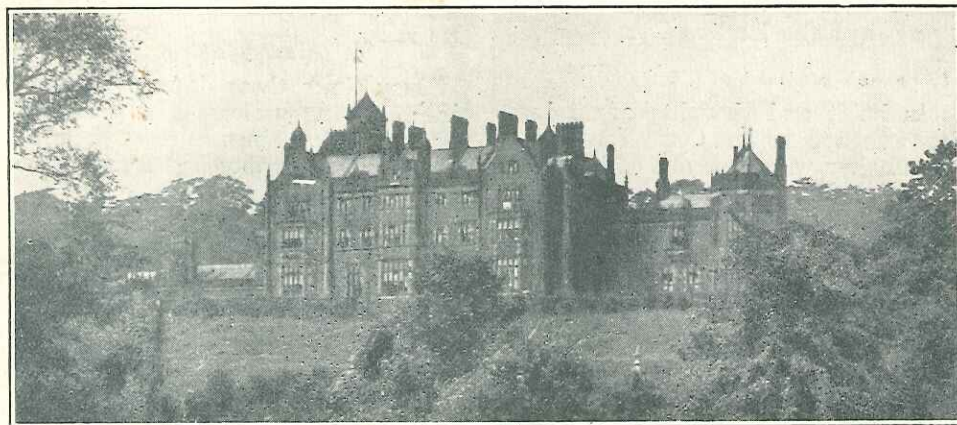


THE WORSLEY WAIL

UNREGISTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

Being the Unofficial Chronicle of the Worsley Red Cross Hospital, Lancashire.



WORSLEY HALL.

Photo C.E.S.

Graciously lent to the East Lancashire Red Cross by the Earl of Ellesmere.

Vol. 1. No. 3.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1916.

Price 6d.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

WITH this, the third issue of the *Worsley Wail*, we crave indulgence and a patient hearing. Our aims and aspirations, even our religion of Optimism, we outlined in our last issue, and it is not our intention to elaborate on points and principles we have already made plain.

But we may perhaps be permitted to repeat, having no axe to grind, that our main endeavours are to help brighten the oft-times dreary days of hospital life, to encourage a cheerful spirit, to assist in every possible way the Hospital Staff in their duty, to show our friends and relatives that we are happy under all conditions, and that our "lines are cast in pleasant waters," and above all to aid the Red Cross with a regular subscription that will increase with every issue of the *Wail*. Quite a decent programme, don't you think?

So far as we can judge our efforts have not been unsuccessful thus far. But we are now impelled to appeal to you, our patrons and readers, to help us in these worthy objects. You will see that we have been able to increase our subscription to the Red Cross Fund by 50 per cent., but we want to do better than this, and we shall do it if you will help us to circulate the *Worsley Wail* among your friends.

There are many pals of ours, as of yours, out at the Front, who would like to hear how we are carrying on at Home, even though we be in War Hospital. Just think of them and send them a *Wail*. They will thank you for it, and so shall we. And remember the more you send out the more you are helping the great work of the British Red Cross.

Help us to need no aid from men

That we may help such men as need.

* * * *

What an easy thing it is in this world to be misunderstood! Strange, how many purely conventional and strictly orthodox people there are among us, even in these times of strain and stress and of changing temperament. The sensitive person, like the poor, we have always with us. Probably they both always will be, but in our minds there is a vague yet growing impression that before our days are ended we shall see a modern Utopia where there will be no more poverty and tawdriness, but a clean, broad-minded, wholesome, honest existence. Utopia maybe, but is it not true that deep down in our hearts lies that ideal? All of us may not work for it, some affect to ignore it, but many of us strive and fight for it, each in his separate way.

They who steadfastly fail to understand things as they are, who refuse to realise the palpable and serious change that has worked its way into the life of the

people during these past two terrible years of strife and bitterness, who still retain and hug to their hearts the stiff-necked asceticism and prudery of their early environment—such as these are not helping to the creation of a modern Utopia.

They are too warped in thought, too narrow in vision, too sensitive in idea properly to realise all that Life really means, and what its possibilities are. Like the oft-quoted ostrich they bury their heads in the sand, ignore the light they cannot see, and fail to observe in the narrowness of their view the march of Progress, the evolution in habit and thought that is slowly, surely creeping over the land and the people therein.

* * * *

But this change in habit and thought cannot be ignored. The bogies of Orthodoxy and Conventionality are in the crucible, and they will come out of the fire pruned and purified; we shall look with a more tolerant eye and judgment on the Things that Matter, and with a more broad-minded, reasonable, and healthy view of life we shall be the better for it.

*And none but the Master shall praise,
And none but the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for Fame;
But each for the joy of the working,
And each in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it
For the God of Things as they are.*

This Utopia which Kipling visualised may yet be afar off, but in working and living, fighting and dying, with that Utopia as our ideal, we shall find a great and everlasting joy.



THE SHEPHERD.

*SHEPHERD of Worsley's flock am I,
And I keep them in my pen,
One and all—great and small,
These temp'ry gentlemen.*

* * * *

*At the door of the promised land I stand
Armed with the Golden Key;
And none can pass within or without
Unless by the will of me.*

*Captains and subs. from Egypt and France,
I guard them carefully all,
When I take my stand with key in hand,
By the only door in the Hall.*

*Some would wait by the Western Gate,
Their ladies fair to see;
But if they pine for sisterly love
What's that to do with me?*

*And some would stroll in the grounds at night
To enjoy their evening smoke:
But me "take a tip to let 'em out" ?
No! Not e'en if I were broke!*

* * * *

*Shepherd of Worsley's flock am I,
And I keep them in my pen,
One and all—great and small,
These temp'ry gentlemen.*

M.

HOSPITAL HOT-POT.

SAW Winston Churchill in his office on Tuesday, writing an article about the new tanks. Frowned when I came in, and said he'd really nothing to do with the idea. Offered him a post on the *Worsley Wail*. He cryptically replied, "You never know."

* * * *

Met Mr. Bryce at the Midland on Thursday. Said he'd come into town to buy some presents. Spoke to him about his conjuring feats. Told me that a Scotsman who couldn't turn an honest penny wasn't worthy of his race.

* * * *

Busy times these days, my lads, and "dressings" are becoming prolonged as a natural sequence. But we must take things as they are and make the best of them. It is terribly bad form to grouse at the Sister or Nurses because you are kept a bit later than usual. It should not be done.

* * * *

Chatting with Thornley Dodge during an important interval the night of the concert, he told me that his striking resemblance to Arthur Roberts sometimes had its compensations. When I pressed him to explain he looked eloquent and spoke not.

* * * *

Really the tricks of that young Scots prestidigitateur are becoming a danger. If one asks another to "make one at auction" ten to one the question will be put, "Are you in Bryce's ward?"

