

Vol. II.

No. 32.

Monday, September 9th, 1918.

"Stand Easy."

Chronicles

.. of ..

Cliveden.

Published by the "Chronicles of Cliveden" Committee,
at No. 15 Canadian General (Duchess of Connaught
Canadian Red Cross) Hospital, Cliveden, Taplow, Bucks.

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CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ...
BUSINESS MANAGER ...

CAPT. A. BURTON WILKES.
A/SGT. LESLIE S. CUMMING.

Vol. II.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1918.

No. 32.

Editorial.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new. On looking about of late, so much seems new throughout the hospital. There is the new O.C., doubtless a strong force in bringing about the present situation; a new officer in charge of the Medical Division, who is also President of the Standing Medical Board; new Fractured Femur Wards; new patients, and a new record in convoys and evacuations. Doubtless the latter are largely brought about by the wonderful drive in France. Tremendous numbers of casualties are pouring in from overseas; they must be accommodated, and where better could they find a billet than here, where we hope to make them well and happy?

The fractured femur cases, who now number over one hundred and fifty, and will soon become more numerous, necessitated the arrival of several new Nursing Sisters and also a Medical Officer specially qualified to handle them. A considerable amount of new equipment, also required for their particular care, keeps pouring in, thanks largely to the untiring efforts of Capt. Tees, who has now left for a station farther north. It is quite a sight to glance down Ward F.I., or one of the other Femur Wards, and see the numerous pulleys and ropes slinging the shattered limbs from overhead. What a pleasant thought it is to reflect how many useful limbs we hope will one day leave these wards, limbs which in the early days of the war would have largely been replaced by others of a very different pattern.

Something new we are also told came to Cliveden by pigeon post the other day. May Master Astor prove as popular as his good mother, who we hope soon to see amongst us with her usual good cheer.

There is also another new departure—a slight alteration in the size and price of the CHRONICLES. It was thought that, in order to encourage the little paper to "Stand Easy" upon its own legs, both its bulk and price might be profitably reduced. Economy, of course, may be a bit of a craze just now, but when we consider that we have to use one envelope many times over and place an extra penny on all our cheques it was deemed expedient to economize both in stationery and pennies. By reducing at the same time the size of type used in printing we can actually publish more material. This latter information we hope may have good effect upon those who so kindly contribute, or hope and will some day contribute, to make this little paper the mouthpiece of the hospital and a history of Cliveden.

Blinded in Action.

Was it for this I trained you up,
Taking a pride in your artistic mind?
You who loved beauty so, brought back
In glory from the battlefield, but blind!

Fret not for that triumphant hour,
'Twas not in vain—Let this thought comfort thee—
Memory will show you brighter visions far
Than we with eyes can ever hope to see.

STEPHANIE WILLS.

A line on Mental Culture.

In these days, when men's thoughts are undergoing all sorts of changes, it is refreshing to look back and read such lines as those written by Stopford Brooks, the poet prophet, on Mental Culture—

He says "the first law of Mental Culture is *Order*. To be able to refer each thought to some first principle, and to make it a living part of a living whole. That, and that alone, makes reading, thinking and existence useful."

The second law of Mental Culture is *Attention*. Attention literally means stretching or straining at a certain object, as a man strains every muscle to reach the summit of a rocky mountain, undeterred by weariness, unconquered by obstacles, longing with his soul to see the wide magnificent of the landscape which the topmost peak commands; so must we stretch every mental energy if we would win the heights of knowledge.—Hard work, severe exertion, dauntless energy—these alone will vanquish the fortress of knowledge.

The third law of Mental Culture is *Faith*. As in religion, so in the discovery of truth, faith is the conquering principle. Believe in yourself and believe in your object, and you must attain it. Columbus believed in a New World; he had faith in himself and so a continent was given to him. Napoleon believed in his men, and Europe lay at his feet. Robespierre believed what he said, and France took fire at his words.

And the fourth law is *Love*. If you cultivate your mind—if you follow hard after knowledge from low motives alone, to get on in life, to win fame, to gain riches, to have power over others which you may use for selfish ends alone—all the joy and elevating strength of knowledge will rot within your grasp, you will die a disappointed, hopeless, dissatisfied man. But if you desire knowledge for its own sake, if you win it because you love it, then your mistress will open to you all her pleasures, all her stores, and, so far as earthly knowledge blesses, you will be blessed. These four then—Order, Attention, Faith, and Love—are the genii who guard the Temple of Mental Power. Win them, make them your constant attendants, and the massive gates of the vast hall where Plato, Bacon, and Newton sit side by side with Homer, Shakespeare and Dante, the thinkers and the poets, will unfold their values to you.

