

VOL. I., No. 8.

OCTOBER 6TH, 1917.

“

Stand

Easy”

Chronicles
of

Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

TWOPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 8.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6TH, 1917.

TWOPENCE.

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

Esprit de Corps.

There is something which makes any organization a real living thing. "The three Musketeers," of hallowed memory, had it well defined. Their creed was "All for one, and one for all," which, being interpreted, means team-play. A baseball team cannot win unless every member feels that the team is worthy of his best. Every man must be "on his toes."

The same enthusiasm applies to any undertaking which is worthy of success. We have here a hospital which is second to none. The surroundings are ideal. The staff desire to do their best to make success possible. No one in this great and horrible war feels that too much can be done for the man who has given up his all and gone out with grave chances of giving up his life for an ideal. The men back from the trenches appreciate this eddy in the turbulent stream of strife. They appreciate everything that is done for their comfort and future happiness. Discipline is galling at times, but it is an essential of team-work, as the object is the greatest good to the greatest number. How may this be realized?

It is impossible in a community of over one thousand inhabitants to suit every member. There must always be something which is not satisfying to someone. If the individual members of the family realize the object of its existence, the *summum bonum* can be realized. A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together.

Church Announcements.

DIVINE SERVICE.—SUNDAYS.

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

Holy Communion.

Anglican ... 9 and 11.45 a.m.

Non-Anglican, 1st Sunday in month, 11.45

Roman Catholic Mass.—

Every Thursday, at 9 a.m.

Editorial Announcements.

WE desire to express our very sincere appreciation to the subscribers who so materially aided us with their patronage during our first three months of existence, and we wish to point out that we have still a number of our old supporters who have as yet not returned their renewals of subscriptions to us. All those who have not yet re-subscribed will contribute to the continued success of our little journal if they will send in their subscriptions at an early date.

WE have, with much regret, recently lost several of our most constant literary contributors. In order to keep these CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN as successful as they have hitherto been, we ask for contributions in the form of prose, stories, articles, cartoons, poems, rhymes, &c., from the patients and staff at Cliveden, and the V.A.D. Hospitals within our medical unit.

In order to encourage the latent talent that we feel sure lies hidden in these places, we desire to announce that a handsome prize will be given for the best story or anecdote of not more than 1,000 words, or less than 250, submitted to us not later than October 31st. Any member of the staff, and patients at Cliveden, High Wycombe, Slough and Maidenhead Hospitals are invited to compete.

A CORRECTION.—In the leading article, entitled "The History of the Hospital," in our last issue we inadvertently omitted to state that the workshop for the Training Centre was built and fitted up by Capt. Astor in January, 1916, and eight months afterwards the fittings and equipment were transferred to the Lord Roberts Memorial Centre at Plymouth. The building was afterwards furnished and equipped as a Chapel by the Hon Mrs. Spender Clay.

It was also stated that the remains of 25 soldiers who have died at the Hospital were removed from Taplow to the cemetery in the grounds. The number should have been 15.

The Isle of Homage.

It was night in Venice—moonless and mysterious, and few strangers were abroad in the Lagoon. From a distance a soft melody was heard—now rising, now falling, and whoever chanced to hear was struck by the sweet and plaintive notes.

Ralph Edelsham, a rising young artist and a visitor to Venice, was entranced by the notes which came rippling over the water. He gave an order to his gondolier, who bent to his oar, and the boat shot into mid-stream.

Edelsham, however, failed to notice the fleeting look of fear that passed across the gondolier's features, neither was he a witness of his pious sign of the Cross, being too intent on finding out who this mysterious singer was. As his gondola passed from the frowning shadow of a huge building to the still waters of the Lagoon he was gratified to notice that at no great distance in front was another gondola being swiftly propelled towards a quaint canal-way, which he recognised as leading to the Kamala Palace, a building which had the reputation of being haunted. Indeed, it was said in Venice that no gondolier would land a passenger at its steps after sunset, and the fear was well-founded, for the building was the most dismal that Edelsham had ever seen.

Edelsham spurred his gondolier to further efforts, for, indeed, the man in no way relished his task. He was at last reluctantly compelled to admit defeat, but he inwardly vowed he would fathom the mystery that surrounded the sweet singer, and he made arrangements for the night following, when he hoped for better success.

Next day he waited patiently till night-fall spread its violet curtain over the Lagoon, and then, walking to the Rialto Bridge, he stepped into the gondola, and gave orders to the gondolier that caused the man to shudder. Had it not been for the fee which he was to receive, he would doubtless have refused to take Edelsham on his errand, but his native cupidity over-ruled his fears.

The gondola threaded the tortuous canals, and Edelsham became alert for any sounds which might give him a clue to the singer he sought. At last he found himself almost opposite the Kamala Palace, and he gave orders for his gondolier to moor underneath the shadowy walls of a quaint old building across

from the frowning palace. He determined to keep a vigilant eye on the great studded doorway opposite, as he felt certain that something untoward was going to happen. Soon he found himself recalling the history of the place. A strong fear overcame him, but he fought it down, and patiently awaited developments.

His patience was at last rewarded by hearing words spoken in that soft, sibilant tongue characteristic of the Venetians, and a lantern gleamed in an upper window, throwing rippling, uneasy reflections on the sullen water which flowed beneath. At last the great massive door was thrown open. A soft order was given to someone apparently lingering in the shadows, and as a soft splash! splash! came to further startle him, Edelsham noticed that another gondola had shot from the shadows, and was rapidly approaching the steps of the Palace. His amazement was further accentuated when he saw a lady step into the gondola, and give a soft order to the gondolier, who rapidly propelled his craft into mid-stream. Edelsham just caught a fleeting glimpse of the beautiful face of the passenger, and noticed with a pang the strange sadness which lingered on the lovely features.

Edelsham, deigning any further concealment, ordered his man to follow the rapidly moving craft in front, and he was borne with increasing speed down the darkened canal. Through tortuous channels and limped waterways they went, until at last they came to the still waters of the Lagoon, and a fleeting glimpse was all that was needed to ensure him that the craft in front was making for that beautiful Island Shrine of Our Lady, which stood a mile or so from the mainland. The gondola in front visibly slowed, and he saw it moored by the attendant gondolier, and the lady alight. The scene was delicious to his artistic senses; the clouds overshadowing the moon; the silvery ripples on the water; and the beautiful shrine at which the lady worshipped, all made a picture which Edelsham enjoyed to the full, and he inwardly hated himself for intruding on what he rightly guessed the lady held as a sacred possession.

