

VOL. I., No. 16. JANUARY 26TH, 1918.

“

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of
Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Above extract, from an Officer's letter,
needs no comment.

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RICHARD HOPE,
THE Smokers' Specialist, :: Maidenhead.

Miss Audrey at the Vaudeville.

The attendant brought Miss Audrey down the aisle shortly after the performance had begun, and pointed to her seat in the very middle of the row.

"That? Why, how absurd! I distinctly told Rosie to get aisle seats. (To nine people who had to rise to let her pass): Awfully sorry to trouble you, but it can't be helped. That young woman in the blue waist, just the other side of the empty seats, is to blame, not I.

Hello, Rosie, I know I'm dreadfully late, but I simply couldn't help it. Minnie came in just as I was about to start, to tell me about the Lennox wedding. I learned things about them that I never expected to hear and that I would not have missed for anything!

Where do you think they went after telling everybody they were going to California? They're in Brighton at this very minute! They are visiting some of her cousins, and will probably never get any further than that. When they come back and begin to talk about California to me, I'm going to say: 'Yes, the scenery of California may be beautiful, but did you see that of Brighton?' They'll know by that, that I'm on.

But that isn't the worst—

How many acts have I missed, anyhow? Only one? Well, of course, it didn't amount to much, the opening one never does. Are the characters in this sketch supposed to be funny? Everybody is screaming uproariously; but it is easy to get some people to laugh. For my part I haven't heard anything as yet that would send me into convulsions. That's rather a pretty gown she has on, isn't it?

But to go back to the Lennox's. Where do you think they are going to live?—Why, no they're not—I know where they said they were, but they've taken a little three-roomed flat on the fifth floor of the Astorian. Now, what do you think of your friends? Really, Rosie, I never could see how you could stand her. She's all pretence and artificiality, and you know that doesn't suit me at all, how ever much you are attracted by it. You really could go with quite nice people if you cared to. I've often felt that I should like to introduce you to my better acquaintances if you could shake off some of your own very ordinary ones. Oh, it isn't worth while getting angry about it, for I'm saying it for your own good, and you know I

do know an immense number of smart people—take the Watt-Knotts for instance.

"What are those ill-bred people behind us making such a fuss about? Oh! to be sure, I haven't removed my hat! Some people seem to think when you come to a theatre that you should take off your hat in the street car in order to have it off in plenty of time.

Now this would never have occurred, Rosie, if you had done as I told you, and bought aisle seats. You couldn't? Why there are always aisle seats to be had if you know how to ask for them. You simply have to demand them, that's the only way.

I didn't think much of that act, did you? Who were they, anyhow, and what was the name of their sketch? The McNaughton's Co. in 'A Tame Affair.' Oh dear, and that was the only thing on the bill this week that I cared anything about, and now I've missed it!

I wish you hadn't talked to me so incessantly. Really, your conversation might have waited. I know a man whose sister's brother-in-law knew the writer of 'A Tame Affair,' and he told me all about it and how it came to be written. It was like a story. In the first place, the author was a broken-down actor, living in a garret, and he had failed to make a penny after having written ninety-nine sketches, but he said he'd write one more, and if it didn't sell he would blow out his brains and—

Oh, don't you hate these musical acts? They almost split your ears, and they play such wretchedly old stuff. Now take that for instance. Everybody's simply worn out with that 'Roses in Picardy,' why—it's not that? Why, Rosie, how dare you contradict me? As if I didn't absolutely know it backward! 'Hearts and Flowers'? Why, Rosie Mason, that's not 'Hearts and Flowers'! I know what I'm talking about. 'Hearts and Flowers' goes like this: 'Tum, ta, ta, de, de, di, di.'

(To man behind who has spoken): How's that? You came to hear the performance, and not me? Well, I call that downright rude! There isn't anything to prevent you from hearing all of the miserable old performance you want to. I'm not doing a thing to interfere. It's to people just like you that vaudeville makes its appeal—people who are incapable of appreciating anything more intellectual. I would report you to the management, but I don't like scenes, and I'd rather suffer in silence than—How's that? You wish I would do

whatever I intend doing in silence? Rosie, I really was never so insulted in my life, and you got me into it by suggesting that we came to this low-class place, when you know I have always been used to going to the best houses. But I refuse to let either of you spoil my afternoon. I'm going to stay right here.

Here's another of those song and dance acts. They're dreadfully trying. Positively, if this team sings 'The Rosary' I shall get up and leave. What did that man at the back of us say? He'd give £5 if they sung it? Just for that, I shall not leave, no matter what happens. There, they're beginning it. Isn't it dreadful to be tortured by a nuisance like that? What did he say? Of the two evils he'd choose the song? I wonder what he means. He ought to be put out.

Well, here's the 'movies.' I'm glad the performance is over. It was pretty bad this week, wasn't it? Yes, I'll stay for the pictures. They'll give me a chance to get on my hat, and yet get out before the crowd does.

Well, we've had a lovely time, in spite of certain annoyances, haven't we? But I couldn't tell you half I wanted to about the Lennox's. I'm going to come up one afternoon this week and tell you all the rest, for I think you ought to know everything about them as they're your friends, and, of course, you only get one side of the story. I've had no opportunity to talk this afternoon, I've been so hushed up every time I opened my mouth.