THE PADRE.

The three Majorities.

(To Major W.S.B.—on getting his Majority.)

When youth was passed and you could say,
"I'm 21 years old to-day,"

You had attained, in legal way,

Majority;

It brought you neither extra pay
Nor poverty.

At 43 years now of age,
Again you reach the Major stage,
And seem to me a personage,

Who soon will show

The "few-escape-it" appanage,
Of D.S.O.

Once more Majority will claim,
To mingle with your earthly fame:
The third Majority in name

Is called "The great";

May it arrive, and find you "game"

At 98.

W. S. A. FORSYTH.

A Welcome to Cliveden.

(To Master Astor, Aug. 29th, 1918.)

Ripple with joy, but gently, noble Thames !
 And, breezes ! blow delight, but softly, too,
 And all ye glorious scenes of many fames
 Glow with new charm on one who's come to you.

Cliveden ! so dear to many from old days,
 Days of sweet peace in boyhood's glowing time ;
 Aye ! dear to many who no more may praise
 A spot they loved so, and deem'd a shrine !

But they could joy with us if they were here
 That Cliveden has a son born, all her own,
 And they would greet the babe with words of cheer
 Yet can we say they know not ? 'though they're gone !

Good luck ! dear child ! the wish is all sincere
 Offer'd to you who bring good luck to us.
 In you we see a Herald, proclaiming here
 A dawn of years in blessings plenteous !

A scene full-strange must meet your earliest gaze,
 The camp that stands to-day within your gates,
 Crowded with soldiers whom no words can praise,
 Brave men of Canada ! Britain venerates !

Yet these, your comrades in the fight of life,
 And, too, your parents' guests, must greatly joy
 That you have come to banish thoughts of strife,
 Emblem of "Home, sweet home," with no alloy !

As gently flows the river 'neath your home,
 So gentle be your life in years to come !
 Gentle, but strong in times of stress to fight
 To aid the weak and, too, redress a wrong.

Thus crowds of friends and comrades welcome you !
 You hold their hearts, they grasp your tiny hand.
 Take courage ! you shall find all ever true
 And helpful on the path that heaven commands !

H. T. TAMPLIN (formerly of "Raymead").

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- (d) Agriculture and Book-keeping.

The course will cost you nothing, and the certificate given will be recognised by Canadian Universities.

Throughout the winter months night classes in Arithmetic, Commerical Correspondence, English, Book-keeping and Shorthand will be held in this hospital. These classes are open to all. Text books, writing material, &c., will be provided.

This is a very great opportunity for anyone desirous of better equipping himself for some definite occupation after being discharged from the army. During the long winter evenings, both patients and members of the personnel have spare time which can be profitably spent in this way. Full particulars and every assistance may be had by getting in touch with Pte. C. R. McGillivray, at the Chaplain's office.

Our Adjutant.

It seems to me a hard job to write anything strong enough to libel any Adjutant, so I guess whatever I say will be like the proverbial water on the duck's back.

We have a good Adjutant. I don't mean from a moral point of view alone, but a good man on his job. He knows how to answer the 'phone properly, sign letters, look you in the eye and tell you that you are no gentleman, &c.

He also has aspirations (this is on the Q.T.) of making a name for himself as an artist. His attempts so far have been limited to futuristic impressions, such as a snail driving a flying snake around Nelson's monument, &c., but there is no doubt that with a plastic brain such as he possesses, his work will revolutionize the modern school of art. Even when he is speaking on the telephone he still finds himself capable of practicing this profound art. Those interested should ask to be paraded, and gaze on his blotting pad. There you will see the work of a master, drawings for a new House of Parliament for women, that his modesty will not cause him to decline to assert his talent in that direction.

I mentioned about his being able to sign letters, but I didn't say anything about his signature. Perhaps that was where he got his idea of a flying snake. Anyhow it fills up the space over the rubber stamp.

For an Adjutant he works hard. He gets up to his office about 8.30 a.m., and then things begin to move. He looks with glee upon that array of electric buttons beside his desk, and presses them all, one after the other, and his poor harrassed clerks wake up with a start to the fact that he has arrived. He surveys them as they tumble into his office, and politely says to each one "Sorry to trouble you, but I rang the wrong bell." Some people would call that diplomacy, for he could just as well have said "Oh, you *are* on the job, huh," but that would'nt be policy.