* * * *

A WORD TO SOME YOUNG BLOODS ON F.—The humour of a "rag" lies in its proper application. It is not the thing persistently to annoy a weaker man than yourself, and it is utterly foolish, unfair, and against all the canons of decent sportsmanship to keep on doing it night after night. See to it, boys, before some of the men interfere.

* * * *

RECENTLY REVIEWED:—"The Worsley Girl" (*J.A.H., London, 2/6*). We found it difficult to give it up.—"The Trials of a Nurse" (*by Sister Susie, 6d.*). This *magnum opus* (698 pp.) is far too comprehensive for us to attempt to review. Judging by a dip into it here and there, the title seems justified.—"The Test of the Two-Seater" (*by G.M.A.H., Worsley, 15/-*). A racy little story, full of wild improbabilities, and yarns of fearful joy-rides.—"The Art of Self-defence" (*by Captain G.H.C., Manchester, 3/6*). This most instructive *brochure*, dealing gently with the finer points of the noble art, is simply full of "howls." The author has evidently a close acquaintance with his subject.

JUNIUS JUNIOR.



WANTS FOR SISTERS.

A SITTING ROOM, airy; comfortable chairs, also couches; chocolates; cigarettes, with ash trays; piano (grand) and entertainers.

ONE BRIGHT HOUR on Wednesdays and Sundays in the boat.
TWO OR THREE CORNERS left vacant in the Grounds; also chairs.

Apply to Hall Porter in first instance; then to Sisters X.

THINGS WE'D HATE TO KNOW.

Why the newly-arrived young officer was asking in the hall the other day where the "buffet" was situated; and the name of the young lady who made the appointment?

* * * *

Whether he really believed that there *was* a "buffet" in the hospital?

* * * *

Why are breakages so frequent on D?

* * * *

Why so many letters have been sent to us asking "Who is the father?" whose photo with that of the baby adorned the pages of our last number?

* * * *

How many trysts are being kept by proxy at the Western Gate, and if the explanations tendered have in all cases given satisfaction?

* * * *

Who was the officer who on jumping into bed put his foot on a pack of cards, and his ear in an ashtray?

* * * *

Was he justified in supposing he was driving a "Ford," and if the tin bed-tickets hitched to his wire mattress underneath lent colour to the supposition?

* * * *

Has he twisted his Eau de Koln?

* * * *

Who permitted the pertinacious proboscis of a wily wasp to penetrate a protuberant portion of his epidermis? Was it not a swell affair?

* * * *

Why shaving mugs and ration soap should be monopolised by the E B toilet saloon, and if the habitués of E A are not equally keen on their ablutions?

* * * *

If it is a fact that a certain gallant Captain had to be cut out of a wicker chair on Sunday, and if it was really necessary to use an anæsthetic?

* * * *

Whether the military reminiscences of the Yorkshire and the Cheshire officers in the lounge each morning are entirely imaginary, and if they are not a little less lurid when retailed in the French tongue?

* * * *

What Dowley did with the new black-handled shaving brush he had the other day?

* * * *

If it is true that he only used the brush once, after half-a-day's boiling and sterilising, and then burned it?

* * * *

Why Dowley shivers when anybody whispers "anthrax"?

* * * *

Whether Little Jack Horner really enjoys being pulled out of bed in the mornings as much as he does his nightly peregrinations in search of hot lemonade? And why?

* * * *

What the Padre thought of the nurses' parade and march past the other night just when he was singing "Drake Goes West" for us?

If it is true that a certain hefty Yorkshire-born officer has not dared to mention the fact? Does he fear that another enthusiastic Tyke in the hospital might want to kiss him before going to bed each night?

* * * *

Why the half-dozen officers in the stalls at the Gaiety matinee laughed so heartily when the leader of the Amazons said, "Oh, he's kissed the sergeant!"?

* * * *

Who is the enthusiastic alleged baritone who *will* sing "A Perfect Day" to his own accompaniment and other folks disgust while the rain pours down in torrents?

* * * *

What the long-suffering Subaltern said when, having asked for a certain article, he was handed a pair of dancing pumps by a fractious orderly?

* * * *

If it is necessary for patients who use alleged safety razors to leave their discarded blades in the bowls, and on the floor of the bathroom? Is this a type of frightfulness acquired from the Hun?

* * * *

What has become of the Funfette?

* * * *

Whether "Little Jack" is really going in for a course of lessons in punctuality?

* * * *

Why one of the latest arrivals in hospital prefers to drop the "Hon" which, according to rumour, is his by right?

* * * *

Has an officer's parole lost its value?

* * * *

If the new parlour game of "Tanks" is an entire success, and if the merchants of Kidderminster are not financially interested in it?

* * * *

Whether the recently-arrived patient who had the audacity to tell the Sister to "speak when she was spoken to" has yet fully realised his ungracious blunder?

* * * *

Whether "Baby" enjoyed his chat with the charming little Mann?

* * * *

Whether it is known that an apology for late arrival at dinner will be received and accepted in the proper spirit? And why, in a few cases lately, it has not been offered?

* * * *

Whether the studies in physiognomy were not fully as entertaining as the concert?

* * * *

Who said "when do they feed the sea-lions, Alf?"

* * * *

When the raucous-voiced subaltern from the shire of broad acres will learn that there *are* officers in hospital who can voice the thanks and sentiments of the assembly after concerts in a really becoming manner?

* * * *

If *verbum sapienti* really *sat est* in this case?

* * * *

What you really think of this issue of the *Wail*?

OUR PLEASURES.

ON Friday, September 29th, we were given a pleasure, the memory of which still thrills us. Most of us had heard Miss Effie Mann before in musical comedy, high opera, or sweet ballads—some of us in all—and greatly as we had aforesaid admired the charming artiste, and delighted in her accomplishments, the fact must be admitted that when she sang so sweetly to us in the hall our subjection was complete. We were her slaves, her admirers, hers to command. What a perfectly lovely voice Miss Mann has, to be sure! We liked her best perhaps in that soulful song of poor "Madame Butterfly," but when all her many songs were so good it ill becomes us to differentiate, and 'twere best to subscribe to the opinion of the enthralled officer who said, "I loved them all; may I still be here when she comes again!"

Mrs. Pearce, a delightful accompanist, helped a great deal to the complete success of the matinee, especially in conjunction with Mr. Rawdon Briggs, whose artistry with the violin was a revelation to most of us. Here was the violinist *in excelsis*, and we are glad to know that the tributes we gave him were deeply appreciated. We can but add that they were as sincere as they were spontaneous, and just as the patients at the hospital were given a perfectly lovely entertainment, so we are glad to assure our readers that Miss Mann, Mrs. Pearce and Mr. Rawdon Briggs were all very happy to be with us.

* * * *

On Friday, 22nd September, Mrs. Mallalieu and her party were kind enough to come over and entertain us. The programme was marked by its variety, and the evening passed very successfully.

