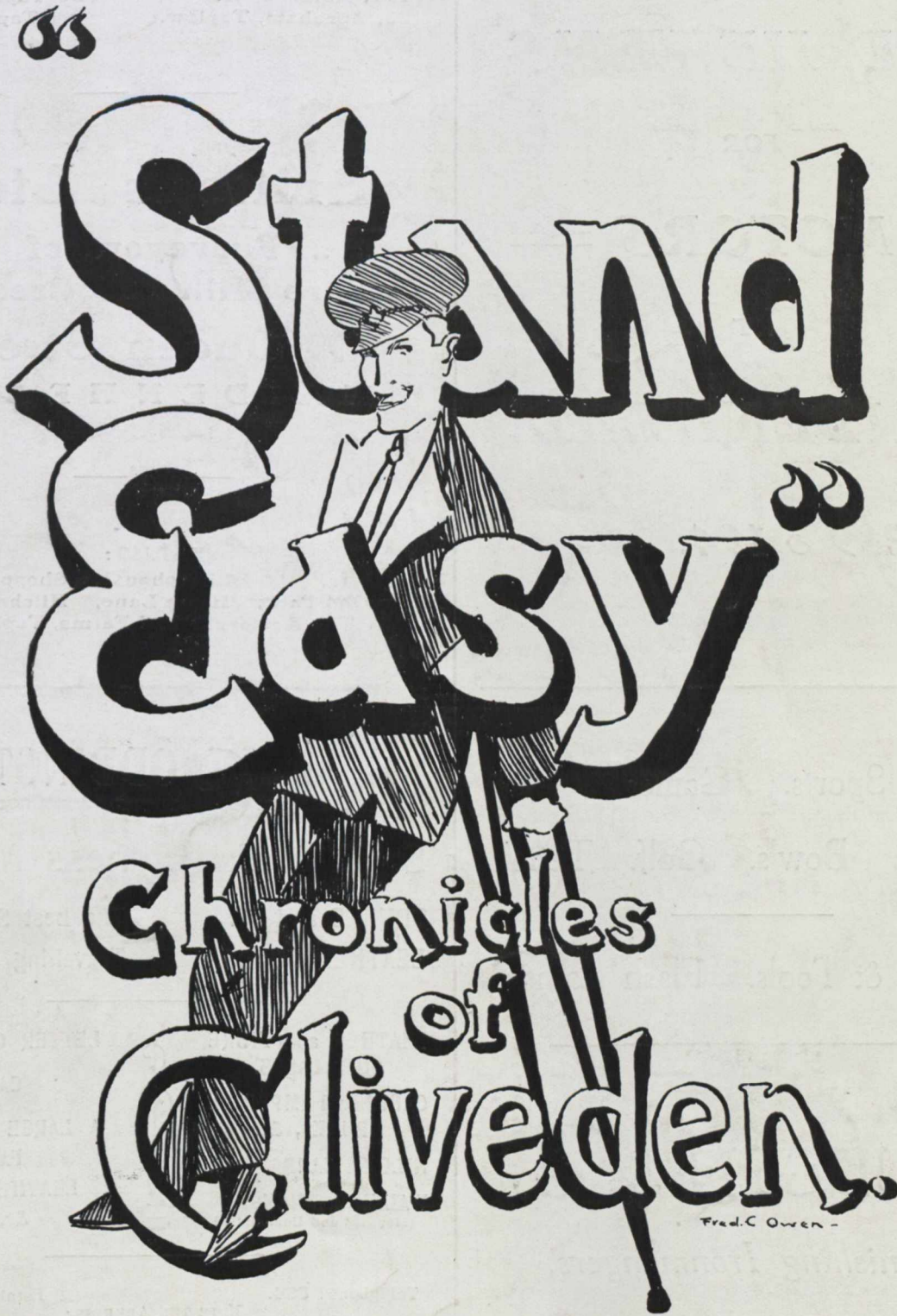


VOL. I., No. 12.

DECEMBER 1ST, 1917.



Fred. C. Owen -

TWOPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 12.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1917.

TWOPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... LT.-COLONEL MEAKINS.
EDITORIAL STAFF ... } PTE. W. C. PIKE.
... } PTE. F. HEASELL.
... } A.-SERGT. BAKER.

I am sure many people could have written the 700 words required by the Editor of the "Stand Easy" while I am sharpening my pencil or filling my fountain pen in questioning cogitation. Have you ever been asked to do anything in the place of a famous person? I can only think of the little boy who asked his father, "What did you do in the great war, daddy?" "Tried to stop the d—— thing, my son!" "But how?"

The ordinary man is asked to write an editorial or an article, and accepts because he thinks he is a little out of the ordinary, and can, perhaps, tell his fellows something worth while!—or because his vanity is flattered. Writing is like dressing—fashionable dressing. Both should appear as though they were done without any effort, when in reality they are the result of infinite pains. Geniuses are excepted. They do things spontaneously—so do lunatics. The only trouble is, there are more lunatics than geniuses.

But to return to the ordinary man. He goes home and tells his wife in a nonchalant sort of way at the end of dinner (if he can wait till then) that he has to write an article or an editorial or whatever it is. Then he clears his throat—the male bird does the singing, and it is extraordinary how much men go in for clearing their throats. I have often wondered how the throat stands it so well. Every man familiar with front line work knows that the preliminary to a "show" is a general clearing of throats on the part of the attacking force. This is one of the things that the British discovered before the Germans, and many times German raids have been frustrated through the employment of a dictaphone on the top of a periscope.

But *revenons à vos moutons!* The man has finished dinner and told his wife he will just dash off that article. Pen and paper are produced. He stares at the blank paper. There is no need even to write the address and date, which helps so much with a letter. He lights his pipe and decides to think it all over before

committing anything to paper. He informs his admiring (and enquiring) wife of this fact. After about one hour of silent and unprofitable thought, he determines to take a walk and seek inspiration from the stars. Off he goes, and for some reason or other seems to naturally incline towards the largest bookseller in the town. There he picks up a book containing short articles on various subjects. He returns home in triumph—reads a lot and writes a little—all the writing being a reflection of what he has just read. The article is finished and acclaimed as excellent by his relieved wife and a few others hurriedly called in to assist at the last rites. They never read anything but articles, and they are all kind friends. The moral of this story is to put your money in good books—and read *them*.

