

VOL. II., No. 30. AUGUST 10TH, 1918.

“

Stand & Easy”

Chronicles
of
Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Taplow Ct.	...	1 18	2 18	3 18	4 18	5 18	6 18	8 18	9 13
Cliveden H.	...	1 25	2 25	3 25	4 25	5 25	6 25	8 25	9 20
Cliveden H.	...	1*30	2 30	3*30	4 30	5*30	6 30	8*30	9 30
Taplow Ct.	...	1 37	2 37	3 37	4 37	5 37	6 37	8 37	9 37
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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. II., No. 30.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10TH, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... CAPT. A. BURTON WILKES.
EDITORIAL STAFF ... {GMR. A. S. BARTLETT.
 {A./SERGT. BAKER.

Tip to the Marines.

If I were sailing across the sea
And a "sub.," with fiendish, Germanic glee,
Should sink my gallant boat,
The life preservers I'd scorn, by heck!
And wrap myself in the Union Jack,
Which will forever float!

A Mysterious Affair.

On the night of August 1st those who sleep—when permitted—in the tents were much exercised in mind to account for the ebullient and cacophonous behaviour of the neighbouring Huttites. The facts, so far as they affected the Tentmen, were as follows: At 10.15, otherwise and facetiously known as "Lights out," a comparative stillness and quiet descended upon us, and we, being patients and therefore greatly fatigued by watching the labours of the Huttites, disposed ourselves for slumber and sweetly slept. By 10.30 it became evident that something—indeed, somebody—was up. Noises, ranging from the brayings of Lord-knows-what animals to the screams of heaven-help-us nightmares, and exhausting the whole gamut of impossibility, rent the air. Thirteen undoubted epileptic shrieks were heard, and cries of "Murder"! "Police"! "Fire"! and "Put-a-sock-in-it"! were frequently distinguished. By 12.30 a certain measure of calm had supervened, and by 1 o'clock there was that quiet which the proverb tells us always follows a storm.

Various explanations have been tendered to account for the attack.

1.—It was suggested, during the height of the frenzy, that a late-comer had brought with him an evening paper which announced the proclamation of Peace. But since no one believes evening papers, not even Huttites, and since there were no deaths from heart-failure, we feel that this suggestion is incorrect.

2.—It was also suggested that the price of "spiritual liquids" had been considerably lowered; that in consequence the said liquids had been lowered; and that therefore, etc., etc., etc. Enquiry, however, though conducted with unusual energy, fails to confirm the lowering of price; though the lowering of the liquids remains as a faintly possible cause.

3.—One Tent-dweller thinks that the whole attack was one of paroxysmal ecstasy. We fear, however, since he can give us no idea as to whether or not it is recurrent, that he does not know much about it.

4.—Another patient, who was rudely awakened from an idyllic dream of his favourite watering-place, The Lake of Zillebeke, and was much annoyed in consequence, says that the show was an attempt to prove to all whom it may concern, and to those whom it may not concern, that the Huttites are fine bully lads. The fact that the demonstration merely proved their brains to be down-at-heel is immaterial, in his opinion, to the question as to the cause of the outburst.

5.—Another charmingly simple theory is that someone caught a rat. If someone did catch a rat the glee—if it was glee—is understandable; but the absence of an official report makes us dubious.

6.—A very ingenious hypothesis is put forward by another Tentite. This man was certain that there was a change of moon on that date. On being assured that there was not, he suggested that a poor deluded Huttite must have got hold of an out-of-date "Old Moore," and thus deceived himself into the wrong date.

Meanwhile we can only ask those who have ideas on the subject to communicate them to Scotland Yard.—THE TENT-DWELLER.

N.B.—Reverting to theory No. 3, we regret to state that there has been a recurrence of a rather bad attack on the night of the 5th inst.

MANY are getting reputations from the Great War. Will these keep the reputations or make the reputations keep them?

Ward Notes.

F.1.

We are sorry to lose two of our old friends, McNabb and Mooring, who have left us to keep the old flag flying. Our best wishes go with them.

We notice that since Hall has donned khaki, he has been engaged on work of national importance (in Maidenhead).

Everton has given up bed-making and taken to poltice walloping these days. We hope that he will benefit by the tuition received from the "bloodless surgeon."

Things we want to know—

What does Craig mean by "Good old leg"?

Why did a certain Dakins patient get out of bed against orders? What did his namesake say when she caught him?

What attraction has Fish at Maidenhead?

Does a certain "Aussie" like turnovers?

G.2.

We extend a most hearty welcome to our latest arrivals. Of course we managed to add a few more "Diggers" to our noted Roll of "Aussies."

Good old G.2! Six good prizes and a number of "Highly Commended" at the Exhibition and Sale of Work.

Anyone wishing to obtain a few hints on fancy work please report to our verandah between the hours of 2 and 4 p.m. A hearty welcome will be given to such as attempt to disturb our workers. We cannot guarantee that boots will not be thrown.

Things we would like to know—

Who is the person who makes fancy work for adorning a "pot of flowers"?

How many people know that "milk diet" was out the other evening? Did he make enough noise about it?

Who is it who was heard to threaten all our boys the other night? What had Ireland to do with it?

Who is really B.B.T.S.? Ask our Night Orderly.

How does "Gus" like D.H.? Do they issue him with jam?

When is Raspberry going to wear his white shoes?

H.1.

Many of the old boys have gone and new faces take their place in the Ward. Our best wishes to those who have gone and a welcome to those who have arrived.

Mitchell and King we shall miss very much, especially when bed-time comes. We do not wish them to have another kind of "French" bed for a long while yet. They were two of the best.

Where does Nolan and Webb get their thirst from, and what would have happened if the tea had been beer?

