

VOL. I., No. 3. JULY 28TH, 1917.

“

Stand

Easy”

Chronicles  
of

Cliveden.

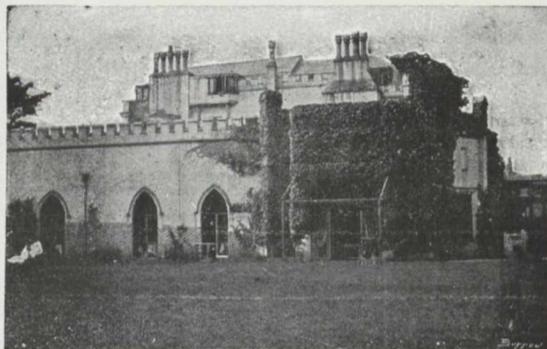
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# Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 3.

SATURDAY, JULY 28TH, 1917.

THREEPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... MAJOR MEAKINS.

EDITORIAL STAFF ...

{ L.-CPL. W. C. PIKE.  
PTR. F. HEASELL.  
PTR. BAKER.  
L.-CPL. KANE.

It has been said that any country whose winters are long and severe are singularly fortunate and highly privileged. The long evenings afford an opportunity for study and reflection, and lend themselves to improvement of heart and mind.

If we mistake not, this statement was made in reference to Canada. But whatever the application, so far as any particular country is concerned, we find ourselves in happy accord with the proposition, for—from our point of view—there is and can be no season of the year which is so calculated to entice and woo one into the desire for improvement and mental rejuvenation as winter, with its suggestions of warm and lighted rooms, of comfortable and cosy chairs, and of bright and glowing fires.

It is from the point of view of not being able to engage actively in those duties and tasks which formerly absorbed our energies and called forth our efforts that we desire to look at winter.

To those who, by reason of the fortunes of war, have been and are perforce placed in hospitals for the wounded and the sick, there is given a golden opportunity for self-improvement and mental culture. So placed, they are on the mount of privilege. We speak particularly and specifically of the Duchess of Connaught Hospital and the inmates thereof. It may be pointed out that opportunities are being kindly given, and seized with alacrity, for self-improvement in the direction of knitting, painting, &c., thereby helping to train the eyes and the fingers. Of such efforts we are well aware and upon them we pronounce our benedictions. But what we have in mind is the opportunity afforded in this hospital—where there is little or nothing to do—for reading and for study.

When time seems so slow in passing there is nothing more seductive than companionships with noble and pure authors and the reading of good and wholesome books.

And, after all is said and done, it is wonderful what realms of truth and knowledge one may possess when one makes the right use of the spare moments one has. Many persons are under the impression that self-improvement in reading and study means long and continuous application. If such were the case many of the great and shining spirits in knowledge would not be amongst us to inspire. For at best, their studies were limited and their times of reading were snatched here and there.

Smiles wrote years ago on "Thrift" in reference to money. It may be that we need such an authority among us to day with regard to our financial affairs. Certainly, we do need some mind of insight to point the way to a proper use of time and to thrift in that regard. We are, therefore, firm in our conviction that whatever the reasons for the denial of a continuous and unbroken session of study, whether due to a lack of the powers of application or lack of opportunity—the worthiest use can be made of the dribblets, crumbs, snatches—so to say—of time which may come one's way.

All that we have said leads us to point out that in our opinion the opportunities for study are too limited in this hospital. It would be a splendid thing if the men, whether bed patients or not, had opportunities for instruction and reading according to their needs in the future. We shall not, at this juncture, expose any scheme or offer any suggestions as to how this may be secured. If attention is drawn to the matter and some interest enlisted we shall be content.

## Church Announcements.

DIVINE SERVICE.—SUNDAYS.

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

*Holy Communion.*

Anglican ... 9 and 11.45 a.m.

Non-Anglican, 1st Sunday in month, 11.45 „

*Roman Catholic Mass.*—

Every Thursday, at 9 a.m.

## The Fortunes of War.

He was a big lovable boy when I first met him. Bluff, robust, big in all things, with a cheery laugh that seemed to "boom" out of that deep chest of his like a note from an organ. He used words sparingly and was as slow to speech as to anger, but, when thoroughly aroused, I have seen him a veritable wild cat.

We met first on the deck of a steam coaster carrying men and supplies from Seattle to the Copper River Railway in Alaska. We worked together for a year on the survey there, and it was during that period that we formed a liking for each other that the years have not been able to eradicate.

He had in him much that I had not, and in many ways we were the antithesis of each other. His courage was of the order that is fearless, and in his heart there seemed always to be murmuring a song of the joy of living. The siren voices of temptation allured him not, and he possessed a curious antipathy to women. "They've got me bluffed," he would say, "I get scared stiff when they try to talk to me, and if I *never* see any of 'em it will be soon enough for me." He seldom touched liquor, but like most of us he gambled lustily when the occasion came to hand and funds were plentiful. He always said that the northern solitudes pleased him most; that they called to something in his nature. He was contented and happy, finding in the mining camps and in the forests primeval of the north the work at his hand that he was born to. He gloried in his task; his enthusiasm for a new difficulty was only equalled by his satisfaction in a job well done. Women had no part in his life. He was essentially a man's man, and having recognised his vocation was content to live as the luck would find him.

For five full years we alternately thrived, sweated, starved and froze together, and always his laugh rang out, while the spirit of the north twined itself into his being with tendrils that seemed able to defy time itself. He was indeed a man of the High North; one of the Princes of Pioneers that one has read of. When I came to tire of the hard ways and the grimness of it all, and would sometimes give expression to my longings for the delights of civilization, he would grin at me and chuckle to himself. If I dilated upon the joys I should find in the

resumption of old friendships, and particularly of one which I hoped might be something more, he would nod sympathetically and bid me "stay with the game, old tillicum." "What's wrong with it, old timer?" he would ask, "'aint it the grandest little old game on earth?" &c., and I could not impress him with my own desires. He knew them not!