Oh! do you know, I believe that man at the back of us made reference to me, as the 'other' when he spoke of two evils! The wretch!"

LEN. L. WEINBERG,
V.A.D., High Wycombe.

For three successive nights the new and proud father had walked the floor with the baby. On the fourth night he became desperate, and on arriving home from the office unwrapped a bottle of soothing syrup. "Oh, James," exclaimed his wife, when she saw the label, "what did you buy that for? Don't you know it is very dangerous to give a child anything like that?" "Don't worry," was the husband's tired reply; "I'm going to take it myself!"

WE feel very sorry for the poor woman who complained that her German husband was "interred in a constipation camp"!

"Ships that pass . . ."

The readers of this magazine have much cause to regret the departure of Pte. F. Heasell from Cliveden, and the gap thus caused in the Editorial Staff will not easily be filled.

He was identified with the magazine from its inception, and not a little of the success of the CHRONICLES is due to his ability and his cheerfully performed labours towards that end. Those who laboured with him in the task of producing the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN have said *bon voyage* with a sense of personal loss and a hearty wish that his "return to duty" will be productive to him of nothing but the best of good fortune for the future.

A Little Raid in Flanders.

"It's hats off to the Infantry,"
Said Gunner Gordon C.
"You'd think that they would be 'fed up,'
As 'fed up' as could be.
They eat in mud, they sleep in mud,
They have mud in their tea;
So it's hats off to the Infantry,"
Said Gunner Gordon C.
"Yes, it's hats off to the Infantry,"
Said Gunner William J.
"It's just about all we can do
To shoot ahead to-day.
They run in mud, they swim in mud;
But they're smiling anyway,
So it's hats off to the infantry,"
Said Gunner William J.
"There's nothing like the misery
They smile through every day.
We've our hats off to the infantry,"
Said Gunner Gordon C.
"They're limping by our pieces now
As cheerful as can be,
They've been up and at it early,
We barraged them with our guns,
For it's walking cases coming back
From wiping out the Huns.
They slept in mud, attacked in mud,
And what's left of them these be;
So we've our hats off to the Infantry,"
Said Gunner Gordon C. T.L.C.

THE mailed fist is of course a gauntleted member, we know its owner disregards "kids."

Ward Notes.

B.

Patient: "Where is my Monkey Brand?" Sister (pointing to orderly): "There it is, Davies."

Our little Sister is a peach.

All through the lonely night

She walks around in silence

To see if things are right.

But she has a funny habit,

And no doubt thinks it fun;

We think of bunny rabbits

When we see her chewing gum.

Things we would like to know—

Who is the patient who goes for a walk with his mules every morning at six?

Which of our patients carries the Atlantic Ocean on his knee-cap?

Who is the patient who has sore feet? Not cold feet, surely!

Who is the patient who eats three dinners and five pounds of sugar, when he is supposed to live on wind and eat daylight?

C.

Things we would like to know—

How much longer will "Gasoline Gus" carry on with two men's work? Wake up the British bull dog, Gussie.

What the attraction is that keeps our orderly on or around the ward until late? I am convinced it is not his love for the patients.

What it is one of the kitchen staff waxes his moustache with? Pomade, soap or Ronuk?

Why is it some chaps take it so hard when disappointed in love? Never mind, old top, women and 'busses are very much alike—if you miss one, another will be along in a couple of minutes.

If our Corporal expects to have any of that "quid" left (if he gets it back) after paying for all those 'phone messages to London?

Things we do know—

The name of the patient who borrows (on the French leave system) boot brushes from one man, polish from another, hair brushes from a third, comb from a fourth, hair oil from a fifth, button polish from a sixth, and cigarettes from those who are guys enough to say they have any.

D.

Au revoir and good luck to our late M.O., Capt. H. E. Cantelon, who has left us for France, and a cheerio to Capt. Lewis, who succeeds him.

Several of our boys have recently left us. Good luck to them all and may they never go back to "whizz-bang" land.

Our heartfelt sympathies go out to our sorely-tried orderly on "wind up day."

Things we would like to know—

Who it is eats three men's breakfasts and then complains that he can't eat?

Where is the Ace of Hearts?

Where does the man in bed three "beat it" to between the hours of 6 p.m. and 8 p.m.? Oh my, Gertie!!

Who swiped the bottle of stout, and what did it taste like?

Who is the man who knew Wellington and his Generals in the Crimean War?

Is there no cure for Sisters suffering from "Lockeritis"?

Who is the patient who sleeps on his love letters and monopolises the hot water bottles to keep them warm.

F.1.

The departure of two standbys left "Australians" decidedly weak, "Canadians" are steady, but "Consols" seem to dominate the market.

We missed one of our steady visitors on Sunday (the 13th) — could Mac enlighten us as to why, I wonder?

The dressing carriage staff do not use taxis when in London—not on your life! "Tubes" have become a habit.

Someone says that one of our Sisters is going to Liverpool. If so, we can only hope that the usual delay and red tape will drop up on this occasion.

We don't need the man with the paint-pot any more now Sister — has superseded him.