Mrs. Gittins opened with an excellent rendering of "Mélisande," and later gave us Sir Edward Elgar's "Pipes of Pan," a truly beautiful melody; the "Kashmiri Song," "Friend o' Mine," and others.

Miss Roberts' recitations were extremely well received. "C'est mon ami," and other morceaux were most entertaining. Kipling's "If" was greeted with much applause, as it should be.

Mr. Thorburn was indefatigable at the piano, both with his own songs and those of the ladies. He has a gift for popular ditties with a chorus in which all may join. "Kitty" went down with *éclat*.

Miss Mallalieu was of the party, but remained throughout an interested and interesting onlooker.

The evening closed with a short speech of thanks to the visitors by Mr. Sharp, delivered with more pungent force than dignity.

* * * *

We had a most joyful concert in the Hall on the evening of October 1st—a memorable affair that the boys and girls have not yet ceased to talk about. Dick Reading had enrolled the assistance of Manager George Reynolds of the Manchester Hippodrome, had commandeered the cars of his friends Stanley Brookes and Percy Kennaugh (who have aforesaid generously provided transport for concert parties to Worsley), and, as could not fail to be the case, Mr. Reynolds brought out only artistes of exceptional merit. Nay, he did more, for did he not sing to us himself? Ay, and gave us exceeding pleasure, too, for in truth he has a sweet, sympathetic voice which he used with the best tuneful expression in two songs by Noel Johnson. "Fair sir, thou dost warble to our sweet content, and we would fain hear thee again."

Then were we all held in rapt admiration as Miss Margaret Norton's strong and rich mezzo-soprano notes filled the spacious hall. The title of her first song was "Wait," and we were simply carried away in the ecstasy of our appreciation, which demanded and received an "encore."

Then came Mr. Julian Henry with the "Admiral's

Broom." His powerful yet effortless rendering of this old classic, with an up-to-date third verse of personal observations about the Kaiser's fleet, was a spiritual treat. Another turn of Mr. Henry's embraced "The Little Irish Girl." He has an undoubted *forte* for Hibernian melodies, into which he unconsciously flashes a rather entrancing smile that enhances his grip of the audience.

Mr. Thornley Dodge was perhaps the most scintillating planet in this already brilliant firmament—mainly, probably, because of his wonderful versatility. The lightning charcoal sketches which he threw off to a running accompaniment of clever and topical *causerie* were the delight of all present. A character sketch about the "Missus" in the local dialect was an equally pleasing feature, and "Jones of the Lancers" was received with tremendous applause. The house may be said to have "rocked" practically throughout his performance.

Mr. Gordon Lennox at the piano was sympathetic and a faultless accompanist, while he gave us a song of his own to boot, which was duly appreciated.

Miss Norton's singing of "Because" was a thing of beauty, as were the encores with which she favoured us. This lady created a profound impression on us all, the melody of her voice vieing with her personal charms.

Dr. Smith, at the close of the evening, thanked the artistes very cordially for their generous entertainment, and voiced the gratitude of us all for a top-hole concert.

* * * *

The Cambria Male Voice Choir, accompanied by a few ladies, paid us a visit in force on Tuesday, 3rd October. Their performance throughout was of a very high standard. Solos, part songs and glees were the order of the evening, and one lady sang us "Angus Macdonald" and "Annie Laurie" in a rich and sympathetic contralto, to the delight of all her hearers.

The evening closed with the Welsh National Anthem, followed by "God Save the King." The conductor is to be congratulated on his masterly achievement, and we shall look forward to their return visit with the keenest pleasure.



V.H.S. AWARDS.

The following have been awarded the Order of the Very Hot Stuff:—

Second-Lieut. GEORGE B. BRYCE (Royal Scots)—

For his resolute refusal to be downhearted under the most distressing circumstances; for his remarkable dexterity in card manipulation and tricks which astound and amuse; for his patter perorations without stage effects, and for his invaluable assistance in the editorial sanctum.

Second-Lieut. A. O. G. HORNER (King's Liverpool)—

For his persistent endeavours to be punctual, and equally persistent failure to arrive less than fifteen minutes late.

Second-Lieut. C. G. FRASER (2nd Leicesters)—

For his imperturbable calm while endeavouring to explain to his partner at "auction" that at no time should he trump dummy's ace first time round.

Captain HARPIN (Royal Welsh Fusiliers)—

For his scrupulous observance of the canons of the simple life while in hospital, his keen attention to detail and duty in the dining hall, and in every way his good example to officers of junior rank.

Captain T. B. PHILLIPS (15th Welsh)—

For his extraordinary prowess with the rod and line: naming the fish he intends to catch, landing the same with almost monotonous regularity, and modestly but firmly refusing to speak of it.

*Orderly JONES (late of E B Floor)—

For steady and consistent service and attention to duty.

* Posthumous award, Second-class Order.

DON'T DO IT.

BY A SISTER.

(Being a few Hints to Patients in Hospital.)

- DON'T lie a-bed till nurse has to pull you out at breakfast time. Nurse has plenty of real work to do.
- DON'T think because Sister or Nurse is not smiling at you every time you look at them that they are offended, or uppish. Sometimes even Sister and Nurse are thinking of things other than those they are apparently looking at.
- DON'T think this refers to your wounds.
- DON'T think Sister or Nurse will be annoyed if you try to help them. Frinstance, it is a help sometimes to put some coal on a dying fire, and remember the bed patients will be grateful.
- DON'T throw spent matches, pipe refuse, cigar and cigarette ash on the floor.
- DON'T make a big noise when Doctor comes round for inspection. He likes to hear the patient he is examining talk.
- DON'T try to find out who writes these "dont's." Even the Elusive Editors don't do it.
- DON'T touch your wounds, or any place near them, at dressing time. Curiosity killed a cat.
- DON'T pull the dressings off your wounds to see how things are going on.
- DON'T call everybody "Nurse." How would you like to be called "Sergeant"?
- DON'T decorate your bed with toilet accessories and personal belongings. A counterpane unadorned adorns the most. Besides, what's your locker for?
- DON'T scatter expletives about nor retail torrid tit-bits when the girls are about. But for an accident, they might have been your own sisters.
- DON'T be late for dressings: it's bad form to have to be fetched.
- DON'T leave toffee lying about on locker tops. It's awful stuff to clean up when it has melted and stuck. And it's not nice then, anyway.
- DON'T worry the Doctor with trivialities; he has plenty of serious things to worry about. And anyway he does not want to worry.
- DON'T empty a soda-syphon in a fellow patient's bed when you want a "rag." It's a poor joke at best, and, believe me, "rags" are unpopular, and sometimes have bad effects.
- DON'T think these are all the dont's; there are others.
- DON'T think I am going to tell you what they are.



"Take a pair of sparkling eyes." Eye, eye! But don't take 'em two seriously.

SON-OF-A-GUN.

STICK to yer gun, 'ole son-of-a-gun,
Our infantry's gettin' it 'ot;
And it maybe that you'll be gettin' it, too,
But that's jest a gunner's lot.

