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Stand

by

Chronicles
of

Chiveden



VOL. I., No. 1. JUNE 30TH, 1917.

“

Stand

Easy”

Chronicles
of

Cliveden.

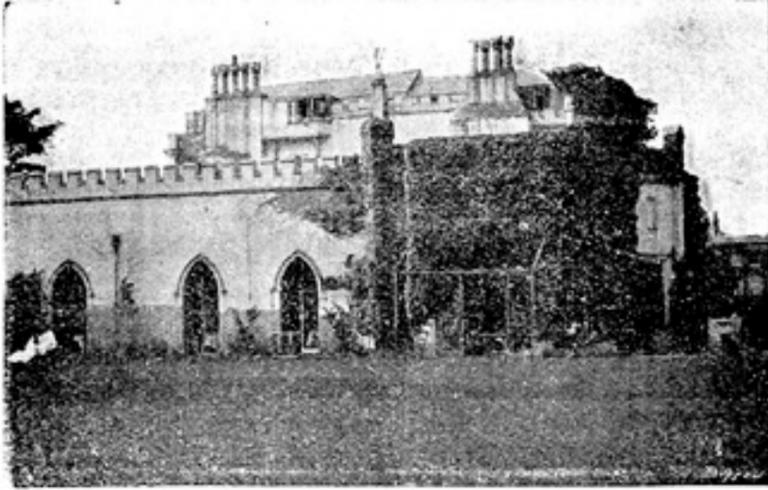
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Byron.

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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 1.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30TH, 1917.

THREEPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF MAJOR MEAKINS.
EDITORIAL STAFF { L.-CPL. W. C. PIKE.
PTE. F. HEASELL.
PTE. BAKER.
L.-CPL. KANE.

Foreword.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I feel certain that all ranks will join in heartily welcoming this, the first number of the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN. Everything is taken as so matter of fact nowadays that we are not inclined to properly credit the enormous amount of energy and patience exhibited by the few enthusiasts upon whom the burden of production has fallen. They have given their time and their services freely, without thought of honour or reward, and it behoves us, patients and staff alike, to give them our heartiest support.

Let contributions—in metre or prose, in skits or doggerel, in snap-shots or black and white, in praise or criticism—pour in as freely as the sunshine does into the Johnny Walker Ward, and the more the Editorial Sanctum is inundated by contributions the happier will appear the countenances of the Editor-in-Chief and his staff, and “Sunny Jim” will appear to you no longer as a picture, but as a real live personage, full of force and vim.

Our aims are high—not only to make these Chronicles a living commentary of one of the “Still Waters of War,” where every effort is made to heal and cure, but also to bring together, in a common brotherhood of interests, the representatives of “every branch of the British race” who come to stay for a little while, then sometimes longer, and sometimes even some time longer still amidst these pleasant glades and shades on the banks of the Father of Rivers.

So let us one and all do our best to keep the bugle continuously sounding the “Reveille,” and may it never be necessary, as long as the Hospital endures, to blow “Lights out” to the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN.

W. LANGMUIR WATT,
Colonel.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Solomon, or the Umpire, or some other wise personage, once said that “no parent thinks his own child ugly,” and this conceit is all the more marked when the offspring is that of the mind. I trust that your infant prodigy, the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN, will justify all your parental pride and develop into that manly estate that is the dream of every healthy father.

“EDGE.”

CLIVEDEN, TAPLOW.

To the Editor.

It is with real joy that I welcome the publication of the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN.

The hospital has seemed to me the most important place in England for nearly three years, certainly the most interesting one; and we shall now be able to keep a record of our wonderful life.

No one could wish the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN a more useful life than

Yours sincerely,

NANCY ASTOR.

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 ..

SPECIAL SERVICES will be held in the Hospital Chapel on Sunday, 1st July, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the Confederation of Canada.

* * * We regret that, owing to pressure of space, many excellent contributions have had to be held over. These, however, will appear in our next issue. It would be well to take this opportunity of requesting our correspondents, when sending in reading matter, to write on one side of the paper only.

EDITOR.

The Ward Lady.

A little beam of sunshine slanted sideways into "The Babe's" eyes.

It had crept over his red coverlet and now slipped from his chin to his nose and so to his eyes. He rolled his head patiently away from the glare.

The M.O. came into view conferring with the Ward Orderly on the merits or de-merits of fly blow on windows in a ward.

The Orderly looked gloomily at the rows of windows—he joined up to go and be a "Hero" at the front, not to stay in England and wash windows.

Caustic asides issued from apparently immobile lips, from mere youths too, who had "done things" and who audibly wondered why such hefty fellows were still at home.

The T.T. (temporary Tommy) went on folding swabs with a crooked smile of weariness on his lips over the tedious job, his leg, stiff in plaster of Paris, thrust out sideways. The ways of a ward are manifold and things seem unevenly distributed, such as pain and work and outings.

Why does Chorley, with his patient, ever-ready smile, get more attention than Adams, who was dour and hard to please?

Sister was busy with a dressing at the further end of the ward; the walking cases were out enjoying the sylvan peace of the country after the noise and stutter of the guns.

A light tread echoed down the long ward, while greetings followed in its wake.

"Good afternoon, please have you some wool?"

The Ward Lady felt that her real name ought to be "Baa Baa Black Sheep," she was so often asked for wool.

"The Babe" opened his eyes—confound the sun; his extension bed was the limit, it had him immovable all right. She'd soon be along; he needn't be so impatient.