Maple Leaf Social Club.

On Friday, Nov. 16th, the Maple Leaf Social Club held the first of a series of dances and social evenings in the ballroom of the Swan Hotel. In every way the evening was an unqualified success. The ballroom was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the whole effect was that of a miniature fairyland, especially in the twilight waltzes, when the man in the moon looked on and smiled with joviality on the scene he was illuminating.

Dancing commenced at 7.30 and lasted until 11 p.m., with a short interval for supper and an impromptu concert in the supper room. The music provided by the Connaught Irresistible Ragtime Orchestra left nothing to be desired, and made the dancing a real pleasure.

The occasion was graced by the presence of Col. and Mrs. Watt, and the thanks of the members are extended to the O.C. for his kind permission to carry on the Club.

R.S.M. Jones and Q.M.S. Goddard were among the guests, and apparently enjoyed the dancing, as well as did the other members of the Club, practically the whole of whom were present.

THE perfect act of love is the imperfect one.

A Sweet Revenge.

Cecil Hurst sat alone in his room at the Hotel George. He had just returned from a rather strenuous day at the office, and his face had assumed a somewhat haggard appearance.

"I wonder when this working overtime business will cease?" he said to himself. "It'll be the death of me one of these days," and he picked up an evening paper which lay on the table.

For a few seconds his eyes scanned the head-lines; and then, almost instinctively, they wandered to the theatrical column. Presently, a puzzled expression stole into his face, and a short exclamation burst from his lips.

"Doris!" he cried. "By jove it's her right enough, and to think that when I last saw her she was only a chorus girl," and his memory carried him back to a certain night, six years previously, when, without betraying any sign of remorse, he made it known to this girl that his love for her was dead, and that it would be better for both if they severed their engagement.

Doris Royce, whose love for Hurst was known to be genuine, strove by sheer force of will to hide her real feelings. She offered him no reproach, but one could see from the pallor of her cheek and the light in her eyes that his words had cut her like a knife. She went away that night like a broken-hearted woman.

Finding life intolerable in England, she crossed to America, where, by dint of theatrical genius, she very soon began to climb the ladder of fame, and, in a few years, reached the climax by being given the principal part in a musical comedy, entitled, "This is the day."

This comedy was now making its first appearance in the London theatres, and it was the advertisement that arrested Hurst's attention.

Suddenly Hurst was bent on a resolve. He would go to see her that evening and crave forgiveness for the wrong he had done her. It was a bold resolve, but he must do something to clear a conscience that was ever reproaching him.

The Globe Theatre was crowded to overflowing that night. Hurst's heart beat fast as the curtain began to rise. His eyes searched the stage for Doris. At last she came, a wonderful figure gorgeously attired, the strong stage light reflecting the beauty of her form and features. The sight of her sent a thrill through the young man's blood. She was more handsome than ever he thought.

As the curtain fell on the first act, he scribbled a few lines on a card.

"Give this to Miss Royce," he said to an attendant, slipping half-a-crown into the man's hand.

Eagerly Hurst waited for a reply. It came at length—a short note written in a girlish hand. "Yes, she would see him at the end of the performance, but on one condition—that he must never try to intrude upon her again."

Hurst bit his lip. He was chagrined at coldness of the note, but, recollecting the injury he had done her, he felt she was justified in treating him so.

When the play was over, he rose, and made his way to the stage door. There he found he was not alone. Two other fellows of about his own age were standing beside a four-seater car, and casting expectant glances towards the door. Hurst glanced at them for a moment, and commenced to pace up and down. The night was cold and the exercise warmed his blood. After what had seemed hours of waiting, he saw Doris emerge and walk slowly down the street. Hastening after her, he touched her lightly on the shoulder.

She turned round suddenly, and their eyes met. For a brief moment neither spoke. It was Doris who broke the silence.

"Well!" she said coldly, and there was a note of sarcasm in her voice, "And so you *have* condescended to come and see me again. Don't you recollect saying at our last meeting that it was better we should part for ever? What then, pray, is the object of your wanting to see me to-night?"

All this time they had been standing under the lamp-light, and the girl did not fail to note the dark red flush that had risen to the young man's cheeks. She knew then that her sarcasm had struck home, and the woman in her was satisfied. Hurst felt very much as a child feels who has been discovered doing some wrong. He tried to speak, but words failed him at first.

"Doris," he said at length, "listen to what I am going to say, and then I'm sure you will pity me rather than hate me; but, first of all, let us be moving on. We will create a sensation by standing here on the curb. Where are you staying, by the way, if I am not too impertinent?"

"At the Jarman Hotel," she answered in the same cold voice.

"Shall I engage a taxi?" he asked.

"No thanks, I'd rather walk. It is only a

short distance along the street—but let me hear what you have to say? I haven't too much time to spare, you know."

Her woman's curiosity was now fully aroused, and she was eager to hear what this man, now no more to her than a mere symbol of a thing that is past, had to say in his defence.

As they walked along, Hurst told her of the life he had led after their broken engagement. How, for days and nights at a stretch, he had been torn with remorse. He had tried to find her, he said, but no one seemed to know anything of her whereabouts. It was only that night that he learned she was in London. All this time Doris had kept a discreet silence. For a moment a wave of pity for him stole into her heart, but it disappeared as quickly as it had come.

"And so you have repented," she said at last. "Well, it's little use looking back on those days now. Even the memory of them is becoming hazy. They are as a dream to me now."

He looked at her for a moment. Her face was cold and impassive.

"Doris, have I your forgiveness?" he ventured to ask. "It was for that reason that I wanted to see you to-night."

The girl did not answer immediately. For a time they walked on in silence. At last she spoke, and her voice sounded rather harsh.

"Cecil," she began, addressing him for the first time by his Christian name, "do you know you have done me more wrong than any other man living, and such a wrong is not easily forgiven by a woman? No woman likes to be thrown aside like a suit of old clothes. That was exactly your behaviour towards me. Like the foolish, light-headed girl I was, I gave you my love and in return you abused it; but," here her voice softened, "you say you have repented, and I am glad of that. Somehow, I felt sure you would. To tell the truth, however, you very seldom enter my thoughts."

"Does that mean I am forgiven?" he asked.