He was on the point of giving an order to his gondolier to return, when the lady beckoned him to remain, and a great curiosity caused him to surrender to her wishes. The other craft was loosed, and made swiftly towards him, and drew up alongside his gondola with great deftness.

Edelsham was astonished to find that the lady's attendant was none other than Andrea Felso, the finest oarsman in Venice, and a poet besides.

Edelsham looked at the occupant of the other gondola, and was struck by her sadness. He was entirely at a loss, but, to his intense relief, the lady was the first to speak. "Well, Signor, perhaps your curiosity is now satisfied." She spoke with visible annoyance. "Madam," he said at last, "will you permit me to humbly apologise for disturbing your grief, and I trust you will pray pardon me for my intrusion." "It is granted, Signor!" replied the lady more graciously. "There has been no great harm done, and you will, perhaps, permit me to extend to you an invitation to escort me back to Kamala, where no doubt I could interest you in the reason for my midnight meditations." Edelsham, nothing loth, accepted, and as the two gondolas sped towards the mainland he was hard put to it to keep his gaze from the beautiful and sad face of his companion. They drew up at last before the great iron-studded door, and passing through a long, narrow corridor he noticed its walls were decorated with magnificent frescoes, executed by great artists long since sleeping under the shadow of Saint Mark. He knew that the lady was a descendant of one of the oldest families in Venice. A door opened on his right, and he was ushered into a room, splendid in its completeness and luxury. His companion bade him be seated, while she herself sat on a low stool, and seemed lost in a reverie which gave Edelsham a good opportunity to study her beauty. At last she spoke, and he was interested from the first few words. "You must know, Signor," she began, "that we Venetians are a curious race, and have strange usages, and if your stay in Venice is long you may become better acquainted with our different forms of Worship. You must know that the Kamala family is one of the oldest in Venice, and in bygone days their swords struck many times for freedom. Many died when the blood was hot within them, and not a few sacrificed their lives to uphold the honour of the lady they hold most dear. Such a one was Paolo, who lived in the 17th century. He interested himself in art and in poetry, and many an unknown artist owed his sudden leap into prominence by the kind and untiring efforts of this noble Venetian who had an eye for a man

of promise.

Paolo unfortunately incurred the wrath of a powerful noble, and one night his body was found floating on the placid waters of the Grand Canal. No man understood the manner of his death. His body was interred at the Island Shrine, and by an old family law his eldest sister was to offer prayers at the Shrine of Our Lady, and sing a chant at midnight on the seven moonless nights in June, which law has been handed down through the ages. Now perhaps, Signor, you can understand why I visited the Shrine of Our Lady to-night, and I trust I have sufficiently interested you, Signor, to make your visit agreeable."

Edelsham now visits Venice every June, and takes midnight excursions to the Shrine of Our Lady.

His Academy picture that year was the talk of Europe. It was entitled "Worship," and the subject was a lady, beautiful and sad, paying homage to that noble soul, long since gone to his Maker. A.S.B.

To his Mother.

Deep in her lonely sorrow,
 Nothing on earth so sad.
 Far from the land of his loved ones
 They have buried her only lad.
 Words of comfort were useless—
 What did they mean to her?
 Out in that no-man's country
 All that was left is there.

Never a word to give her;
 All that was worth doing done.
 The joy of her life lay silent—
 And he was her only son.
 All the gifts of humanity
 Could never more atone,
 For life and love are finished
 When the heart is left alone.

Only one thought take comfort
 In the depth of that dark despair—
 Christ has allowed your darling
 In His death and suffering to share.
 And greater love hath no man,
 Or glory without end,
 Who lays down his life without murmur
 For his country and his friend.

MARY ISABEL BAKER.

Ward Notes.

F.1.

We are pleased to welcome Sister Hare, and hope she will have a long and pleasant stay in our midst. She is certainly good to all the boys. We now have the most perfect quartette of Sisters in the Hospital, and we are proud of them too.

It is quite a wonder our Ward Secretary does not get his tongue twisted with some of the words that are issued forth from our M.O.'s vocabulary. (Stick it, Billy!)

Our old-timer, Billy Williams, having at last got fed up (after fifteen months), has decided to pack his kit and sail West. We are also sorry to lose "Robbo" (another old-timer). One and all wish them the best of luck.

Now that we have lost our poetic member, "F.T.," we have had to find another spare-time client to write a few "antidotes."

We understand one of our youthful members was caught in the air-raid on Monday, 24th inst., and was thereby prevented from being back punctual from his leave.

At last we have given our "Baby" back to its nursing home. We hope H.1 will provide him with all the toast and egg-nogs he asks for.

Things we would like to know—

1. Who put the "Number Nine" in "Nimrod's" porridge?
2. Who took a liking to a couple of boxes of our Night Sister's matches?

F.2.

We think a word of thanks in these Ward Notes is due to our worthy lady visitors, who, week in and week out, have so untiringly spent their efforts for the benefit of the boys in F.2. Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Gordon, to you our thanks are tendered for these visits.

On Tuesday, September 25th, a number of the boys from this ward and other wards were again entertained by Major and Mrs. Gordon at their beautiful place near Bourne End. Puff-ball, clock-golf and bowls were enjoyed by us all in turn. After these pleasant exertions a sumptuous tea was laid before us. "Robin Hood" set the good example, "How to do it?" though his plate never seemed to grow less or his cup dry. Good old Sapper!

On the 27th, Mrs. Fuller entertained a number from the Hospital at a Garden Fete at Grovefield House.

G.1.

Since our last issue we have had to welcome back our worthy M.O., Capt. Beer, and Sister Bennett—both from well-deserved periods of leave.

We have lost Sister Montgomery from our midst. She has departed to gladden the boys of Alex 2. We have to welcome Sister McLeod, who now acts as Dressing Sister, in place of Sister Bennett, whose lot it is to induce us to slumber at the sound of the final bugle-call of the day.