Then he begins to slaughter the defaulters as they are marched in, and puts that (snake) charming signature on the bottom of each "Charge sheet," all the while displaying to the outside world an air of keen satisfaction in his labour of love.

His work for the rest of the day is too complex for us to follow. He answers the telephone, signs his name, draws pictures, growls at his side-kicker sitting at the next desk, smiles or frowns at anyone else who happens to either please or offend, dictates letters, bawls out to his filing clerk, curses anyone who leaves his door open, but always in the midst of all this turmoil he keeps his eye on that pencil of his. If you can get away with it you are *some* guy.

Such is the work of an Adjutant. For this work he receives something like 45/- a day, and yet he is always broke! We wonder why?

The Famous Hospital Mystery.

We were resting in our modest apartments in Faker Street, Sheerluck Foams and I. I had just settled down in my chair to read the *Daily Wail* when my eyes caught a rather bold bit of headline:—

"AMAZING MYSTERY—FIFTY MEN DIE SIMULTANEOUSLY.
HOSPITAL PATIENTS."

As I read the above aloud, Foams remarked, "The police will bungle things as usual and then come after me to solve the matter." "And you will, of course," said I. But Foams smiled, "Perhaps not, Doctor Potson, there are mysteries that have even baffled me." As I lit my "woodbine," I asked him what some of them were. Foams stuck his hands in the pockets of his dressing gown and chuckled. "Here are a few," said he. "Why do profits go to? Why are lance corporals? And also, How does a private get along on his pay? These are the unsolved mysteries of to-day."

About a week or so later, Foams told me that he had received an urgent request by mail to proceed to the hospital and investigate the situation. He asked me to accompany him. As we travelled over the rails in our first-class carriage Foams had rather an amusing time with our fellow passengers. Turning round to one of them Foams remarked, "Called up at last?" The fellow was rather amazed and was still more astounded when my detective companion said to him, "I see your wife is a scold, and your name is William Brown!"

The man admitted the truth of both statements, but asked Foams how he knew all this. "The answer is simple," said Foams, "This is how I know: First—I see an envelope marked O.H.M.S. in your pocket, and as you appeared rather nervous and sad, I deducted you had just been called up. Secondly—I know you are married, for the simple reason you were just looking over your bank book and then some dressmaker's bills! And I also know what your name is by the card you dropped a moment ago."

"But," cried our man, "How do you know my wife is a scold?" Foams smiled; "All women are scolds!"

Soon we arrived at our station, and as we were being whisked off to hospital in a motor ambulance passed two seedy looking soldiers with the mystic letters of their calling upon their sleeves, "C M.P."

Upon our arrival at the hospital we were met by several officers and commenced our work at once. It seems that fifty patients had dropped stone dead one day soon after dinner, in the dining hall. An autopsy revealed no poison in their systems, and, altogether, it was a very weird affair. Foams put the hypodermic into his arm, lit his enormous pipe and busied himself.

No one said a word, and suddenly Foams, keen scented man that he is, asked:—"Upon what day of the week did the thing happen?" "On Friday, week before last," said they in chorus. "What do I smell that is so bad?" Foams asked. "That is the usual Friday's fish for the patients' dinner" was the reply. "Show me the diet sheet for the month," said Foams. He glanced over the list and said, "I see that upon the day the men died you had no fish." "No," the Quartermaster remarked, "The motor transport cars were broken and the fish did not arrive that Friday, so we gave the patients' beefsteak instead."

"I have solved the mystery!" said Foams in his cool convincing manner, "Those fifty men died from shock upon getting anything except fish on Friday!" Once again Foams proved that his was a master mind.

GNR. LLOYD S. KING, C.F.A.

Wedding Bells.

A very pretty wedding ceremony was performed at Hedsor Parish Church just recently, in which our "Fuminstigator" (in charge of the fumigator) friend took the leading part. Everything went off splendidly until the happy couple were standing in front of the minister tying the knot. Then the bridegroom seemed to be in a trance, and when the minister said in a loud voice:—"Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife," the groom must have thought he was in front of the S.M., receiving sentence, for he answered in a pleading voice:—"Sure." The Minister said "Sure what," and he answered "Sure thing." After being relieved by local anaesthetics (best man), and being prompted, the ceremony was proceeded with in good order, until it came to the part played by the best man in handing the ring to the bridegroom. In a dignified manner this official plunged into his pocket and, with averted head, placed a ring into the hand of the groom, who was horrified to find it was one of those memento, rings made of aluminium shell-lining, which nearly all soldiers carry. Of course, the mistake was soon rectified, and everything was taken good naturedly. So the happy event was concluded with a Royal Feast, at which many of the groom's comrades were present and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

We wish to convey the well wishes of all friends and comrades to this newly married couple; and may they find it a "Sure thing."