"You may take it as such," was her reply.

By this time they had arrived at the entrance to her hotel. As they were about to part, a sudden inspiration laid hold of Hurst.

"Do you mind if I call and see you some afternoon?" he asked eagerly.

The girl looked at him for a moment.

"Do you think it wise?" she asked, and as he offered no reply, she added, "Of course, you can if you want to; but, remember, there must

be no misunderstanding between us," and an enigmatic smile lit up her face which the young man failed to observe.

On the following afternoon he called at her hotel. He found Doris in quite a different mood from that of the previous night. She spoke to him in quite a friendly tone. Hurst marvelled at the change in her demeanour, but offered no comment. Some of his former love for her came back to him, and, strive how he might, he could scarcely resist the temptation of taking her in his arms. Now Doris rather encouraged than resented the attention shown her on his part. She smiled to herself as she noted the marked effect her change of attitude was creating.

On the following afternoon he called on her again, and, by the end of the week, he had once more become an engaged man.

One afternoon, in the following week, he called on her as usual, and was informed by the girl in the desk that Miss Royce had gone away early that morning, but had left for him a letter.

Hurst tore the letter open with eager fingers, and read:—

Dear Mr. Hurst,

I am sorry I shall not see you again, as I am leaving by an early train this morning for Liverpool. My husband and children will accompany me. By the time you receive this I shall have reached my destination. Good bye,

DORIS.

P.S.—A woman's revenge is sweet!

Hurst read the letter through twice; then turned away like a man in a dream.

P.M.W.N.

The de Stuers' Library.

A number of books on Labour, War and After-War Problems, Militarism, Internationalism, Trade Unions, Democracy, Sociology and other kindred subjects, have been given for the use of the patients at the Hospital by Chevalier H. de Stuers. They are kept at the Office of Lt.-Col. Meakins, where also a list may be seen. Patients who wish to borrow any of these books should call at the office, when advice on the choice of books may be had if desired.

THOSE women men love dye young.

Ward Notes.

WARD C.

C. ward was cast in gloom for a short period. Sister Lewis left for transport duty. We were very sorry to see her go, but wish her success and happiness while away.

We also regret the loss of Sister Branchrane, who has been on night duty, but Sister Hammond, who has taken her place, looks quite capable of taking care of this horde of savages!

Our sewing circle is very industrious these days, working early and late. It reminds one of an old lady's home.

Things we would like to know—

Who the orderly is who tried to make things "hot" for us by burning all the coal at once?

Where some of the patients get their "pull" in getting passes every day?

Why some patients we know are not in the "knot" factory?

Where Jock and his Maidenhead girl are going to be married?

Why they disinfected a certain patient's bed the morning he left?

Who was the young "lady" with the large feet and shapeless form in our ward on Tuesday?

F.1.

Still we get changes in our staff! There was weeping and gnashing of teeth when we lost our esteemed Sister Kay, who has gone for a seventeen-days' rest after her strenuous work in France and amongst the boys of this ward. Nevertheless, we welcome Sister Harrison, and live in hopes of Sister Kay coming back to us.

Yes, our Naval man has at last decided to get up. Believe it or no, I saw him walking ten yards by himself, but he soon gave it up and got back to bed until another day.

Will those two Australians ever stop arguing? It sounds like geese before a storm.

We have a new patient belonging to the C.M.R.'s, who is responsible for the beautiful flowers that adorn our ward every Sunday.

We were pleased to see in our last issue that our late comrade, Pte. Briggs, is a coming pavement artist. Keep him "at it," High Wycombe.

Another of our boys—O'Shea—has left us for Canada. We wish him the best of luck and a safe journey.

We welcome the new lads who came in our last convoy, and hope they will keep up the honour of the ward.

Things we would like to know—

Who is the patient in Alex. 1 who wants to know when the war is going to finish; and when he is going to stop "swinging the lead"?

How "Dad" liked his French bed and the holly leaves when he returned from a bun-fight?

Who was the patient who had his bed turned over to fetch him out?

Why MacB— made such a fuss when the rats went off with his tuck?

F.2.

Five of our boys returned to Canada this Friday morning. We wish them "Bon Voyage," and may they be home for Christmas.

The home-goer's lament:—"You know, when we get back to Canada the girls won't love us. Our hands will all be ger-knotted and ger-knarled."

We welcome Sister Hay to look after us o' nights. We need it—I mean the looking after.

Churchill's rooster has "vamoosed"! Joyce, the keeper, has taken it with him. However, Peake has one coming along in fine style, so *nil desperandum*. Joyce really had a farmyard, though. We can picture it running loose on the boat, followed by cries of "Give it more rope," or "Get that egg."

We have missed the bright countenance and cheery greetings of Sister Forgie while she has been away on her well-earned leave, but hope she has had a whale of a time and will

soon be with us again. If not, then our loss is someone-else's gain.

Do you understand bird language? No, but 'awkins does. I've heard him talking to that owl!

For the benefit of newcomers:—The smoking hours are any time you can escape Sister Davies' eagle eye, but—well, be sure you escape it!

Goodbye, Poole, Joyce and Klasen. May good luck be with you wherever you go.

Where does "mustletoe" grow?

Good luck, L.-Cpl. Jim, but we didn't want to lose you.
"NOMAD."

G.1.

Thanks, Sister MacLeod, for the good time you gave us during your stay here. We are sure the boys of K.1 already know what a loss was ours.

Difficult is the vacancy you have to fill, Sister Fraser, but we feel sure you will come up to our expectations. A hearty welcome.

Heated arguments can still be heard in our kitchen—we are blessed with several good cooks—but they differ among themselves as to whether sausages should be pricked before cooking. We hope the W.A.A.C. will solve this problem for us.

Did the Orderly Officer smell at the paint before convicting it as being an "egg nog"?

It is hoped a few in our ward will not take the parting of our Night Sister too seriously.

Our ward has four Taylors—no wonder there is so much sewing about.

Our "beautiful one" has "caught on" down town, but Cookham is out of bounds.

G.2.

We should like to thank Mrs. Phipps for the two excellent whist drives which she has organised in this ward. They made two very pleasant evenings and were much appreciated by all.

Our Mavis has deserted us of late, but we notice that her sorrowing admirer is finding considerable consolation in the gentle amusement of gazing into the violet depths of somebody-else's eyes. What is that little verse about the bee and the flowers that suits the occasion?