"Hullo Babe, got the sun in your eyes? Wait a moment," and a towel was hung among the weights of the super-structure that were dragging at one poor leg to keep it the same length as the other. A grateful smile illuminated the girlish face as he rolled his head into a more comfortable position.

"Swinging the lead, that's wot 'es doin'," came from a humorous voice over the way.

"Swinging the lead?"

"Pretending" (from a voice near by).

"Oh, I see, malingering," I smiled at Babe.

"They do those things in the Warwicks."

"Wot price the East Surreys?"

"Fac's tell we've got four V.C.'s."

"Yah! Lady, don't take no notice of 'im—they shows off and someone sees 'em that's all; I'm a V.C. twict over, I am, only nobody saw me."

"A blooming mal-mal—lead swinger. You're only useful as a cup chucker, at tea time."

"Shan't chuck you a cup, Babe; you can fetch yer own."

Everybody laughed at this sally. Three months time might see Babe limping about.

"He's a woose." (This from a Canadian.)

"Say, can you play bridge?"

"Yes," I nodded.

"Gee, isn't that fine? Will you teach me if I can get three others."

"I certainly will," I replied.

"Say, you fellows, will you learn too?"

"Sure, but it's me heart that'll be throubling me the day, and it's the Dochter that's telling me to be careful and not sthrain it, but I'll play," called an Irishman.

"Ye'ar man, us be gwine to larn tu," chimed the Devon man, indicating a brawny marine with the butt of his pipe.

"All right, I'll bring cards and blocks, and we'll begin at 2.30 to-morrow."

"I gotten a braw wee parrot, Sister, I have, you should hear him sweere. You should hear him say 'Damn you, drunk again, Lizzie.'"

I jumped, it was so sudden and came from a grubby little man with bloodshot eyes.

"D'ye know the Dardanelles?" So now I was going to hear something. "If ye eat a biscuit ye haf to broosh off the flies as ye're takking it to mouth." He subsided into silence as abruptly as he entered into the conversation.

"It's the 'orses and me throwing fits," said a gruff voice. I hadn't quite followed, but wouldn't own it.

"Meaning," I said laconically.

"It's wot I'm 'ere for, but I'm going 'ome soon."

"But about the horses," I said after assenting that going home was nice.

"Oh the 'orses," he answered, while he eased himself in bed, "it's awful after you've

been feeding 'em to 'ave to leave 'em, struggling, struggling, but bless 'em, they came after me. A French 'ad time to cut their traces."

Sister came up with a bunch of thermometers.

"Here, smoke your pipe and keep quiet for half a minute do," said Sister.

Meek silence ensued.

Sister passed up the ward.

The thermometer was promptly rolled into the corner of his mouth in a hoarse whisper, "O-er, she's slipped up on the temper—ature this afternoon."

"G'arn softy, 'taint that, she's blooming well tired, that's what she is, that new convoy in an' all."

"Ho, hall right galiwanter, that's what you are—with the laidys."

"Tell me where you came from," I said to a man, whose temperature was being taken and looked rather down. He ruminated so long that I didn't think he was going to answer at all then.

"Me pal was killed when I got this (pointing to his arm). "It were a rum 'un that were. 'E was the sport of the party, 'e was. With an effort 'e says to me, 'e says, just before 'ill Sixty, 'Bill, 'e says, 'this is where I kop it, and me bin through the 'ole Retreat and Boer War too'—and 'e did, me too, but 'e was all out; 'gone West' they call it out there."

He paused and took a long breath. An' 'im larfing with me the day before and sayin,' 'Bill, let's pretend we're going 'ome.' 'Wot shall yer do?' I says. 'My missus won't be arf glad,' 'e says. 'I shall be tellin' 'er 'ow I 'ate shrapnel' and she'll say, wot's shrapnel? and I shall tak' the tea cups she's awashing and I shall chuck 'em up against the ceiling with a bang, and I shall shout quick to frighten her, duck yer 'ead missus, that's shrapnel.' O 'ow we larfed."

I turned to my basket and fingered the wool nervously. His eyes followed mine.

"Will you do some?" I cried desperately.

"Aye, I don't mind."

Soon we were deep in the intricacies of canvass "blow" belts.

"Sissy work," grumbled a Canadian. "Wish I could do one, Lady."

"And why not," I answered. "I'll get you a frame made and you can rest it across two beds, and so manage."

"Can I? that'll be fine."

"Corse you can, fathead. Others have done it, haven't they, Lady?" All this with the superiority of an old member.

"Oh, it's an awful thing you've done Mrs.—," said another. "You know those d'oyles you taught me to make? I sent them to my wife and she says I've become so good at sewing she'll turn the mending over to me. I almost wish I hadn't come home to Blighty—but I'll get even with her. I'm sending her this." He handed me a postcard, on the back of which was written "Na pooh, Mrs. Pankhurst."

KATHERINE HITCHCOCK.

Blue Waters.

Fair Freedom's fold, thou never changing friend,
My waters blue, enfolding, guard and lend
Thy sacred shores an ancient reverency,
As those who ward thy wonder, serving thee
In ever selfless ways and constancy.

In Freedom's fray they won thee, fairest wold
Of fearless men who gave thee faith of old
And loved thee fiercely; gave e'en all that ye,
A sturdy brood begat right manfully,
To felon foe need yield no fealty.