Staff Notes.

Unanswered questions.

Who was the Sergeant who, alighting from a train at Maidenhead Station on September 1st, found himself surrounded by 500 Germans?

What his fair companions thought of the masterly way in which the same Sergeant cut a way through the crowd so that they could pass?

Is his "peace-time" name really Herr Von B—g.

Ward Notes.

J.1.

Robert P. Allen, our Scotch comedian, vocalist, and late Dressing Carriage assistant, has left us for Scotland. His work in this ward has been greatly appreciated by past and present patients. Good luck attend him.

"Tank" you, Cpl. Smith.

Sorry to hear our friend, Jones, has left us. We all miss your great pianistic abilities, old pal.

This ward is now busily engaged upon war work.

H.2's loss is J.1's gain.

"Curly" has returned from leave. His chirpy smile endears him to all.

Podger (late i/c Kitchen) paid us a visit from High Wycombe recently. When shall we see his concert party at the "Rec."? We hear it is going strong at the Depot.

"Humbie" (it is due to him to explain) is not a profiteer, despite the brown paper he smokes.

Any short stories reached you yet, Mr. Editor?

If it takes four carpenters two days to fit up and one to take down, why did they do it?

Moore has donned his "civvies." No mo(o)re shall we hear his voice. More "necks weak."

"JAY ONE."

Notes by the Way.

It is with great delight we hear the welcome sound of new music in the wards emanating from the gramophones. Mr. Percy Willis and Mr. Edward Hesse, of the Edison Bell Record Company, very kindly presented the hospital, through Pte. Rice (a patient in H.1), with 48 of the latest Edison Bell records. We all desire to thank these gentlemen very much for their generous gift.

Owing chiefly to the increase in work there has been a slight falling off in enthusiasm regarding tennis. This will not long be the case, we hope. Mrs. Astor has very kindly donated two silver cups for the winners of the mixed doubles in the Officers' and Nursing Sisters' Tournament, which should prove a great incentive for these individuals to play. It is also hoped that the Courts for both the patients and personnel will soon join in the sport.

Through the kindness of Capt. Upton, the Transport drivers and their lady friends spent a most enjoyable afternoon up the river.

Going beyond Marlow, the party partook of a well prepared lunch put up by Sgt.-cook Muir, one member of the party taking a particular liking to the pies.

Music was provided by Pte. Cook when he was not occupied in rescuing his friends from the limbs of trees.

After spending a short time at this retreat the party re-embarked and proceeded to Marlow, where a stop was made allowing the majority to walk around and take in the local sights. The party then returned on

board, and after having tea continued the homeward journey, arriving in time to assist with a convoy which had just arrived.

The Editor hopes that copy will be much more plentiful in future. It is thought that there must be much hidden talent in our midst which should be less latent. There is a great discrepancy regarding ward notes. This of course is unavoidable as it seems so many patients feel homeless in the shuffle necessitated by the new femur wards and the arrival of many convoys.

"Jay One" is anxiously inquiring about the short stories, so is the Editor. It is hoped that competitions may soon be instituted for various types of articles; are there any suggestions forthcoming? The Editor is most anxious to receive any such suggestions, which will always receive consideration and, if possible, be put into effect. Copy is also urgently required and may be sent at any time addressed to the Editor, CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN.

Q.M.A.A.C. Whist Drive.

We all give our most hearty thanks to Miss Scott and Capt. Upton for getting up the whist drive on Sept. 3rd. I am sure we all enjoyed it, and hope such events will continue. Refreshments were provided by the Q.M.A.A.C. members of the Sisters' Lodge, who are undertaking to do the catering this month. Sixty-four players took part in the game. The ladies' prizes all went to the members of the Q.M.A.A.C. at the Sisters' Lodge. Three tied for first, and, after drawing, the prize went to Miss A. Thompson. Miss M. Smith won the second, the third went to Miss M. Cox, and the booby to Miss H. Brewer. The gentlemen's first and second prizes were won by two patients of the same name, Privates Bland, and Corporal Lawrence won the booby. The prizes were kindly given by Capt. Upton and presented by Miss Scott.