Items—

Cheeroh! boys from over the sea who arrived on September 27th. May your stay in G.1 be restful and pleasant.

Operations have been plentiful since our M.O.'s return. This is not intended to put the "wind up" our new arrivals, for we would point out that quite often they tend to relieve the monotony of ward life in peculiar and unexpected ways.

Our colleague on the "ward editorial staff" has been to the "pictures" since last issue. Perhaps he will contribute at some future date that humorous and pathetic little ballad, "Nobody cares for me."

Our "Jock" is some draught player. He manipulates the chequers day and night. Have you seen his latest puzzle on the draught board?

Our ward is rather famous for weight-lifters. They can be easily recognised by the pulley-affair attached to their beds.

Have you seen "Dick" in khaki? You see he's our kitchen-maid now.

We wonder by what subtle influence our handsome boy, "Ginger" became possessed of such a gorgeous pair of crutches, and whether he intends to keep them as a souvenir of the Great War?

"Sister" Lyons is still going strong. In addition to

taking snapshots, he is great in maintaining lamb-like behaviour after lights-out.

Have you noticed the improvement in the "movie shows" of late. You see the operator lives in G.1. 'Nuff said!

G.2.

Why is G.2 the most prominent ward in the Hospital?—Because it's honoured by the presence of King.

Hurrah! Jock's got his khaki. There'll be some "square hustling" now. No more worrying about late passes, eh Jock?

Another calamity has befallen us. We have lost our most devoted Night Sister, Sister McDonald. We will surely miss her smiling face, and cheery voice calling, "Come on, get up."

We are pleased to see our old acquaintance, Cpl. B—, back again, but why a day before time?

Have you seen or heard one of our latest arrivals, "Ole Bill," of Bairnsfather fame? "Tres bien, the noo!"

Things we would like to know—

What is the new stove for?

Does our kitchen staff think the new addition to the kitchen *tres bien*?

Who went out to tea, but had to buy his own?

Has the "civie" policeman got over his shock yet? M.P.s, beware!

Who is the patient who has a weakness for week-end leaves? We hope he enjoys them.

Who's the next for the matrimonial stakes?

H.1.

Everyone in the ward regrets losing Sister Woodley, our Dressing Sister, who has now gone on night-duty in another ward. She was more than popular, and always had a cheery word for all. Our good wishes go with her.

Sister Goddard has now taken over the dressings, so we are assured that the good work will be carried on.

We welcome to our midst Sister Davies, and trust she will enjoy her work with us.

Many of the old boys have left us—some have gone to Canada, some to other hospitals. We have had good times together, and we wish them all the best of luck.

Some of the boys declare they saw a ghost in the ward one night, carrying a large black bottle. So George is still with us in spirit even if he has gone to another ward.

Can anyone give a heart-broken Sgt. a cure for squeaky boots? (for our sake, please do!)

One of our orderlies was sent to fill an ice-bag for a patient suffering from concussion. He filled it with hot water, and then asked the Sister if it was hot enough!!

Who was the Scotsman who put salt in his tea instead of sugar, and did Pete enjoy tasting it?

Who said Kelly was hungry?

H.2.

We heartily welcome the return of Sister Riddell (in charge), and hope that she had a real good time during her holiday.

Will G.2 note that our gramophone has been returned (minus the sock)!

Who is the patient who industriously utilizes his leisure moments by making weird noises on a cheap tin-whistle?

We sincerely hope that he will in future take himself and his instrument into the middle of Cliveden Woods.

Did anybody notice what an expert hand "Slim" had with the piano-organ?

Who is the patient on the verandah who rises so promptly in the morning now? Is it that he desires to see the sun rise, or is it that a certain N.C.O. has designs on stripping his bed?

Who is the patient responsible for causing "Frenchie" to give such a weird rendering of the English language? Indeed, his expressions are becoming quite embarrassing.

J.1.

Just a word of welcome to our new Night Sister, and good

bye and good luck to our old one. Don't forget us entirely, Sister.

Reinforcements have come up, in the shape of a new convoy. We don't know as yet whether they will take sides with the raiding-party or the defenders.

We have a poor apology for a hen in our ward, but it can surely produce the eggs.

We extend our heartfelt gratitude to one of the Alex. wards for the loan of their gramophone early one morning. We wouldn't mind a bit if we had it just once more.

"OBSERVER."

J.2.

Many thanks to F.2 for their reluctant admission of our being it.

Sister Forgie was always a booster of the one and only.

It's a remarkable fact that all Sisters here get smitten with the "wanderlust."

Sister Boyce has returned to the fold again. We knew she couldn't exist without us.

If it takes an officer and two S.M.'s to give an order for chairs to be placed in front of lockers, how many kippers would it take to sink a U-boat?

The Sergeant says that even after a woman has reached a weight of 200 pounds it rather tickles her when the man she loves calls her "His little darling."

But he was a much-married man who remarked that: When a woman calls her husband a fool he habitually pleads guilty on the ground that he married her.

What made Frenchie get his "wind up" the other night? Was it because he saw the butcher's knife and a rake coming his way?

I was told that men censure women for painting, yet they never saw an angel that wasn't painted!

We are wondering whether 4-ozs. of bacon includes the weight of the housing of the hogs? If so, we should like a little more shingle on our plates.

K.1.

The ward very greatly regretted the departure of Capt. Robertson. By his geniality and kindness he won the high regard and esteem of every patient, and to him our warmest wishes for his future welfare are extended. "Over there" he will find great scope for his activities, but, wherever he is, he is bound to be popular.

We have been pleased to say, "How d'ye do," to his successor, Capt. Wright, and we are sure that the amicability existing between Capt. Robertson and the patients will be continued during the "reign" of Capt. Wright. May he stay long, and "distribute many tickets."

The powers that be, apparently, consider us to be chicken-hearted. At any rate, they gave us maize—I beg pardon, corn—for tea the other day. The effect was rather peculiar. Two or three patients immediately commenced to "chuck" one way, —others felt inclined to "chuck" in another.

Some Canadians may not be able to speak English—I do not mean in the grammatical sense—as well as the natives, but they certainly contend that they can pronounce "cow" more perfectly. Ask our Sisters!

Our stone-carver has gone, and we sadly miss his jovial face.