O faithful isle, an empire great I gave,
Whose furthest shores the same blue waters lave
And love as thine; by ancient rune and rite
For ever fend and sternly wage the fight
For 'fenceless, stainless states who need thy
might.

By all thy past I charge thee ancient state,
Hold safe my sacred gift inviolate!
My waters blue, my power infinite—
The prize and price of Nelson—are the right
Of thee my Britain, thy enduring might.

A.R.R.

A country lad asked his mother for "aaf hourawf," to see his sweetheart and, permission being given, he departed, returning punctual to the minute. "Well John," asked his mother, "did 'ee zee yer swateheart?" "Oi did mother," the blushing youth replied, "and she'd a zeen I, too, only I bobbed down t'other zide t'edge."

Ward Notes.

A & D WARDS.

Owing to the fact that they have been put on No. 2 diet many of our men want to know if Capt. Cantilon has anything to do with the "food control."

Our old friend No. 8, the Gig Saw King, is now in fine trim and will meet anybody at £5 a side, to do any gig sawing in 20 minutes, as long as its a fine day.

Old Pat—well I don't know what to say about him, because it takes all one's time to know what he is talking about. Will anybody tell him why Ireland cannot have Home Rule?

We are all getting ready for the 5th of next month and hope to carry off some of the needlework prizes. We had a good record at the last exhibition—a 2nd and 3rd. More this time boys!

F.1.

Rules to be observed in this Ward:—

- 1.—Bed patients will rise at 4.30 a.m. (earlier if the Orderly be awake).
- 2.—Up patients will stay in bed as long as they like.
- 3.—Patients are not to drink the "Dakins." It is rather expensive.
- 4.—Lockers must be kept tidy, and in correct alignment.
- 5.—Ash trays must not be used for depositing cigarette ends, match-sticks, &c.
- 6.—Patients are requested not to use their milk pudding for sticking envelopes, &c.
- 7.—Patients are requested not to disturb the Orderlies during their afternoon nap.

Anyone disregarding any of the above rules will be liable to instant dismissal, or C.B. for life.

The inmates of this Ward were treated to a bright little entertainment on Friday, the 15th inst., by Mrs. Collins' concert party. Each item was thoroughly enjoyed, particularly the clever ventriloquial sketch by Mr. John Le Hay, another visit from whom will be eagerly looked forward to.

Lady Boston, always to the fore in looking after the comfort and welfare of the "troops" in this Ward, has been having an "extra" busy time lately. She has enrolled several new recruits to her "Needlework Guild."

It is rumoured that the redoubtable "Nimmy" is to take unto himself a blushing bride about the time of this publication. Long life and much happiness is the worst wish of all in the Ward to the happy pair. No flowers, by request.

G.1.

Special Note.—This Ward has twice been mentioned in orders for its exceptional cleanliness and orderliness. Bravo! G.1.

On account of the untiring efforts of the Sisters and general staff of the Ward to obtain the distinction mentioned above, it is hereby recommended that they be put on special diet!

Private 34858 has been recommended for a position at the War Office, on account of his excellent talking qualities. G.1. again!

The Sister-in-Chief wishes to state that this is a Hospital Ward, not a Smoke Room. All concerned please note.

Things some of us would like to know—

Why the Sergeants should be allowed to have a sort of mess to themselves at the Dining Hall, and walk in as they please.

And if they would like a whole Ward to themselves.

If the patients of this Ward were not surprised when they witnessed a boxing exhibition the other night.

And if the participants were not a little nonplussed at their subsequent removal.

G.2.

The patients of G.2 regret losing their night sister, but hope she will have a good time on her holiday, and will return to our ward.

We hope the patient in G.2, who is so often finding his bed too prickly to sleep in, will soon discover the culprit and *deal* with him accordingly.

We wonder, in G.2, who is the generous donor of the gramophones to other wards. G.2 has apparently been overlooked.

We find the meals at this hospital have been rather fishy since the advent of lady cooks.

H.1.

Owing to *ant*' killing, the Kitchen Staff

of H.1 have been constantly busy. The Matron suggests *red pepper*. No doubt it is pretty hot stuff. I hope it succeeds, if only for the C.O.'s sake.

A certain man on the Dressing Cart wants to know if the Scotch R.F.A wear kilts!

A Glasgow lad wants to know whether the Provost Sergeant has been awarded the V.C. yet, for the good work done on the 20th inst.

It is suggested by some of the patients that an orderly in the above ward should take "Antipon."

If the Food Controller saw him he might get shoved in the "mush."

H.2.

H.2 is usually into it when there is anything "doing." *We* are the people!

Irish gets his blood up sometimes, but, as we have never actually seen him foaming at the mouth, we are disinclined to believe that he is the guilty one who eats the soap.

Harold is still at his old game. It takes old dogs for hard roads, Harold!

Dr. Leslie is still increasing in popularity, *and* practice. Ever noticed his good looks?

Ginger is a great lad. He is open to meet all comers in any old argument at all. The Canuck can't touch him. Ginger's mother kissed the Blarney Stone in Australia.

We are going to miss Freddy Owen, so is the Magazine! Freddy left the cover design, anyhow!! See you in Bassano some day—old timer!!!

K.1.

The "Ward of Talent" is the title which has oft been bestowed—we consider most deservedly—upon K.1. This might be disputed by outsiders—actuated, of course, by jealousy,—but unfavourable criticism, to say the least, is often the reward of genius!