9.45 p.m. any night.—Chorus: "Hello, T—, have you washed your hands?"—"Ough" (or something like that) "put a sock in it." Five minutes later—"Who's been at this bed? —Where are my blankets?"

Things we would like to know—

Who put the cigarette butts in the piano? Who said it was a piano, anyway?

Who is Betty?

Who is the orderly who fancies himself as a girl?

Do you think she'll write?

Who tried to beat the drum, but found that the drum could beat him—and did it?

What caused "Dr. Bodie" to run on the above mentioned Sunday?

F.2.

The unceasing process of change has left its mark on our last contribution.

Our M.O., Capt. Tremayne was not permitted to be with us long, as we had to say farewell upon his recent departure for France. Our best wishes go with him.

We feel fortunate in having as his successor Major Cock, to whom we extend a hearty welcome.

We were all deeply disappointed to lose Sister Shepherd, as she had assuredly won a large place in our affections. Oh, you lucky F.1!

We extend greeting to Sister Munro, who comes to take her place.

Two stalwarts, named Puncher and Sim,

For a week-end went out full of vim;

One talks of a peach;

Oh, what did they meet?

"Not guilty," says Punch, "ask Sim."

Save your old leaves and any old rag, and you'll always have something in your fancywork bag.

We want to know—

The name of the orderly in F.2 ward who has a mania for going to a certain village in this district and bragging about being a doctor's son? What is his profession in civil life?

G.1.

It is a good joke to witness Sammy slipping with slips, but he gets no tips.

The "lolly" merchant gets stronger day by day.

Has the P.S. found out what a "housewife" is yet?

Why is our ward like a barber's pole? Ask Red—.

Will the patients please keep quiet whilst "th' old girl" has "her" afternoon nap?

Someone said the other morning it was more like a lunatic asylum than a Hospital. Perhaps it was too early (7.45 a.m.) for him to be awakened. At 9.30 p.m. it is more like a Zoo. Our animal imitators are unique.

Our night orderly has had his well-earned leave after his strenuous duties with three bed-patients.

"Tom Tit" did not bring his son back. He brought C.B. this time. Nuff said!

G.2.

Still more of our friends have deserted us for various convalescent hospitals and depots, among them being one of the "heads," in the person of "Hip," of our kitchen staff. We all regret his sudden departure, and wish them all the best of luck and good fortune wherever they may go. We hope his successor will do his best to avoid poisoning us, only with a snore like that something is bound to happen.

Our ward dramatic society which has styled itself "The R.S.H.J.'s" (meaning known only to members), is making great strides. The nightly orchestral performance is really enchanting (killed three rats t'other evening), and the thrilling three.

act dramas rehearsed after lights out are decidedly thrilling. The following announcement may interest some patients in this hospital:—"The R.S.H.J.'s" Dramatic Company will present the awe-inspiring drama entitled, "The One-eyed Reilly." Twice nightly at 6.30 and 9.30., commencing 23rd January, 1918 (the long-suffering bed-patients of G.2 permitting).

Things we should like to know—

Who is nicknamed "Mumming Bird," and why?

Who likes Spearmint?

How many of the eight City of London policemen, fought and defeated by a certain person in this ward, in High Holborn, are able to sit up and take a little nourishment now?

What "our Bill" did in Maidenhead the other night?

H.1.

They tell us there is something funny behind the lately acquired habit of a certain Scotch Sergeant who has been discovered with a mania for purchasing penny collar studs at a well-known emporium in Maidenhead. This reckless squandering of bawbees on "unnecessary luxuries" is neither in accord with economy or calculated to attain the object aimed at. Why not try taking the lady out to tea, Sarge?

H.2.

Has anybody noticed how restless our "Flying Artist" becomes after lights out? We feel certain that he is seeking inspiration during his nocturnal exercises.

We are astonished beyond measure at the ghoulish weakness which a certain N.C.O. has for stewed eyes and boiled ears, also for sharpened knives. We have every reason to believe that he must have been the proprietor of a cutlery establishment during pre-war days, or maybe he held the rather more dignified occupation of King of the Cannibal Islands.

What caused our old friend, T—, to rave about Nellie the other night? Perhaps he will be good enough to offer an explanation!

It is remarkable the undiscovered talent that has lain dormant for months in some of our boys. Just to hear "Baby" Duncan sometimes is a revelation even to a much married man.

What is it causes "Baby" to be so pensive and thoughtful these days? We are certain there is no possible need for it as the girl is bound to return in the end.

Our gauze manipulator has taken up a course of training, and hopes one day to get "hung on the line" at the Academy. He will certainly be hung if he continues, but he will, perhaps, desire a "change of venue" when it does happen.

By the way, did anyone notice Griff's "glad wink" when he came back to life after a visit to the pictures? Sister said it was the "cutest" thing she had seen since last fall.

"Russia" has been assuring us repeatedly with all his lung power that money is no use to him. We wish that he had sufficient to choke that big fat gal of his with!

We tender our heartiest thanks to Mrs. Spratling for the magnificent spread she gave us, and assure her that the boys enjoyed it immensely. We are also indebted to the Connaught Orchestra, which, under Bandmaster Sergt. Sinclair's direction, added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion.