Things we should like to know—

Whether a certain N.C.O. really wears corsets?

Does he think it will impress the troops?

Why some people get cold feet at Le Havre?

Why "Raspberry" ran away when his charmer introduced him to Mother?

Whether Cpl. B. was really pleased to receive his rations whilst on a week-end recently?

Whether the kitchen staff really contemplated a "corner" in metal polish?

H.1.

There have been many changes in the ward lately. Capt. Tremayne has left us for France, where we are sure he will be as much appreciated by the boys out there as he was here. Our heartiest good wishes go with him.

We are fortunate in getting Capt. Washburn as our M.O., and we hope he will find his work in this ward pleasant and interesting. He is already popular with all.

Sister Goddard has left us to go on night duty, and Sister Davies is now on night duty in our own ward and H.2.

It was a pleasant surprise to all of us to hear that Sister Woodley was coming back to us. It makes us feel better to see her about the ward again. The dressing carriage is again under her sway.

We welcome Sister MacKarney to our ward, and hope her stay with us will be long and pleasant.

Oh! Tagan, will ye no come back again? Our "baby" has come back to us.

Will Napper be happy now he has got his bosom pal back in the ward?

Has the Poker game not become very "rummy" lately?

We have five M.M. men in this ward.

H.2.

We congratulate our friend, Sparling, on his talent as a violinist. The selections he gives us are very enjoyable indeed.

We regret losing our Night Sister, Sister Corrigan, and shall miss her cheery smile in the evenings. We welcome her successor, Sister Davis.

Sister Graham has left us to go to another ward, and we very much regret her departure. We bestow our welcome on her successor, Sister MacKenzie.

Things we want to know—

Who is the dark-haired fellow with the "Charlie Chaplin" moustache who, when the Sister came round with the intention of putting a hot fomentation on his arm, was nowhere to be found; also, what were the words the Sister used when she discovered that the bird had flown? Shame on you, Black-Jack, you naughty lad.

Who is the "guy" who, on his return from leave, deliberately took to his bed? The parting from his fiancée, apparently, was too much for him!

Which of the kitchen staff is it who is designated "Lantern"? Poor old H—; it's too bad, isn't it?

How Sergt. R— enjoyed the sudden change when he was rolled by none too gentle hands from his soft bed on to the hard floor one morning; also, what he would like to have done to "Old Dad" there and then.

We should also like to know if Sergeant R— would care to have his breakfast in bed in the mornings?

J.1.

Say, Paddy, your patter during the day is highly amusing and greatly appreciated, but your somnambulist efforts are apt to spoil the peaceful slumbers of the rest!

In the event of air-raids, "tubes" are considered pretty safe cover, so our friend, Cuthbert, has kindly placed his "tubes" at the disposal of this ward in case of necessity. We have already thanked him for his kind offer.

Our khaki-clad-permanent-9.30-pass patients seem to be making hay while the sun shines. What is the attraction?

Can anyone tell us why one of our dressing carriage assistants is looking so careworn just lately, and has Lizzie got anything to do with it?

One of our patients who is about to leave for Canada would like to hand over his "Temporary English Fiancée" into safe hands until his return for the next war. Will she keep that long?

Will the patient who is always trying to break the speed-record in a bathchair kindly "Hoyle" the wheels before starting on his next record-breaking stunt?

How many inches has the latest addition to our kitchen staff put on round the waist since joining the said staff a short time ago? The Food Controller hasn't been round yet.

If it takes one Officer, one W.O., one S/Sgt. and two Sgts. all Sunday morning to see that slippers are straight under lockers, how long will it take to win the war?

The other day our M.O. was Orderly Officer, and the first report he made was to the effect that J.1 (his own ward) was not perfect!

S.B.V.

K.1.

It is with deep regret that we have to say *au revoir* to Capt. Wright, our M.O. He has been with us a very short time, but it has been long enough, nevertheless, to enable us to realise his sterling good fellowship and exceptional medical ability. To him we extend our warmest thanks, and—here we may include Mrs. Wright—our cordial wishes for future prosperity.

It will not be necessary to call the attention of the patients and visitors on Saturday to the extraordinarily varied and splendid contributions of K.1 to the exhibition today. Led by Mrs. Hitchcock, we are certainly the ward when it comes to reputation—and work!

To our energetic Sisters MacLeod and Montgomery, and Mrs. Baker, Mrs. and the Misses Hum, we owe a deep debt of gratitude for the exceedingly enjoyable concert and tea on Thursday. The music was excellent, and we enjoyed ourselves "some."

Did anyone notice Percy on Sunday last? Gee! He was certainly flitting about like a "bee"! They were rather nice, though, weren't they? What do you say, Scottie?

K.2.

We have lost a wonderful surgeon and a great friend in Major Gillies. We all wish him a safe passage and continued success in his home country.

This is not the only loss we have to record, as one of our oldest patients, viz. Tommy Jones, is also en route for Canada.

An interesting football match took place on Monday, the 19th inst., between two teams selected from the surgical wards. The team which included seven K.2 men won easily by five goals to nil, and much talent was revealed.

Congratulations to "Dumpling" on securing the coveted "brief."

"Shorty" is now promoted to the rank of "sniper," but it's a long way to reach down to his little pail.

Three men were prepared for the "high jump" this morning, so we may expect to have such things as bed-patients once more.

H.J.B.

ALEX. 2.

Is it true that since the rations have been cut down in this ward (custard, jelly &c.) our kitchen staff are looking thin? Anyway, the only hope we have left is to pray for a job on the kitchen staff!

We are very sorry to hear that our Sister White is leaving shortly for France. Good luck to her wherever she may go, for she was a good Sister, and certainly unsurpassable on the dressings.

We are very sorry to lose our M.O., Capt. Munroe, for he was one of the best. Still, we welcome to our ward a just substitute in Major Jacques, who we already think a good sport.

Our old friend, Bush, is still going strong on the water wagon. (Artillery in action!)

Why did we lose our old orderly, "Slim" Staples? Was he not a good man on the floor? Anyway, while he was here, we never had any complaints from the C.O. on "wind-up" days.

THE FILBERT.

ONTARIO 1.

Merci, Kamerad!