Drive in the rations, you son-of-a-gun,
And 'ammer the devils to 'ell;
They're comin' acrost! Oh, Gawd, if we've lost!
But YOU won't be 'ere to tell!

They're lyin' in 'eaps, ole son-of-a-gun,
They're comin' at 'em again!
Stick to it, man; raise 'ell if you can,
And put 'em all out o' their pain!

They're into our line, you son-of-a-gun!
Give 'em a curtain—the rest.
Leave that alone! I've one of me own,
The blood's runnin' down on me chest.

The Alleman's got 'em, you son of a gun:
'E's 'acking an' stickin' our men;
'E's comin' this way; Oh, Christ, what a day!—
'E gets 'ERE and where are we then?

Stick to your gun, ole son-of-a-gun,
We're not goin' under jes' yet;
There's plenty to do for me and for you;
We'll give 'em as good as we get!

There's no kind er doubt, ye son-of-a-gun,
As we oughter get up and clear;
Look! that's me arm; it's burnin' me arm!
But are we down'earted? No fear!!

That's one in yer lung, ole son-of-a-gun;
Jes' open yer mouth, or ye'll choke!
Oh, Gawd! So 'll I! it's got me—I'll die!

Goo'—G—bye, 'Arry, ole bloke!



THE "STAND EASY."—We have received No. 2 of the *Stand Easy*, the journal of the 2/7th Manchester Regiment, and we are pleased to record at once our hearty appreciation of the efforts of Second-Lieut. Percy Rudd and Second-Lieut. J. Milton Hayes, both of happy memory, on whom the editorial and managerial work is thrown. We are proud of the *Wail*, and the editors of the *Stand Easy* should be, and doubtless are, proud of their splendid magazine. The "Sad story of Private McGan," by J. M. H., amused us hugely, as did one or two of the "Things they want to know," while the short stories are full of snap. In every way it is a most creditable and lively production, and we of the *Wail* are glad to know that, being published so far away from our sphere of circulation as Colchester, a dangerous rival to our interests is removed. Future numbers of the *Stand Easy* will be welcomed in the Editorial Sanctum of the *Wail*.

THE LETTERS OF ADAM.

Worsley Hall,

5/10/16.

DEAREST EVA,

So glad you're back from Cromer. At H— you seem to be within measurable distance, and it's just possible we shall have opportunities of meeting, isn't it? I often think that contentment is almost entirely dependent upon the personal element—and so the Garden of Eden, with all modern conveniences, might be uninhabitable without one's friends; and, similarly, one could live in unalloyed bliss with one's sympathisers and affinities even in a malarial backwater of a place.

This is what I have found after trying most things, and, of course, all this means, Eva, that I want to see you *very* much. So few people understand anything but the orthodox, and you seem to understand even *me*, who am the very last thing in curiosities.

Dear old thing, I wish you would cease to worry about the gov'nor. He's quite able to look after himself, and it's perfectly shameful that he should take up so much of your time. Why *don't* old people recognise the fact that their time is over, and let the young 'uns have *theirs*?

Honestly, if I had reason to think that I should develop this sort of attitude in later years I'd chloroform myself right now. Of course, Eva, some old people are the best and dearest on earth, and it's heart-breaking to see them leave us.

But the others—the unsporting variety—the people who simply *can't* grow old gracefully—ugh, I *detest* them! Eugenics and the lethal chamber—that's me. It seems such an appalling tragedy that so many *perfect* boys and men should be going over the Jordan whilst so many fogies and cranks reap the benefits of security and ease from the very sacrifices they make when they “cross.”

It makes war the more incomprehensible, and even I—blasé, irreverent and irreligious old Adam—even I, Eva, ascribe the whole purpose of this unparalleled holocaust to the Master of us all, and I do not doubt that “*tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes.*”

'Scuse this interminable perorash. I must bring it to a close soon, but I seem to have left many things unsaid.

* * * *

Everything goes along splendidly here. The doctor has a very busy and trying time; but he sticks it awfully well. One feels tempted to kick at restrictions sometimes, but then one knows that he feels them almost as much as the patients themselves.

Of course it hits the older men pretty hard, but it's the same throughout the Service. Ours is a peculiar army in that respect. We're most of us new to the game—although two years seems a *long* time, doesn't it?—and so those of us whose hair is thinning a little and whose knees are getting stiff, are second-lieutenants just the same as the boy fresh from Tonbridge, Haileybury and Winchester. *C'est la guerre—mais ce n'est pas magnifique!*

I knew you'd come to Gwen's wedding. She's so fearfully subdued about her responsibilities to come, and she'll want a gay, large-hearted, hefty-minded person such as the one and only Eva to pull her through. She says she wants me to get married, too, but I told

her there's nothing doing. I s'pose that reply still meets with your approval? M'yes!

* * * *

Had a letter from Lady Sybil on Sunday. She's a good sort, and all that, but she bores me terribly. Half the effusion was about the “dear Bishop” and his military moral crusade. I hope I've not offended her, but I wrote and told her that the “dear Bishop” had forgotten all he ever knew about young men and that he never *did* know anything about soldiering. As to his having lost two thousand on the episcopal enterprise, I reminded Sybil that his Divine Master never had two thousand to lose.

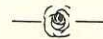
'Nuff said, Eva, or you'll be calling me an old cynic. Still, you'd forgive me most things, wouldn't you? 'Specially when you remember that I used to dress your dolls for you when I was twenty. 'Member that? Makes me feel uncommonly old!

* * * *

Write and tell me when you're coming—there's a dear. We'll have lunch at the Bridgewater, and after that—I expect I'll propose again. You will only say “Wait a little longer,” but even that will console

Your ever-faithful henchman,

ADAM.



SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

<i>Patients admitted</i>	. . .	Every day.
<i>Patients discharged</i>	. . .	Search us!
<i>Patients cautioned</i>	. . .	The Elusive Editors.
<i>Patients ejected</i>	. . .	“You never can tell.”
<i>Patience played</i>	. . .	Many games.
<i>Average temperature</i>	. . .	Still normal.
<i>Average temper</i>	. . .	Slightly rising.
<i>Hours of sunshine</i>	. . .	Surprisingly many.
<i>Hours of rainfall</i>	. . .	More expected.
<i>Zeppelin visits</i>	. . .	Nothing doing!
<i>Operations</i>	. . .	Theatre crowded.
<i>Hospital romance</i>	. . .	Coming to a head.
<i>Hospital tragedies</i>	. . .	None on D and E.
<i>Hospital breakages</i>	. . .	Enquire on D.
<i>Hospital comedies</i>	. . .	{ The House of Keys. Breakfast Toast. Improvised entertainment.
<i>Hospital concerts</i>	. . .	Increasingly frequent.
<i>Hospital order</i>	. . .	No more mufti.
<i>Visitors disappointed</i>	. . .	Quite a few!