J.1.

We heartily thank our Sisters for the whist drive and supper they gave us last week. Everyone had a good time, enjoyed the spread, and the prizes were just fine. We then concluded a perfect day by a little sing-song.

Joe, our "Chief of Staff" (kitchen), has relinquished the said post, and is succeeded by our popular friend, Simpson. Joe, I venture to remark, has ably carried out the duties of the above post for quite a long time and has now been transferred to a medical ward, from where he hopes to get his discharge. We hope his expectations are realized.

"When the orderlies have finished going on leave perhaps the patients will stand a chance," was the remark passed the other day. Perhaps they will!

Our gramophone has completely lost its popularity since our friend, P—, arrived. It isn't the patients of every ward who can breakfast to a lovely tune on the piano daily.

K.2.

Welcome to the boys from Hitcham. This life's pleasures are indeed short.

"All hot" is the password for the coming month. No doubt the originator will be jubilant at its adoption.

It is pleasing to know we have one man at least who understands kitchen work. Hurry up, "Chappy," and get back to your job.

"If I says two, someone says three; if I says three, someone says four." Hard lines Christy, say ninety-nine.

Slim, as usual, is very conspicuous this week-end by his absence.

Is it true that Sergt. R— is training for a match with Sacco?

ALEX. 1.

We are still going strong. By a happy arrangement we still have Sister George and Sister McEwen with us. Sister "Mac" simply "swapped" her nights for days. We sincerely hope we haven't lost Sister Macdougall yet. Her motto, evidently, is: "The comfort and ease of the 'Troops.'"

Questions we want to "ax"—

Have the lonely soldiers any hopes of receiving news from Willesden?

Does the M.O. know that "Beck" is "swingin' it"?

Whether T— thinks that French beds are good for Frenchmen?

Who is the "Snowy" person who is seen around the kitchen door, about noon, looking for butchers?

Will Alex. 2 ever stop singing "Where the Black-Eyed Susans grow"?

Why is H—ness asked so often to "shove a sock in it"?

ALEX. 2.

At last our piano has gone from hence to —? We miss it considerably, but with the aid of the gramophone and our fox-trot artists we shall still be able to carry on with the stuff that charms.

It is really wonderful the strange sounds which issue from the hot water apparatus at night. Sometimes we can almost imagine that we are in a boiler-makers factory. Other times we imagine air raids and other unpleasant episodes.

Things we should like to know—

What a certain member of the staff meant when he said the ward "was half alight with smoke"?

Who has been putting the "extras" in the soup lately?

How Scottie likes his job as postman?

If a certain patient still sees black spots floating round the lights?

Also where another patient learned to juggle with invisible objects?

ONTARIO 1.

The sights of England are a great attraction, likewise the lockers of this ward. We hope our sister-ward will take heed and uphold her end of the building. We are quite willing to let them borrow as usual.

Thanks to the good generalship of "Sir" Tom Johnson, we have an A.I kitchen staff—even though they can't tell the difference between soda and sugar. Some bunch to send for a tin of cocoa.

"Bully-beef" and Jock are some boys, but what would they do without Gus?

The occupant of bed 20, otherwise known as Dick, is ready to meet all comers—Jock preferred.

Is it our M.O., our Sisters, or the ward itself that makes us so popular? Will some of the personnel please answer? They all seem to have some complaint, knowing that we have a few empty beds.

Someone please tell us

Why is Donald so popular lately?

Is a certain sergeant a boot-black by profession, or just to accommodate his friends?

The definition of a "jewel"?

Did the same man who received the socks also get a scarf?
If so, why doesn't he wear it?

ONTARIO 2.

Things we want to know—

Who is responsible for the majority of the Padre's sermons, and is he the one who commandeers the Church coal? We trust he has got a clue.

We wonder if our old friend with the kilts got caught in the blizzard while on his visit to Scotland? Guess he missed his pants.

Do any of the other wards fancy their chance at "grousing"? We think we have the champion here!

Who was it who danced so merrily last Thursday morning? If he goes to Canada, we wonder will he take his turn at bringing in the coal before he goes? Door! Door! Door!

Would our orderly catch cold if he went out without his stick, and who owns the walking stick that he finds such a comfort?

YUKON 4.

Congratulations to our respected M.O. on receiving his third "pip."

There is widespread regret in this ward on hearing that our Sisters are again being changed. Our misfortune is somebody's gain. We may get as good, but they don't make them any better.

We want to know—

Why was our easy chair removed, and where did it go?

Staff Notes.

"And great was the fall thereof." We should probably have been tickled to death if we could have heard what the lady said to Sergt. McLeish when he so suddenly found seats for them both during the Side-by-side Two-step at the Sergeants' Dance. It hurts one's dignity dreadfully, to say the least of it!

The shoemaker wishes to inform those interested that he eats in the dining hall, sleeps in the hut, goes to the water-tap for a drink, and transacts business only at the shoe shop. His favourite recreation is watching the troops march past with the spring-halt!

There was a great deal of language and disappointment at the cancellation of the football match with Epsom at the last moment. "The plans of mice and men 'aft gang agley." Why not name the Connaught Football Club "Cancellation, Unlimited"?