Does Tucker and White think rice pudding makes a good baseball?

Is it right that our twin Samsons, Wilkings and Bignell, are getting commissions in the Guards?

You can't slip anything over us in this ward, Landeker.

When are you going to do some cross-stitch on your knees, Mills?

H.2.

We are at present suffering from *rumour-tism*, and one doesn't know whether he'll be in civvies or France next week. We already have learned, with a certain amount of regret, that we are to lose several of our old-timers, and I am sure the man "with scruples" will leave many an aching heart around the "Green." Be prepared for his farewell speech, during which he will expound on the evils of poker, Government beer and other vices.

Fancy "Knocker" making Canada! No more will we be troubled with his nocturnal peregrinations on the verandah nor will the old school be mystified by his "up six" expression. He is going *West*.

We cannot conclude without congratulating young "Ring"

on getting a concentrated vision at last. He certainly has got both eyes on Canada now.

J.1.

Surely a Cpl. of the Guards "said a mouthful," when he said he would work a badge?

Fawcett, old man, if you say you can sew, it must be so.

Our best wishes go with Capt. Green to Canada. His work amongst us was greatly appreciated and we shall miss him.

Pte. Grieg, late O.C. Kitchen Staff, departed this (Hospital) life Aug. 7th, 1918. He left neither will nor mouth-organ.

'Tis pleasant to see our diplomatic Sgt. He calls frequently, but has no cards.

J.2.

Taffy the 1st and Taffy the 2nd do not favour us with the double shuffle as often as required.

The reincarnation of Don Juan is very realistic? Ask Poole.

Our Canadian propagandist is most persistent in his attacks upon the "Flower of our heart." Is our propagandist a Cowman?

Our curiosity has been aroused by the *early* rising of one who was conspicuous for his *late* rising. Where shall we seek for the cause?

The "Winged God" has left his mark upon our Jimmy. We are happy because he has.

Anybody wishing enlightenment upon the Arras road and its historic significance please apply to our Towney.

The two worthies who have been "over the top" are gently reminded that there are others. Ask Taff. II.

The rapid retirement from the fish hash Sunday night caused much amusement to the frequenters of the dining hall, it certainly was an offence to the olfactory organs.

Oh! the inconsistency of man. One of ours, after a heated argument about the suitability of male attire for ladies and his violent disapproval, was seen walking with a land girl attired in breeches!

K.1.

We are very pleased with the boys' that have landed in K.1 Ward and are sure that they will have a good time while they are here. We are pleased to say that the boys who are leaving K.1 for their journey across to Canada had a good time in Scotland before they left us. Well, we wish them a safe journey across.

We welcome our new Night Sister and hope that her stay will be a long one with us and feel sure that she will like the boys.

Sergt., we hope you had a good time on your week-end, and hope it wont be the last.

K.2.

"God send you back to me." It certainly was a remarkable coincidence Bobby, old kid. Is it true your next will be "You made me love you"?

We should like to know if D—— is making any headway with his apprentice, S——. By the way, is L——y supplying the dope?

We think Taffy could spend his time in a more useful way than hunting addresses. For instance, putting wire round observation balloons.

The ward has been rather quiet this week-end. Is it due to the temporary absence of our noisy friend D——?

Why is S—— spending so much of his time at Bourne End, and why does he mention Switzerland in his sleep every night?

We are sorry to lose our old friend Irvine. Perhaps it will be some time before we forget his "straight flush."

We hear O—— met a few of his old friends at Slough. Were they "shemales"? Arsk yerself, mate.

One of our old timers is expecting to don civvies shortly. Best of luck kid, may your hopes materialise.

Things we want to know—

Is Taffy interested in land girls?
Who gets all the cream?
The address W—— and his friend were so anxious to find?
Why T—— is so generously donating to the troops?

ALEX. 1.

We are sorry that our recent correspondent has got the "wind up." Poor old Kid!
And he only got a 2nd prize. Poor old Red.
What new game is the school being taught now?
Paddy hasn't lost his soldierly appearance yet.
Come on, Paddy, buck up with your draughts.
We congratulate all our prize winners in the needlework and watercolour competition.

ALEX. 2.

The boys very much regret the loss of our Night Sister, who was so helpful to all, especially poor D——.
Our old friend, Sewell, has left us for Boston. We all sincerely hope that he may get back home quite safe.
Another of the old firm has left us for Depot. Pte Islam.
Next week will announce our friend, Babe Mason, to the whole hospital as the O.C. Dressing Carriage.
Anybody wishing for a khaki job apply any time before midnight to the Quartermaster's stores and draw stove brushes to clean our summer stoves.
Most of our old boys will have a great surprise soon. Our Marine Transport is getting married to a nice little lady at Burnham very shortly and inviting some of the lads to the wedding.
Who stole Darky's bottle of stout? Ask W——n.
Our handy man has got his great desire after all the hard struggle.
Things went on very well in the kitchen while our O.C. was away.
We are glad of the return of our old friend, Halifax, and two or three others.

ONTARIO 1.

We have a successor to "Sawbags Bill." We are also open to purchase a good size mallet.
Might we suggest to the patient who keeps pet mice in his locker that there is a special department set aside for the disposal of surplus rations.
Who is the patient who is so fond of surplus pieces of bread and bully, and how does he obtain them?
Why is it the trousers worn by the kitchen staff have to be creased each evening? Is the damp weather responsible for the baggy state of the knees the following morning or the grass in the gasworks fields?
Was it necessary for the relief orderly to announce his arrival the other evening by falling into the fire pail?
Who is Jack James?
Why does George sleep out now?
Is it permissible to offer congratulations to our "dispenser" on the arrival of a lady assistant?