The personnel of the ward has almost entirely changed, and we hope that the new men will preserve our spotless reputation.

Good old Reynolds! Thou art indeed an orderly above all others. By the way—our heartiest congratulations. It should have been a boy, but—well, "nuff sed!"

Our ward is well-representative of the Allies. We have Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, Canadians, Australians, several Londoners, and a Russian. Has anyone a Frenchman to spare?

K.2.

Whosoever remembers Charlie Horne, an Australian (late of this ward), will be pleased to learn that he is on his way home, and sends best wishes to all his friends.

Ward, of this ward, and of "good old South London fame," left us on Saturday, midst cheers and tears, bound for Hammersmith! Although by profession a waiter, we hope he doesn't have long to wait for his ticket.

Who are we to thank for this gem of a Night Sister we now have? In our own language she is a "real sport," and, in addition to her many other qualifications, we have discovered her vaulting over a bed!

Well, "Dad" has really quit work at last, and gone on leave. He must need a change of air after that stove-stealing stunt!

It was heart-rending to see our new patients getting initiated into the real art of massage. Nevertheless, they'll get to like it in time, wont they, Ernie?

We've nothing to say about "Mac" this time. However, he knows we know. Faint heart, &c. H.J.B.

ALEX. 1.

Welcome to Sister Whitfield, who has transferred her affections from Alex. 2.

Talking of the latter ward, why is it now so quiet? Have all the poultry "snuffed it"?

A few others of our old acquaintances have departed, and new ones taken their place. We extend a welcome to the newcomers.

We've one "Bird" here, but it hasn't sung yet, nor has our "Goldfinch." Somebody suggested getting cages for them, but now they don't "Needham."

Why did one of the gallant 16th get annoyed when called a Scotchman? It is strange that the first thing he asked for, after a visit to the Theatre, should have been a drop of "Scotch." His right-hand supporter wouldn't think of such a thing—Oh, no!

Why the sudden flight of some of the old brigade to the cruel night air?

Poor Sister—how could anybody have been so cruel.

Things we want to know—

If it is the magnetic influence of one sex to the other, or the old story of an invisible apron-string? And when are the banns to be published?

Why one of the patients has been nicknamed "Peggy," and does he think his hair is long enough to hold it?

Whether a certain town in Ontario is on the map?

ALEX. 2.

We are all pleased to have you back again Sister Kennedy. We trust you had a good time, and we bet you missed Scotie.

We were sorry to lose Sister Whitfield (one of the best). Lucky Alex. 1!

Welcome to our midst, Sister Montgomery. May your stay with us be a long and happy one.

To Alex. 1. We very much appreciated your kind offer the other week—your Green Plot, for the use of our farmyard, etc. We were very sorry that at the time your ward consisted of nearly all shell-shock cases, otherwise we should have been delighted to roll you all on same.

The new addition to our ward is a great old chap who has "roughed it" in his time. He was once in sixty-five feet of snow, and he could tell you something great about a waist-coat. Nuff said!

Who was the Sister who broke a glass the other night? Did she really say—well, never mind!

We have always got a deputy M.O. in this ward to help the boys (good old Alex.) He is an Alex. 2, the ward.

Who was it said our orderly is getting thinner. Anyway, he has got a good future before him.

Is it true that our orderly, Fred (one of the best), nearly got frost-bitten feet at the football match last Saturday?

Good old Jock, you're the right boy in the right place at centre-forward, and we trust the C.O. will keep you here to play the season, for you have indeed done your share in the war.

Who was the man in the ward caught trying to take his own temperature? (Oh D.)

"Clink" Elarion Calls.

We have been feeling lazy lately, or perhaps it is that run down feeling, consequent on over-exertion—mental and physical—because you know this is really a strenuous job that we are holding down, although you wouldn't think so to look at the sleek figure of the P.S. Anyhow, we have come to the decision that it is easier to scribble these lines than to dodge a wild-eyed member of the staff of this journal. Have you noticed him these days? He is going around with straws in his hair, and continually murmuring, "Copy, copy!"

There aren't any inspirations in the air at the present, but we would like to tell you about the different guests we have had sometimes.

It has been our luck to have to take in crazy men from time to time. One of them must have thought he was an aeroplane—anyhow he used to go up in the air and make a noise like a tin of salmon. One morning one of the police was shaving, and this guy jumped up in the air behind him, and yelled. It took us two hours to bring the policeman round, and by this time the other guy had swallowed the shaving soap, and thought he was a lather brush.

Another case was a fellow whom we discovered in the middle of the night studying astronomy. He was clad in a short shirt and a blue nose, and emphatically declared that he was madly in love. We told him in gentle tones that we were also, but didn't care to advertise the fact, and we led him gently away to the cooler. At 2 p.m. each day he would come to tell us that we had better let him out, because he had two rings and two marriage licenses in his pocket, and had an appointment to marry at 2.30 p.m.

Then there was he whom we named the "Ghost." He would have made a lovely burglar. He could have made a fortune cracking cribs creaklessly. He would glide around noiselessly both day and night, and would bum our fags in a most accomplished manner. In fact he was a mind-reader, because he would glide down upon us just as we were taking a cigarette packet out of our pocket, and we, in our generosity, would always offer him one, and never knew him to refuse. There was great joy in "clink" when he departed.

There was a chap put into the "Haven"

the other night who actually admitted that he had been drinking. This so astounded the P.S. that he kissed the erring one on the cheek, and then fell fainting at his feet. The usual procedure is as follows:—The angelic one is placed gently in the "coop"; his boots are taken off for fear he should get a cold in the head; and the Orderly Officer sent for, who usually says, "What's the matter, my boy?" Prisoner replies, "S'nothin'," gazes at the O.O. with eyes like those of a codfish, and then slumbers sweetly. Next morning the O.C. says, "Were you drinking?" The prisoner replies, "No, sir, I was standing on the street, when I suddenly felt dizzy. A policeman took my blue band off, and I went into a pub. for a drink of water, and I remember no more until I awoke in the Guard Room." Usually, the O.C. believes him, gives him a seven-days' pass, and sends him off with his blessing.

