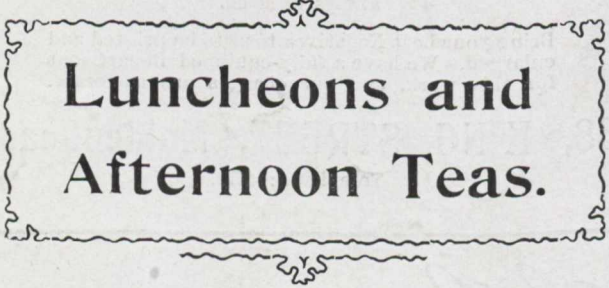
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