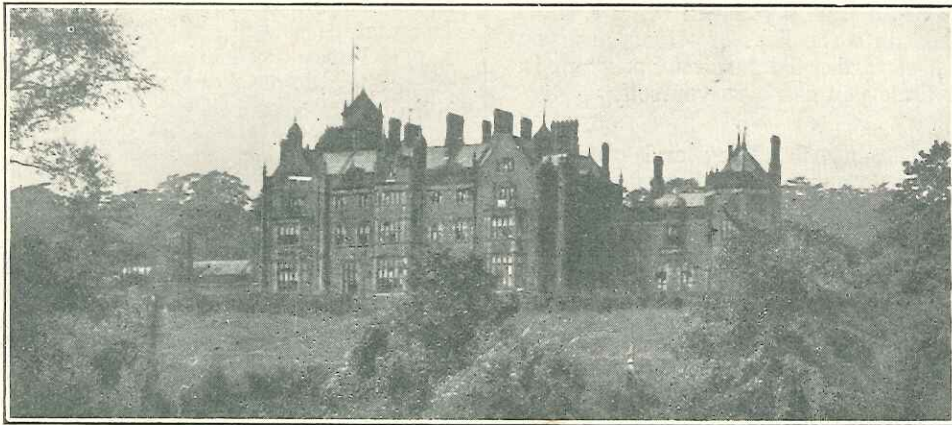


# THE WORSLEY WAIL

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. 4.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1916.

Price 6d.

## *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

NUMBER Four, and still going strong! If, in the fullness of time, we run into two and three figures, it will be our pride to look back upon these early numbers and remember the joy and the chagrin, the stress and strain, and also the moments of real pleasure through which we have passed.

The Elusive Editors have experienced a trying but gratifying reign, for if at times the "wheels of the waggon" ran roughly, and our path lay over hilly ground, we have found that all difficulties in the way invariably assumed minor proportions when tackled with the spirit that, thank Goodness, is still the priceless possession as it is the heritage of the British soldier, officer or ranker.

Thus it is that our gratification at the reception of the *Wail* is so sincere; it is a satisfaction that will accompany us through the rest of our lives and in stressful moments yet to be we shall be thankful and proud to look back, and think of all the good fellows we knew at Worsley Hospital, to remember also with gratitude the kindnesses given so freely to us all by the Staff, and perhaps, occasionally, furtively to peep at a time-worn copy of the old *Worsley Wail*, just to jog the memory into joyful recollection.

The time may be nearer at hand than we ourselves care to think when the original Elusive Editors will have to pen their valedictory. We grieve to think that this break must inevitably come, even though there is a certain definite pleasure in the thought that a somewhat prolonged stay in hospital (rendered necessary by yet another operation) will give place to (in the one case) a lengthy, restful, and we hope beneficial sea-voyage, with sunny Australia as the haven *pro tem*; and in the other case of—well, who knows, or cares for that matter? *Au jour le jour!*

But even if we must face the stern realities a little later on we do so with a buoyant spirit and a cheerful heart. As the Apostles of the creed of Optimism we shall go our way contentedly, ever with an ideal that is Utopian maybe, but always beautiful, endeavouring to clothe the oft-times drab realities of Life with the bright colours of our Faith. Happy is the man who can bring sunshine into the lives of others: herein lies the true delight, the greatest satisfaction.

It may be that dear old Omar Khayyam, reviled as the "pot-house poet" by shallow souls who cannot realise true beauty of thought and expression, saw too far for modern conception, but we would fain quote the lovely quatrain:

"... Could you and I with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire;  
Would we not shatter it to bits, and then  
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?"

But to revert to merely mundane things, realising our limitations and the impossibility of "shattering this sorry scheme to bits," let us be content to make the best of things as they are while carrying on with the determination to improve them. When temper is tried and things go all wrong it is magnificent to make the best of them, to rise superior to what seem to be unconquerable difficulties, and having done so, to find that what appeared to be mountains are in reality merely molehills and quite easily overcome.

Gird ye, then, with your armour of Optimism, look cheerfully on the great trials, go your way with the determination that in all things you will bring a smile and a ray of sunshine into the lives of others, and you will earn the great reward. To inspire Optimism in others is the finest tonic you can give yourself.