We have just heard of an interesting little episode in connection with one of our staff. In a neighbouring town lives a widow of comfortable circumstances and generous proportions, whose sole hobby is whisky. One night our confrere, who is a "pint" hobbyist, was comparing hobbies with the widow until a late hour, and then he decided to escort her home. For this purpose he hired a taxi, and then his troubles began. The poor widow couldn't get in the door. They tried all ways, including sideways, but she stuck every time. Eventually, they lowered the top, and hoisted her in that way, and the car creaked cautiously on its way until the back axle snapped under the excessive strain of the "copious couple," and they both sat slobbering silently amid the ruins. Here let us draw a veil over the episode.

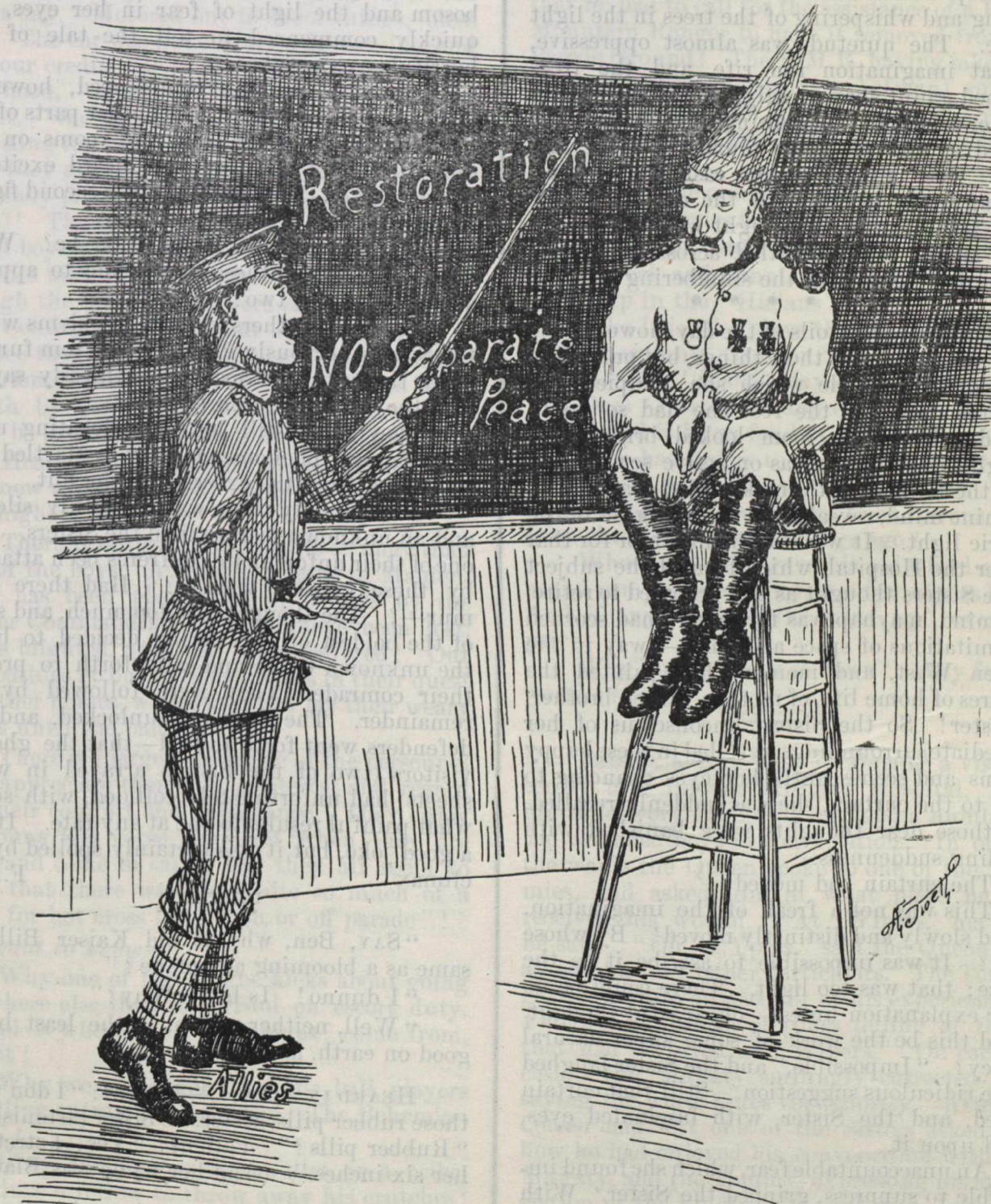
We noticed that a prominent and dignified member of the personnel was wearing a bandage around his hand the other morning. Of course, we enquired why he was wearing it, and he replied, "I was at a party last night, and some of the younger gentlemen got inebriated, and stepped on it."

PAL (to Tommy enjoying the last night of his leave): "Go easy, my lad, don't forget to-morrow!"

TOMMY: "To-morrow never comes!"

PAL: "No, but the morning after the night before always turns up."

THE DULL PUPIL.



Blimey! you are dull; but I'll hammer it into you if it takes another year.

Ghostly Visitors.

It was a night for mystery. The air was cool and clear, and the only sounds which broke the deep silence of the dark was the gentle sighing and whispering of the trees in the light breeze. The quietude was almost oppressive, so that imagination ran rife, and the trees assumed gaunt shapes, ugly, as the spectres of another world, and the sighings and whisperings seemed as the plaintive murmurings of lost souls. Over all the moon cast pale beams, striving to break through the density of the wood, but even this frail light was obscured as some small cloud scuttled across the moon, veiling her light from the slumbering world.

* * * * *

Tired with her toils of the day, however, the Sister did not notice these things, but pulled the blind of the cubicle which she occupied, and prepared to enjoy the rest she had so justly earned. The little room looked bright, and though the occupant was on active service, yet were there many little nick-nacks, dear to the feminine mind, revealed by the cosy glow of the electric light. It was not the night, or for that matter the Hospital, which formed the subject of the Sisters thought as she prepared to retire. Her mind, mayhap was far away—had scorned all limitations of space and time—away in the Golden West, and memory had painted the pictures of home life, of mother, father, brother, or sister! So the Sister, unconscious of her immediate surroundings, revelled in these happy dreams and scenes until, her eyes chancing to stray to the curtain, she was suddenly recalled, and those dear thoughts were banished with startling suddenness.