A COMMENT.

PITHILY paragrathed,
Prudently pert,
Courteous, candid,
Cute, cutting, curt;
Decidedly “different,”
Delightfully droll,
Several symptoms
Of sentiment's soul;
Talented tyrants
Telling the tale—
We willingly welcome
The wise “Worsley Wail.”

Stockport, 19/9/16.

_____?

FEAR.

THEY lingered long by the Western Gate when the sun
had gone to rest,
And hope, though lying dormant long, now rose in his
manly breast.
She sighed, as though she might regret this far too fleeting
bliss,
And yet refused the Second Loot that sweet long-promised
kiss.
She feared him not, she trusted him, and yet she seemed to
quail ;
For, truth be told, this winsome wench, she feared the
" Worsley Wail."

The nurse who watches over us, and temp'ratures sets down,
Appears to wear these autumn days a slight but certain
frown.

She always was so sweet and kind, but now she's growing
frigid,
To every rule and order shows adherence strictly rigid.
But now I think we know the cause! Her rosy cheeks
turn pale

Should anyone make mention of the next week's "Worsley
Wail."

A change has overcome our comrade, Second Loot
MacStrath ;

He lingers not from six to seven in violet-scented bath ;
No longer does the Hall resound with " tunes he's played
in town,"

Nor makes he mention of the lass with hair of autumn
brown ;

His thirst of late has gone on leave, he quaffs no nut-brown
ale,

For questions pert appear at times in columns of the
" Wail." W. B.

ELUSIVE PERSONALITIES.

No. 2.

SHE'S merry and bright by day and by night,
Whenever she's on duty ;
She knows that a smile is worth the while—
A thing of joy and beauty.

She'll sing a song when a thing goes wrong,
Her laughter's ever rippling ;
She'd delight in a dance if she had the chance,
And I'll swear she dotes on Kipling.

When the night is done, in the morning sun
She wanders in the garden,
Taking the stroll of a cheerful soul—
A modern Dolly Vardon.

L'ENVOI.

Not only the oldest of patients, nor those who but recently
came,
But all who have met and have known her, for ever shall
speak the same ;
She bears no relation to Woodrow ; her " notes " are in
different key,
Her music alone has a soul of its own, but her name is a
mystery.



LIEUT. A : " How do you utilise your rebate on
the income tax ? "

CAPT. B : " What an officer saves in taxes goes
out in taxis. See ? "



SOME OF THE PATIENTS AND STAFF.

WORSLEY HALL, SEPT. 24th, 1916.

Photo: B.P.

COGENT COMMUNIQUES.

To Chevalier Richard Reading,
late Armée Belge.

DEAR DICK,

You are one of those who do good by stealth. That is to say, you don't swank about the efforts which you so consistently make with a view to adding to the gaiety of patients.

We have been watching you for a long time, and we want to compliment you upon the success of your achievements. We English, when we settle down to business, are rather apt to exclude all else, e'en forgetting at times that "all work and no play," etc. The value of amusement and diversion cannot be assessed in the actual number of minutes or hours which it kills. Anticipate an event, enjoy it whilst it lasts, and look back on it when 'tis past, and for every hour of literal fun you may compute a total of six hours' anticipatory, actual and retrospective pleasure.

That is why a soldier wants to *laugh* when he gets home. He knows he's going back. He knows he's going back to a grisly job—*much* more grisly than the layman can ever imagine in his wildest flights. And the soldier wants to take a credit balance of retrospective happiness with him to the B.E.F., and the bigger that balance the better the soldier.

We happen to know that the many and varied amusements which you have so often been instrumental in providing for your fellow-patients are not arranged without considerable effort, and we thank you in the name of all our readers.

Carry on with the job, Dick, and remember that you will always have the fullest encouragement from the Doc. and all of us.

*"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt!
And every laugh, so merry, draws one out."*

The best coffins nowadays don't have nails in them, else you would have a priceless collection. By the way, how's the hole in the leg?

Yours ever,
XERXES.

To Second-Lieut. George B. Bryce ("Juggling Gee"),
Royal Scots.

DEAR OLD CHAP,

We are sorry you're going. We mean it. We'll miss you. We like you.

You have helped a lot. You have made us laugh. You are good-tempered. You are an optimist.

May the war treat you kindly! May good luck ever attend you! May you live long to cheer others as you have cheered us all! May we meet again when "God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world"!

One-of-the-best, good-bye!

BOTH OF US.

Mr. Downjack,
Chief Horticulturist.

DEAR OLD FELLAH,

You are a wonder! With all the sincerity that we can command we congratulate you. Day in, day out, you are at it. Either you are shaving the gentle slopes or you are working undefatigably on the gardens. You never seem to rest. At six o'clock, as we lie in bed, we hear you shoving your machine about, and at the mere sound we break into beads of perspiration. Do you ever go to bed?

THE EDITORS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

To the Editors, "Worsley Wail."

SIRS,

Please accept our most grateful thanks for your further kind donation of £1 10s., being the second contribution from the *Worsley Wail* to the funds of the East Lancashire Branch.

We were very pleased to see from the last issue that His Majesty the King had been graciously pleased to accept a copy of the first number.

I see from your letter that the identity of the Editors is at last disclosed. Such genius could not have long hidden its light under a bushel, and most of us had our suspicions before.

Yours faithfully,

PHILIP M. OLIVER,
Hon. Sec.

BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY (E.L.B.),
PETER STREET, MANCHESTER,
September 28th, 1916.

First <i>Worsley Wail</i> contribution	£1 0 0
Second " " "	1 10 0



CONTEMPORARY APPRECIATION.

WE have not much space to devote to the reproduction of approving notices, but the following, from the *Manchester City News*, relative to our first number, is worthy of our readers' perusal. Equally so are many others, but as we have said, space forbids.

"Speaking without prejudice, I may be permitted to state that editors in general are well known to be modest, even as they are virtuous; but I have never known any of them more mysterious than 'the elusive editors' of a new publication called *The Worsley Wail*. It is the unofficial chronicle of the Worsley Red Cross Hospital, and though the talent of the editors is conspicuous enough, their personality is shrouded in impenetrable obscurity. I have a suspicion that one of them is none other than that practised journalist, Richard Reading, who won honours on the Belgian battlefield, and the internal evidence supports the idea. For the *Worsley Wail* is one of the cheeriest little papers which our soldiers have produced, and it overflows with fun, light badinage, and delicate satire. 'There has never been any paper like it, and there never will be,' says the opening editorial, not boastfully, but merely recording a simple fact; and while sixpence may seem rather a high price for eight small pages, it must be remembered that quality not quantity is supplied, that the profits will be given to the Red Cross, and that the *Worsley Wail* is not for general sale—it can only be obtained from the Orderly on duty.' The story of 'Aubrey the Hero,' the second-lieutenant who did the mightiest of deeds while whistling softly (as is the wont of heroes), is in itself worth double the money. Even such small items as the Summary of the Week and the Hospital Service Post Card are of high value, and the one and only advertisement on Bloodless Surgery is a priceless gem. There are hints and suggestions in the small paragraphs which are merely insoluble enigmas to the outside reader; but from a careful perusal of page 3 I deduce that a charming nurse at Worsley Hall has gone on her holidays and left some of the patients disconsolate, while the 'Guide to Budding Subs,' on page 6, conveys an impression that a somewhat Bohemian spirit abounds at the daily feasts. But one thing is quite certain—the men who are recuperating at Worsley Hall are full of pluck and good humour, and their sounds of joy in these pages are not (as Hamlet never said) very like a 'Wail.' There should be a rush to Worsley Hall to interview the Orderly on duty and pour sixpences into his hand for copies."