\* \* \* \*

We have received many flattering and obviously sincere congratulations on our last number of the *Wail*, and would like to give our thanks to the readers who have done us the honour of giving expression to their good opinions; also to the newspapers, particularly the *Manchester City News*, *Manchester Evening News*, *Daily Sketch*, and *Manchester Guardian*, who deigned to give us kindly and encouraging notice in their august columns. We deeply appreciate this help which inspires us to greater effort to maintain the level we have, in the opinion of those qualified to judge, attained.

We are glad to welcome fresh contributors to this issue, and at the same time desire to assure all that our columns are ever open to literary comment, verse, suggestions, and above all to humour.

We are pleased to be able to announce that we have sent a third and still increasing contribution from the *Wail* to the funds of the East Lancashire Red Cross Society. Starting with a first contribution of £1, we increased to £1 10s. from the second issue, and this week we are enabled to forward £2 10s. It is up to you, dear readers, to see that we improve still further on this eminently satisfactory result of our pleasurable labours. Send out copies of the *Wail* to your pals at the front, as well as those who are kept at home, and remember that the more copies you circulate the more you are helping the Red Cross Fund.

But the valedictory is at hand!



## ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

To the Editors, "*Worsley Wail*."

SIRS,

Please accept once again the very grateful thanks of the East Lancashire Branch for your cheque of Two pounds Ten shillings, being a subscription to the Red Cross funds from the *Worsley Wail*.

Week by week your paper appears to grow in circulation, profits, bulk, and brilliancy. Wishing you all success in the continuance of your venture.

I am, yours faithfully,

PHILIP M. OLIVER,

Hon. Sec.

BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY (E.L.B.),

PETER STREET, MANCHESTER,

October 17th, 1916.

First <i>Worsley Wail</i> contribution	.. ..	£1 0 0
Second " " "	.. ..	1 10 0
Third " " "	.. ..	2 10 0

## HOSPITAL HOT-POT.

THERE has been much excitement during the week among the Staff at the anniversary celebrations. Wonder if it is true that on the second anniversary of his being knocked *hors de combat* in Flanders (this month) Dick Reading contemplates giving a grilled bone supper to a few boon companions? Hear it is not!

\* \* \* \*

The Editors, in the fullness of their hearts, have passed on to me a copy they have received of *The Searchlight*, being Number One of a monthly-to-be publication of the R.A.M.C., T.F. (E. Lancs.) 2nd Western General Hospital. It is quite a promising little bantling, but it has, if I may say so, just a suspicion of a "wholesale grocers' catalogue" appearance about it. I don't mean to say that this is because of the advts., but the general effect leaves an impression that is "cataloguey." You know what I mean.

\* \* \* \*

Now the *Worsley Wail* may have a trifle of suspicion of a church magazine about it (except in its contents, let me hasten to add), but that is all to the good. By the way, did you hear of the short-sighted but very dear old lady staying at the Midland, who, seeing a copy of the *Wail* on the Hall Porter's table near the door (they are on sale there, you know), went up to Mowbray and congratulated him on his choice of reading matter? "Fancy you reading your parish magazine in spare moments, Mr. Mowbray!" the darling old thing gurgled. "Who is your rector?" But Mowbray was flabbergasted and could only murmur, "Mr. Towle," as he saw that gentleman approaching.

\* \* \* \*

Mention of Mr. Towle reminds me of the very faddy old gent. who was staying in the hotel and, by the number of times he threatened to send for the manager, making himself a holy terror to the waiters. One morning a towel was missing from his room. He rang the bell; the waiter came in fear and trembling. "Bring me the towel," roared the old gent. "Yessir"—and the waiter dashed away. Five minutes later the imperious and commanding figure of Mr. Towle appeared at the door. "You have sent for me?" he smilingly asked. "Sent for you?" screamed the old gent. "What sort of a bedlam is this? I ask for a towel and they bring me the manager!"

\* \* \* \*

Quite interested in this reply to "Inquisitive" in the *Searchlight*:

"Who is the best worker in the hospital?"