There are some of our "tenants" who specialise in boating. Very fond of the river are they, but on one occasion, it is to be feared, their affection (?) overcame their discretion! To stand up in a canoe is rather "asking for it"!

I wonder if some papers I saw recently in the Ward were really the wrappings of a particular brand of refreshment in which pigmeat and pastry are concerned!

Four of our oldest "residents"—Sweet, Wemp, Pinkerton and "Jock" Rice, who were well-known in the Hospital—have recently left us for the "Golden West." They were good companionable fellows, and they have our best wishes for their future prosperity.

K.2.

This is the nerve Ward; also the show Ward and, incidentally, the pride of Major Gillies. We have been given the "once over" by the greatest physicians in the world, and they all say the same thing—"Wonderful, simply wonderful!"

Now listen: call around and pay us a visit. No admission fee charged, and you will find the greatest living examples of modern surgery, which will prove to you beyond a doubt that all is not lost; there is still hope. If you want to know anything about nerves ask Jones. If he doesn't know ask the Major.

And, by the way, I don't want to boast, but just allow me to whisper: all our boys are social favourites; these afternoon pink teas don't fade them a bit. Why, the other day one of our boys, while out visiting, refused a second cup of tea and only took one strawberry. Some manners, eh! Now don't take my word for it. Use your own judgment how many strawberries you put out.

We have been specially honored this week by having two of our baseball heroes with us. They were wounded in the field (the golf field). Is that any extra inducement, girls, to visit us? They are "corralled" now; cannot possibly get away, so come along. If you want to know anything about baseball ask us. Shirley and Pete have told us all about it.

Well, au revoir, you will hear more from us later.

PAT.

ALEX 1.

Things we want to know—

If the little dark Sister finds the patients quite so interesting in France as at Taplow.

If the Sergeant of Alex 2 isn't rather bored with autograph hunters.

And do they really mean the kind things they say after the sketch has been inserted.

Why the Colonel seemed rather pleased with himself last inspection day.

And the name of the Sister that "gets the

wind up" each Friday morning.

If the horse's flanks are not quite sore with being pricked by the R.S.M.'s spurs.

If the "Visitors are Not Allowed" boards at Cliveden are not a trifle inconvenient to the wounded Tommies and their "belles," now that summer is here!

PHILOSOPHER.

ALEX 2.

The Ward would like to know how long Sister C—— intends to "swing the lead."

Talking of sports—How about a Bread Crust Eating Competition on the Second? We would like to get a bet on with Alex 1.

REST WARD.

There are still several empty beds for a few who feel tired and weary, and don't want any work to do.

If you cannot sleep at night, Sister, who is a peach, soothes you off to sleep.

Of course, if you find resting too irksome, I can *guarantee* our day Sister will find you a light job to do, as she prides herself on the smartest and prettiest ward in the hospital.

Everyone in our ward has worked his ticket, so that there is still a chance for a few lead-swingers to get theirs by coming over and joining the NO WORK BRIGADE.

The ward is never dull. Paddy, the ward mascot, keeps us alive with his practical jokes and chatter. You cannot make him wild whatever you do to him.

Polishing and sweeping are contrary to Major Meakins' orders, so we have to do it when he is not looking! Yes, we all love work, so came to the rest ward to get out of it.



A good story was told at one of the entertainments recently. The patient was one bundle of bandages. His face only was visible and the pretty sister was busily engaged in making him "comfy" for the night. With loving hands she adjusted the bandages, "shook" the pillow, straightened the bed and then tenderly enquired: "Is there anything else that I can do for you? The patient: "Don't you think I might have a good-night kiss?" "Certainly," replied the sister sweetly, "but you must wait until the Orderly comes. You see he does all the rough work!"

Elegy.