The day finally came for us to say good bye and good luck for a while, and to part—I to the delights my soul had hungered for during the lean and barren years, and with hopes that my golden quest might be more successful this time; he to a trail that led to hardship and fight, but which was illuminated by the light that falls from the rainbow's end and shimmers on the golden sands of adventure and hope. I picture him now as I saw him then, with his look that can only be seen in the eyes of those who have gazed across illimitable space. "It's too bad you won't be with me, old sport, but I always was the lucky kid," he said, "and it'll be 'some' trip for me, but don't take any wooden money and don't let any of your lady friends gobble you up" was his characteristic remark at the moment of parting. I was away a year and then—the War came!

I had occasionally heard of him in round-about fashion, but as he had never been much of a letter writer my news was scarcely reliable, although from all accounts his good fortune still remained with him. I in the meantime had not succeeded, and was feeling a touch of wistfulness for the quiet solitudes once more, and, in looking around for an opportunity to try my luck at the old game, had decided that the Cariboo country looked good to me.

The call to arms had left me unmoved so far, and it was not until I began to hear of old-time chums and partners of the camp and trail having joined up with the various Canadian units that I began to question my own standing in the great game that was rocking the world to its foundations.

The sight of a company of men from the Yukon (many of whom were old-time friends) passing through Vancouver *en route* to France clinched it for me, and I too was attested.

Through the processes of training, until I finally reached the Front and saw the thing in its stark nakedness. I passed through many weary months of trench life with its attendant horrors, through hell! until finally I found

myself in the haven of Cliveden, partly broken, but finding life sweet and good once more, and then—I met him!

The big voice boomed a welcome, but there was that in my throat that held me silent when he asked "How is it with you, old timer?" I could see that all was not well with him. He had lost a foot; his hair was bleached almost white, though I knew him to be scarcely thirty. He was unfeignedly glad to greet me, as I him, and we had lots to tell of mutual friends. He was, I found, awaiting a boat for Canada. He had lost much, but from the first I noticed something intangible that he seemed to have gained, something that I could not fathom, but which he told me of later and found evident pride and pleasure in the telling of.

Fate had discovered him; had, during a visit to other sufferers, looked upon him and found him good to look upon. He had gazed into her face and his old fear and distrust of the sex had fallen from him in unreserved surrender to the sweet womanliness of her. The future to him looked good and full of promise, and he would become enthusiastic as he talked to me and planned the home that would be theirs among the islands on the coast of British Columbia. There was not even a sigh of regret when he said one day, "Old tillicum, aint it funny? For you and for me no more of the big woods and the long trail, no more tumpline, pack-strap or snow-shoe for *us*, but, old timer," and his voice was low and earnest. "there are other things bigger and better. Look what I have found! The world is all right, the sun will be shining on both sides of the fence some day, and a man's happiness is for his own carving."

He little knew that the prize he had won so easily had been my golden quest for years.

W.C.P.

### Good News for the Wounded.

Convalescent rides to wounded soldiers are at last recognised as equal to Red Cross Work. Petrol is to be allowed in future, and the good work can be carried on. The old Petrol Control Committee nearly stopped it, but not quite; all the more credit to those courageous organizations which went on, under the most adverse circumstances with their truly benevolent task.

Extract from *The Motor*, July 10th, 1917.

### There was considerable activity, &c.

(*Vide Official Report*).

That the martial spirit is very far from being extinguished in the breasts of the inmates of Ontario 1 ward is evidenced by the occurrence that caused such a turmoil among the ardent inmates of that well-known institution for convalescent warriors about the time of our last issue. The origin of the outbreak is shrouded in mystery, but there seems to be a somewhat general inclination to attribute it to inter-racial arguments. What gives colour to this supposition is the fact of so many different nationalities being involved in the riot. It will be entirely needless to dilate upon the horrors of the warfare itself. We are all fed up with that, but the aftermath is really interesting. One result was that the ward was given "C.B."—combatants and neutrals alike, until the British spirit of fair-play asserted itself, and the guilty seven 'fessed up and er—took their medicine. One warrior took his in bed "for the good of his health," and because he had a mistaken notion that only the loser pays. That the affray was suitably reported to the authorities is shown by the fact that another of the warriors has since been decorated with the Military Medal by Col. Godson-Godson, and was accorded all the usual honours by the Canadian Pipe Band. The scene of the affray was almost indescribable. Fresh paint and feathers certainly blended harmoniously, and it is curious to observe the inmates of Ontario 1 picking stray feathers that, like "the ivy on the old garden wall," persist in clinging ever so tightly. One unfortunate result of the affair is that the Sergeant (known as "Shy") in charge of the ward, has since developed a clucking habit in his sleep, which he variates with an occasional cock-crow. It is hoped by his well-wishers that he will not develop any more of the poultry habits—even if eggs are scarce!

However, all's well that ends well and while peace negotiations are being satisfactorily arranged, great care is being taken to anticipate and prevent any recurrence of a similar nature.

W.C.P.

When is F.I always cold?

Why, when Freeze-in of course!

A.E.P.

## Ward Notes.

### F.1.

We, in our turn, are just recovering from an attack of "painteritis" and the inevitable Spring cleaning operations that follow. What a game! Several times we resembled a pack of cards that had been well shuffled. You and your bed in one place, your locker in another, and your "Dakins" bottle somewhere else—and all in a general mix-up.

We were all very pleased to see Lady Boston back amongst us, and looking well after her brief holiday. She works very hard to ensure the comfort of the boys in this ward, and that her efforts are thoroughly appreciated goes without saying.

By the way, our worthy M.O.—Captain Freeze—says this is the noisiest ward he was ever in. Well I must confess that at times it rather resembles a tap-room than a hospital ward. And the Captain himself is "some lad"—just about the limit for a man of medicine, and I have no doubt that, had he failed as a "medico," he would have made a mark as a comedian on the stage. To watch his grotesque antics, and listen to his "patter" as he proceeds with the dressings is sometimes an entertainment in itself.

Everybody seems to be getting better of their wounds in this ward, and the demand for bath chairs and carriages is far in excess of the supply. We are seriously contemplating sending a raiding party out one of these nights to secure more—so, beware!

What has happened in the commissariat department lately?

Have we got a new food controller who is trying to emulate the great example of feeding the multitude on five loaves and two fishes? or are the funds running low? Lately the rations have waxed exceedingly small sometimes—particularly so at breakfast time, and if the orderly officer could but drop in unexpectedly one of these mornings I'm afraid he would hear some very caustic remarks. One morning, about a week ago, when it was fish for breakfast, we had to have all the windows and doors closed for fear the draught would blow the ration off the plates.