The boys are all delighted to hear that the fuming-navigator is about to cater fish and chips. We think he should be excused off all parades, in order to fire up each morning. We trust that he will be as successful in this as in his last "matter-'o-money" enterprise.

We understand that Maidenhead is going to be supplied with lady "Coppers"! Boys, be careful with the lemonade!

We should like to know—

Who the three members of the Staff were who went to a theatre in London together and lost each other in the shuffle? One crossed London in a taxi, one on the tube, and the other walked, each imagining that he had been "ditched" by the other two. What was the cause of such a triangular mix-up?

Who it was said, "I can't meet you tonight, because I am going to London"?

Who says "are you going hout"?

Does Elsie still stick around the gate?

FAMOUS SAYINGS, BY FAMOUS PERSONS, THAT WE KNOW OF:

"Lay off me, Eddie." By ??????????

"Out of seven thousand Colonels out of work, why pick on me?" By the????

"Put a sock in it?" By ??????????????

"Were you waiting for me, Little Pip?"

"When I heard the music I couldn't go past without dropping in?" By????

"I'm not going out any more till after pay day." (We wonder why?)

"His guard was strong, but I just walloped him one!"

"One night's physical jerks is better than three in the smoke." By ??????????

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Pte. S.—Putties must wear out some time, or other. Why not wear "spats" over them on Sundays?

Well-wisher—Our first issue was a howling success. We sold all the six copies.

Gasper—The best way to drink after 9 p.m. is to go to your hut and stand in the draught.

George—The best way to harden soft feet is to bake them.

Recruit—If you can't tell your Officer from a "pull-through" you *must* be a rotten soldier.

Henry—Army stew is what they feed "Lyons" on.

C.B.—In civil life murder is a crime, but in the army a button undone or unclean answers the same purpose.

Engaged Private—You saucy monkey! Please understand that only Officers have "fiancés," Sergeants have "sweethearts," and Privates have "birds."

Satan resigns to Kaiser.

A satire on Kaiser Wilhelm, King of the Prussian Huns, written by Louis Syberkrop, of Creston, Iowa, has attracted much attention throughout America. The composition (which we quote from the *Wilkesbarre Times-Leader* forwarded by a correspondent) is a letter written from Satan in Hell to the Hohenzollern monarch, and is as follows:

"My dear Wilhelm—I can call you by that familiar name, for I have always been very close to you—much closer than you could ever know.

"In the days of Rome I created a roughneck known in history as Nero. He was a vulgar character and suited my purpose at that particular time. In these modern days a classic demon and efficient super-criminal was needed, and as I know the Hohenzollern blood I picked you as my special instrument to place on earth an annexe of hell. I gave you abnormal ambition, likewise an over-supply of egotism, that you might not discover your own failings; I twisted your mind to that of a madman with certain normal tendencies to carry you by, a most dangerous character placed in power; I gave you the power of a hypnotist and a certain magnetic force that you might sway your people. I am responsible for the deformed arm that hangs helpless on your left, for your crippled condition embittered your life and destroys all noble impulses that might otherwise cause me anxiety, but your strong sword arm is driven by your ambition that squelches all sentiment and pity.

"I placed in your soul a deep hatred for all things English, for of all nations on earth I hate England most; wherever England plants her flag she brings order out of the chaos and the hated cross follows the Union Jack; under her rule wild tribes become tillers of the soil and in due time practical citizens; she is the great civilizer of the globe and *I hate her*. I planted in your soul a cruel hatred for your mother because *she* was English, and left my good friend, Bismarck, to fan the flame I had kindled. Recent history proves how well our work was done. It broke your royal mother's heart, but I gained my purpose.

"The inherited disease of the Hohenzollerns killed your father just as it will kill you, and you became the ruler of Germany and a tool of mine sooner than I expected.

"To assist you and hasten my work, I sent three evil spirits—Nietzsche, Trietschke and later Bernhardt—whose teachings inflamed the youths of Germany, who in good time would be willing and loyal subject, and eager to spill their blood and pull your chestnuts, yours and mine; the spell has been perfect—you cast your ambitious eyes toward the Mediterranean, Egypt, India and the Dardanelles, and you began your great railway to Bagdad, but the ambitious archduke and his more ambitious wife stood in your way.

"It was then that I sowed the seed in your heart that blossomed into the assassination of the duke and his wife, and all hell smiled when it saw how cleverly you saddled the crime on Serbia. I saw you set sails for the fiords of Norway, and I knew you would prove an *alibi*. How cleverly done, so much like your noble grandfather, who also secured an assassin to remove old King Frederick of Denmark, and later robbed that country of two provinces that gave Germany an opportunity to become a naval power. Murder is dirty work, but it takes a Hohenzollern to make a way and get by.

"Your opportunity was at hand; you set the world on fire and bells of hell were ringing; your rape on Belgium caused much joy. It was the beginning of the foundation of a perfect hell on earth; the destruction of noble cathedrals and other infinite works of art was hailed with joy in the internal regions.