We had a very sudden death in this ward the other night. A poor, misguided mouse wandered in on his own. Suddenly, someone started our phonograph. The mouse looked surprised, jumped on the table. Fact! It's generally ladies who perform this acrobatic stunt. It may have been a lady mouse. It then reeled over, and went West. "Clear case of phonogitis!" the Sister declared, as she fearlessly yanked mouse away by his steering gear! Anybody want a phonograph?

The boys in blue don't mind being in the "big pushes," but pushing big 'buses after paying to ride isn't playing the game.

Skating is expected to start in the near future in Ont. 1.

Who "swatted" Pte. McDonald on the right observation post? "When Mac. meets Mac., etc!"

Who'll dress the beds when the gunners are gone? Eh, Sister Smith?

ONTARIO. 2.

Good luck and God speed to our old friend, Pte. F. V. Burgess (Capt. of the steam launch), who has recently left us for Canada. He will be greatly missed in and out of the ward, as he was of such a jovial disposition.

Things we want to know—

Why is it that a certain W.O. is eagerly sought after immediately 9.30 arrives? It does seem peculiar!

When is Bmb. (B?) going to wear the leggings and spurs he so much talks about; and whether he will be able to "get off" more easily?

Why was the last issue of our magazine so much in evidence in Ontario 2?

VOX POPULI.

HERE is a parody on Southy's poem which treats of the German Corpse Utilization Factory. We don't know who wrote it, but it is good stuff (the poem, not the corpses):

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaufmann's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun:
 And by him sporting on the green
 His grandchild, Gretchen Wilhelmine.
 She saw her brother, Hindenburg,
 Pick something from the ground,
 Which he beside some ruined vats
 In playing there had found.
 He came to ask what he had found
 That had so long been in the ground.
 Old Kaufmann took it from the lad,
 Who waiting stood beside;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural pride,
 "Tis some poor soldier's rib," said he,
 "Used in the famous Factory."
 "I find them in the garden,
 For there's lots of them about;
 And often when I dig the beds
 The spade will turn them out.
 For many thousand men," said he,
 "We used in that great Factory."
 "But tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Hindenburg he cries;
 And Gretchen Wilhelmine looks up,
 With horror in her eyes;
 "Yes, tell us all about the war,
 And what this Factory was for!"
 "It was the English," Kaufmann cried,
 "Who spread the tale about;
 At first, of course, it was denied,
 But soon the truth leaked out.
 But everybody knows," said he,
 "It was a splendid Factory."
 They say it was a ghastly sight
 To see the special train
 Arriving at the Factory,
 With bundles of the slain.
 But things like that, you know, must be
 In a Kadaver Factory.
 "Great praise our Kaiser Wilhelm won,
 For his the scheme had been";
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Cried Gretchen Wilhelmine.
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a well-run Factory."

"And everybody praised the Prince,
 Who kept it well supplied."
 "Was it for that," said Wilhelmine,
 "So many Germans died?"
 "Why that, I cannot say," said he,
 "But 'twas a splendid Factory!"

Connaught Athletic Club.

HOCKEY SECTION.

President, Col. W. L. Watt; *Vice-President*,
 Capt. H. W. Lewis; *Manager*, R. S. M. Jones;
Sec. and Treas., Cpl. R. Trew; *Captain*, Sergt.
 "Barney" McPhail.

The Roller Hockey season commenced on Wednesday, November 28th, and closes on Wednesday, March 4th, there being a game every Wednesday evening. These games are of 20 minutes duration, and are played during the interval in the skating, and are full of thrills all the way. The exponents of the game are all fast skaters and excellent stick-handlers. The league is composed of three teams, namely, Canadians, Civilians and Royal Engineers. The Canadian team from the Hospital had a very successful season last year, winning thirteen of the fifteen league games, thereby winning the championship, and, judging from the way the team is shaping in their work this season, they will be very much in the game again. The games start at 8 o'clock, sharp. Skating before and after the games.

ROLLER HOCKEY SCHEDULE, SEASON 1917-18.

Wed., Nov. 28	—Canadians v. Civilians.
" Dec. 5	—R.E. v. Canadians.
" " 12	—Civilians v. R.E.
" " 19	—" v. Canadians.
" " 26	—Canadians v. R.E.
" Jan. 2	—R.E. v. Civilians.
" " 9	—Canadians v. Civilians.
" " 16	—Civilians v. R.E.
" " 23	—R.E. v. Canadians.
" " 30	—Civilians v. R.E.
" Feb. 6	—R.E. v. Canadians.
" " 13	—Canadians v. Civilians.
" " 20	—R.E. v. Civilians.
" " 27	—Canadians v. R.E.
" March 4	—Civilians v. Canadians.

TRIPLETS were born in Manchester last week. The father is going on as well as can be expected.



SHE:- Has Hughie got his staff Appointment yet?
 HE:- ho! He went + saw the Major, who referred him to the Colonel. The Colonel seemed annoyed, + told him to go to the d—!
 SHE:- Poor boy! What did he do then?
 HE:- Oh! He came along to see me!

Oct. 1917

Astronomy.

One of the most interesting meetings of the Hospital Debating Society was held on Friday, November 23rd, when Cpl. Morling delivered a lecture on "Astronomy." His points were: Every theory must be subjected to two tests:—1. Does it explain known facts? 2. Does it enable us to foretell what will happen under certain conditions? If it survives these two tests we have good reason for giving it our credence, even though we may be unable to prove it's truth. Now the old theory that the Earth was the "Hub of the Universe" failed; while the supposition that the Sun was the centre round which the earth and planets revolved stood the tests, enabling us to predict, to a second, when eclipses and transits would occur.

A diagram was drawn on a blackboard, showing the plan of the Solar System. This consists of a centre, the Sun, round which revolve the planets, of which the Earth is one. Most of these planets are attended by moons. Sun, planets and moons all rotate and revolve in the same direction—a fact which can scarcely be attributed to accident. Though the Earth is one of the nearest of the planets to the Sun, yet the distance is so great that a journey to the Sun, at 60 miles an hour, would take over 170 years. Light, on the other hand, travels the same distance in 8 minutes.