\*\*\*

### G.1.

We are wondering when our "human gramophone" is going to put some fresh records on, or run out altogether. One subject is apt to get very monotonous.

I notice that F.2 claim to have an expert "chewer of the fat!" But if you want to hear Scotch from dawn to sunset call in here. Guaranteed not to run out.

We have now three Military Medalists in the ward, and Pte. E. G. Collins, who was presented with the M.M. a few days ago, was originally a patient here. We all take this opportunity of congratulating him.

We should like to inform the R.S.M. that the person responsible for orange peel being "about the balcony indiscriminately," has been admonished.

*Things some of us would like to know.—*

If a certain member of the hospital staff does not think this ward the best in the hospital for obtaining refreshers in the way of lemon and soda water, "the morning after the night before?"

How two of our Canadian friends spent their time while on leave?

If our new night orderly does not find sixpenny teas at Maidenhead more appetising than hospital rations when he was on day duty?

If our sister's heart is not well-nigh broken now that we have the painters in?

And if the painters aforementioned have had orders to colourwash the floor as well? It looks like it to us!

\*\*\*

### G.2.

Blake can do it, but wouldn't!

Oh, did you hear that we had it on the 13th? Why, our Tea!—and Mrs. Astor was there, too. It was a great turn-out, and our boys were—well—it's on the left side where they feel it most! (I don't mean the stomach!)

That thistle still hangs around some of the beds, and the "light and life" of the ward is still at large.

Oh, heavenly day! The grouser is gone, and the kitchen staff are to have all the fish. The grouser missed his stout, and—well, we're not a brewery, although our M.O.'s name is Beer.

We were sorry to lose a good friend and sister by the transfer, to Overseas, of Sister Lavell. We will miss her very much.

Congratulations to Sister Willman as the all-highest of the ward.

We also welcome to the ward Sister Harrison.

*Things we would like to know.—*

What are the egg-cups doing in the kitchen?

Did Mac meet Edna on the Bridge?

Who got lost in the "maize" on a wet night?

Can the needleworkers of the ward put some fancy work on our "new curtains?"

Where did those spoons go to? Oh, those Australians! "OLD TIMER."

\*\*\*

### H.1.

We are pleased to hear of Sister Gunn's arrival in France.

We are more than pleased to have Sister Goddard back with us, and hope that the ward duties will prove an effective antidote to the sad experiences of the past few weeks.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY :

*The C.O.*—"This ward is very satisfactory; I must congratulate the staff."

*Everyone who knows*—"We have the largest, shortest and speediest orderlies in the hospital."

*Our sister when she dresses your foot*—"Put a sock 'n it."

*Some sergeant*—"Another egg wouldn't do us any harm."

*Shrapnel Pete*—"I only wear a white shirt when I go to the barber." (What an honour for the barber).

*Ikey*—"The 7th Londons were in the Battle of Waterloo."

When is Lance-Corporal Moore going to sing "The wee hoose 'mang the heather" for reproduction in the ward gramophone? We think that the instrument is eminently suited to reproduce the silvery tones of our soloist.

*Wanted*—A Juliet, for our Romeo.

*Lost*—One large family of females; last seen on the base-ground with our M.O.

\*\*\*

### H.2.

Cricket Match—Astoria v. R.E. Riding School, Holyport.

We quite think that if it had not been for the extreme bad luck of having our esteemed orderly, "Andy," run out, owing to having a very poor substitute to run for him, he would have won the match by himself instead of it being lost as it was.

Who was the orderly who came round with the dressing table, selling strawberries and cream? We should advise him to try his "duff" at dinner time.

We have in the ward two players who have entered into the Whist Tournament. They have already inflicted two severe defeats on their opponents. The last game was to the tune of eleven to one. We are rather inclined to think that these two could beat "the hero of Kuchlack." "Snuff said."

We regret having lost our night sister, whose cheerful countenance we sorely miss between 9 and 9.30 p.m. She was such a mother to us.

Oh, how we miss the ragtime "melody" since the Yankee passed away—to Walker's ward—*en route* to furlough, and we wonder if his position on the staff will be that of a humming bird, or if we shall see his graceful figure pirouetting down the ward, to the accompaniment of the musical jingle of the clashing of submarines.

\*\*\*

### J.1.

*Things we should like to know—*

Whether the boil on Jock's back really hurt as much as he told us, and why the plucky "Scotch" visitor refused to speak to him after the operation?

VOCES WARDI.

Who is the celebrated mimic who gives impressions of animals and birds of Canada, and whether he will cut out the second performance or act next time as some patients are anxious to sleep at night as well as by day? One thing we have deduced. He must be a bed patient; thereby getting his sleep during the day.

What the object of the barricade or entanglement is which has been erected at the end of our front garden, and if the occupants of J.1 will be able to visit the pack stores and others without tramping through a neighbouring ward?

The age of the oldest song amongst our gramophone records? Can anyone score over "Oh, my darling"?

Why the bombardier in the R.G.A. counts the biscuits with such exceeding care? Perhaps he has ambitions for a Q.M.S.'s job.

*It is rumoured—*

That probes were unheard of before the war, and are of enemy origin.

That the difference between a wet and a dry dressing is "Dakins."

That a certain orderly thinks C.A.M.C. stands for "Canadian Army Main Controller." "TEMPS."

\*\*\*

J.2.

Wanted:—a rope! also the culprit who failed to deliver the parcel left at the gate for a bed patient. If the letter proved interesting reading? Plenty more, written in the same strain, can be had by applying to J.1 ward.

If our orderly paid a visit to the Zoo on his recent visit to Scotland? Judging by the way he can swing from bar to bar, we guess he did.

Why our shield of honour never leaves us now?

Bravo, Sister H.!

\*\*\*

K.1.

Many new residents have come to K.1, and among them we have one or two who possess great skill in various ways.

One is a great black and white artist. He produces the real stuff and had already attained fame. The Mag. staff have eyes upon him!