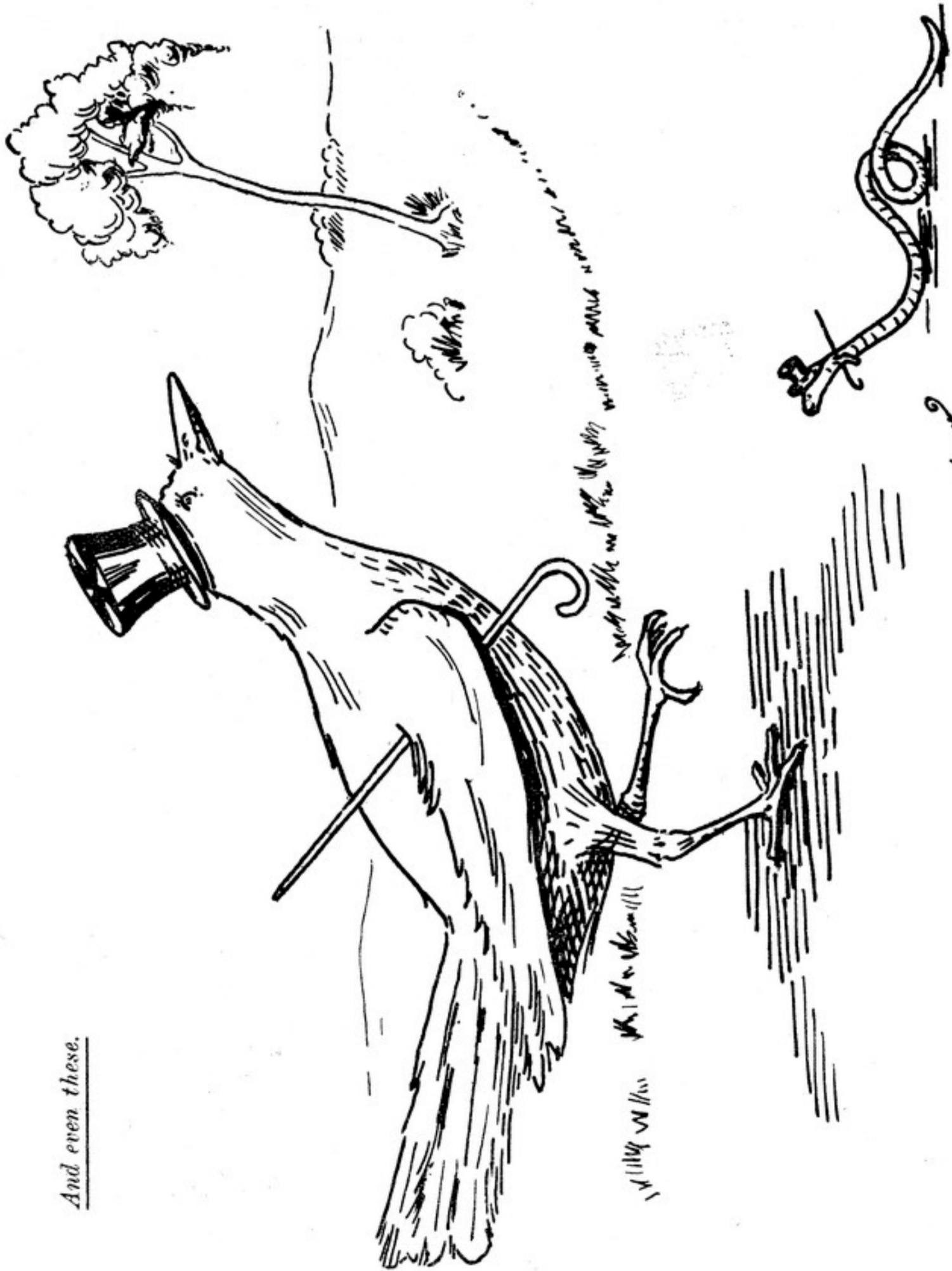
Written on a Country Hospital Verandah.

We are willing to lay in the broad of day,
And hark to the clarion call
Of the bugle's blast, when the day is past
(But we know it has not. Not at all).
We are willing to swear, on the diet sheet there
That the chicken is fresh and good;
We are willing to tell that the fish doesn't smell;
That the leaves of the cabbage are food.
We are willing to go to a picture show
And laugh till our stomachs ache;
We'll kick without shame for a baseball game
That allows of no rooting (That's jake).
We are willing to laugh at our narrow path,
And ne'er bat a lash at a pub;
We'll mark time and smirk at our physical jerk,
Though at times our sore bones need a rub.
We'll date up a lass, within bounds of a pass,
While wearing our smart suits of blue,
And take a long chance to go back to France
And meet our old friend, "Army Stew."
We'll sit on the brink of the "winding drink"
And look at the punts go by,
But never a wish to be there with the fish—
Not a single regret or a sigh.
We'll wear our chemise, though it hangs 'neath
our knees,
And we'll wear the red tie round the neck;
We'll slick up our locks and we'll wear our odd
We'll do that and more, yes, by heck! [socks,
But ye powers that be, will ye listen to me;
To an earful of wailing lament?—
Why banish the Sister, whose touch is such bliss?
For her own little hands did the healin'
That all the wise "Docs," with their "Dakins"
and drops,
Couldn't do, for they aint got the feelin'
That's hid 'neath their snowy-white bib!
It's the truth, kid—believe it or not.
So hark ye, we pray, to a man's mournful lay,
Let her tarry with us for a while,
And we'll do our best to fall in with the rest,
With a wonderful smile—O! "some" smile!

The above is meant to be playful. No notice should be taken of any attempt at satire or sarcasm. The poet is just using his license to make the darn thing rhyme.

C.W.S.

And even these.



AWAY TEMPTER, THIS IS MY MEATLESS DAY!

J.P.
John C. F.

Mike Dooley's Letters.

No. 1.

DEAR MAGGIE,

Being as I hev a lot of tyme to do nuthin in, I thought the best way to do it was to rite and tell you that I am a soldier.

You see I wuz walking up a street in Dublin and I stop'd to look into a wind'y, when wun of those fellers that is working for the war cum up to me and says why aint you in the army, an I sez cause I dont want to be, an then he sez cum on an hev a drop o' the cratur in O'Briens over the way, so, me being social like, I goes, an we has a cupple of drinks. Then sez he tis a pity that a man like yourself should not hev such broad shoulders in a uniform, to make the giruls turn an hev a look at a real man. So after a cupple more wee drops from the bottle and I begin to see he was right and that aside from being a credit and a help to the nation and ould Ireland in particular I would be doin the women a favour by showin them that Ireland hed just as good luking men as any country.