THE LOOT'S LAMENT.

SECOND-LIEUT. ULDRED ROBERT WYNN-KYNN came into the dining-room when we were hungrily awaiting the advent of the third course.

Now the fact of his being unpunctual, especially for a meal, was in itself an indication to us that the even tenor of his way had been disturbed in some way. Subsequent events strengthened our suspicions, and we were much exercised in our minds as to what the trouble was.

Wat, the waiter, late of the Yeomen of the Guard, was obviously pained by the way in which the ruffled warrior attacked his soup. When a Wynn-Kynn bumbles over his soup in a way to arouse the envy of an alderman, the times must be somewhat disjointed. We were too polite to make any comment, but our eyebrows were elevated when he took mustard with his mutton, and when he tackled the custard with a fork we began to grow uneasy.

Spotter, of the R.F.A., who used to be F.O.O. when there was no activity on the part of the enemy, drew our attention to the fact that Wynn-Kynn had left the lemonade untouched: a most significant detail.

We arose from the débris, and Wynn-Kynn followed us almost immediately, but, instead of joining us, as was his wont, we saw him slip out alone into the night. Various conjectures were hazarded as to the misfortune which had overtaken him; the Minxes of the Midland, Houris of the Hip, Terrors of Tyldesley, and the Syrens of Salford were all discussed and dismissed as improbable. However, Loosely, formerly an artist of some repute, went out to the Western Gate to see the sunset, with a promise to keep an eye open for Wynn-Kynn. So, nursing our curiosity, the rest of us went up to bed.

Loosely returned shortly before "Lights out," and informed us that he had seen nought of Wynn-Kynn. So we knew that he had not been near the Western Gate, for Loosely misses nothing there.

The subject of our discussion returned five minutes before the hour. He undressed hastily and crawled into bed without speaking a word to us. Even the appearance of the night nurse, the Hon. Letitia Loveless, failed to evoke his usual flow of amorous badinage. Clearly, something had happened. So when lights were doused we started to "sound" him, but, had we only known what a bitter story was to be unfolded to us, I think we should have held our peace.

After a few enquiries U. R. W.-K. rose to reply and jerked out a string of hot and passionate queries:

"Am I not a Wynn-Kynn of Whopacres? Am I not an officer of the Hopshire Slight Infantry? Was I not wounded on the Somme? Cannot my people trace descent from Boadicea? (they sell the well-known boot of that name). Do I look a shirker?"

We politely murmured, "Not at all!" So he proceeded.

"Just because my kit hasn't turned up yet I go out in mufti, and during the whole afternoon in Manchester I was not called 'Sir' once, not once, you fellows. Think of it, me, a Wynn-Kynn! And a copper called me 'Young feller,' and a waitress addressed me as 'Ma lad.'"

Then Plolmondeley, who uses leaves of "Military Law" for shaving paper, broke in, "I think, Wynn-Kynn, you're only 'Sir' when in uniform."

"What, me, a Wynn-Kynn?"

"Exactly! Which battalion is yours?"

"The Twelfth," replied W.K.

"As I thought," rejoined Plolmondeley, "a New Army lot. Temporary commission and temporary 'Sir' when in uniform only. See K.R., Paragraph 1066."

Wynn-Kynn wept, and we went to sleep.

W. B.

BLIGHTY.

NOW I was once a soldier bold
And used to War's alarms,
But a whiz-bang knocked me off my pins,
So I laid me down my ar-r-ms.

They bore me to a C.C.S.*
That once served as a stable,
And pinned upon my manly breast
A dinky little label.

And then they put me on a train
That took me to the Base;
No fours to form, and no parades—
I was a hospital case.

And here a charming V.A.D.
Attired me in a "mighty,"
And pinned upon my heaving chest
A ticket labelled "Blighty."

The scene is changed—I'm on a boat;
Ah! cruel "mal de mer";
I'd sell my soul for a deep shell-hole
'Way north of Pozieres!

Southampton Docks! and a gaudy gent.,
All monocle, lisp and grunt,
Inscribed my name on the scroll of fame
Then asked if I'd been to the Front!

Weary and worn I fell asleep
Wrapt up in an Army blanket;
And when they said, "You're at Worsley Hall,"
I said, "The Lord be thankit!"

And Gad! what a welcome I received
From the charming sisters there!
I sat me down to a glorious feast
Served hot by maidens fair.

Oh! happy day; ten thousand joys
Such blessings shower'd on me!
I've landed in the finest ward:
You've guessed it right—E B.

No more will I face an R.T.O.,†
No more will I stab a Hun,
For here I am, and I mean to stay
Till the War is past and done.

GLESIE.

* Casualty clearing station. † Railway transport officer.

Should the newsboy fail
With his "Daily Mail,"
And you find that your temp'ature's rising,
Buy the "Worsley Wail,"
Which is now on sale—
It will always be found appetising.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHURCH BELLS!

To the Editor of the "Worsley Wail."

SIR,

I, two, am feddup with this abominable newsance. Ever since eight this morning they been ringing incessant, and I been and cut me fase swarin' at this prepetuous ding-dong-ding-dong, which i was shavin' me fase wen these church bells was ringing and i cut me fase. My wife, which she goes to church regular, say it seves me right swarin' on Sunday an' all, but i tell her if these retched church bells didn' ding-dong-ding-dong all the blessed time I coulden cut me fase when I was shavin' me fase, can you? She don't unnerstan what it means to people which has intellec and which is narvous and strung up to hear them church bells with there incessant ding-dong-ding-dong which it's an abominable newsance and nothing else. And so I cut me fase when I was shavin' me fase thru swarin'.

TOM GILES.

* * * *

THE SOMME PICTURES.

To the Editor of the "Worsley Wail."

SIR,

Can we not, *in the name of all that is merciful*, endeavour between us to cause these harrowing exhibitions to cease?

Some people with whom I am in close ecclesiastic relation have friends who are already serving at the front, and these people assure me that their friends would not wish those of us—whose duty it is to remain at our posts in England—to be pained by the reproduction in public of these degrading and inhuman incidents.