The great talent of the "Child" lies in the direction of the consumption of chocolates. Fifteen shillings' worth in about four days is not a bad record! What!!

He has, however, been adopted, and his future welfare is assured, therefore.

Who was the night sister who, on being shown a conjuring trick or two, made the observation: "I shall dream about those to-night!"

\*\*\*

K.2.

We have said good-bye to Sgt. Patte, who used to tell you all about the "nerve" ward. We understand that, when at home in Canada, he makes the things we dream about at nights, viz., "civvy" suits. Guess we'd all like to give him an order right now.

Our big sister is home again so the ward doesn't seem quite so empty. She came back with the same old smile, but she forgot to bring that Blackpool rock she promised us!

By the time this goes to press one of us will be the happy father of his eighth.

We were quite pleased to have our Canadian boys home again and to hear how they spent their furlough. We are sorry we can't put it all into print. The majority came back "hearts-of-oak," but we haven't found out yet why the quiet little fellow came back four days before time, maintaining he'd worn his blue band all the time!

We really can't understand why our kitchen staff didn't serve out jam turnover on Friday. Perhaps they thought it had been sent down to our ward for massage or something.

\*\*\*

O. NORMAN.

ALEX. 1.

*Things we want to know—*

Why does Sister M. continually say she is leaving the boys for France. Is it to get the boys' "wind" up? Especially the old ones, as they look upon her as a mother. (Unsurpassable).

Why is it that Sister Ourld, who was only on the ward about four days, grew to like the boys so much? We take it, it was because this is the ward.

Why is Alex. 1 always lively?—Because it keeps Private Beer.

If the Devil were to enter the hospital which ward of patients would he take? He would take Alex. 1, because he is sure of all the other wards.

Why does a certain sister in Alex. 2 always come to this ward when she fancies she has lost something?

Why do all the sisters who, unfortunately, have to leave this ward all long to return?

We think that our present men on the dressing carriage should try and impress upon the sister of such that the carriage is not a *water cart*, though one would think so; especially the good men on the brooms.

We very much regret to announce the departure from the hospital of Sister Lucas, who was one of the best to all the boys. We all wish her the best of luck, wherever she may go.

\*\*\*

THE FILBERT.

ALEX. 2.

We haven't yet called anyone's attention to the fact that we have an M.O. in this ward. Capt. M. is a man of many parts. In addition to his uncanny knowledge of fractures and splints he is quite a good bedmaker. We do hope he gets rid of that cold pretty soon. Perhaps then we'll be able to enjoy our afternoon siesta without having our toes pulled.

If anyone wants to know anything about the part Scotland has played in this war and, incidentally, what the "wee Scotchman" has done, come over and see "our Jock." He's the "uncrowned king of Scotland."

The Siamese Twins have made a hit with the Revue ladies at Maidenhead—(sword-belts and spurs—please note!) Even the threatening looks of the P.S. couldn't scare them out of the show the other night.

We often wonder, after we are tucked into our little beds at night, what the unseemly sounds of revelry mean around 10 o'clock. Is it just our valiant orderlies returning home from their devotions or someone trying a new air-raid alarm.

Did anyone notice what a *short* term of duty our last night orderly had.

\*\*\*

REST WARD.

We have heard on good authority that another tree has been cut down to help build the next boat for wounded Tommies going to Canada.

Owing to the refractory nature of Pte. Little the M.O. has thought it advisable to put him into a straight jacket!

Dvr. Bentley is now wondering what he can do to obtain his ticket now that it has been proved that his lungs are all right.

Sister McCann and the boys join in hearty thanks to Mrs. Watt for the lovely gramophone, &c.

We are pleased to state that oil has at last been poured on our troubled waters, and that the work is running smoothly.

Should anyone require advice about gramophones, Lane, our musical director, will be pleased to give advice free.

Should anyone require a good beating at chess, our chess twins will oblige them.

\*\*\*

WALKER'S WARD.

Gee, some of these sergeants are unprincipled! Fancy taking each other's girl for a 'bus ride without so much as: "By your leave, sir!!!" 'Aint it awful, Mabel?

What was it that made Sgt. Simons think that the glorious fourth of July was to be perpetual. He must be the same "feller" who tied the weight on the hands of the alarm clock. But where *did* you swipe the red calendar?

Talk about cigarette issues! We've had four of 'em in one week, and then they try to tell us the submarine menace will bring us to our knees! The only little fly in our ointment is having to "stand" to every day at 8.30 a.m. Why, oh, why is there always something to take the joy out of life?

Our orderly is shortly forging for himself a "bondage bought with a ring," but why all the big feeds now? May all his troubles be little ones and his good fortune on top. It's a 'orrible war, my masters, aint it?

## "Clink" Clarion Calls.

We have often wondered what the term "platonic friendship" really means, but lately we have seen it illustrated quite a few times, and are much enlightened thereby. It is an embracing term, isn't it? Don't blush, we don't mean you.

Who was the N.S. who swallowed a cherry stone when the gardener suddenly came on the scene and found her helping herself?

We observed a most amusing incident one night around here. A certain person was coming home slightly exhilarated, after visiting a hotel on the river, and wandered into some cucumber frames on the estate. As he put his foot down each time it crashed through a new pane of glass. At last he stood, took his cap off, wiped his brow, and exclaimed to himself "G'Heavens, freezing again!"

Old Shakespeare must have had a "hunch" about blue bands when he wrote "Lead us not into temptation," because they are the surest tempters that ever were. Just imagine a Guy not having had any "hooch" for months and then being turned adrift with no sheet anchor, except a blue band, and a few stitches between him and a "double-header." Zip goes the stitches, and "gurgle, gurgle." Can you blame him? Still, they have their good points; they keep the P.S. in an easy job and that's the main thing—as far as the P.S. is concerned!

After a comprehensive study of the ethics of Orderly Rooms and the finding of an old manuscript in the "clink," we have been able to compile the following in a most scholarly manner. Is one man's word as good as another man's word? We would like to think so, but hate to have to admit otherwise, so we submit the following as a rough guide to the uninitiated:—One Private's word = nil; one L.-Cpl.'s word = two Privates' and one Bugler's; one Cpl.'s word = one L.-Cpl.'s, two Privates' and two Cooks'; one Sergt.'s word = two Cpls.', four L.-Cpls.', three Privates' and two Buglers'; one Coy. S.M.'s word = one Sergt.'s, one Cpl.'s, one Platoon's and two Coy. Cooks'; one R.S.M.'s word = Time too short to compute. As far as the higher ranks are concerned we are now in the process of compiling a ready-reckoner for use of O.C.'s at Orderly Rooms.