Then off we goes to the Barracks an they asked me a lot of questions, an if I wuz single an how many children I hed an who wuz my nearest relation an a lot more questions which even Father Kelly wouldn't ask me. B'gobs, I nearly lost me temper, only Father O'Brien was standing there an I wuz afraid to hurt his feelins. Next I went upstairs and took off all my clothes an the doctor got out his telephone an started to listen to the works goin round, then he sez, say ninety nine and a lot more trash an he tuk a wollop at me chist an I lammed him in the eye. We wud hev hed a dandy fight only the other fellows got holt of me an would'nt let us finish. The doctor cum across an he sticks out his hand sayin, sez he, your a man after me own heart, but I wuz only testing your lungs. Now, sez he, you can go up to hev your eyes tested, an say Maggie, if ever you git your eyes tested be sure an go to see Father Kelly an confess, for this fellow Capt. Kolter be name took me into a dark room widout any lite an he sez luk up, then he takes a little spy glass and he put it to his eye, then he started to look in me eye, next he sez are you a drinkin man, I sez I am but I think he knew it an cud see I hedn't paid Casey for two weeks, then after takin another good luk he

sez you'll do an you can go downstairs an get your clothes and sine up. Down I goes an I hed to tell thim all the marks on me body, such as the scar wher Tim Murphys goat hooked his horn in me leg, an the color of me eyes an air. After I sined the book they give me a uniform an I wuz at last a soldier.

After dinner the bugle boy played a tune and somebody hollered fall in, the rookies. I asks what they wuz an the beg red headed fellow in the next bed, sez he Your one. Well bein a self respectin Irishman whose father before him was born in Cork I wasn't havin any foreign names put on me an I made him take it back. Then the Sarjint comes in an takes me out to do fisical jerks an by gobs I dont know much about the first part of the name, but the jerks wuz there all rite. All the bendin and twistin we had to do an such foolishness as standin on one leg, like a loon, then we had to run about two hundred miles an all the time the breath of life was tryin to burst me suspender buttons and thin the sarjint sez that'll do for today. He sez, sez he, that little bit of exercise will just loosen youse up for some work in the mornin.

An now Maggie I hev been able to drag me poor sufferin body to me bed an rite you.

If that roarin divil with the three stripes on his arm gets workin on me tomorrer I want you to hev me body brought back home for burial beside me ould mother.

YOUR DARLINT MIKE

[Corpl. KANE].

Breaderumbs.

If you want to see a model Ward,
Just come to ALEX ONE;
You'll find that we are perfect,
And you'll see how things are done.

Why, the Matron and the Colonel
Last Friday were struck dumb,
When they couldn't find a vestage
Of a solitary crumb.

How we do it? That's a secret!
You don't believe it's true?
Well, for further confirmation,
Please enquire at ALEX TWO.

"NEUTRAL."

Sisters.

One could say so much in regard to them, and yet—well, a little discretion in the matter will perhaps enable us to drink our tea without an ever-present fear of calamity hanging over us.

There *might* be reprisals!!

One hears of many curious happenings in a Hospital!

Consequently we approach the subject of our discourse, more or less, with an apprehension for the future. We admit that we do not feel altogether safe.

Sisters really are a very complex subject; in the sweetest manner they apply hot fomentations and rub your back with cold hands, a perfectly unnecessary piece of refined torture, for they know, better than anyone, how trying it is to the unfortunate who has to try and thank them for their ministrations, and they surely *must* know one cannot always express their real feelings before a lady!

Under the pretence that your pillows do not *look* comfortable, they will rouse you from the best little sleep you have had for a week in order to slap and punch them a couple of times; and, having got you well awake, will smile at you like an angel and look round for the next victim to work over.

They, apparently, take a fiendish delight in administering the beastly concoctions known to Medical Science as Medicine—you are clever if you can evade them in this, for it is indeed one of their chief sources of enjoyment.

Always, they are entirely unsympathetic. If you feel like staying in bed once in a while, they generally counter-attack you with a demand to know—"Who is going to help me with the beds?"

Beds—well, that's one thing you are soon taught to be very proficient in the art of making, and yet, the irony of it!

The more proficient you are, the more liable you are to see the result of your labours torn apart and re-made by an enthusiastic day Sister.

Sisters are always busy; they spell work with two capitals, and can always be relied upon if one is out of a job, which does not often happen. There is *so* much to do around a

Ward and usually so little to do it with. The brass *must* be polished though and Sister usually finds a way. She has a microscopic eye for dust and for things you do not wish her to see. On an occasion like an Inspection Day there is a peculiar strained feeling in the Ward; Sister works feverishly and watches the clean-up "argus eyed."

Woe betide the wretch who draws upon himself the wrath of the Sister *that* day. He will remain mentally and physically "squelched" for hours, and an expert Diagnostician would probably find him suffering from a peculiar atrophy of the nervous system; somewhat similar to shell-shock, *but*, deeper seated!

What a change! A new convoy has arrived!

What! Can this be the same Sister that so effectually spifflicated us this morning? Moving with quick confidence, thoroughly alert, a deft touch here, a smile and a word of cheer for these boys just from the melting pot of war.

Ministering angels *now*, cooling the fevered brow, easing the shattered limb, encouraging, comforting, full of tender solicitude.

Who of us can help loving you? You play so big a part and you belong to us! What ingrates we will be if we ever, *ever* forget how much we owe to you!

When we were sick you comforted and cheered us. In our days of convalescence, when we were perhaps forgetful of all we owed to you, you took your own way to bring us to reason. Why should you not?

In this, as in all things, you are almost perfect—Sisters.

W.C.P.

When the Sister makes my bed—It's bon!
 When the Sister takes my pulse—What price!!
 When the Sister holds my hand—Hold on!!!
 But when she rubs my back—It's s' nice!!!!
 "BED 30."