YUKON WARDS.

Since the arrival of our mascot the Sisters of this ward have sure been mirthful. They all seem keen to practice on him. He is certainly like his daddy.
Some haircut, Thomas!
Don't you get enough to eat, Johnston, or is your appetite developing elephantine dimensions, that you pay us such regular visits about meal time?
Prior's serenades the other night were not appreciated. Cut out playing "spoo" sonny and get on to a man's game.
Our Lancashire boy of the Cuisine Dept. seems overjoyed these days. Please explain in particular what you have found in Maidenhead that causes you such hilarity and to pay such fabulous auto. fares
What makes Sweatman so stiff? Ask the Sergeant.

Sale of Work.

An Exhibition and Sale of Work was held in the Recreation Hall on Monday, Aug. 5th, which, although smaller than other years, was well attended.

In the midst of all her other work, Lady Drummond, of the Canadian Red Cross Society, found time to come down to Cliveden for the purpose of opening the Exhibition and presenting the prizes, and all concerned in the proceedings joined most heartily in the vote of thanks offered her.

The prize winners were as follows:—

- Hon. Mrs. Astor's Special Prize—Pte. Banks (Alex. 1).
- Regimental Badges—Pte. Tring (J.1), Pte. O. Johnson (H.2), L/Cpl. Hauxwell (Alex. 1).
- Belts—Pte. Carey (G.2), Pte. Halliday (H.2), Pte. McPherson (G.1).
- Embroidery—Bdr. Gray (F.1), Gnr. Stewart (G.2), Pte. Carey (G.2).
- Shaded Cross-stitch—Pte. Banks (Alex. 1), Pte. Say (Ontario 1).
- Plain Cross-stitch—Pte. Rayner (G.2), Pte. Richardson (G.1), Pte. Walton (G.2).
- Bead Chains—Pte. Whiteman (Alex. 2), Pte. Reynolds (Isolation).
- Watercolours—L/Cpl. Fraser (Alex. 1), Bdr. Grant (H.1).
- Black and White—L/Cpl. Fraser (Alex. 1), Pte. Hinwood (Alex. 1).
- Various—Pte. Coker (G.2), Pte. Hart (F.1).

It may be of interest to note that the lady who came down from the Royal School of Needlework to judge the exhibits considered that they attained a high standard of excellence, and one of the visitors expressed the opinion that it was a better show than the one recently held at Chelsea. This is highly satisfactory, and we trust it will be an incentive to even more ambitious efforts for next time.

It was with great pleasure that many of us welcomed Lady Boston among the visitors, and perhaps we may be allowed to express the hope that she will resume occasional visits to the Hospital, even if unable to undertake all her former work.

The Sale of Work brought in over £36, and sums previously received for work sold raised the amount to £53, which goes to the Patients' Comforts Fund.

The ladies in charge of the day's work wish to thank Hon. Capt. Upton for his valuable help.

The Old War Office Way.

I. MINUTE.

From Quartermaster, 77th Rifles.
To O.C., 77th Rifles.

Much destruction to clothing in Battn. Stores is being caused by rats and mice, please. Seventeen (17) suits S.D. khaki demolished last week, please. Can you publish in Orders that stern steps will be taken to deal with de-predators, please; or may cat be added to my Staff?

A. TAYLOR,
Lieut. & Qrnr.

Stobs, 1-4-09.

II. REPLY MINUTE.

Ref. above. Suggestion *re* warning in Orders is held over owing to difficulty in obtaining full parade of offenders. Cat suggestion approved, but I have no authority to take cat on strength of Battn. Matter, however, seeming urgently to require action I shall take steps to secure permission.

G. MILNE,
Capt & Adj.

Stobs, 2-4-09.

III. APPLICATION TO BRIGADIER GENERAL.

From O.C. 77th Rifles.
To G.O.C., Blue Brigade, Peebles.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that much destruction has recently been done in Battn. Stores to clothing and necessaries on charge, and that such destruction still continues, averaging 5 to 7 complete S.D. suits per week. According to trustworthy witnesses at my enquiry (K.R. para. 670) damage is undoubtedly due to rodents. It is respectfully suggested that cat be employed. May I have your authority for this step, please?

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

D. O. PHILPOTS, *Lieut. Col.*,
O.C. 77th Rifles.

Stobs, 1-5-09.

IV. REPLY BY BRIGADE GENERAL.

From G.O.C. Blue Brigade.
To O.C. 77th Rifles.

Re attached.

Under no circumstances can G.O.C. entertain your proposal for employment of cat. Private Rodents must be brought before a District Court Martial in usual way. [See A.A. para. 44, proviso 5, and para. 133 (2) and (7) as to abolition of the Punishment of Flogging.]

The G.O.C. hopes never again to hear from any C.O. such an infamous request.

Peebles, 6-5-09.

C. BUTT, *Capt.*,
Brigade Major.

V. MINUTE

By O.C. 77th Rifles.
To G.O.C.

Explaining that rodent is not a soldier; and repeating request for authority for cat (feline, one).

Dated 7-5-09.

VI. MINUTE.

By Brigade Major.

That G.O.C. hopes O.C. 77th Rifles is not merely trying by a specious explanation to cover his irregular application, but will overlook same on this occasion; also that G.O.C. does not feel able to grant authority asked, but is referring matter to G.O.C.-in-Chief.

Dated 9-5-09.

VII. MINUTE.

By G.O.C.-in-Chief.
To G.O.C. Blue Brigade.

That he cannot take responsibility for such an unusual addition to strength, in view of utter lack of precedent in his experience; but that matter is being passed on to Army Council.

Dated 29-5-09.

VIII. ARMY COUNCIL INSTRUCTIONS.

No 2147, dated 1st August, 1909.