Though this distance is great compared with all Earthly distances, the distances of the Stars are immensely greater. The majority of stars are so far away that their light, though its rate of travel is equal to "round the world seven times in a second," takes as much as five years to reach us. Stars are similar to our Sun—some larger, some smaller—probably attended by families of planets as our Sun is, their apparent smallness being due to their great distance. Some stars vary in brightness—at regular periods they increase or decrease in brilliance. Diagrams were given to explain the theories that have been advanced to explain and account for these changes.

Comets were dealt with—in particular the remarkable history of Biela's Comet.

A number of questions were asked, relating to Sun-spots, shooting-stars, comets, the spectroscope, &c., and answered.

Most cordial thanks were tendered to the lecturer by Lt.-Col. J. C. Meakins, who presided.

?

Who is it tucks you into bed,
Feels your pulse and strokes your head,
Sees that you are properly fed,
Keeps you alive when you wish you were dead,
Shuts her eyes when you're "swinging the lead?"
The Sister!

Who is it visits the ward each day,
Signs your slip for monthly pay,
Marks you out or lets you stay,
Delights in "cutting you up," they say,
Keeps sceptic poisoning at bay?
The M.O.

Who is it gives us suits of blue,
Most of 'em big enough for two;
Counts the eggs and orders our "stoo,"
Says, "You'd cut out tea if only you knew
That sugar is nearly all 'na pooh'?"
The Quartermaster!

Who is the man with chevrons three,
Who gives your pass such scrutiny,
Wears a band which reads, "M.P.,"
Rubs his hands and chuckles with glee,
When he gives you seven days "C.B."?
The Provost Sergeant!

Who is it we visit each smiling morn,
Who makes you wish you'd never been born,
Who pulls your limbs till your muscles feel torn,
Makes you weak, and tired, and over-worn,
The man who I'll "fix" some day I've sworn?
The Masseur!

Who is it says, "Here's a pint of beer,"
Or, "Would you like a pass for a year?"
"Just stop in bed if you're feeling queer,"
Who one day will whisper in your ear,
"This 'ticket' will finish your army career?"
Search me!! H.J.B.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

The visit of Mr. Rudyard Kipling on Sunday, 24th Nov., was most appreciated. He was accorded a rousing reception. There were many conjectures as to what he would talk about, and he certainly surprised everybody. Instead of a learned discourse on the Italian situation or some other current subject, he told a story, in a way in which no one but Kipling could. It was a funny story containing a moral, of course, and was thoroughly enjoyed. Another early visit would be appreciated.

Staff Notes.

"There are some things better left unsaid." This is exemplified by the Staff Sergt. who, in his anxiety to arrange some of his own financial problems, rather put his foot into an awkward place. Sticking his head through the open window of the pay office he remarked, "Say, Bill, any chance of squaring the old man for a couple of extra quids next pay?" What made it really awkward was the fact that the afore-said "old man" happened to be sleeping in the office, and at the right moment opened his eyes and ears. The Staff faded away into the early morning mist, and, we doubt not, has ruminated more than a little since on the advantages of "looking before you leap."

The Corporals and Privates dance on Friday, Nov. 16th, was a great success. The bell-a-the-ball (Miss Tufford) was wearing a kilt, which was very becoming, and her knees were greatly admired by everyone. However, she took a fit of shyness after the first dance, and a picket was sent in search. They eventually found her flirting in the hall with "Slim."

Will the member of the Board Room staff, if he really wishes to sell his thirteen months' old pawn ticket, which was slipped over on him to the extent of 5/- by a retiring patient, kindly apply to Ike Solomon, c/o Fumigator, or perhaps he *might* be able to raffle it? "Suckers" are born every minute they say, but who would have expected "one of ours" to fall for an old, old gag like this. Has anyone a gold brick for sale? Good luck to the patient!

The Irish Orderly of the Registrar's Office returned the other day with an order from the "Eye Clink." He also took a message from the Adjutant to the Wardmaster which got mixed in his Irish brain and came out in this way: "The Adjutant says you can grant ony suspension [extension] to this man you loike."

"Sick Report Favreau's" dreams must be a regular nightmare of "gunshot wounds. Right or left, upper middle, or lower third?" We often wonder what he means when he mutters such mysterious words as "Nortumberlran Foosilus," or if he really knows what he is talking about when he asks "Where did he went?" after a patient has been discharged about 18 months!

Has anyone seen a chicken (wearing a pink rose) near the Town Hall, Maidenhead, on the look out for Military Policemen? Information

will be welcomed at the Provost's Office.

The Registrar's Office Staff learnt, with great pleasure, that High-brow, "Slim" Rogers, had received promotion to G.O.C. Pack Stores. It is their gain, as they will now be able to locate documents which "Slim" had a mania for hiding, but regret that the patients may never see their dear old clothes again.

Pte. Gardner, through the medium of this paper, wishes to express his appreciation to the boys for the present of silverware given him on the occasion of his marriage.

"It's a terrible war my masters!" Eight perfectly sober patients and staff men had their names and numbers taken by a Burnham Police Sergt. the other evening, for singing on their way back to hospital from Burnham! We understand that the song was "God send you back to me," but even this would hardly seem to warrant this specimen of officious "Bumbledomism"!

They say that the "Hands and Knees," Maidenhead, will close down unless one of our S.-Sgts. "falls off the wagon" very soon. Let us hope he "stays on" until after Christmas, as some of the boys would like very much to have a drink during the festive season themselves!

We should like to know—

If the recent promotions have been the cause of the wind being up so high around the Provision Stores recently?

What was wrong with the Orderly Corps' bicycle the other night? It refused to answer the helm at all, at all!

If the Maple Leaf Dance was such a big success that one of the Sergts. forgot his dignity and unsuccessfully used up a lot of energy trying to gain admittance?

What particular brand of dressing "Red" uses on his hair? Is it of the luminous variety, or is it that his partiality for the butcher's dept. is accountable for its sleekness?

Things we'd like to know in the Q.M. Dept.—

If the Sgt.-Steward is a Walker by nature?

If the Pillow-case Sgt. had any "pep." left after the R.E.'s Dance?

Was the appointment of a chaperon for the dance on Friday official, the "thought the father of the deed," or just a little private venture?

Poor old "Gerry"! You've sure got *the* fat job now. Pretty slippery, eh! What?

Why the Quarter Bloke is so popular with the fair sex?