"You made war on friends and foe alike, and the murder of civilians showed my teachings had borne fruit. Your treachery towards neutral nations hastened a universal upheaval, the thing I most desired. Your undersea warfare is a master stroke; from the smallest mackerel pot to the great "Lusitania" you show no favourites; as a war lord you stand supreme, for you have no mercy; you have no consideration for the baby clinging to its mother's breasts as they both go down into the deep together, only to be torn apart and leisurely devoured by the sharks down among the corals.

"I have strolled over the battlefields of Belgium and France. I have seen your hand of destruction everywhere; it's all your work, superfiend that I made you. I have seen the fields of Poland; now a wilderness fit for prowling beasts only; no merry children in Poland now; they all succumbed to frost and starvation—I drifted down into Galicia, where

formerly Jews and Gentiles lived happily together; I found but ruins and ashes; I felt a curious pride in my pupil, for it was all above my expectation. I was in Belgium when you drove the peaceful population before you like cattle into slavery; you separated man and wife and forced them to hard labour in the trenches. I have seen the most fiendish rape committed on young women and those who were forced into maternity were cursing the fathers of their offspring, and I began to doubt if my own inferno was really up-to-date.

"You have taken millions of dollars from innocent victims and called it indemnity; you have lived fat on the land you usurped and sent the real owners away to starvation; you have strayed away from all legalised war methods and introduced a code of your own. You have killed and robbed the people of friendly nations and destroyed their property. You are a hypocrite and a bluffer of the highest magnitude. You are a part of mine and yet you pose as a personal friend of God. Ah, Wilhelm, you are a wonder! You wantonly destroy all things in your path and leave nothing for coming generations.

"I was amazed when you formed a partnership with the impossible Turk, the chronic killer of Christians, and you a devout worshipper. I confess, Wilhelm, you are a puzzle at times.

"When a Prussian officer can witness a nude woman being disembellowed by a swarthy Turk, and calmly stand by and see a house full of innocent Armenians locked up, the house saturated with oil and fired, then my teachings did not stop with you. I confess my Satanic soul grew sick, and there and then I knew my pupil had become the master. I am a back number, and, my dear Wilhelm, I abdicate in your favour."

"Scottie."

There is no doubt about it, "Scottie" swung the lead persistently, and, for a long time, successfully; so much so that his success became almost a cause of envy among those others who had neither his inventive genius nor his unflinching nerve to carry out schemes for evading duty, and other undesirable things in the scheme of military discipline. Scottie loved his bed. At the sound of the bugle, in the "wee sma' hours," he would roll over once and proceed to tuck himself in his blankets more

comfortably than ever. "Reveille" to him was an abomination, "cook-house" would find him still snoozing, and the demand of his comrades, as to whether he intended to get up or not, would elicit from him a mournful statement that he "had pains all over him; hadn't had a wink of sleep," etc., etc. Naturally, he had to vary his complaints considerably; perhaps he would have "the screws" working for a time, "bad feet" troubled him considerably (the rest of the boys termed it *bed feet*, but, as I remarked before, they were envious of his success). His "long suit," though, was—gumboils, and he had them often, too often at the finish, for they culminated in his "Waterloo."

The one thing "Scottie" never did suffer from was—work! He never tired of making the statement that "it was only fools who worked," and when they had borne the brunt of an inspection day work in the huts, it is not surprising that "Scottie" found some others quite ready to agree with him on that point. Being envious, of course they agreed either grudgingly, half-heartedly, or secretly. They did not cease to wonder how it was that the M.O. didn't get wise to "Mr. Scottie."

All things come to an end *some* time, and finally the day came when even "Scottie" slipped up. It came, of course, at the height of his success and is one more example of how even great minds falter at times among a complexity of subjects.

It was a wretched morning, cold and miserable, and "Scottie" woke up in a very bad humour, informing us that he had been through "hell" all night with a gumboil. "Scottie" had not tackled gumboils for some time, having been playing bad feet for all he was worth, so in due course he reported sick, and bent his steps towards the Medical Hut, where he was duly interviewed by a very unsympathetic M.O.

"Well, what's your trouble?" Scottie was asked in a tired tone. "Gumboil, sir," replied our friend with alacrity. "Let me see it?" was the Medical Officer's next request, and to the amazement and unlimited amusement of all present "Scottie" calmly proceeded to—take off his boots! Poor old "Scottie" he clicked next morning to the tune of 28 days C.B. and 14 days' pay stopped.

"Scottie" now occupies his leisure moments in a certain volume with a bright blue cover, namely, "The Household Doctor," but he seems to have left gumboils severely alone. A.S.B.—

Y.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

Our congratulations to our two Commandants, Mrs. Gubbins and Miss Affleck, at their receiving the M.B.E. for their unflinching efforts in forming the detachments in 1913 and opening the Hospital during 1914. We feel highly honoured, though there are many other detachments who have done as well.

Mrs. Gubbins is now working in a Military Hospital at Plymouth, and Mrs. Kentish, originally Quartermaster and Treasurer, has taken her place.

Fifteen of the patients were invited to see the Beaconsfield pantomime, and were afterwards entertained at Mrs. Bailey Gibson's, the Beaconsfield Commandant. They had a good time.

Thirty men were present at a concert given by the "Grasshoppers" (seven Aylesbury ladies) at Crendon Street Soldiers' Club.