"BRACELETS."

## Ye Lament and ye Appeal.

Harken, ye varlets! Why dost thou make complaint of things which suitest thee not? Forsooth 'tis a sad, sad world. Ay, even unto the end 'tis bitter. Why then should ye of the common clay seek to add to ye bitterness by making complaint of ye gigantic moneys charged by ye 'bus company for thy transport over ye many weary miles to ye town of Maidenhythe, or from ye said town to ye Hospital?

Daily, as ye clock in ye tower striketh ye hour of one, ye 'bus with its load of visitors to ye "hospital for wounded" wends its way along ye roads, and ever on these journeyings does ye faithful Ladye of ye White Coat come unto each one and in gentle voice demandeth a six-penny piece. They who would thus travel must needs give unto this Ladye ye silver shekel. Woe be unto him who hath it not, for he shall be taken from ye righteous seat and placed among ye ungodly who journey by ye "Shanks's pony"!

Many are ye maledictions which sorely wounded mortals cast upon ye Company, they having true cause to bemoan ye bitter fate of ye soldier, who, upon hys return from ye field of battle and after many weary weeks, riseth from hys couch, taketh a stick to guide hys faltering footsteps, and wendeth hys way to ye Paymaster for ye monie of credit on hys pay book. Ye Government, being all wise, giveth to this man ten pieces of silver once in each coming of ye moon. Then ye legs of ye soldier being as of reeds bent in ye wind, he must perforce ryde to ye town, and ye 'bus company doth reap ye harvest. Goeth, therefore, one piece of silver within ye circle of one sun!

I' truth ye monies of ye mortal who hast given of hys life's blood so that ye men may run ye 'bus upon ye roads, without fear of ye molestation of ye guns, vanisheth with haste.

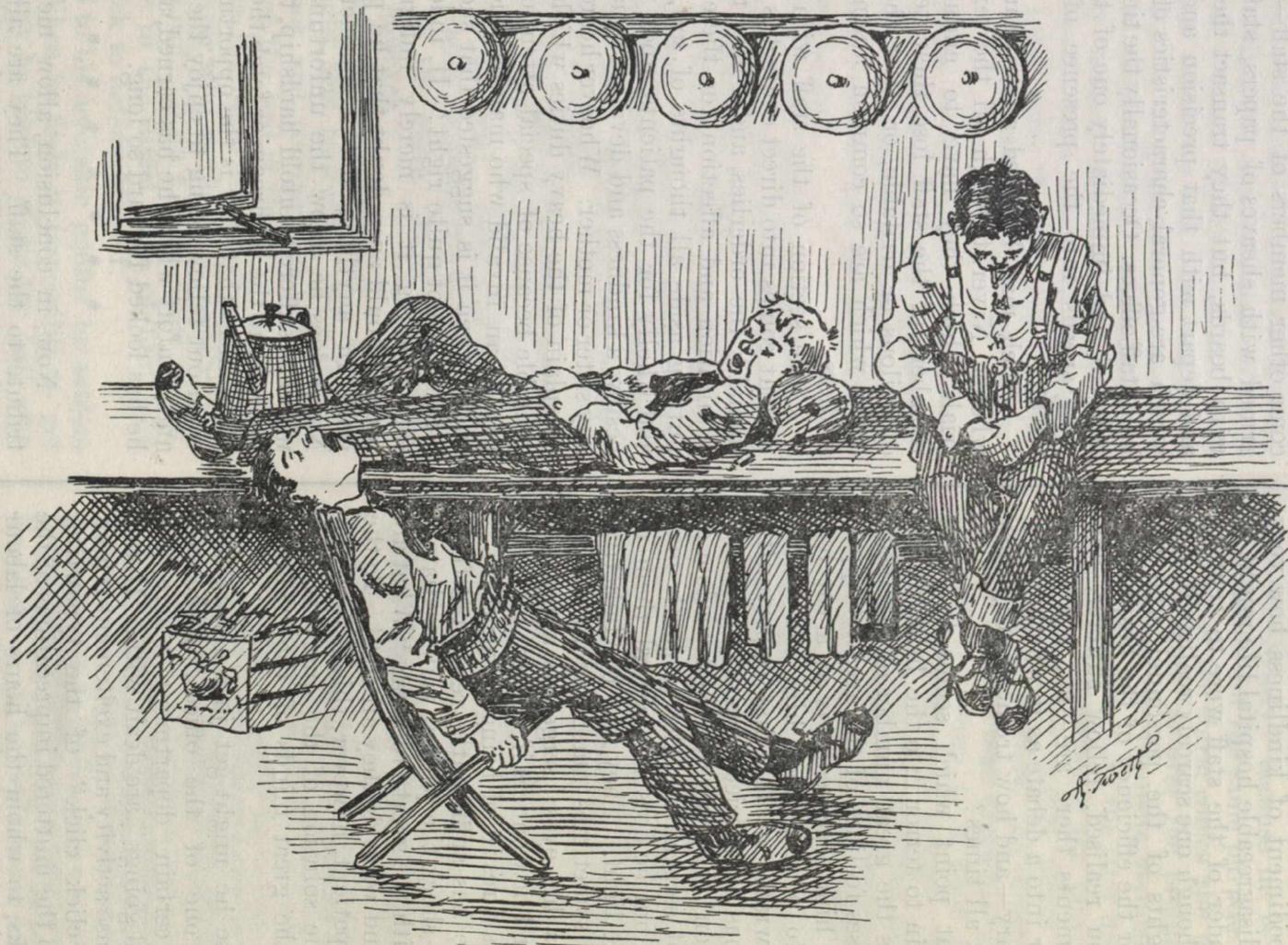
O ye who would give thy hand to ye soldier harken unto ye cry of ye lame and sick, and run ye the 'bus for three pieces of copper.

"YE SHADE OF JACK SHEPPARD."