The curtain had moved!

This was not a freak of the imagination. It had slowly and distinctly moved! By whose hand? It was impossible to ascribe it to the breeze; that was too light. There could be no other explanation unless—oh, fearful thought. Could this be the work of some super-natural agency? "Impossible," and the Sister laughed at the ridiculous suggestion. Still that curtain moved, and the Sister, with fascinated eyes, gazed upon it.

An unaccountable fear, which she found impossible to suppress, gripped the Sister. With stealthy movement she slowly crossed to the door, when—horrors! the curtain was gradually lifted, and she saw a white arm extended

towards her, and a glimpse of white draperies beyond.

Quick as thought she darted to the door, sped to the next apartment, where another Sister was preparing to retire. With heaving bosom and the light of fear in her eyes, she quickly commenced to tell the tale of her horrifying experience.

Scarcely had she commenced, however, when sounds were heard from other parts of the building, and Sisters from the rooms on the opposite side of the hut were heard excitedly conversing on the appearance of a second figure in white.

What could the explanation be? What *could* have caused these apparitions to appear? Why were there two?

These with others were the problems which the Sisters nervously discussed. From further down the hut came Sisters breathlessly saying that they had just seen it.

They were still heatedly debating upon this strange phenomena when a startled cry was heard from the exterior of the hut.

Immediately there was a deathly silence, and an unknown fear assailed the Sisters. Had one of their unfortunate confreres been attacked by those ghostly visitors? Had there been mur—? The thought was too much, and some of the boldest of the throng decided to brave the unknown terror and sally forth to protect their comrade. They were followed by the remainder. The door was unlocked, and the defenders went forth to find—that the ghostly visitors (two of the Sisters arrayed in white sheets) had unfortunately collided, with somewhat painful results to one at any rate. It was a good joke, but it was certainly spoiled by the climax!

F.H.

"SAY, Ben, why is old Kaiser Bill the same as a blooming aeroplane?"

"I dunno! Is he? Why?"

"Well, neither of 'em is the least bit of good on earth, are they?"

HEARD IN ALEX. I.—Patient: "I don't like those rubber pills, Sister." Sister (astonished): "Rubber pills?" Patient: "Yes! I stretched her six inches." (And her name was Blaud.)

IF by chance a conscientious objector were to enter the Hospital, in which ward would he be placed?—C.O. Ward, of course.

Staff Notes.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
 "To speak of many things;
 Of cars, and bars, and shooting stars,
 Of blackberries, and Kings!"

Three Kings went out in great style the other day. Motored out to shoot things, bless ya! The car was not exactly a Limousine, and rumour credits one of the Kings with "riding the hood," owing to lack of accommodation inside. We wonder if he imagined he was "decking the rattler" on the old C.P.R.? However they got there, and having loaded up and got ready proceeded to—*pick blackberries!* Ye gods!! The natural result was that, having no small boys with them to put the salt on the bunnies tails, the day's bag was slim, *very* slim; though the blackberries were really good!

Coming back they put up at Reading, at a place they knew of, and where their hunting experiences were no doubt listened to with bated breath by their admiring acquaintances. It *must* be great to be a King and go a-hunting!

Hearty congratulations to Lieut. Tompkins, our new assistant Q.M. May he rise higher and higher!

There is despair in the hearts of more than one of the boys. A certain Avenue in Maidenhead has been placed out of bounds by the Officer Commanding. Homes have been lost, hopes blighted, and fond hearts severed! Our sympathies go out to the sufferers in their quest for other homes, where they can lay their weary heads until the ban is lifted!

There is a large percentage of the personnel who appreciate their C.O.'s interest and regard for their comfort and appearance. They enjoy the buns and cocoa they get when they are good and come in early, but they all seem to wish that there was not quite so much of a craze for hot cross buns, "on or off parade"!

We want to know—

Why one of the Sergts. kicks about going anywhere else than to Bristol on escort duty. Bristol is where the "Woodbines" come from, aint it?

Why we no longer here our ball players whistling entrancing airs from "The Bohemian Girl"?

If tea and toast were the diet, or a bribe, to induce a fellow to throw away his crutches?

Who was the patient who gained his objective in some recent street warfare? And

if activities of this kind would not be more apropos "somewhere in France"?

If Barney found the culprit who stole his bicycle, and what the result was?

What the goat did to the Orderly Sergeant that he had to call for the assistance of a Rocky Mountain Ranger to have it removed from the Parade Ground? The R.M.R. having taken the order for a joke (not being a batman), suffered the penalty for the regimental pet! Should not the goat have been awarded the punishment by the judge?

Who is the orderly, recently off night duty, who always carries talcum powder in his pocket, and *why* all this thusness?

If Jock and Lennie met many bonnie wee lassies up in the "Hielans"?

Who it is who plays the piano so divinely in the Sergeants' Canteen?

If "Shy" is still Mayor of Cookham?

Does Morpheus appreciate his *nom de plume*, and is he as fond of sleep as ever?

Who had orders to "C.B." the goat?

Which Sergt. it was who answered "S'all right, my dear," when a pal tried to rouse him from slumber a few mornings ago?

Who it was who gave his old wheel a spin round camp in his bare feet a few nights back? And if anyone "got the wind up" over the pail?

Why Jimmy looks so stern? Any family worries?

— THIS is a true story! During a visit recently to a certain Military Hospital, Their Majesties very graciously engaged a number of the wounded boys in conversation. In one of the wards the Queen spoke to one of the Tommies, and asked him at what place he had received his wound. "At 'Wipers,' ma'am," he said. "Oh, at Ypres," said the Queen, and asked him for further particulars. The Tommy gave her quite an account of his experiences in Flanders, a number of times telling of things that had occurred at "Wipers." On each occasion Her Majesty smilingly corrected him, saying the word Ypres very shortly. After the Queen had left one of the Sisters asked him how he had enjoyed his conversation with Her Majesty, and the Tommy, expressing his appreciation of the kindly talk, said with real sympathy, "I was proper sorry for her having the hiccoughs like she did!"

V.A.D. Notes.

MAIDENHEAD.

Things we should all very much like to know—

What is the difference between a wounded soldier and a pre-war "skivvy"?