The hand I held.

The hand I held in mine that night
Oft brings from memory's store,
The thrill of hope that some day soon
I'll know that joy once more.

To think what it would bring to me,
Clasped lovingly in mine!
The thrilling joy that filled me then,
That day in "auld lang syne!"

That hand! In fancy yet I feel
Its wondrous cheering "touch,"
Though I'm afraid that ne'er again
I'll hold that Royal Flush!

W.C.P.

Standard size for Sausages.

This is an age of standardization. Already there are standard ships, standard boots, etc., but what is wanted very badly is a standard size for sausages in this Institution. It's all very well to say that one ration for one patient is one sausage and a half, but to the unlucky patient that gets one C.3 sausage and a half of one stunted at birth it isn't going far enough!

Everyone knows that there are sausages and sausages. Some look as though they are suffering from dropsy, while others appear to be in the last stages of consumption, and, again, there are some unfortunate ones that appear to have been touched with a "withering hand."

It is to be regretted very much that the person who makes the sausages for this Institution has been taking to heart too much a series of articles that have been appearing in the press to the effect that we eat too much meat. This may be so—the advocates of this theory are many—and sorry we are to say that we believe our Quartermaster is among the number. Consequently we are not in a position to judge, but we humbly put forward the plea that war bread and rubber tubing do not make a good substitute for sausage meat!

Before proceeding any farther it may be wise to definitely clear up a point that has been under discussion for some time. One of the patients states that he distinctly remembers having received a sausage about three weeks ago that did contain meat. We have investigated this statement, and have found that it is perfectly correct, but in justification to ourselves we must say that we discovered it to be a pre-

war sausage that the sausage-maker had discovered under his bench in a state of hibernation, and that it had protested loudly at having its slumbers disturbed.

Hoping that our plea will have the desired effect, we gladly look forward to the time when our sausages will contain meat, but if this is not possible we would suggest that one among the number be a perfect one, and that it be labelled distinctly so that it may be saved as an incentive to patients to work well in their wards. In other words, let our genial Ward Master present it at a public gathering to the patient who cleans his brass the best for a whole week. If this be done, and if we be given the assurance that it is necessary for the termination of the war that we eat war sausages, then we will gladly suffer this further sacrifice that will bring eternal joy and profits to the maker.

Leaving the sausages alone (as they ought to be), there is another point that we would wish to air (although having in mind the sacrifice of the City Fathers at the Lord Mayor's Banquet we ought to be sacrificing even as they were), but we wish to press it from a humanitarian point. Why is it that there are so many one-legged chickens? and have the amputations been performed before or after death? or is it that they have lost them through senile decay (like a man does his hair)? We prefer they should not suffer in this way. Rather would we suffer their absence from our menu. Their absence would fill our hearts with grief, but their presence fills us with longing!

Let us know also why their breasts are dropped, like a woman's in grief? If it is that they, too, are suffering from the privations of war, we would prefer that they be forcibly fed with our sausages. It's bad enough to have chickens with three wings, but fallen breasts are an abomination!

We are told that our nightly soup is chicken soup, and we are glad for the information, but is it necessary that chickens should wear rubber boots and mackintoshes during the process?

The above is cheap humour because, after all, the eats here are good, but hospital diet at best is apt to get monotonous after a fellow has been lying on his back for a few months and he begins to yearn for a night out with the boys and "chips and fish" at old "Sam's" place. Never mind, boys, the worst is yet to come, and we should worry!

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

This is our 3rd Anniversary; though, being closed six months, our three years' are not complete. We had hoped General Kentish would have inspected the Hospital and Staff, but he is ordered abroad, much to our disappointment.

The two Wycombe V.A. Detachments, with Beaconsfield have been transferred to the Red Cross Association, and Bucks 20, 36 and 38 have ceased to be, though the work goes on in the same way.

We welcome our new patients, but are sorry to lose our old boys; still, such is life in a V.A.D. Hospital—one continual stream of changes.

Our needlework is waking up and we are striving to produce something really good. Lady Palmer and Miss Dumbleton, Wycombe Abbey, are interesting themselves, and coming up twice a week to help. We are holding a competition of men's work on Dec. 5th, and the work of some ladies will also be on view.

Our thanks to the following entertainers: Soldiers' Recreation Club (Frogmore), Cheerioh Concert Party (R.F.A.), Grand Cinema and Electroscope.

Whist Drives.—19 tables at the last one; prizes from our lady players.

WARD 1.

There is a big doubt about ponies drawing tubs down coal pits.

What was N., "Black Prince" and P. doing to get two days C.B.? Looking for the stars, of course, after 6 p.m.

The matron, sisters and nurses will soon be losing a lot of their patients, who are shortly returning to Taplow. The matron will be very sorry to lose the assistance of Jock for one.

Things we want to know—

Is it not time that Jock, in Ward 3, got out of his glorious bed and gave over swinging that stump?

Who was the sister who dreamt that she had turned grey with worry of the boys, and got out of bed to see if it were true?

Who is the man who washes in bed and



then gets up to breakfast?

Who is the man in the tent who gets angry when he comes in off late pass? We wonder if he can take a joke as well as he can give one?

Who Mabel is, and what a patient meant when he said "Go on, Mabel; I shall be a long while away, and I am going soon"? Was he proposing to her?

Who was the Jock who woke himself up by snoring so loudly, and then said "What do you mean by waking me up at this time in the night?"

When the Bridge Tournament is coming off?

If it isn't time for an offensive against the "pill box" system in Ward 2?

If the patient was really looking for a watch key at midnight on Monday?

If the boys really intend to present the night sister with a pair of soft slippers?

The Gambler.

I've run around a bit in my life,
 Gambled with death, gloried in strife;
 Been what you call a dirty, low gambler,
 A no-good, a poor sort of ne'er-do-well rambler,
 A man you would laugh at when cracking a joke;
 Then turn to a pal, and give him a sly poke,
 Remark, "Don't you think he's a dirty low thief?"
 And secretly wish him to come to grief.
 That's what they say of a tough-looking guy,
 A man who is rough, unpolished, but fly,
 Who may have beneath his rugged exterior
 A true heart of gold to no man inferior.