## IMPENDING APOLOGY.

To-morrow week . . . the Canadian regimental doctors will be deposited for safe keeping in Bristol Cathedral.—*Bristol Times & Mirror*.

### THE KITCHEN STAFF.



Wot's fer tea Dink? Whsss-Dunno, Bzzz.

## Our Staff.

Sisters and Medical Officers undoubtedly have a great influence in the comfort and enjoyment of the patients, but though they be the very embodiment of kindness how very irksome and disagreeable hospital life might be if the remainder of the staff were to "cut up rough." Although one scarcely realises it, it is the minor lights of the personnel who are responsible for the efficiency of the hospital.

Have you realised, fellow sufferer, how many departments there are—no, I am not going to enter into a debate as to whether they are all necessary—and how tremendously busy everyone is at all times?

The great point which seems to strike something akin to terror into the heart of the new patient is the great number of "striped" men. It arouses feelings of the greatest apprehension. To him a sergeant is as a cat to a bird—ready to pounce upon him and devour him (by his wrath) at the first opportunity. Many times has he queried fervently and with great expression! the wherefore and wisdom of the creation of sergeants. The corporals may be numerous, but he does not regard them in quite the same light. They may be vindictive, but they are sometimes amenable to reason. Here he rubs his eyes; sergeants appear on every hand, and he wonders if, indeed, his mind has suffered as a result of being "over there."

When he has sufficiently recovered from his first great shock the patient is immediately confronted with the great problem: "What are they all for and what do they all do?" To the very curious patient, however, this is fatal, inasmuch as the solution of the query is, alas, confined to the great minds of the "Powers that be."

Of course he might get just a bare idea by visiting one of the offices. Take, for example, a certain department where the "comings and goings" are dealt with. Here a scene of intense activity and excitement reigns. The rapid "click click" of the typewriter keeps time to the muttered imprecations of the harassed clerks, to whom the hours of labour are all too short. With coats off, chests bare, shirtsleeves rolled above the elbow, pen behind the ear—it's astonishing how that instrument maintains its position!—they sit at their desks, eagerly and deftly sorting documents from the maze of paper before them,

merely rising to their feet to moisten their parched tongues (!) from the water jug or to deliver a chit or message to an orderly, who, in turn, performs his duty with lightning-like speed. Into this veritable "hive of industry" come other members of the staff—sgt. majors armed with sheaves of papers, staff sergeants with boards, but they transact their business, and depart with that precision and quickness which are general characteristics of those who hold staff offices. Occasionally the tinkle of a bell is heard, and immediately one of the faithful ones speeds into the presence of the "All Great."

Such may be cited as an example of the whole. Never, through all the vexations and trials which they have to endure, do the members of the staff lose their tempers, get querrilous or irritable, or utter those terrible oaths which are so common among ordinary soldiers.

One section of the staff with whom the patient comes into direct contact is that which includes the orderlies, and I have the greatest admiration and affection for these men, who, putting aside all thoughts of self, live solely and wholly for the patients, upon whom they bestow a kindness and devotion equal to that of any sister or mother. Whoever heard an orderly complain of the heavy duties which are his; or grumble because of special attention he has to pay to an invalid who may be touchy; or get angry when it is suggested that such and such a thing is not quite right? If, indeed, he does show feeling it is merely indignation that people should even doubt that he performs his work in anything but a conscientious way. Never does he allow the unfortunate patient, who has suffered untold hardship, to polish the floor, scrub the bathroom or fetch the provisions. He realises that now is the opportunity for his worn out fellow being to enjoy the tranquility and comfort which he has earned, and to which he has looked forward so long.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, in conclusion, allow me to pay my tribute to the staff. They are all jolly good fellows, and if hitches do occasionally occur—well there are faults on both sides. Always approachable, most always good natured, they can and do contribute largely to the harmony of hospital life, and to them I say, "Thank you."

F.H.

## Baseball.

(By an AUSTRALIAN BUSHWACKER.)

With what curiosity did we, the uninitiated, assemble around the carefully roped-off baseball pitch, and with what eagerness did we await the kick-off of a game of which we had heard so much, and which we had long concluded must be really the only game which could or would ever be worth playing. Did our spirits rise to dizzy heights of excitement at the almost impossible feats which we witnessed? . . . I will agree that the game is truly wonderful. So, may I observe in passing, are the players.

Their dress, by the way, is weird, and seems to be a combination of the costumes of everything else. The letters all down the front look odd; they would show to much better advantage on the back.

The affectionate spirit prevailing among the players at the outset is really touching. Such fancy names as "Boy," "Baby" and "Slim" are exchanged. This, I regret to say, is not maintained. They (the players) soon lose their tempers, and, besides shouting, throw balls at one another. When they are properly angry the game is started.

The only wise man of the bunch puts pads on his legs and body, a big glove on his hand, and a cage over his head. Thus clad, he defies the pitcher, who is generally dry and very thin, to hit him on the glove. It is done nearly every time, however.

The pitcher goes by clockwork. When he winds his right arm backwards twice it curls round his back, and, coming back by the recoil, he discharges the ball at the man in the cage.

Between the caged man and the Pitcher stands a player who is the most foolhardy of the whole crowd. With a great show of bravado he gets in the direct "line of fire" with merely a stick to defend himself.

Thanks to his acrobatic genius he seldom gets hit. When he finds it impossible to get out of the way he tries to strike the ball with the stick. This he sometimes manages to do. His main object is to hit as many patients as he can.

The remainder of the players stand about and shout advice to the man in the cage, the man with the stick, the pitcher and the umpire.

Really the umpire is the only man who

says nothing, and his silence appears to aggravate the players so much that they rush about the field and endeavour to start a fight.

A trained goat, which it is understood is named "Nearly" because he is "all butt," is kept handy for the same purpose.

After the storm comes the calm, and the players again go over the preliminaries until they attain the requisite standard of anger.

If the man with the stick does not succeed in hitting any patients the players get so disgusted that they change places to see if they can improve matters. So threatening do they become that the man drops his only weapon of defence, and runs to a flour bag, which is apparently a haven of refuge. The others are generally too quick, however, and manage to arrive there first. If he does succeed in reaching the aforesaid haven his delight is so great that he entertains the spectators to a performance which is a cross between a Highland fling and a Dervish war dance.