Are the domesticated Tommies all happy on their new jobs?

Is anyone desirous of volunteering to dust the coals or polish the flag-pole?

Should not the highly-important task of "Errand Boy" be undertaken by an N.C.O.?

What is a new-laid egg?

Is 6.30 late enough?

And would it not be advisable for patients to be always accompanied by their nurses?

Does Sammy ever meet a girl he does not know?

What has become of his watch-chain?

Whose weakness is "Brown Eggs"?

Who wrote those rotten verses entitled "29"?

The funny stories which a certain Nurse was whispering to Sister?

Who drowned the kitten, and why in a fire-bucket?

HIGH WYCOMBE.

We welcome back Miss Affleck, and are glad to see her looking so well after her serious accident three months ago.

More seats have been placed about the town for the use of the wounded.

Miss Ferguson, who has given us many pleasant evenings, has returned to canteen work in France. The boys out there will be glad to have her back.

We are the boys of the V.A.D.

For sport and fun, we have it you see.

The best ward of all is No. Four,

For the Demon Dancer is with us once more.

We've the lady cartoonist from G.1 ward.

He's the pet of the ladies, the gay young lord.

There's one in particular, who dresses so fair,

And follows the youth, with a grace and an air.

He dashes round town alone they say,

Offering to girls a home some day,

But alas! ah me! I'm sorry to relate,

They all refuse, and say he's too late.



Things we should like to know—

Who is the Demon Dancer who, after following a fair damsel for nearly half-a-mile, found out she was the nurse who dressed his wounds in the morning?

Who is the Head Mistress who tells her scholars not to speak to wounded soldiers in their school dress?

The name of the nurse who took the bad patient's temperature? When she looked at the thermometer she found all the numbers had been washed off!

Why do the patients leave their grey coats in a certain tobacconist's shop, and when calling for them find "ciggs" and matches in the pockets?

Is Spr. J. Murrell still on the dressing carriage in H.1?

Does the "Poker" school still exist in H.1? Does Bdr. Grant still bluff?

Is "Lankey" still on H.1 kitchen staff?

THE GRAND TOUR.

I often longed to see the world—I'd had no chance before, And I don't suppose I should have if there had been no war. I used to read the shipping news, the tourist books, and so When I had the chance of seeing life I could not help but go.

In Egypt first we had to stay before we moved along Across the way to Servia, where we got it hot and strong. We had no drink when we were dry; no rest when we were tired, But I saw the Sphinx and Pyramids—a sight I oft' desired.

I've lots to last me all my life to talk about and think. I've sampled heaps of things to eat, and various more to drink. I've strolled amongst the gay bazaars which make the money fly, And I've had my fortune told, ah, well, but that was all "my eye."

The sky was gorgeous blue there; in fact I never knew That any sun could be so hot, or any sky so blue.

There were figs and dates, and such like fruit all hanging from the trees,

And black folk walking up and down as natural as you please.

I've seen those little islands, too—I cannot say their names— With towns as white as washing days, and mountains sprouting flames.

I've seen the sun rise lovely 'pon miles and miles of sea, Why, folk who've paid a thousand pounds have seen no more than me!

I often longed to see the world; I was full of life and change, But the Bulgars got me in the ribs, and, this is passing strange, That when you see old England's shores all wrapped in mist and rain,

You know it's worth the bloomin' bundle coming home again.
T. G. PAGE, Ward 6.

A Yorkshire man and a Scot were having an argument as to who went to the Front first, and it proceeded on these lines:—

YORKY: "I was clapping my hands on the fire-step when you were clapping yours at Charlie Chaplin."

SCOTTIE: "Never heard of him."

YORKY: "Well, Harry Lauder!"

Then the scrap commenced.

"29."

Who was it cut poor Tiche's hair?
 Good old "29"!
 With scissors quite beyond compare
 He made poor Tiche's "nut" quite bare,
 And then convulsed upon a chair.
 Good old "29"!

Two nurses watched him operate.
 Good old "29"!
 Poor Tiche, he only knew too late
 His head was in a shocking state,
 And only murmured "'T-t-tis my fate!"
 Good old "29"!

Poor Tiche, he met a girl that night.
 She looked at him, and said "You fright!
 Who cut your hair when you were tight
 And made you look that horrid sight?"
 Tiche answered gently, without spite,
 "G-g-g-good old t-t-twen-twenty-nine!"

V.A.D. HOSPITAL, MAIDENHEAD.

Patients and Passes.

The new regulations concerning the patients and passes may be looked upon as somewhat stringent by some, but it is hardly necessary to say that the O.C., Adjutant, and the Wardmaster will not deny the patients any privileges which are in their power to give. As a matter of fact the new order was received some while since from the Eastern Command, in which Maidenhead is included. The Hospital, however, is in the Southern Command, and the C.O. and the Adjutant decided not to enforce the order. The two authorities have since been in communication, and as a result the Southern Command has ordered that the new regulations should be recognised and that, in future, any regulations for the government of patients issued from the Eastern Command should be observed. It will probably be found that the liberties of the patients will be only slightly curtailed.

TEACHER (after lesson on birds, insects, &c.):
 "Now, Tommy, which do you prefer, worms or sparrows?"

TOMMY: "Please, miss, I have never had sparrers!"

Amusements.

BILLIARD HANDICAP.

The Billiard Handicap among the patients has been completed, Ward H.2 carrying off both the prizes. Heanley won 1st prize, a handsome cigarette case presented by Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Meakins. The 2nd prize was won by Beaumont, who received a medal and pocket book. Great interest has been taken in the event, which is one of the most popular forms of indoor competition provided for the entertainment of our boys.

OUR CONCERTS.