After reciting the depredations throughout the land and the urgency for action, reads:—

“Sanction has therefore been given for one cat to be added to the establishment of each Battalion of Infantry, Battery of Artillery, and Regiment of Cavalry in the United Kingdom.

“It should be understood by Commanding Officers that exact uniformity in the type of cats to be taken on strength is desirable, and all such cats must conform strictly to the sealed pattern cat which can be seen between the hours of 11 and 3 o'clock on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at the Horse Guards Mews.

“Until experience has shown what is an economical and yet adequate ration for the cats, Commanding Officers may themselves experiment in this direction, reporting results to the War Office on the first Thursday of every

month, no expense meantime to be chargeable against the public."

IX. PRECIS OF A.C.I.

No. 1139, dated 1-4-10.

Referred to previous Order as to issue of cats; invited the views of Commanding Officers on the respective merits of male and female cats; pointing out that while the male cat was a cause of a lower ration consumption the families of the female might ultimately be sold on the public account. Meantime the ration per cat was standardised and allowed to be included in the Pay and Mess Book, with (in the case of female cats) an extra maternity ration, and where the cat could show dependents of $\frac{1}{3}$ of one full ration for each dependent under six months.

X. EXTRACT

From Part II. Battalion Orders, 77th Rifles.

No. 147, of 19-5-10. Item 7.

"SICK LEAVE. No. 930 Cat "Smiler" granted four days' sick leave, 16th to 19th May inclusive."

XI. RECORD OF CONVERSATION

Between C.O., 77th Rifles and his Q.M.

Dated 10-6-10; 6.30 p.m.

Conversation begins 6.30 p.m.

C.O.: Stores right?

Q.M.: Yes, sir.

C.O.: Rats?

Q.M.: None, sir.

C.O.: Cat on parade?

Q.M.: Yes, sir.

C.O.: Efficient and economical?

Q.M.: Yes, sir.

Conversation ends 6.31 p.m.

At this point the further documents may be summarised into a narrative. On 1st August, 1910, the Hon. Algernon Geoffrey Nepotes was appointed to a clerkship in the War Office. The Hon. Mr. Nepotes did not desire to eat the bread of idleness. He was rightly ambitious to restore his family to its ancient place of mark in the governmental world. The opportunity seemed to present itself in the first official document Mr. Nepotes read in his new position, namely, A. C. Circular of the 1st April standardising the cats' rations. This conscientious young gentleman employed for some weeks the scanty leisure his public service gave him in evolving a scheme which might

save the expenses of the cats' rations. Finally an inspiring flash of genius told Mr. Nepotes that the use of traps instead of cats would effect this great economy.

Mr. Nepotes unfolded his discovery to the friend who had obtained for him his clerkship in the War Office, and this friend gladly justified his nomination by laying the scheme of Mr. Nepotes before the Army Council.

The Army Council thought it worthy of attention, and assembled a committee to consider the matter. If it should approve the suggestion the committee was invited to design a suitable trap.

For some months the committee laboured, hearing witnesses, studying plans, and being bamboozled by experts. The result can be summarised in the final words of the report:

"Your committee is therefore happy to be able to conclude its labours with the production of such an admirable and inexpensive pattern of rat and mouse trap, which your committee recommends should be added to the official 'Vocabulary of Stores' under the head of—'Trap, rat, iron, ungalvanised, Mark I.'

"Your committee further recommend that the cats be recalled into store, and that traps mentioned be forthwith issued in their place throughout the United Kingdom in the proportion of one to each Battalion of Infantry, Battery of Artillery, and Regiment of Cavalry, and, in certain cases, to the Departmental Corps."

In due course this was done.

Meantime a Quartermaster of Infantry had managed to persuade a Court of Enquiry that the total disappearance of 17 complete entrenching tools and eight iron buckets was due to rats and mice.

After a couple of months the Army Council, desiring to know how far their activity had been profitable, called on all G.O.C.'s to furnish a return of the number of rats per trap destroyed since the issue of the traps. Where necessary a nil return was to be made. Roman numerals were to be used to denote rats, and Arabic characters to denote mice. The whole of the returns were nil returns. No rat had been caught in any trap.

This result created great astonishment in the Army Council, who summoned the committee again to advise as to the reason for the failure of the traps. The members of the committee, having now had some experience, found it necessary to sit for only two months, during

which time they designed a fresh trap made of galvanised iron. This was duly listed in the vocabulary as—"Trap, rat, galvanised, Mark II.," but was soon corrupted into "Mark II. Mauser." The old traps were recalled into store; units of the Territorial Force were given the opportunity of purchasing these on payment of half their original price; and the Mark II. traps were issued in their stead.

In two months another return was called for detailing the casualties among rats through this new trap. Again, to the distress of the Army Council, a "nil" return was rendered in every case. Meantime a Quartermaster of Cavalry had convinced a Board of Enquiry that the total loss of two machine guns and tripods was due to rats and mice.

The Army Council finally reached the conclusion that as there was no doubt that the Mark II. trap was absolutely perfect in design, the failures must be owing to the fact that the traps were in the hands of unskilful men. A class of instruction in trap setting was accordingly ordered to assemble at Aldershot, to which O.C. units must send two privates or N.C.O.'s not above the rank of lance-corporal. The class was to last four weeks and at the conclusion of this period the members were to pass a test in trap setting, success in which carried the right to wear a badge of crossed rats'-tails on the right arm. This badge would be of gold lace on the full dress, and of worsted on the service dress.

Soldiers of the Territorial Force were granted the privilege of attending this class at their own expense, the badge in their case to be of silver lace on the full dress. All badges were to be worn $1\frac{15}{16}$ of an inch above the right cuff. The class of instruction was entirely successful, the whole of the members passing the test.