The spectators, it may be mentioned, are there to make a noise so that the ladies may not hear the awful names the players call one another, and the rude comments as to each other's personal appearance, ancestry and character.

Such is the general run of the game, which is justly entitled to its name—*base ball*.

## The Lay of the Dining Hall.

We shovel out the bacon, and we dish 'em out the stew.  
We save the scraps they leave behind and dish 'em up anew.  
"Economy's" our motto, and though we try to do our best  
The feeding of our patrons often gets beyond a jest.

We aint no blooming "Cecil," but we feeds 'em just the same.  
But should the rations peter out I guess we're not to blame.  
And if they grouse at supper, saying "Apples evermore!"  
We just reminds 'em caviare aint issued from the store.

We've got so many bosses that we don't know what to do—  
With Matrons, Sisters, Sergeants, Cooks and "sarci" Corporals  
And when they ups and tells us the dishes are not clean [too—  
We have to say "That's not our fault, just talk to Mr. Green."

We've got no use for fighting, when here we do our bit  
By feeding up the patients and getting 'em quite fit.  
So when you hear a patient say "Fed up, he is just quite!"  
Remember we're the boys who helped to feed 'im up alright!

But I must stop this 'altin' rhyme; it's gettin' time for tea,  
And the apples they are ready for dishin' up you see. [all"—  
But I guess that I have said enough to show we're "'Eroes  
The gallant lads who work so hard to serve the Dining Hall.

AN army at the front is worth two in the training camps.

## Mike Dooley's Letters.

No. 3.

DEAR MAGGIE,

Here I goes for anuther letter, but I am not in such happy circumstances as wen I last rote to yu. It wuz all akount of Red Doolan, im an me got ten days leav an I wuz comin to see yu an Red sez cum on an stop in Lundun for a day, an then we got into a pub whin a a feller sez, sez he, talkin to a frend, "Why the h— isnt Ireland doin more in the war," then sez Red, "who the divil is doin any more then Ireland," an lets im hev a back handed one on the pus. Me bein Red's frend I had to help im agin the too of thim, an be the toime we had thim thinkin Ireland wuz winnin the war in pops a cuple of soldier polise an we pops out with thim as it is no use to go agin the strong arm of the law. Not but what we wuz tryin to explain to thim that we didnt start the row, but not bein irish they couldnt understan an we wuz put in the clink till to day, where I'm writin this letter frum. Red sez it wuz a gud foight enyhow, an even if we do be late gettin to enjoy our pass it wuz worth it (P.S.—Maggie, Red hasnt eny gal like me an dont know eny better). Sure me old curnel sez to me whin I wuz up befor im for havin a drap too much of the spirit of the divil that they sell for wiskey down here, he sez to me, "Dooley tis a smart soldier yu ar but tis a poer example yer after settin yer mates, but bein as it takes all kinds to make a wurd I'll let yu off this toime sez he bein as its the first toime." So Maggie yu must forgive me if I am late gettin to see yu. Me frend Red is one of thim all kinds the curnel spoke of an I couldnt see im take a lickin even whin I wasnt sure if he hit his man fust or if I did, but I'll be home soon then I'll tell yu all about it. Give me pig plenty of castor oil and slop so I kin sell him for fifteen shillins an buy yu a nice ring.

Well Maggie, as they say in the higher sircles of life, people that liv in glass houses ar worth too in the bush.

Keep yer heart a bumpin for me,

Your loving MICHEAL.

If it is true that the people of Constanti-nople haven't yet heard that the British have captured Bagdad, it shows a postal condition that needs a Democratic administration.

## The Soldier's Paradise

(Written whilst the author was lying in Hospital at Calais).

See yonder through the doorway  
 There's the glorious sea,  
 And just across the Channel  
 Lie the homes of you and me.  
 "Land of Hope and Glory,"  
 Loved by every son,  
 On land or sea our thoughts will flee  
 To thee when the day is done.  
 Far away in some corner there  
 We've each a sacred spot.  
 It may be a stately mansion,  
 Or it may be a tiny cot.  
 God bless and keep our dear ones  
 Till a glorious sun shall rise  
 And each wandering boy shall return with  
 To the soldier's paradise. [joy  
 F.G.T.

## My Locker.

What is this wretched slab of wood  
 I'd chop to pieces, if I could,  
 And burn to ashes?—Yes, I would!  
 My Locker!

Where is it that I have to keep  
 My tie, and shirt, and shoes so neat,  
 That they the Colonel's eye shall greet?  
 My Locker!

Where is it that my kit resides  
 Until Inspection Day arrives,  
 When Sister—fearing—straightening tries?  
 My Locker!

Where is it that my meals I eat,  
 Amid ashtrays and towels so "sweet,"  
 And earwigs—if I get no meat?  
 My Locker!

What is it makes me dream each night,  
 And wake up in an awful fright  
 To put my comb and brushes right?  
 My Locker!

Will the Colonel stir up strife  
 When I get back to "civie" life?  
 I wonder if he'll ask the wife, how tidy is—  
 My Locker!

SGT. NASH (late Alex. 2).

Someone said that a husband looks upon his wife as an allotment, to be cultivated when he has time.

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

The weekly Whist Drives held at this hospital are very much looked forward to and appreciated by the patients and staff, and we wish to thank our "Quarter" for all the trouble she takes in preparing these luxuries. We also wish to thank the ladies who so gallantly turn up to take part in these very pleasant evenings, and those who so generously contribute towards the prizes.

The patients and staff wish to express their appreciation to the Taplow Concert Party, who very kindly came over on Saturday, the 14th inst., and gave us such an enjoyable evening. We hope they had a safe and enjoyable journey home.

\*\*\*

WARD 8.

This ward has been mentioned in despatches for its cleanliness, especially on inspection day. The patients are very industrious; photo-framing with silks being a speciality. They spend quite a sum of money daily on silks, and one little shop in Wycombe must have quite a busy time attending to the "boys" requirements. The only complaints from this ward are the early hour to bed, this being 8.30 p.m., and not being allowed out after six. I'm sure this very much upsets a certain dark complexioned Pte. with the No. 204617. But, cheer up, 204617; think of the *nursemaid*!!!