But what do you say, financiers great?
 Who drive in their carriages and sell real-estate,
 To poor little men whose dollars are few,
 Whose rent is a struggle to pay when due,
 But pays hard-earned dollars to buy them a lot
 To raise up a home, to erect a small cot;
 Then if they cannot come through with their cash
 They soon feel the sting of the real-estate lash.

Did you ever take enough time to reflect
 That life is a gamble, e'en to the elect?
 Even some parsons I've met in my day
 Were not too good to take dividend pay.
 They never did trouble to look underneath,
 To make sure that some one did not sweat to grief
 In paying the good man's dividend right—
 But that's not gambling, in the business light.
 W.H.L., Ward J.2.

Sports & Amusements.

ROLLER HOCKEY.

It looks as if R.S.M. Jones has another winner by the way the Hospital boys handled themselves on Thursday, at the "Hipp.," Maidenhead, when they administered a decisive beating to the Civilians, to the tune of 7-2. Never during the evening's play did the town boys loom up as dangerous, although Braxton, their captain, was clever at times, but he was generally "bottled up" before any damage was done. The play was fast and brilliant all the way.

Two of the familiar faces of last year's Canadians were again in uniform, namely, Sgt. "Barney" McPhail and Cpl. "Bobby" Trew, and their two-man rushes were always dangerous. McPhail was the pick of the floor; his dodging and stick-handling was a feature. He was ably assisted by Trew, who did effective work in blocking rushes. The team worked nicely, but were strange to the surroundings, and after a few more practice games should show up prominently.

The team:—Choco (goal), Wilton (point), McPhail (centre, capt.), Trew (right wing), Wiesner (left wing).

There is a game every Wednesday evening as an added attraction, during the interval.

FOOTBALL.

CONNAUGHT ATHLETIC *v.* R.E., MAIDENHEAD.

The above match was played away from home, and after a keen struggle resulted in a draw of two goals each. Taplow were without Omerod, and had the misfortune to have Jones (right back) crippled in the first few minutes. The first half was fairly even, but after the lemon interval Taplow came again and again, only to have their efforts nullified in front of goal.

Notes on Games.—

The score of two goals each is not a fair representation of the day's play, the Hospital team keeping up a terrific bombardment in the second half.

The pressure was so great in this half that the Engineers simply packed their goal to defend it. There will certainly be a different aspect on the return game, when it is hoped

the patients will give the home team all their support.

The game Officers *v.* Patients ended in a win for the Patients by a score of two goals to one.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

Hearty thanks are accorded to the following ladies and gentlemen for their most kind hospitality since our last issue:—Proprietors of Maidenhead Skating Rink and Maidenhead Picture Palace, Mrs. Astor, Lady H. Vansittart Neale (Bisham Abbey), Mrs. Buchanan (Farnham Common), Mrs. Skimmings (Taplow), Mr. E. Spindler, Mrs. Baker (Cookham), Mrs. Oppenheimer (White Waltham Place), Mrs. Webster ("The Knowle"), Miss Stevenson, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Foster (Bourne End), Mrs. Bulkeley, Mrs. Gordon, Lady Annesley, Lady Boston, Mrs. Serocold, Miss Barry, Miss Coleman, Mrs. Macdona, Mrs. Drummond (St. Ives Hotel), Mrs. Shackle, Lady Desborough, Mr. Wagg, and Mrs. Bird (Stoke Poges).

The following are also cordially thanked for their entertaining visits:—30th (Middlesex) Concert Party, Sir Walter Raleigh (lecture), "Cheerioh" Concert Party, Edward Terry Concert Party, Mr. Rudyard Kipling (lecture), Victor Beigel Concert Party, and "The Madcaps" Concert Party.

The War Lord's Prayer.

Give us this day, thy cousins pray,
Our daily toll of shipping,
Of bread and meat, of food and wheat,
Of margarine and dripping.
We see our sausage growing less,
And all our favourite dishes.
Lord, multiply our scanty store
Of precious loaves and fishes.
Give us each day our daily bread—
And just a little butter;
Forgive us our transgressions, Lord—
Too many, far, to utter!
The foe who fight 'gainst us, oh Lord,
If they should be forgiven,
My will can not be done on earth
As yours is done in heaven!

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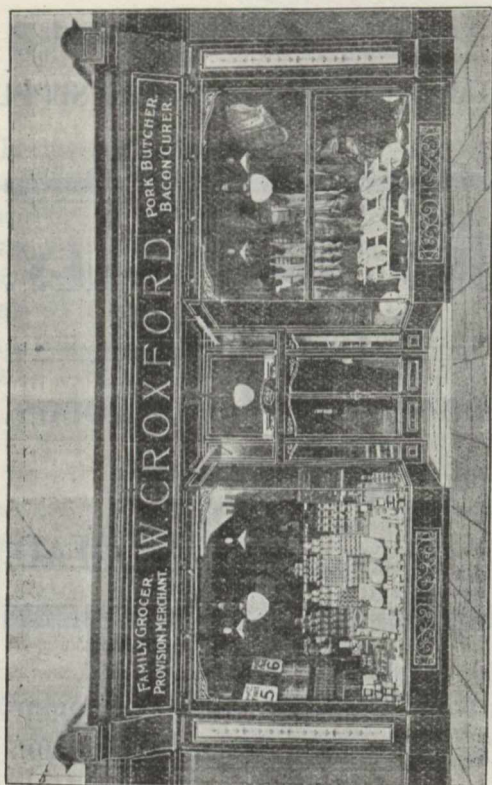
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Cliveden H.	1 25	2 253	254	255	256	257	55	...	9 20
Cliveden H.	1 30	2 303	304	305	306	308	0	...	9 30
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Maidenhead	1 50	2 503	504	505	506	508	20	...	9 45

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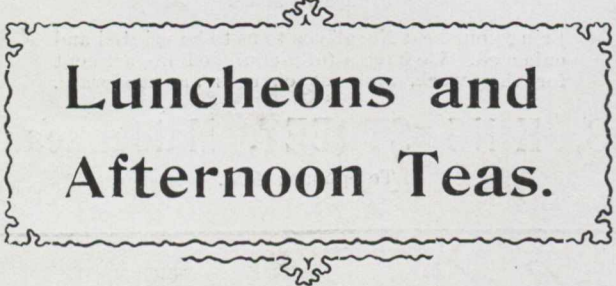
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