The Army Council had now the satisfaction of knowing that not only was each unit in possession of first class traps, but also that it had on its establishment two trained rat catchers, who were capable of passing on the instruction they had received. It was therefore with hope of a very gratifying result that a rat casualty return was ordered at the end of one month. To the amazement of the Army Council each return was once more "nil." The committee was called together for the third time and after deliberation lasting some weeks it reported that as the traps were undoubtedly of first class design, and were now in the hands of trained trap

setters, the fault could only lie with the bait that was used.

The Army Council telegraphed to the O.C. each unit to report by first post next morning detailing the nature of the bait used in the trap held on charge by him. The detail should specify the article used as bait, weight, size, smell, and if material in a state of decomposition was used, whether such decomposing material was unfit for human food, and how long it had been so. The returns being duly rendered, were found all to the same effect, namely, that as no sanction had been granted for any ration to be drawn for the baiting of the traps, they had always been set unbaited.

H.L.I.—*The Veteran.*

"Jf."

(Our Canteen Version.)

If you can hold your cup, when all about you
Are dropping theirs, and spilling tea on you;
If you can give right change when all men doubt you,
And make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can serve, and not get tired of serving,
And, being asked for buns, don't deal out pies;
If you can weather shocks, howe'er unnerving,
And bear with disappointments and Good-byes.
If, giving self, you don't let self be master,
Or, finding pleasure, don't make fun your aim;
If you can meet with hero and with waster,
And treat the "knot" and navy just the same,
If you can bear to hear the words you've spoken
Altered, misquoted, and misunderstood;
Or see the cups you went to town for, broken,
And start again to make the losses good.
If you can make one heap of all the takings
And get them counted right at close of day,
And keep the ledgers free from faults and fakings,
And manage just to make the business pay;
If you can force your heart and nerves and muscle
To do their work as long as they're required,
And keep your temper in the midst of hustle,
And carry on till nine, however tired.
If you can serve all sorts, and not get hardened,
And talk with saints, and not become a prig;
If real or fancied wrongs are quickly pardoned,
If small men count with you as well as big;
If you can meet each unromantic minute
With willing labour and a smiling face,
Yours is the Hut, and everyone who's in it,
And—which is more—you will have served your Race.
The Tatler.

REGRETS.

Benevolent Old Gent (to small boy who is crying): "What's the matter my boy?"
Small Boy: "Boo-hoo! I've lost sixpence, sir."
Benevolent Old Gent: "Never mind; here's another" (giving it).
"What are you crying for now?"
Small Boy: "'Cause I didn't say a shilling."

When the Kaiser called the Devil up.

The Kaiser called the Devil up
On the telephone one day,
The girl at central listened
To all they had to say.

"Hello," she heard the Kaiser say,
"Is old man Satan home?
Just tell him that it's Kaiser Bill
That wants him on the 'phone."

The Devil said "Hello" to Bill
And Bill said "How are you?
I'm running a hell here on earth
So tell me what to do."

"What can I do?" the Devil said,
"My Dear Old Kaiser Bill,
If there's a thing that I can do
To help you I sure will."

The Kaiser said "Now listen,
And I will try to tell
The way that I am running
On earth a modern hell.

I've saved for this for 40 years,
I've started out to kill.
That it will be a modern job
You leave to old friend Bill.

My army went through Belgium
Shooting children down,
We shot up every country side
And blew up every town.

My Zeps. dropped bombs on cities,
Killing old and young;
The ones the Zeps. had failed to get
Were taken out and hung.

I started out for Paris
With the aid of poison gas,
The Belgians, darn them, stopped me
And would not let me pass.

My submarines are devils,
Why you should see them fight,
They go sneaking through the water
And will sink a ship on sight.

I was running things to suit myself
Until a year ago
When a man named Woodrow Wilson
Wired me to go more slow.

He says to me 'Dear William,
We don't want to make you sore
But you must tell your U-boats
To sink our ships no more.'

'We have mentioned this the last time
So Dear Bill it's up to you,
And if you do not stop it,
You have got to fight us too.'

I did not listen to him
And he's coming after me
With a million Yankee soldiers
From their homes across the sea.

Now that's why I called you Satan,
For I want advice from you,
I know that you will tell me
Just what I ought to do."

"My Dear Old Kaiser William
There's not much left to tell
For the Yankees will make it hotter
Than I can here in Hell.

I've been a mean old Devil
But not half as mean as you
So the minute that you get here
The job is your's to do.

I'll be ready for your coming
And I'll keep the fires all bright,
I'll have your room all ready
When the Yanks' begin to fight.

For the boys in blue will 'get you,'
I have nothing more to tell,
Hang up your 'phone and get your hat
And meet me here in Hell."

Visions.

There's a host of spirits winging
Round my couch, and sweetly singing,
Softly crooning airs familiar long ago;
Slow, entrancing and beguiling
Is the lure of red lips smiling,
As the angel forms go weaving to and fro.

E'en the creatures of the wild wood,
That made glad the days of childhood,
Now are wafting here and yon on pinions bright.
List! the birds and bees are humming,
As the partridge, softly drumming,
Answers back the cricket's chirping of delight.

Dream-god, pause! and do not waken
Me lest I be forsaken,
And the visions dearly loved should pass away
From my ken and have me weeping,
Even in the act of sleeping,
Till in sorrow I forget to praise or pray.

J.W.C., 18th Can. Inf. Battn.

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

Four years gone! and still we are in the throes of this ghastly war. May this anniversary be the last. What changes we have seen, what friendships we have made, and what "ships have passed in the night"! A hospital life is like a long procession, with constant changes, certain events and personalities standing out from their surroundings—so much cheerfulness and patience shown, and, alas! so much sorrow and suffering.