A MEMBER OF THE Q.M.A.A.C.

The Padre.

Our Padre were a dismal bloke,

We called 'im Dismal Jim.

It fairly gave ye t' blooming creeps,

To sit an' 'ark at 'im.

When 'e were on wi' Judgment Day,

Abah't that great white Throne,

An' 'ow each chap would 'ave to stand,

An' answer on 'is own,

An' if 'e tried to charnse 'is arm,

An' ide a single sin,

There'd be the angel Gabriel,

Wi' books to do 'im in.

"WOODBINE WILLIE."

"Wise Up!"

If you ever take a walk through "Hut No. 1," you will likely be greeted with this call to "Wise up," and you will go out feeling that you have neglected your duty, or in some way failed in something attempted. All strict *disciplinarians* and *deep thinkers*, these men in Hut 1 have become famous, and so we throw out this call to the other members of the Staff. "Wise up" Officers, N.C.O.'s and men, let us hear from you through the medium of this periodical, and give the "Boys" a show for their money, but first of all come to Hut 1, and get "Wised up."

Result of Snooker Tournament.

The Snooker Tournament came to an end on Wednesday afternoon, when Pte. Card (H.2 Ward) met Pte. Whitcomb (Ontario 1) in a series of games for the honours. Three games were necessary to decide the winner, the first game going to Whitcomb after a splendid up-hill fight, it looking an almost hopeless task for him to pull out a victory. The second game went to Card. The final game was keenly contested, the issue being doubtful until the last ball was pocketed, when Whitcomb managed to nose out his opponent. Both men played a careful and steady game, the winner playing a steadier game in pinches, this helped him to take the honour to his ward, and the whole tournament was followed with interest. Patients are asked to watch the notice board for announcements regarding future tournaments.

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.



The Cricket Match, "Veterans" v. Patients, resulted in a decisive win for the older men, whose average age was 53 years. Scores—Veterans, 178; Patients, 49, and 69 for five wickets. Major Sales, Browning and Stratford were in good form with the bat, and Barber with the ball, for the winners, while Robinson and "Paddy" shared the honours of being top scorers for the boys. The gate receipts were very encouraging, which reflects credit on both the patients and nurses, who helped to rake in the "dibs," chief amongst them being—Nurses Davies, Wales and White, and Patients "Sparky" and Ryan. The tea was very much appreciated by all. Look out for the return match, which takes place to-day (Sept. 7th), when no doubt the boys will give a better account of themselves.

The following were the winners at the Whist Drive held on August 27th: Ladies—Miss Hunt and Miss Cowell, gentlemen—Lake, Stokes, Lawton and Titch, whilst the previous week's winners were: Ladies—Miss Dyas and Miss Free, gentlemen—Foster, Earl, Spence and James. Our best thanks to Mrs. Loramer and Miss Rendal for giving the prizes.

Our Quartermaster, Miss Thurlow, is away on a well-earned holiday. Our best wishes for a jolly good time, and we hope she'll enjoy the very best of weather.

Quite a lot of our hard-working and untiring nurses and pantry-workers are away at present, all on their holidays. Anyway, we are refreshed and invigorated for further duties.

Have you seen the *long* and the *short* of our hospital on tour together? They were seen at the pictures the other day. Never mind, our little Belgian boys are real Mascots, aren't they? Ask some of the local R.F.A.

WANTED.—A smart young man to carry the Sister's pill box, now that there is such a demand for so many nice little "sweeties." No objection to a "pet." Someone suggests that No. 8's little "Drummer Boy" would do!

Our one-arm wonder has also gone home. We wonder what kind of lark he will be up to next? Ask his late bed pals. Perhaps they'll be able to enlighten this dark generation with a few strokes of his brilliant intellect.

No. 5 ward, before the Colonel came was 10 men, and now (oh! only whisper it) "we are but 7." Where have the other birds flown?

Deep sympathy goes out to the crutch and walking-stick cases, who could all write a book on "The leg, and how to swing it."

Things we should like to know—

What sort of bed does the Bdr. think he ought to have when he returns off leave?

How long are we going to have the pleasure of a little "Drummer Boy" amongst us? Ask those in No. 8.

Is No. 8's famous artist going to turn the ward into a miniature studio, and when is he going to commence a sale?

Seen again—What Oh! The "Gollywog king" is on the go again, so look out boys. Don't you fancy your chances?