From experience we should say "Miss Talba."

Sort of "gets there" air about it, don't you think?

\* \* \* \*

"We request our readers to give advertisers in this magazine earnest support," says the *Searchlight*. And on the opposite page is a half-column advt. of "\_\_\_\_\_ and Sons, Undertakers, Complete Funeral Furnishers. Punctuality Guaranteed"! Can you beat it?

\* \* \* \*

They tell me that Capt. Mac's new book, "The Tale of the Overhanging Car" is wildly exciting, but when I saw it (the car) there was nothing in it. Must ask the Captain to tell me the story—or perhaps he will write it up for the *Wail*? JUNIUS JUNIOR.

THINGS WE'D HATE TO KNOW.

Who is *blasé* Bertie ?

\* \* \* \*

Why the young sub. who generally rises from dinner before coffee is served whistles so loudly as he goes out ?

\* \* \* \*

If he imagines that the dining hall is really an aviary ? Or does he think the M.O. likes it ?

\* \* \* \*

If the young Second "Loot" of the King's Own has a private cue, and why did he buy so many tips ?

\* \* \* \*

Why is Bertie *blasé* ?

\* \* \* \*

Whether it is true that a certain interesting little romance is "fermenting" in one of the wards ?

\* \* \* \*

What the other nurses have to say about it ?

\* \* \* \*

Who tried to secure the "special" suit of pyjamas, which had been put aside for another patient, the other day ?

\* \* \* \*

Does she know Bertie is *blasé* ?

\* \* \* \*

What was really uppermost in Capt. Harpin's mind at the moment of his wonderful entry in the "Dis-Orderly Room" ?

\* \* \* \*

If he expected something to give way ?

\* \* \* \*

What the M.O. thought of the declamation of Howells in the ward on the night of the performance of "The Dis-Orderly Room." ?

\* \* \* \*

Why "Mist-Alba" has given place to "House Mixture," and why someone in E13 added "of respected memory" to the label ?

\* \* \* \*

Why the loss of Thornley's moustache coincided so exactly with the new W.O. order ?

\* \* \* \*

Oh! *blasé* Bertie! How can you ?

\* \* \* \*

Why the way of newcomers is not made more smooth than appears to be the case sometimes ? Sarcasm is all very well in its way, but a little goes a long way. And at times it is dangerously akin to snobbery.

\* \* \* \*

Whether the charming girl did really say to Milligan, "Why do you keep winking at me ?" And if matters were not immediately put right ?

\* \* \* \*

Why is it that when a pianoforte selection is given, somebody invariably thinks it "the thing" to open up conversation, or knock some chairs over, or create some other disturbing element ? Surely this is not done in the best circles ?

\* \* \* \*

Why Whitehead prefers "The Bandolero" to "The Toreador" ?

What happened to Capt. Mac's gloves, which had been placed to dry on the engine of the car ?

\* \* \* \*

If it is true that a summons is about to be served on Capt. Mac for "obstructing the traffic with a stationary car" near the bridge

\* \* \* \*

Whether the Captain's stirring story entitled "The Overhanging Car" is to be followed by "The Tale of the Burning Glove" ?

\* \* \* \*

If it is true that our prize scout, "Tubby," is saving up in order to buy a bottle (or a tube—we've no idea how they sell the stuff!) of Antipon ?

\* \* \* \*

Does *blasé* Bertie find things more than a trifle boring nowadays ?

\* \* \* \*

Why a certain charming nurse, parading the gardens in company with her sister just before 7 a.m., insists upon carrying a plate of tea-leaves with her ?

\* \* \* \*

"If the "tall, dark nurse" who is running up for the Crockery Breakage Handicap is the same as the one vaguely referred to in "Letters of Adam" ?

\* \* \* \*

What Bunny's got on his mind ?

\* \* \* \*

Exactly what happened to Otto in the Grotto ?

\* \* \* \*

If Bertie's really gone and done it ?

\* \* \* \*

The surname of the Honourable Charles ?

\* \* \* \*

Whether we'll be alive at the end of the War ?