A most enjoyable concert was given by "The Elves" Concert Party, who were heartily welcomed and appreciated by the boys. The Foresters' Battalion Canadian Band has discoursed sweet music, and was a pleasing feature of our entertainments. The Oscar Asche Dramatic Society presented "Eliza comes to stay," which was ably put on by this company of clever artistes. Several feature concerts are promised for the near future, which we are certain will greatly add to the joys of life here at Cliveden.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

The following ladies and gentlemen have most generously extended hospitality to the patients during the past two weeks:—Mrs. Lionel Brown, Lady Boston, Mrs. Souliidi, Lady Bell, Miss Barry, Mrs. Blewett, Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Bradish-Ellames, Mr. Schuster, Mrs. Fortescue (Dropmore), Mrs. Shackles, Mrs. Crawford-Caffin, Miss Gardner, Mrs. Archie Baker, Mr. Adams, Mrs. Du Pre, Mrs. Ackroyd, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Williams, Lady Clayton, Mrs. Rowland Green, Mrs. Dalziell, Mrs. Rance, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Hollis (St. Ives Hotel), Mrs. Wilding, Mrs. Oppenheimer (White Waltham), Mr. John McNeil, Lady Buckinghamshire, Mrs. Walton, Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Spindler, Miss Coleman, Mrs. Oppenheimer (Sefton Park), Mrs. Skimming and Mr. Wagg.

To the generosity of the Hippodrome management we are indebted for the entertainment of two large parties of over 200 patients, each at matinee performances; to Mrs. Rowland Green and Mrs. Kessler for several cases of fruit; and to Mr. Fortescue for tickets for the the big Red Cross Concert at Slough.

Sports.

FOOTBALL.

The Connaught Football Team opened the season at Basingstoke on September 15th with a win over the Hospital Team by three goals to one.

On September 22nd the Connaughts scored their second win, on the home ground, by four goals to none, against the Forestry Corps from Sunningdale.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE MEETING.

On Thursday, 27th of September, Captain Sparrow and Q.M.S. Hodgetts represented the Connaught Football Club at a meeting held at the A.D.M.S. for the formation of a Football League in the London area. Capt. Sparrow presided at the meeting. After some discussion, it was decided to form a league, to be called the "London Area Canadian Football League," made up of the following teams:—Basingstoke, Uxbridge, Forestry Batt., Bromley, Bushey Park, Orpington, Epsom and Connaught Clubs.

The first match will be played on 6th of October, when the Connaught Club meet Basingstoke at Basingstoke.

General Turner was elected Hon. President of the league; General Foster, Hon. Vice President; Colonel McCoomb, President; Colonel Watt, Vice President; Sgt.-Major Robertson, Orpington, Secretary. Each team elects its own member of the league, and Sgt. Henderson (Secretary of the Connaught Club) is elected to represent the club as league member.

THE BATTING-BEE AT SLOUGH.

By a "ROOTER."

In the heaviest hitting and most loosely played game of the year the "Astorias" went down to defeat at the hands of the Canadian Forestry "Woodpeckers," on the noted Dolphin football grounds at Slough, on Saturday, to the tune of 13—15, in eight innings, when the game had to be called on account of darkness.

The game was the most attractive feature of the day's sport.

"Slim" Rogers started in the box for the "Astorias," but he was going bad, and got into trouble right away. "Slim" "heaved" them up, and the "Woodpeckers" connected every time, knocking the "pill" to all corners of the lot. "Slim" was generous, allowing the

"Woodpeckers" thirteen hits in two innings, which coupled with a few misplays by the infield, and a misjudged fly which dropped safe in the centre, gave the "Loggers" twelve runs, while the best the home crew could do was to chase across one run. The "Woodpeckers" added two more in the third. In the "Astorias" half of the fourth, Latimer, the first man up, drove out a triple, but had to slide to make the third safely, and, in doing so, injured his bad leg, and had to retire from the game. The "Astorias" got three runs before the innings was concluded. Maddock moved over to first to replace Latimer, and Peacock came in from the field and played short-stop, while McPhail, who has been out of the game since he was hurt at Smith's Lawn some time ago, went to right field.

From the fourth innings on, the "Astorias" showed their old form, and by timely hitting and daring base-running crept up to within two runs of the "Woodpeckers."

"Slim" was "yanked" from the box in the fourth frame, and "Pip" Price was sent in to twirl. He got along not too badly, but was very erratic at times. In the eighth innings he was pulled out in favour of "Bud" Murphy, who retired the side with one scratch hit.

We understand that Saturday's game makes the 29th the club has played this season, and have only lost four. Keep up the good work, boys!

CANADIAN SPORTS AT SLOUGH.

A large crowd assembled at the Dolphin Grounds at Slough to witness the numerous events on the programme on Saturday, Sept. 29th.

The competitions were well-contested throughout, the most popular item probably being the log-hewing contest. Tea for the Cliveden patients was provided from the recreation fund. The baseball match was a somewhat farcical affair, and was won by the Foresters by a score of 15 to 13. The organisers must have been gratified by the gate receipts, and pleased at the liberal response to their efforts for such a well-deserved and necessary cause. T.R.H. Princess Christian and Princess Marie Louise honoured the proceedings with their presence.

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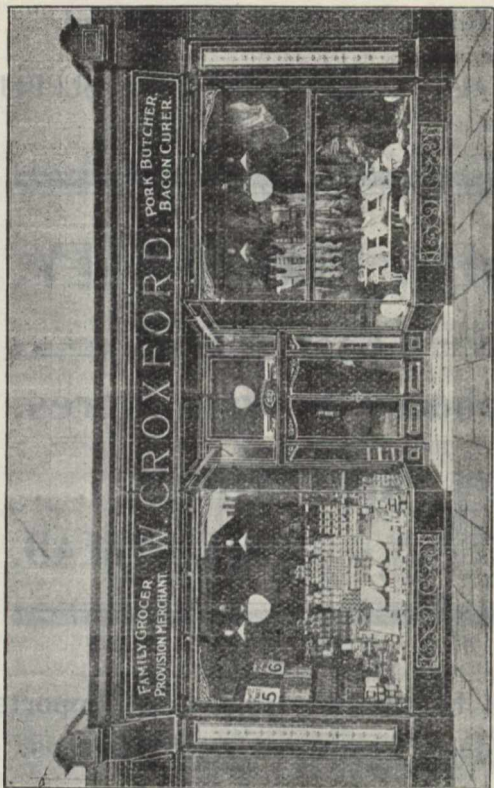
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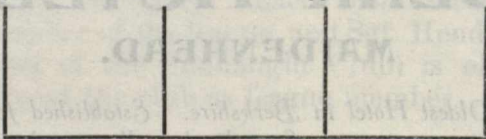
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