Overheard at bedtime—1st patient: "Why, you've got your tie on!" Neighbour: "Oh yes, I always keep my tie on at night." After reflection, he added: "But I have to take it off in the morning to shave!"

Ice Cream Days.

These come three times a week when fine. Ice cream is said to be a food, and if so, the Canadian boys especially must always be exceedingly hungry. Some of them arrive long before opening time in order to secure the nearest seat to the freezers, and they stay until their week's pay has evaporated! It often makes me worry if everything I have put in is quite harmless, but so far no casualties have been reported!

I always know pay day by the number of ten shilling notes and postal orders; the other days by the number of threepenny bits and brownies. One gallant sergeant, with his arm in a sling, invariably buys what is left in the bottom for threepence, and if the day is cold he buys the ice cream in job lots, mixed in with cups of tea, and shares it with his two companions in blue, one of whom is decidedly ginger! Another two of my regulars, who arrive in bathchairs, are real Scotch, not only in their accent, but in their capacity to have and to hold!

My chief worries are in getting back the glasses and dishes, in re-exchanging doubtful coinage, and in providing sufficient handkerchiefs for my two orderlies, who so arduously turn the freezers before an admiring and impatient audience.

VIOLET WATT.

Red Cross Ladies' Work.

It is most interesting to notice the "way" of wards. At one time, one or two men will infect the whole ward with the "fever" of work; "stitchy" work, as one of the youngest members of K.1 always insisted on calling it. At the present moment Miss Serocold's ward, Alex 1 as it is affectionately called, has a craze for belts—nothing else will suffice. At the exhibition Pte. Winter won Mrs. Astor's 2nd prize and Gunner Piper a prize, for belts. Both are in this ward. Mrs. Astor's 1st prize was won by Brand, in K.2, with a wonderful piece of work. Miss Aird has, perhaps, the most unique worker → in G.1—Pte. Spence. He does all his work inside out. I can't explain it; you must go and see! I understand there is a Bird of Paradise in G.2 that is quite one of the most beautiful pieces of work in the hospital. Congratulations

to Pte. Priest, J.1, on getting the 1st prize for original belt, with the left hand only. I can remember, years ago at the beginning of the War, a man saying he couldn't work because he'd only one hand. Swett got a deserved 2nd. Everyone thought Pte. Wilson's work so clever and was sorry it did not get a prize too.

The Canteen Ladies are very pleased that their labours seem so much appreciated, and both patients and visitors have the satisfaction of knowing that any profits made go straight back to our "woundeds" in comforts, so that they benefit twice over.

Last week, Mrs. Christie-Miller entertained some of the soldiers and Harrod's van. The former were invited; the latter was thrust upon her! It did a double somersault through a hedge into her orchard. The three men in it were unhurt, but the accident afforded all the amusement needed to make the party a great success. Ten of the heftiest eventually got the van out of its unnatural position and all went merrily again.

Missing-Line Competition.

Use your brains as you never did before and supply the missing line. Send in the limerick completed. The final line must be funny. The competition, for which two prizes will be given, is for patients only, and the "effusions" must be sealed, marked "Limerick," and handed in to L.-Cpl. Pike (Ontario 2) or Pte. Heasell (K.1.) before July 7th.

There was a poor wounded named Mear,
Whose language I very much fear
Upset Doctors and Sisters
When they put on wrong blisters,

"REGIMENTAL TIT-BITS."

The Lance-Jack is a specie of jackass, though somewhat of a mule by nature. His bray is very similar, but not so refined. There are several varieties of the L.-J., some—in rare cases—being almost human. Unlike the chicken, this curious animal wears his wish-bone on his right arm, just above the second joint. It feeds mostly on birdseed.

PROF. GOODBY'S "Beautiful Beasts."

RED CROSS HOSPITAL,
MAIDENHEAD.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

It has been too hot lately for anything interesting to happen at the hospital—just the usual routine, punctuated by “Oh, isn’t the heat frightful” or “Did you ever feel anything like it?” to which two of us, one from Jamaica and the other from Toronto, can truthfully say we never did.

Sister Wilson, in the upper ward, seized the opportunity at the beginning of the week when the ward was about empty to have a “Spring cleaning.” The nurses’ faces shone with the radiance of the white paint they were washing, and the ward was turned inside out and its very soul scoured. The poor patients, their beds pulled out into the centre of the ward, brooms propped against them, dust pans on their feet, bore it all bravely and patiently, but had the expression of men who know that their most cherished possessions are in danger of being tidied—a thing no man can stand. At last everything was finished and everyone concerned may well be proud of the result.

We had a convoy of 25 men from Cliveden on the 12th, and getting them settled and all their earthly wants supplied was another thing which helped to warm us all up. They are a nice lot and we have hopes of latent talent in them which can be turned to account for the newspaper. Pte. Russell, we feel sure, is a budding poet. Among our old men we have several artists, but so many of them are backward in coming forward! It will take time, but eventually we hope to produce really “hot stuff.”

Yours truly,
“JEMIMA.”

Trials of a Canadian learning to speak English.

First Episode.

Canadian to Tommy: “What is your name?”—Tommy: “Dimer.”

Can.: “What?”—Tom.: “Dimer.”

Can.: “Spell it please.”—Tom.: “D.”

Can. (writing): “D.”—Tom.: “e.”