Where does "Sparky" go to these days? Apparently he is absent every afternoon, but where? Lucky beggar, even the loss of his old pal and shaving partner doesn't seem to affect him in the least. Probably he prefers to run a one-man concern for a while.

Does the postman suspect there are "lonely soldiers" in our midst? When is a man not a man? Ask Jock!

MAIDENHEAD.

Our gramophone has been marked for a "Board" at last! Let us hope it will be sent to Canada on the next boat.

Our good Sisters are having a busy time at present with a "full house." We must say we are pleased to see the fine example shown by the older patients in giving them all the help they can, and this in spite of the withdrawal of the khaki.

On Thursday, the 29th, some 30 "deserving cases" had a very enjoyable trip to Windsor. The party was conducted round the Castle grounds and St. George's Chapel, and had a very interesting time. We wish to tender our thanks to the two good ladies in charge of the party for such a splendid outing.

Is it a fact that "Coomber" is likely to get into serious trouble for "food hoarding," and that the Ministry of Food (Fish Dept.) has heard about that big "catch" of his the other day?

Why is it that Tew will not start work in the morning until a certain young lady has passed the Drill Hall?

What is the attraction for the two good looking Sgts. on the Golf Links?

We noticed a big number of "registered stiffs" in the last convoy from Taplow. We mention no names, but hope it will keep fine for them at the Drill Hall.

The Q.M.A.A.C.

(Reprinted by request.)

We are the Women's Army of the Q.M.A.A.C.!

We have come to cook for Tommy, who has fought so gallantly,
And we do not care how hard we work, or what we do for you;
We try to do our little bit for khaki boys and blue.

The women's Army, as you know, is scattered to and fro—
England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, wherever you may go—
But of all the spots to do our bit the best that I can see
Is among the boys at Cliveden; that's the place for me!

Once we wore our pretty dresses, now we don our khaki neat,
And we feel so proud to wear it as we're walking down the street.
Some look best in khaki and some look best in blue,
And some wear clothes just like the boys, and make munitions, too!

I can very well remember the day I joined the Corps;
I never thought that I should help in this most dreadful war;
But when the fight is over, and our boys have beat the Hun,
The girls of the Q.M.A.A.C. will know their duty's done!

LILY JONES, Q.M.A.A.C., Cliveden.

When the Troops go Marching by.

When I hear the trumpets blowing,
 And the rolling of the drum,
 I can feel my heart a-beating
 When I hear the soldiers come ;
 For I love their gallant bearing,
 And their wild and roving eye,
 And I always run to the window,
 When the troops go marching by.

And it's one will blow a kiss,
 And it's two blow several kisses ;
 Three and four, and five and six,
 And seven never misses,
 And the Colonel looks so naughty,
 With a twinkle in his eye.
 For I hasten to the window,
 When the troops go marching by.

When I hear the bagpipes skirling,
 Skirling up and down,
 When I see the kilties swinging,
 Swinging through the town ;
 Oh ! I want to gang wi' Jock MacPherson,
 Weel I ken I do,
 Yes I want to gang wi' Jock my lad,
 And play the bagpipes too.

And it's one will blow a kiss,
 And it's two blow muckle kisses ;
 Three and four, and five and six,
 And seven never misses,
 And the Sergeant looks a bully,
 With his flashing, fierce-set eye,
 For he kens I want to go wi' Jock
 When the kilts go swinging by.

And the lads from Tipperary,
 Dublin and Tralee,
 Oh ! its arrah then ye spalpeens,
 But ye stole the heart o' me,
 An' it's och and then begorrah,
 And then acushla dear,
 For I want to die for Ireland
 When the Irish boys I hear.

And it's one will blow a kiss,
 And its two blow several kisses ;
 Three and four, and five and six,
 And seven never misses,
 And the Colonel looks so kindly,
 For its easy to be seen,
 That I welcome all the Irish lads
 And the wearin' o' the green.

When I see the lads come broken,
 Broken from the fray,
 Oh ! a lump comes in my throat
 And it will not go away,
 And it's then I want to nurse 'em,
 Just to make 'em safe and sound,
 And I hope that they'll be fit again
 For billets underground.

And it's one will blow a kiss,
 And it's two blow several kisses;
 Three and four, and five and six,
 And seven never misses;
 And the Colonel looks so kindly
 With a teardrop in his eye,
 There'll be some crush in heaven
 When the British tommies die.

L.L.G.S.—Q.M.A.A.C.

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 Monday, September 9th, 1918.

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