*Things we would like to know:—*

Why the patients of a certain ward all flock to the window immediately after breakfast—and what is the attraction?

If the C.A.M.C. can play cricket yet?

MAIDENHEAD.

A place of "the right sort" for wounded Tommies. The entertainments are various and every kindness is shown us. It is true there is something "fishy" about the Entrance Hall, but we appreciate the absence of handcuffs, although the ones at Cliveden were certainly



"nicely polished." It is not necessary to get a job on the kitchen staff here as the food is good, well-cooked and plentiful, and everyone is treated alike. There are a few things which puzzle us in the upper ward, however:—

How is it that No. 19 has so many birthdays?

Who upset No. 5's bed? Did he stay there till the policeman came or did Sister soon shift him?

Who preferred castor-oil in brandy to salts?

Who is the Scotch fellow who intends to get a divorce and marry a Maidenhead girl?

Why did his chum go back to bed? Was the pace too hot?

Were a certain chap's funny stories unsuitable for the tea-party, or why his golden silence?

Boots in at 7 o'clock, by order! Is this war-time economy in leather?

Does "Silent Sammy" really like bully and biscuits? He was sent to bed, but why not to France?

THE BOYS OF THE UPPER WARD.

\*\*\*

RED CROSS HOSPITAL,

MAIDENHEAD.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The hospital has been pretty full lately, but we have had a lot of comings and goings. We really just begin to know the patients and to get interested in them when they are whisked away to make room for others.

We have sold all the copies we had of the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN, and, once seen, they went like hot cakes. By the way, who was the V.A.D. who, on the way home from a lecture on fractures, saw an old, old man fall off his bicycle, and ran forward, crying: "Oh! dear! He must have a green stick fracture." We are very anxious to find out who she is, as we should like to have her nurse us if we should ever break our legs.

Yours truly,

"JEMIMA."

It is reported that the Berlin police have arrested a man because he shot at the Kaiser and *missed*!

It seems that the Russians are determined to prove that they need a Czar after all.

**Sports.**

**BASEBALL.**

The Astorias moved into first place in the Military Baseball League by last Saturday's victory. The game proved to be a good one, the home team demonstrating that they were capable of playing good ball by defeating the London Americans, who have been in first place since the commencement of the season.

Sharp at 3.30 the game was called by Col. Doherty, who officiated as umpire. The visiting team went to bat first, and in quick succession the first three men retired. The home team then trotted in, thinking they were going to knock the cover off the ball, but were easy victims to the curves and shoots of the opposing pitcher. Not until the third innings did the Astorias manage to squeeze in a run. After that the game tightened up still more, and it was not until the home team came to bat in the sixth that they managed to get a man round all corners. Then everybody hit, and before the innings was over the Americans almost called on the fire department to put out the Astorias. When they finally did retire they had a comfortable lead of four runs. In the three last innings the home team gathered in three more runs, and during the whole nine innings the Americans failed to get a runner as far as third base, which proved that they were outclassed for once.

**TO-DAY'S GREAT GAME.**

Great interest is centred on the Astorias Baseball Team, as they have been picked to represent Canada in an exhibition game with "All Americans," picked from the whole of England. The game is to be played at Lords' Cricket Ground, London, and we feel sure that with the aid of our noble supporters of both sexes, who rout wildly at every game, and the class of baseball as played last Saturday, the Astorias are quite capable of fulfilling the task allotted them.

**MILITARY BASEBALL LEAGUE TABLE.**

TEAM.	WON.	LOST.	P.O.
Taplow ...	8	2	.800
London American ...	7	*3	.700
Epsom ...	7	3	.700
Pay-Records ...	4	*5	.444
Orpington ...	2	7	.222
Uxbridge ...	1	9	.100

\*One game under protest.

**BOWLS.**

"Ye olde game of bowls," which is generally regarded as the recreation of those who have attained the "seer and yellow" age, has become very popular recently, and the greens are seldom unoccupied. The tournament played this week attracted quite a number of entrants, and the competition was rendered all the more attractive by reason of the announcement that the winners will meet a side from the Maidenhead Bowling Club. This will take place shortly and we fancy the "Astorias" will prove a hard nut for their hosts to crack.

\*\*\*

**CRICKET.**

By the game between G.1 and G.2 and "The Rest," inter-ward cricket matches have been inaugurated, and every success should attend the attempt to stimulate a healthy rivalry between wards. We might suggest that these tournies should not be confined only to cricket.

**G's v. THE REST.**

Scoring was certainly not prolific in the match between G.1 and G.2 and the Rest of the Hospital on Tuesday. The game was very close, but the double G's managed to obtain the victory by six runs. Scores: G's, 46; "Rest," 40.

**Amusements.**

**OUR ENTERTAINERS.**

The following have very kindly entertained parties of patients during the last fortnight:— Mrs. Vyse, Mrs. Caffin ("The Quoittings"), Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Jackson (Bourne End), Mrs. Bradish Ellames, Mrs. Hollis (St. Ives Hotel), Mr. E. Spindler (Maidenhead), Miss Stephenson, Mrs. Trehearn (Bourne End), Mrs. Lehmann, Mrs. Rance, Countess of Annesley, Mrs. Judd (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Buckley, Miss Barry (Ockwells Manor), Mrs. Lionel Brown (Bourne End), Mrs. Hemmings (Bourne End), Miss E. H. Haynes (Bourne End), Miss Coleman ("Kenmore"), Mrs. Roberts (Stoke Poges).

The Concert Party (conducted by S/S. Ballard Brown) of the 17th Canadian Reserve Division visited the Hospital recently, and their performances were excellent. The music of the Pipe Band, under Pipe Major H. Hosie, was stirring and melodious.

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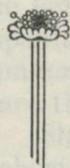
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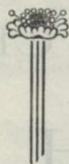
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Cliveden H.	1 30	2 30	3 30	4 30	5 30	6 30	7 30	8 30	9 30	10 30
Taplow Ct.	1 37	2 37	3 37	4 37	5 37	6 37	7 37	8 37	9 37	10 37
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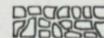
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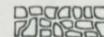
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