Can.: “e.”—Tom.: “i.”

Can.: “i.”—Tom.: “No i, not i.”

Can.: “I’ve written i.” “A,” suggests someone. Tom.: “Yes, that’s what I said, i.” His name was Dearmer.

Second Episode.

Canadian (remembering above episode): “What is your name?”—Corp.: “Kite.”

Can.: “Well Kate, your regimental number please?”

Roars of laughter. The man’s name *was* Kite.

Third Episode.

Tom.: “You’re a Canadian aren’t you?”—

Can.: “Yes, I am.”

Tom.: “Ah’ve got a mite out there in Blonteo.”—Can.: “Where?”

Tom.: “In Blonteo. He grows fruit.”—

Can. (inspired): “Oh, you mean Ontario.”

Tom.: “Yes, that’s it. He’s growing fruit in Ontario and he likes it too. It’s quite a big town, isn’t it?”

A Soliloquy.

When you’re lying in your bed
And the thoughts run through your head
Of the wounds that you’ve received from Fritz’s
Though it really might be worse, [guns,
It’s enough to make you curse
And you’ll whisper with a vengeance “D—n
the Huns.”

When the Doctor comes along—
Sticks a probe, nine inches long,
In your wound, until it makes you bite your
Though its only right he should, [gums,
And its all for your own good,
Still you cannot help but murmur “D—n the
Huns.”

When the Sister—bless her heart—
Comes and wakes you with a start,
When you’re dreaming after dinner, far from
Then you sit up in a crack— [guns,
She just wants to rub your back!
Then it’s got to be a silent “D—n the Huns.”

When you cannot sleep at night
Till it’s very near daylight
And at last it’s peace for all us mothers’ sons,
Then it’s “Ready for a wash?”
It’s four-thirty by your watch!
Donnerwetter! und t’ell mit all the Huns!!

L-CPL. F. G. TAYLOR,
Ward F.1.

Why did Captain Freeze?—Because he saw
Colonel Mew-burn.

Sports.

DOMINION DAY CELEBRATIONS.

To-day will certainly be a memorable one in the history of the Hospital, inasmuch as it marks two very important events—the celebration of Dominion Day and the birth of the Hospital Magazine. It is a somewhat singular, but a very happy and appropriate coincidence which combines these two, and it is hoped that both will meet with the great success they deserve.

The Committee, who have had the arrangements for “the day” in hand, have devoted considerable care to the event, and the programme of amusements to be placed before the patients and visitors to-day is exceptionally attractive. Chief interest will, of course, be centred on the sports, and a more varied or interesting list of events could scarcely have been compiled.

Another big attraction is the baseball match between the “Astorias” and Epsom.

So far as the general arrangements are concerned, patients will be enabled to receive their visitors, and, by the kindness of Mrs. Astor, will be enabled to take them over the beautiful grounds of Cliveden. Officers, set apart for the duty, will conduct parties through the private grounds. Refreshments may be obtained during the day.

ASTORIAS *versus* PAY & RECORDS.

June 23rd, 1917.

Saturday's ball game, at Battersea Park, was an easy win (13—2) for the Sergt. Major's sloggers. Even though the London boys were weak opposition for us, our team played ball all the way and demonstrated that they possess the material to win the League.

MILITARY BASEBALL LEAGUE.

TEAM.	WON.	LOST.	P.O.
Epsom	5	1	.833
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Taplow	4	2	.666
Pay-Records	1	3	.250
Orpington	1	4	.200
Uxbridge	1	5	.166

Amusements.

What more zealous or energetic manager of the “organised” amusement side of Hospital life could be obtained than Lieut. Upton. His efforts, and those of the ladies and gentlemen who have so readily, consistently and generously given their co-operation, enlighten Hospital life considerably, and many patients who have left Cliveden will have retained very happy recollections of the gay times they were permitted to spend here. It is pleasing to know that recently the number of invitation trips has increased, and to all our “new” well-wishers, as well as to those who have taken so great an interest in the past, we accord our grateful thanks. Among those who have entertained are: The Countess of Annesley, Sir Frank Crisp, Lady de Bunsen, Lady Bell, Hon. Mrs. Alington, the Hon. Cecil Irby, Lady Vansittart Neale, Mrs. Rance, Mrs. Baron Harris, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Wright, Miss Barry, Miss Coleman, Mrs. Du Pre, Mrs. Drummond, Miss Stevenson (Taplow), Mrs. Fortune, Mr. Stevenson (Bourne End), Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Aaron, Mrs. Bradish Ellames, Miss Paton, Mrs. Hornsby Lewis, Miss Picksley, Mrs. Leech, Mrs. Rowland Green, Mrs. Trehearne, the Rev. P. Unsworth, Mrs. Wilding and Mrs. Barlowe.

OUR CONCERTS.

A new departure in the concert line has been made this month. Mr. Victor Biegel, who is the manager of the Wounded Soldiers' Concert Fund, brought a party of entertainers to the Hospital to give a series of ward concerts for the special benefit of the bed patients, who are unfortunately deprived of the “joys” of the convalescents. The experiment was made at the suggestion of Mrs. Astor, and so successful was it, that it is hoped that we shall have similar concerts from time to time.

The entertainments in the Recreation Hall have been of the usual high standard of excellence and we sincerely thank those parties who have thus contributed to our amusement.

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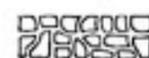
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