In spite of the inclement weather fourteen ladies turned up to the weekly whist drive. Winners: Mrs. Gardner, Miss Ware, Bdr. Tetley, Pte A. Taylor, Rfn. Speak and Master Clifford.

Things we would like to know—

Who was the Sergt. disappointed at not being able to meet the best girl in town owing to a gas attack?

Who said "Robo" was a decorator, and where did he learn it?

Who wanted to know when the next convoy was coming, in order to place a stool to aid *the* nurse switch the lights on?

Who was it actually *swore* when he broke his clay pipe? Ask Puss?

Who do they call Jelly-coe?

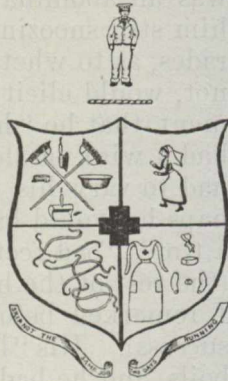
Who asked Teddy if he had French feet?

A box of matches reward for the best recipe for growing hair on a bald head!

Who was the N.C.O. in ward 5 who told the driver of a tank to "mind the trench"?

MAIDENHEAD.

At the Red Cross Hospital in Maidenhead—The lady presiding at the nurses tea was



telling them of some nurses she had seen in Maidenhead. Describing their dresses, she said: "The dresses were of mauve silk, mauve silk stockings and mauve silk veils, and even the motor-car they used was mauve." One of the nurses asked if that were not silk, too? The "pouurer-out of tea" said: "Oh, no, that was sat in!"

What's the use?

Tramp! tramp! tramp! it's a long and weary road,

And there's 'hell' awaiting for you at the end.
As you sweat along with cheery song and ninety pounds of load

You are wishing you had dumped the issue round the bend.

You hear the ping of bullets, and the rumble of the guns,

And the scream of high-explosives in the air,
You have to grin and bear it, like every mother's son,

And get the blooming 'wind up' if you dare.

But what's the use of grumbling? It wont stop his blooming game,

You've simply got to stand and take the kicks,
And if by chance he gets you, it's just the cussed same,

What's left of you goes up in little bits.

But you've got one consolation, and that counts for a lot,

So its no use getting scared or feeling sad,
Whether Fritz gives you a pasting, or whether he does not,

You always gives him something twice as bad.

THE visitor came fussily down the ward with a basket of eggs in her hand. "Have you lost a leg, my good man?" she asked a wounded warrior whose chart was marked "G.W.S." "No, ma'am." "Oh, sorry! I'm only giving these eggs to those who have." And, smiling sweetly, she fluttered along down the ward.

THE sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him, she said: "I see that by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden." "Lor' bless yer 'eart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."

Chess.

The Maidenhead Chess Club desire to arrange a meeting with a team of chess players from the Hospital. Mr. Montague C. Rock, 38, King Street, Maidenhead, will be glad to discuss arrangements for a meeting to take place at an early opportunity.

The Inoculation.

By permission of the Author, Frank Gee, 22nd Royal Fusiliers
(with apologies to the Medical Officer).

I was glad when I first joined the army,
I thought 'twas the right thing to do;
They patted my back and shouted "Good boy!"
We thought you'd the right stuff in you.
I dreamt night and day of the fighting
I'd do when I got to the war,
I saw myself saving the regiment,
And the officers shouting "Encore!"
I slaughtered the Huns by the thousand,
And never a man was our loss;
I came back a Brigadier-General,
And received the Victoria Cross!
But I woke from my dream in a moment,
When the Sergeant's sweet voice greeted me:
"You've got to be in-oc-u-lated!
Fall in with the others," quoth he.
My house of cards tumbled around me,
From those vast dizzy heights I came down,
And sneaked thro' the rain with the others,
To that "chamber of horrors" in town.
And as we came near the "black hole,"
We passed a sick "son of a gun"
Leading some poor bleeding wretches,
And a whisper went round "they've been done."
I shrank thro' my tunic in terror,
To "go sick" I thought would be best;
But our Sergeant said "be brave and fear not,"
Tho' he was afraid like the rest.
I laughed with a weak, sickly "ha! ha!"
The others all tried to look stern;
I was hoping the Doctor would run out of "stuff,"
When it suddenly came to my turn.
I wanted the Sergeant to go first,
But he gave me a shove, and I went
In to the blood-thirsty butchers!
Into that horrible scent.
I seemed to see corpses by thousands,
But still, even that didn't hurt,
Till a man, with two horns and a forked tail,
Grabbed hold of me by the shirt.

He flourished a weapon of torture,
Then wrenched back one side of my vest;
I said "I'm on your side, don't hurt me!"
But he painted a map on my chest.
And then—shall I ever forget it,
That scream I shall hear evermore—
A victim in front of me fainted,
And went down with a flop on the floor.
But he was just one among many,
And was buried, no doubt, with the rest;
I proudly turned round to the Doctor,
And showed him the "map" on my chest.
That chief operator stood ready,
He grabbed up a big garden squirt,
And drew two pints out of a bottle,
I thought "that's for me—it's a cert!"
He clutched at the "map" on my chest then,
And pulled back the skin with a crack;
Then plunged in that horrible weapon.
I felt it come out of my back.
I thought of my mother and father,
Whom, perhaps, I should ne'er see again;
When I "came to" I heard a voice shouting:
"You'll be done again soon, what's your name?"
The wounds have healed now—tho' the memory
remains,

But since then I've learned better sense;
For if ever I join a battalion again,
It must be one that's for "Home Defence"!