There was an impressive service at the Parish Church on the 4th, attended by a picked detachment of 100 Mons men of the R.F.A., patients and staff of V.A.D., the Mayor and Corporation, Police Force, Fire Brigade, &c. Lady Lincolnshire and Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli were also present. Two of the patients helped to take up the collection on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. Huts. The Vicar, Canon Ridgedale, conducted the service.

Our Commandant is back again. Unfortunately she had only two good days in three weeks. Rough luck!

Many of the V.A.'s are arranging their holidays, and seeking the sea and a rest.

"It never rains but it pours." Thursday was a field day here! First the Quartermaster Store Inspectors with their officer, Capt. S. C. Adamson, then the new Colonel called in, and found the place all upset. Later on the welcome Paymaster and a visiting doctor, and finally Major General Sir Francis Treherne, Southern Command, walked in all unexpectedly and thoroughly inspected everything. Wasn't that enough for one very hot day? The General seemed satisfied on the whole, but mentioned the shabbiness of our uniforms, which should have been replaced with the new blue ones a long time ago. No fancy ties to be worn henceforth! A blow to some of the posh boys. The new kit room, so badly needed, progresses very slowly.

The R.F.A. Sports on the Rye, July 31st, went off well, and a very sporting afternoon was spent in glorious sunshine. F Battery seemed to hold the chief winners. The Alarm



Race and gun turnouts were very imposing. The Officers entertained the staff to tea, and the Sergeants gave the patients tea and a very enjoyable entertainment, everything being well arranged.

We have had a special whist evening. The ladies brought dainty suppers for their partners and there were delightful surprises as the baskets were unpacked. The non-players feel they must now learn the game. It was rough luck on the "special diet" boys to look on.

Our thanks to the Abbey girls for providing a special entertainer and smokes for the boys at the Abbey. It was a great pity more did not avail themselves of the invitation.

Our thanks to Lady Stopford for entertaining 23 men at Beaconsfield.

So sorry we find so little original talent. There must be more if we only knew where.

The following were the prize winners at the Whist Drive held on July 23rd: Ladies—Miss Chapman and Miss Free, gents—Clarke, Walker, Lewis and Somers. Our best thanks to the ladies for providing the supper, which was immensely enjoyed. The prize winners the following week were: Ladies—Miss Line and Miss Coles, gents—Foster, Pope, Fossyth and Middleton. Many thanks to Miss Free, Mrs. Palmer and Miss Brown for kindly giving the prizes.

There is very little to report, but, by the look of things, there will be more next issue.

Our chief items are the doings of "Sparky" and the wonderful walking feats of "Dad," who will soon be able to do the "turkey trot" to perfection.

We are sorry that owing to no seed being forthcoming the lack of special tit-bits has compelled our "songsters" to stop again.

When is the gentleman of "toeitus" fame going to arise and help take a part for the good of his fellow comrades?

*Have the "gollywog" champions resigned again, or is it only a lull before another storm?

Is this a home of homes? Ask "Happy Jack" or the Yorkshire man from Lincoln?

Yes! You may put those steps away again, they will not be required again for a little while, thanks!

GETTING HIS OWN BACK.

I was taking luncheon with a friend the other day who has a little boy about three

years' old. As a very special favour, and to please me, his mother allowed him to come to the table, telling me that she could not promise that he would behave in the proper manner, as she had never tried him before. The little chap behaved very nicely through the first part of the lunch, and his mother was feeling very proud of her boy.

When dessert came round, which proved to be ice-cream, his favourite dish, mother's darling wanted a second helping. However, his mother would not hear of it. "If you don't give me some," he said, "I'll tell on you." Mother still refused, and the youngster called out, "If you don't give me some more before I count six, I'll tell. One, two, three, four, five, six!" Still mother paid no attention to him, and he shouted out, "My pants are made out of the window curtains."

"SOME" SLIP.

Tommy was in a cot next to the door (with head swathed in bandages), and so was a target for every visitor who arrived.

"Have you been wounded in the head, my poor man?" asked the inquisitive old lady.

Tommy (fed up): "No, lady, in the foot, but the bandage has slipped a bit!" (Exit of old lady).

OVERHEARD IN A TRAMCAR.

Both were natives of Ould Ireland, perhaps this will account for the cordiality of acquaintance which they struck up. "An so ye say yer name is Murphy?" asked one, "Are ye, by any chance, related to my ould friend Pat Murphy?"

"Very distantly," replied the other, "Oe was me mother's first born, Pat was the fourteenth."

MAIDENHEAD.

Among the most popular of the sports and pastimes in the hospital is cricket. We have quite a number of good cricketers among the patients, resulting, of course, in a rather good cricket team. The team has played a number of matches, winning and losing in turns, but on the whole they have done fairly well. The latest match was with the R. Salamanson XI., and the game resulted in the defeat of the later. According to notices a return game is announced to take place on

Wednesday, Aug. 7th, and we would just like to see the result differ from that of the previous game.

It is pleasing to announce that the flu which was absolutely getting at serious grips with us, is now "Na pooh."

"Hips firm!" "Knees full bend!" This sounds very much like the lingo of a gym. instructor. Yes! it's true a gym. instruction with some poor patients going down to a full knees bend to the tune of their creaking muscles. It is quite a new thing introduced into the hospital. Gym. and route march at 10.15 every morning is the "Stuff to gye em."

Hallo! another craze. Fifteen two, fifteen four, a pair is six, &c. &c. One patient has got this so much on his brain that he was heard to say in his sleep that he had a hand of thirty six. Will someone do something to cool this poor individual's brain?