\* \* \* \*

Why Bryce was so indignant during one of the rehearsals of "The Dis-Orderly Room" ?

\* \* \* \*

Whether the anniversary dinner was such an entire success that there have been requests for an encore ?

\* \* \* \*

If it is true that the red-tape-banded members of the Staff of over two years' service are going to wear another stripe ? And where will they wear it ?

\* \* \* \*

Why bangles are so fashionable in certain quarters among the younger patients ? Is it merely for luck, or a sign of the times ?

\* \* \* \*

Why a charming Nurse, not on D or F, is becoming so frantically interested in the study of cereals ?

\* \* \* \*

Who made all the beds in a certain ward and then discovered that the sheets had to be changed ? What precisely was the exclamation to which the two girls gave vent, as they made the beds a second time ?

\* \* \* \*

If the winner of the Casarewitch Sweep was not broken-hearted at not being able to stand Champagne to all the patients ?

\* \* \* \*

Who's going to run the *Wail* when we leave ?

OOOOO

## OUR PLEASURES.

### CATTERALL AND FORBES: A FEAST OF MUSIC.

THE evening of Friday, October 13th, brought for us a pleasure so rich and rare that at the mere thought of endeavouring fittingly to give expression to our appreciation we tremble. Arthur Catterall and R. J. Forbes are great names in the world of music. Each is a Master, and both their reputations are so firmly fixed, not in the narrow lines of provincial favour, but throughout the entire musical world, that if we offer our small tribute with deep humility we can also do so with great sincerity. After all that is the main thing, and as the real and lasting value of praise is marked and bound by its honesty and sincerity we take courage.

Had we the facile pen of our friend and critic, Langford, we might hope to do justice to our pleasing task, even to discourse at length on themes and ideas of the great composers whose emotions were so beautifully expressed by Messrs. Catterall and Forbes; as it is we can only hope to place on record the fact that everything these artistes played gave the patients and staff of Worsley Hospital a great and exceeding joy.

Opening with three movements of the Paderewski Sonata we were impressed by the power of the first movement; delighted with the sweet yet plaintive melody of the second, especially with the bird-like notes of the finishing stanzas; and held in rapt attention by the perfect accord in tune and sentiment Messrs. Catterall and Forbes displayed in the third movement. Piano and violin—what a sweet-toned fiddle Catterall possesses, too!—blended together almost as one perfect instrument, and the effect was sublime.

Two violin pieces, a ballade by Foulds of rare beauty and a 16th century French composition were received with rapturous applause, and we cannot remember hearing anything so daintily pretty and so absolutely pleasing as this fragment of 16th century music. Catterall's expression and technique, both wonderful, only accentuated the artistry of Forbes at the piano, and his delicacy of accompaniment in turn was in perfect accord with the whole movement. This was the gem of the evening.

An interlude was provided hereabouts by one or two patients—Captain the Rev. H. P. Walton sang "Glorious Devon" so well that he was encored; Lieut. Whitehead (a man of many parts and of rare talent) gave a spirited rendering of that stirring song, "Up from Somerset"; and Chev. Reading sang "The Song of the Waggoner." These three robust-voiced gentlemen having retired Catterall was heard to remark to Forbes, "My word, they have some jolly good voices in this hospital!" a sentiment with which Forbes (who had obliged with accompaniment) concurred, while the Padre's voice could be heard as he turned to his neighbour, "Bai Jove—*what* an accompanist!"

Following that, the Catterall-Forbes combination gave us the second and third movements of the Mendelssohn Concerto, and then we had the memorable "Souvenir of Moscow." And the cry being for "more," the artistes generously wound up a truly delightful evening with Mozart's "Minuet," a dainty little thing that haunted us as we departed to bed, conjuring up visions of fair ladies and gallant gentlemen tripping graceful measures in baronial halls of ancient times.

We are pleased indeed to be able to announce that Messrs. Catterall and Forbes will be with us again on Sunday evening, October 22nd.

### A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE.

(BY OURSELVES.)