There are a few Canadians in my congregation and they told me that they had seen these films and that some of their party were tickled to death. If these melancholy and gruesome representations have such a disastrous—and it would seem, fatal—effect upon hardy soldiers, how, sir, can we, who are necessarily of finer and more spiritual mould, be expected to be able to look upon them without peril?

I should be an unworthy servant of the Church if I permitted needless sorrow to fall upon any parishioners, whose higher instincts and purposes are in my sacred keeping. It was this same sense of responsibility which impelled me to decline the proposal of my Bishop that I should join the Forces for service overseas.

It is now three years since I left Cambridge, and it has seemed to me that every day brings to light more examples of public selfishness and thoughtlessness. I understand that, in this instance, the War Office is directly responsible.

Yours, &c.,

(Rev.) F. B. M.

A CANDID CRITICISM.

To the Editors, "Worsley Wail."

SIRS,

I write to you more in sorrow than in anger. I am distraught that such a promising young journal as the first number of the *Worsley Wail* proved to be should be followed by such a silly, idiotic and wholly seditious number. You have outraged every principle of modern journalism. Of course we recognise that two young and utterly ignorant amateur editors, such as I take you to be, must of necessity fall into many pitfalls, but surely it is not necessary to wallow in them?

You start off with an article on a subject of which you are evidently entirely ignorant, a fatal *faux pas*, prefixing it with a vain, effervescent, egotistical rhapsody on your own good points. Now while it is admitted that one in your position must of necessity blow one's own trumpet, still a little modesty is most becoming.

"He who follows haste, sacrificeth dignity."—*Cowper*.

But that is by the way. The main cause of my taking up the pen—a weapon long since discarded—is owing to your pure unadulterated piffle on "Optimism." How did you choose that of all subjects? Was it that the word took your fancy? I fear so. And to put it down as your religion!!! Why, everybody knows, everybody here, mark you!—those to whom you had the presumption to expound your theory,—that Optimism is a new method by which the grafting of new skin on to a septic wound may be done with the aid of celluloid bandages! I do not wish to unduly slate your paper, but for heaven's sake use it as a medium for circulating jokes from older and more experienced journals rather than launch out on subjects of which you are entirely ignorant.

I may say I have no interest in the firm concerned, but am writing from the point of view of a satisfied customer. Kindly send me another knife-cleaner similar to that received.

I am, sirs,

Yours very truly,

BRIDGEWATER.

October 2nd, 1916.



NOTICES.

The *Worsley Wail* will be forwarded to any address in Great Britain (or anywhere else) on receipt of 6½d. in stamps. Address: THE ELUSIVE EDITORS, Worsley Hall, Lancashire.

* * * *

The *Worsley Wail* is always on sale at the Hall door, at the Main Gate (opposite the Church), at Worsley Railway Station, and at the Midland Hotel (from the Hall Porter).

* * * *

Church Service in the Hall each Sunday at 5-15 p.m. Pew-rent should be paid to the Padre.

* * * *

Boards are held in F Lounge every Tuesday, and sometimes on Thursday also.

* * * *

Palace Matinees on Mondays and Wednesdays, 2-15 p.m.
Hippodrome Matinees on Tuesdays, 2-15 p.m.
Royal Theatre Matinees on Saturdays, 2 p.m.
Prince's Theatre Matinees on Wednesdays, 2 p.m.
Gaiety Theatre Matinees on Saturdays, 2 p.m.

PATIENTS IN HOSPITAL.

ALLEN, K., 2nd-Lieut., 19th Manchesters.
 AYLIFFE, F. W., 2nd-Lieut., 8th Gloucesters.
 BEARD, F., 2nd-Lieut., 12th East Surrey.
 BECK, W., Lieut., 1st King's Royal Rifles.
 BIGLAND, G. W., Lieut., 1st Cheshires.
 BRYCE, G. B., 2nd-Lieut., 12th Royal Scots.
 CAMPBELL, W. A., 2nd-Lieut., 5th Royal Irish Fusiliers.
 CARRICK, H., Lieut., 1/4th Northumberland Fusiliers.
 CHAMBERLAIN, S. H., Capt., 1/8th King's Liverpool.
 CHAPMAN, J. W., 2nd-Lieut., 1/4th London Regiment.
 COCKRAM, L. H., 2nd-Lieut., 1/9th Liverpools.
 CRINION, F., Lieut., 24th Manchesters.
 CROFTON, 2nd-Lieut., 1/4th Northumberland Fusiliers.
 CRUIT, K., 2nd-Lieut., 8th Yorkshires.
 DAVIES, V. P., Lieut., 6th Leicesters.
 DICKSON, 2nd-Lieut., 3rd Royal Irish Fusiliers.
 DOBBYN, 2nd-Lieut., 8th Royal Irish Fusiliers.
 DOWLEY, E. J., 2nd-Lieut., 13th Lancashire Fusiliers.
 DRAPES, 2nd-Lieut., 7th Leicesters.
 DUGDALE, A. G., 2nd-Lieut., 4th D.L.I.
 EKINS, F. S., 2nd-Lieut., 1st Royal Irish.
 ELIN, G. W., Lieut., 1st West Yorks.
 ENGLAND, J. A., Lieut., 8th Yorks.
 FALKNER, R. B., 2nd-Lieut., 9th Suffolks.
 FAWKES, R. B., 2nd-Lieut., 6th Northampton.
 FIELDING, P., Lieut., 1/9th Manchesters.
 FRANK, R. A., Lieut., 6th East Yorkshires.
 FRASER, C. G., 2nd-Lieut., 2nd Leicesters.
 FRATER, Lieut., 8th Cheshires.
 FRY, F. A., Lieut., Royal Engineers.
 GARDENER, 2nd-Lieut., 1/6th Liverpools.
 GAUNT, 2nd-Lieut., 5th Leicesters.
 GOULDEN, D., Lieut., 9th North Staffs.
 GRANT, 2nd-Lieut., 2nd K.O.S.B.
 GRANT, Lieut., 52nd Canadians.
 HALL, S., 2nd-Lieut., 10th Gloucesters.
 HALL, W. M., 2nd-Lieut., 13th Northumberland Fusiliers.
 HARPIN, R., Capt., Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
 HEWITT, W. J., Capt., 1st Gloucesters.
 HINCHCLIFFE, J. A., 2nd-Lieut., 10th K.O.Y.L.I.
 HORNER, A. G. S., 2nd-Lieut., 1/8th King's Liverpools.
 HOWELLS, J. P., 2nd-Lieut., 2nd Queen's R.W. Surreys.
 HUMBLE, G. M. A., Lieut., 13th Sherwood Foresters.
 HUMPHRIES, W. S., 2nd-Lieut., 1st D.L.I.
 JACKSON, J. N., 2nd-Lieut., 10th D.L.I.
 JONES, J. M., 2nd-Lieut., 13th Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
 LASCELLES, A. M., 2nd-Lieut., 14th D.L.I.
 LEVITT, R. H., 2nd-Lieut., 16th Welsh Regiment.
 MCCOMBE, W. J. P., Lieut., Sherwood Foresters.
 MCKILROY, W. E. C., Lieut., 6th Ox. and Bucks.
 MANN, H. G., 2nd-Lieut., York and Lancaster.
 MARTIN, J., Capt., 6th Connaught Rangers.
 MAULE, W. P., Lieut., A.S.C. (M.T.).
 MIDDLETON, F. G., 2nd-Lieut., R.F.A.
 MILLIGAN, T. A., 2nd-Lieut., 16th Northumberland Fusiliers.
 MILLS, G. H., 2nd-Lieut., 6th Welsh Regiment.
 MOORE, N. A., 2nd-Lieut., 3rd Connaught Rangers.
 MOORE, W. A., Lieut., R.G.A.
 MORSON, P. A., 2nd-Lieut., 11th Royal Warwicks.
 MOSS, F. W., 2nd-Lieut., 1st K.S.L.I.
 MOUNSEY, J. J., 2nd-Lieut., 1/2nd Lovat Scouts.
 MURPHY, P., 2nd-Lieut., 1/8th Manchesters.
 NICKOLSON, C. B., 2nd-Lieut., 12th Durham Light Infantry.
 PHILLIPS, T. B., Capt., 15th Welsh.
 PICKARD, B., Lieut., 3rd Connaught Rangers, 1st Royal Irish.
 PLUMPTON, L. A. V., 2nd-Lieut., 10th Lancashire Fusiliers.
 POLLOCK, R. E., 2nd Lt., 1/6th Argyle & Sutherland Highlanders.
 POTTER, H. S., 2nd-Lieut., 3rd Royal Munster Fusiliers.
 POWELL, E. N., 2nd-Lieut., 9th Royal Dublin Fusiliers.
 PRIMROSE, L. B., Lieut., R.E. (G.Q. Cable Section).
 PURDEN, 2nd-Lieut., 3rd Royal Munster Fusiliers.
 RAMSEY, Capt., 8th D.L.I.
 READING, R., Chevalier, late Armée Belge.
 ROBERTS, S. C., 2nd-Lieut., 8th K.O.R.L.
 ROCHE, J. A., Capt., 1/8th King's Liverpool.
 ROSS, C. P., 2nd-Lieut., 12th Suffolks.
 ROSS, D. M., 2nd-Lieut., 1/7th A. and S. Highlanders.
 ROBERTSON, 2nd-Lieut., R.F.A.
 ROBINSON, 2nd-Lieut., R.F.A.
 SAUNDERS, G. H. V., 2nd-Lieut., 10th Yorks.