Home.

"There's no place like home," says the sweet old
Composed in days gone by: [song
It's as true as the year is long,
And there's bright blue in the sky.
Often at night in your dug-out bare,
You converse with the boys,
And talk again of that home so rare,
That has seen all your sorrows and joys.
It's a fine old thought, with a memory bright,
Of a love that is always sure,
And it spurs you on to further fight,
To keep that home secure.
Then when the dawn of peace shall come,
To light our glorious day,
Contentment bought, our duty done,
Will thrill our homeward way. A.S.B.

BATTLES are not billiards; but cannon is usually the beginning of a German break.

Comforts Fund.

As an aftermath to the Christmas decoration of the wards, it will be interesting to know that Gnr. A. S. Bartlett, of H.2 Ward, was the happy means of adding a large sum of money to the above fund for the benefit of the patients generally.

The Christmas pictures, which were part of the decorative scheme in H.2, were drawn by Gnr. Bartlett, and Mr. B. Oppenheimer, of Sefton Park, Stoke Poges, has purchased the originals for £100.

The money will be used to buy additional wheel and spinal chairs, which are badly needed, and Gnr. Bartlett has earned the thanks and appreciation of everyone for having secured this money to the fund that provides real comforts in the wards. He was presented with a valuable box of watercolour paints as a memento of the event, and as a token of appreciation of his work.

A Blighty One.

After three long years of war and strife,
And many lads had lost their life,
Poor Jerry parted from his dad;
He certainly felt extremely bad.
It was Jerry, an old-time Conchy's son,
Who sallied forth to stalk the Hun,
But the nearest he went to the firing line
Was the night that he had this thrilling time.
He was carrying wire that eventful night,
And the load he packed was far from light.
He was figuring out his awful luck,
When he fell in a shell-hole filled with muck;
He squealed and roared, and called for help—
They all thought Fritz had got his scalp.
They pulled and tugged to get him out
Until they heard the Sergeant shout,
"Hey there, Jerry, you lazy rat,
Hurry up and get out of that."
A rifle cracked and a big gun roared,
And Jerry prayed for his father's "Ford."
The Officer hearing the Sergeant cuss,
Came on the run to see the fuss.
"Out of it, Jerry, and get the wire
Up to the trench, or else I'll fire!"
Jerry got scared and turned to run,
When the Officer shot him with his gun.
He squealed and screamed like a wounded Hun,
But that brought Jerry to Alex. 1.

Amusements & Outings.

CONCERTS, &c.

The concerts have been thoroughly enjoyed by the usual large audiences in the Recreation Hall, and the thanks and appreciation of all concerned are due to:—Capt. Marshall (Argyle House), London Operatic and Dramatic Society, the Kauton's Concert Party, the Connaught-ty Party, Mr. Scott Webster (lecture—"My trip through Palestine"), Mrs. Collins' London Concert Party, the Warwick Repertory Club, Reading Dramatic Society, Cinema Pictures, Victor Beigal's Professional Concert Party.

LECTURES.

The weekly lectures are becoming more and more interesting, and the boys seem to derive instruction as well as amusement from this useful form of entertainment.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

Our cordial and hearty appreciation to the following ladies and gentlemen is tendered for the generous hospitality extended to the patients during the past two weeks:—Mrs. Hemmell (tea and pantomime), Spindler & Sons, Mrs. Baker (tea), Mrs. Skimming (tea), Mrs. Webster (Taplow), Mrs. Bird (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Doris (Stoke Poges), Lady de Bunsen (Taplow), Mrs. Gordon Le Reve, Mrs. Caffin (Marlow), Mrs. Shackles (Taplow), Miss Barry (Ockwell's Manor), Mrs. Serocold, Mrs. Woodlock, Mrs. Hopgood, Miss Coleman ("Kenmore"), Mrs. Dykes (Hill Farm), Lady H. Vansittart Neal (Bisham Abbey), Mr. Townsend ("Lawnfield"), Mrs. Oppenheimer (Waltham Place), Mrs. Buckley, Mrs. Hollis (St. Ives Hotel), Mrs. McDona (Marlow), Mrs. Ward Jackson, Mrs. Barnett (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Hartley (Stoke Poges), Lady Holmwood (Stoke Pokes), Mrs. Yeason (Stoke Poges). Trips to the State Apartments (Windsor Castle), Drury Lane Pantomime and Shaftesbury Theatre were also greatly enjoyed.

It is not surprising to be told that the Huns are bankrupt. From the very beginning they have been piling up evidence of unlimited lie-abilities.

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Cliveden H.	1 25	2 25	3 25	4 25	5 25	6 25	7 55	...	9 20
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Cliveden H.	1 30	2 30	3 30	4 30	5 30	6 30	8 0	...	9 30
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