Our M.O. is on a weeks' vacation. Our best wishes go with him and we hope he will have a good time to make up for the days of hard work he has spent in the hospital. A number of the patients were invited out to the Horticultural Society's Show at "Longwood," Bridge Road. There was plenty of amusement, the Canadian Forestry Band gave selections, and the side shows, consisting of Aunt Sallies, coconut shies, swings and hoop-la, afforded best part of the amusement. We were pleased to see that Rflmn. Peach was again to the foreground with a song this time, entitled "Keep your hand upon your ninepence." As usual, he was a success until someone upset him and then ————!!! Someone was heard to say "it's a good job eggs are dear"!

Things we would like to know—

Who is John William Lloyd? Does he belong to No. 16 bed? We really don't know, but they say he is fond of a certain Rosie. Did someone say you Jack-ass or Thom-ass?

Who is the patient that has volunteered to be a best man. You should keep this in your "N'odell" old chap and not blurt it out in your sleep.

Who was it that took a fair maiden's 1/4, and generously planted an eighth part of that amount in a S.A. lassy's collection bag? We are given to understand that he made it all right afterwards. But it's "Lester" say no more about it.

Who is the patient who came in with

some "Three Castles" cigarettes? Who gave him these? But we must not be curious, we might suggest though that he should not try to build "castles" in the air, he may get "fagged" in the attempt.

Who is the patient who is trying to design a new hospital uniform. We agree it is a brilliant idea of his, half greys and half khaki, in fact the brilliance was too great for one's eyes. Next please!

Who is the patient who talks of a little "Darky." We presume little Darky to be a lady. Let us suggest a little tune you should chant to her:

Now I am wondering how you are,
Little Darky from afar,
Someones trying to cut me out;
If it's Baby Doll his face I'll clout.
Make her yours within the week.

Our Boys (?)

When you're looking rather bad,
And your spirit's mighty sad,
And you can't eat bread nor jam
Much less try eggs and ham
Take a tip—make a trip
Up to the "Ferry," it's at "Cookham."
When next morning feeling blue,
And your mouth tastes just like glue
And your eyes are very weary,
And your breath smells very beery,
Take a tip—have a nip
Of the sherry at the "Ferry."
When the police are on patrol,
Please be a good old soul;
Cross the ferry; forget the sherry,
Hop up the incline, and forget the wine,
After you've kissed her, remember "Sister,"
Slip in easy, get to bed,
Sleep it off and have no "head."

G.P.O., ONT. 2.

HIS EXCUSE.

"The amount of toil and ingenuity you have put into your calling," said the city missionary to the burglar, "would have made you comfortably well off if you had engaged in some honest business."

"Mebbe it would," answered the burglar, "but a man in the burglary business has the satisfaction that he don't have to ask nobody to give him a job."

The Pump.

Let us picture the scene of this story to be that of a front line trench in a part of the British line near ——. This part of the line was very quiet, and except for an occasional whistle of a shell and a dull thud on its explosion, one would hardly realize that war was being waged. This sector was held by Colonial troops and it was generally agreed that "cushey" was the word to describe this part. To prove the seclusion of this sector, French peasants made their abode quite near, but, alas! a day came when this seclusion should end. The Hun was desirous of a scrap. After having put down a preliminary bombardment he launched an attack, which resulted in the driving back of the British troops to a farm not many hundred yards back. Whether it was that the Hun could not venture further, or whether he would not, remains unwritten, but he came to a halt just about a hundred yards in front of the farm. The farm, or at least what remained of it after the bombardment, was in secure British hands—a pump, the bricks and mortar, and other of its remains worth holding—so it was decided to hold it at all costs.

Water above all things was wanted mostly about this time of the year; the terrific heat and the rainless days all helped to make water one of the first things among the necessities of life, and it was thought amongst the little garrison holding the farm that the pump would be most acceptable.

However, unfortunately the pump was a land mark for the Hun. Any one approaching the pump for water would practically, nine times out of every ten, never return. At night the risk was as great as in the day because the Hun always kept a constant flow of machine-gun bullets concentrated on the pump.

At one period the machine-gun fire ceased. This appearing very strange a couple of volunteers were asked to go to the pump and see if anything was wrong. They returned later with half-a-dozen Hun prisoners, and when they were questioned and searched what should be found on them but some small flasks containing poison, intended for the poisoning of the pump water. The capture of these prisoners did not change matters, casualties were still becoming serious. There was not

the slightest doubt about it, the Hun had this pump well under vision, and it was his intention to keep it so.

To make matters not in the least comfortable the Hun had placed his field guns in such a position that, when he "opened out," the farm and its surroundings for a hundred yards or so around became isolated, and sadly enough every-time a ration party or a relief came up the result was that they could not carry out their intentions either to relieve or deliver their rations, consequently food and water was amiss, and those holding the line were gradually becoming stagnant under the strain; the colossal heat being their greatest enemy. Only those who know what it is to feel hungry and thirsty can realize how those brave fellows were suffering. They were in possession of their emergency rations, true, but how long would a tin of bully, a few hard biscuits and just a little tea and sugar last? Not more than a day or so, but still, with these things, there was the question of water!

Have you ever given a thought, those of you who have walked along a country lane on a very hot day and felt if your very life was leaving you and how much you would have given if only you could sight a solitary house so as to obtain a drink, and how that house was to you like a mirage is to a desert traveller.

The lads here most heartily cursed the Boche and their confounded luck respectively. They lay exhausted all along the trench in the stinging heat, and as fast as men would venture to the pump, so surely would they get shot down until bodies lay in heaps all around.