PATIENTS IN HOSPITAL—Continued.

SHARP, J. H., 2nd-Lieut., 6th West Riding.
 SMITH, J. F., 2nd-Lieut., 1/8th King's Liverpools.
 THOMAS, O. K., 2nd-Lieut., 1/6th Welsh Regiment.
 THORNLEY, B., 2nd-Lieut., R.F.A.
 TRAVIS, A. E., Lieut., 10th K.O.R.L.
 WALKER, P. J., Lieut., 24th Canadians
 WALL, E. J., 2nd-Lieut., 8th East Yorks.
 WALTON, H., Capt., 10th R.B.
 WARREN, F. H., 2nd-Lieut., 3rd Cheshires.
 WESTROP, Lieut., R.F.A.
 WICKS, 2nd-Lieut., Machine Gun Corps
 WILLIAMS, C. C., Lieut., 7th K.O.S.B.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILLIE.—What sort of a man was he? Had he any peculiarities or marks by which we could identify him? You can be quite frank with us; all will be treated in the strictest confidence.
 IAN SIMPSON.—Leave up yet? Or still admiring your native lochs and braes and things? Keep in touch with us, please.
Bonne chance.
 JUG. G.—Idea rotten; verse worse!
 THOMASIO.—Old as original sin and not half so interesting.
 AMAZON.—We don't know whether you want criticism or curses. Will curse it with pleasure. One of our ancestors was known to his intimates as "Round-oathed Reginald."
 P.B.—A pretty fair yarn, but needs a deal of trimming. And our carpenter is on holiday. Besides, it would have to pass the Censor. Try again—in a minor key.
 MOUNSEY.—Did you get rid of 'em? What about singing "Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag" at the next concert?
 MAX.—Do you think it worth while starting a "Vigilant and the Wizard"? We got into awful trouble over B.B. So happened there was one here! Half-Westminster duly received. Don't be shocked at the subdued tone of this number. Cheer-oh!
 SMITH.—What are you doing?
 OBITER DICTA.—Please spare us the pain of reading your moribund diatribes. There's a war on and our object is to keep people smiling. Have a drink and forget about it!
 M. L. WOODHOUSE.—Wails sent on. What about the future issues?
 ERNEST F. COX.—You will surely be a regular subscriber? What? All the best!
 A. O. LAURIE.—Thanks! It's pretty near, but we are tempted to risk it. Hope all things go well.
 S.L.C. (Worsley).—Many thanks. Yes, we remember the Ellesmere colours very well indeed and hope to be able to see them carried to success very soon. Oh yes, the subs. could "shout the song of joy" all right. Hope you don't find the 6-10 overcrowded; anyway winter's coming on and it's cold to travel alone no matter how fast you go. As you say, "sit closer together." Hope to take advantage of your kind offer of photo-blocks. Again thanks!
 MALLALIEU (Wavertree).—Thanks for photos. Jones was tickled to death. We are keeping one for later use.
 A.B. (Hoylake).—"Snitchy" is positively delightful. Glad you like the *Wail*. Regards to Singellita.
 H. R. WALL (of the Cheshires).—Sorry we've not heard from you. No post office in your district?
 MAUD.—Glad to know you think we "certainly have improved on the first number." What do you think of this one?
 CHRIS (Wimbledon).—The father is in the R.A.M.C., and proud of his child. Tell Fred to write: we want "copy."
 M.R.S.—A promise should be kept. But you keep very silent.
 NEWSAGENT.—We are sorry, very sorry; but we cannot undertake to supply you with fifty dozen per week.
 IN TROUBLE.—Sorry; we cannot help you, much as we would like to. Write to *Truth*.
 SUB-SUB.—You say you don't like to tell the Sister. Pluck up courage, man, and tell the Doctor. Believe us, he understands.
 ONE OF THE PROS.—Thanks. Keep on looking.
 ARTISTIC.—Yes, of course, drawings would be acceptable, very. We prefer line drawings to wash, and will guarantee careful reproduction.
 ELLESMERE.—Your surmise as to the identity of one of us is correct. He retains pleasant memories of the famous game at bowls. We are proud to know that you are a well wisher of the *Wail*. Many thanks for your cheque—our record subscription to date.