The O.C. of this gallant party used every possible way to get information back to H.Q., but of no avail, it was pure slaughter to ask for volunteers to do this job. The garrison was getting very weak, not only in numbers, but individually. Things were looking very serious, wounded men were dying from hunger and thirst, the whole sight was getting ghastly.

"Necessity," so it is said, "is the mother of invention." These words were proved so in this case. Water was the only thing they craved for, and water they had to have.

The O.C. called for four volunteers. He wanted these men to make a tour round the ruins of the farm with him and if possible, see if they could find something to satisfy

their wants. Four volunteers were readily secured, consisting of a Corporal and three privates. They proceeded to the farm under cover of the dusk of evening and on their arrival commenced to haul away the ruins, being very cautious in case too much noise would result in extra tap, tap, of the Hun machine-gun. Many times they had to adopt the prone position owing to bullets coming unpleasantly near.

Eventually, to the satisfaction of the hunters, the Corporal came across some food, although it was hardly fit for human consumption, but hunger knows no bounds, so it was readily grappled up. Among his treasures also was an old rain pipe, which had at one time or the other been suspended from the roof of the farm to a tub to catch the rain-water. Well satisfied with their finds the officer gave orders for the party to proceed back to the trench, and even through all their trying times they went back in a happy mood.

The finding of the rainpipe put a notion into the Corporal's head, and he conceived the idea of making the pump a safe water supply by fixing the pipe to the pump nose and running it in the direction of the trench. So as to be able to use the handle of the pump at a distance he secured a piece of telephone cable, fixed it round the handle in such a way so that a pull in a certain direction would move the handle, thus releasing a supply of water which would run down the pipe into the trench.

Water at last, in abundance! What joy! Their troubles were gradually being relieved. This little garrison could hold out now for an unlimited time, although food was almost extinct.

Certainly their luck had changed for the best, it seemed. Just at the moment a Brigade on their left moved forward in a counter-attack, which resulted in the Huns being driven back into their old position. This move made things normal again, and it was to the great relief of all who had battled with the trials of this particular sector that reinforcements and rations arrived.

P.J.E., Maidenhead V.A.D.

SOME people are constantly giving themselves away, others are being sold.

MIGHTY few men's trousers get baggy at the knees from pocketing their pride.

"Some" Signature.

Some time ago a man was admitted to this Hospital while on leave, and shortly afterwards his depôt notified us that his pass was not genuine, he himself having made out the pass and forged the signature of the Adjutant. It was stated that his imitation of this signature was so good as to be almost uncanny. I was, and am still, at a loss to understand how this could be possible, for, on enquiry, I find that during the past few months at least, no patient or personnel here has been in the Orderly Room on such a charge; which reminds me—

The other morning I wandered in to interview one of our officers, and found him giving advice to a patient and orders to the Sergeant-Major, examining an admission card, discussing an A.F.B. 179 with a medical officer, carrying on a dissertation with the Q.M. on the difficulties of managing a chicken farm, asking an N.C.O. about his allotment, reading some correspondence, and signing innumerable papers—all at the same time. It appears that some three days later two communications arrived about the correspondence referred to on the morning mentioned. One had to do with a certain permit, which was made out in blank, with the request that the officer fill in his name as the writer could not decipher the signature of the officer requesting the permit. The second was a receipt of certain papers—and noted that these had been received from "W. Solomon." Even so, that guess was not so bad! Some name had to be chosen, and the hospital is close enough to Maidenhead to warrant such a choice.

Of course, I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, but I have no reason to doubt its authenticity. However, that is neither here nor there. What interests me is this unit, and I am wondering just what form of honour or decoration would be awarded the patient or personnel to be the first to appear in the Orderly Room charged with "Being in possession of a spurious pass inasmuch as the signature of the officer granting pass is not genuine, but only (?) an imitation."

SEPTIMUS.

NEXT OF KIN.

HER FATHER: "My daughter, Sir, sprang from a line of peers."

HER HERO: "Well, I jumped off the dock once."

Sports, Amusements, &c.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

The boys wish to tender their most hearty thanks to the following ladies and gentlemen for their kind hospitality since the last issue:—Proprietor of Maidenhead Picture Palace, Mrs. H. Walker, Proprietor of Maidenhead Skating Rink, Messrs. Spindler & Sons, Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. Woods (Burnham), Mrs. Baker, Mr. Wagg, Secretary of Maidenhead Horticultural Society, Mrs. Lionel Clarke, Mrs. Cunliffe Owen, Miss Bowen, Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Hawker, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Durlacher, Countess Temple, Mrs. Sauer, Mr. Robinson, Miss Clinton, Lady Boston, Mr. Horlick (Slough Police Sports), Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Pearce, Hon. Cecil Irby, Lady Liberty, Mrs. L. Lewis Jones, Mrs. Nicholls. Outings to the State Apartments (Windsor) and Bisham Abbey were also highly appreciated.

CONCERTS, &c.

The thanks of all are due to those ladies and gentlemen who were responsible for the provision of the following high-class entertainment during the past fortnight:—Pictures in the Recreation Hall, Madame Gabriell Harris's Concert Party, Mr. Richard Arthurs' Concert Party.

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

"—!—!—!" exclaimed the man, as he fell into a coal-hole.

"That's strange," remarked a bystander.

"What's strange?" snorted the man as he climbed out.

"You're the twentieth man who has fallen in there this morning, and they've all made the same remarks."

HE PUT JOHNNY DOWN.

Mr. Harkison lifted the young lady's little brother in his arms, and tossed him up in the air. "Say, Irene," cried out Johnny, after this performance had been repeated several times, "He's got a little place on the back of his head just like my china saucer!" And then Mr. Harkinson put little Johnny down.

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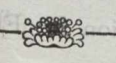
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