The programme submitted for the entertainment of patients and staff on Saturday evening, October 14th, was certainly unique, and the second part at any rate strikingly

original. This was the absurdity entitled "The Dis-Orderly Room," written and produced by Lieut. R. S. Whitehead and Second-Lieut. F. H. Warren. In collaboration these versatile and enthusiastic young officers produced a sketch that was at once human and intensely humorous, and we are glad indeed that their little play, splendidly acted and run through without the slightest hitch amid roars of laughter from the audience, proved such a brilliant success. The cast was as follows:—

#### THE DIS-ORDERLY ROOM.

IN ONE ACT.

Scene: Orderly Room of the —th Batt. Hampshire Slight Infantry.

#### CAST:

Lt.-Col. Sir Phœble Juggernaut, Lieut. R. S. WHITEHEAD, R.F.A.  
Adjutant-Capt. Algernon de Bunny,  
Lieut. F. H. WARREN, 3rd Cheshires.  
Capt. Reggie Harpin. . . . . Capt. R. HARPIN, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.  
Lieut. the Hon. Aubrey Aube. . . . . Capt. the Rev. H. P. WALTON.  
Sergt.-Major O. Blastem,  
Second-Lieut. H. S. FOTHERBY, 6th Northumberland Fus.  
Corporal Cowslip . . . . . Lieut. L. B. PRIMROSE, R.E.  
Corporal Sharper. . . . . Second-Lieut. G. B. BRUCE, 12th Royal Scots.  
Orderly S. N. O. Hughes,  
Second-Lieut. E. HALL, 10th Gloucesters.

Stage Manager: Chev. R. Reading, late Armée Belge.

The first part of the programme was devoted to a varied entertainment, which was received with obvious signs of pleasure. Nurse Wilson opened with a pianoforte selection, but—why do people do these things?—as late comers, conversation-mongers, match-strikers and chair-movers all seemed to be very busy, the merit of the selection was almost lost. Nurse Wilson has the artistic temperament strongly developed and is moreover a brilliant pianiste, but under the conditions prevailing, just at the time she opened the concert, one could not expect that she could do herself justice. Nothing is more jarring and disturbing to the sensitive musician than the knowledge that he or she is not in touch with the audience. It is just as impossible to play with any "soul" at these moments as it is to sing, and yet we are glad to pass along to Nurse Wilson the sincere thanks of the majority.

Captain the Rev. H. P. Walton sang "Drake Goes West" with considerable power of expression, and Chev. Reading attuned the crowd into the delights of dancing by his rendering of "The Floral Dance." As an encore he sang that fine little song Leoncavallo wrote for Caruso, "'Tis the Day," and sang it well, too.

Then came one of the bright successes of the evening, a ventriloquial interlude, by that accomplished and versatile young Scot, Second-Lieut. Bryce. He soon had the crowd roaring at his pawky Scots humour in converse with his dummy, "Dick," and his skill in this particular form of entertainment is as high as in conjuring with cards. And this is praise indeed! He received rapturous applause, and deserved it.

Second-Lieut. W. S. Humphries was a trifle nervous with his song "Until," but that will wear off with practice; and Chev. Reading brought the first part of the programme to a close with a telling rendering of the old barrack-room ballad, "Follow Me 'Ome."

"The Dis-Orderly Room," as we have already hinted, was a great success. Lieut. R. S. Whitehead was a character study as Lt.-Col. Sir Phœble Juggernaut, and, most accomplished actor as he is, without any gross exaggeration, he showed histrionic merit far above the ordinary. We would dearly like to see him in more ambitious characterisations: his Sir Phœble simply whetted the appetite for more. It should be said, too, that Mr. Whitehead carried the additional responsibility on his shoulders of making all the characters up, a task he performed with such complete success as to call forth high encomiums from experienced playgoers who know what "make-up" really is.

Second-Lieut. F. H. Warren as the Adjutant was a revelation. He was undoubtedly a "type," carried with him an "air" of bored importance that lent distinction to the study, and proved beyond doubt that "if all else fails" there is a fine career before him on the stage. Captain R. Harpin was just natural as himself, and none will forget his lordly assurance, his perfect *sang-froid*, as he made his entry into the dis-orderly room in charge of Sergt.-Major O. Blastem. All credit to Second-Lieut. Fotherby for his splendid interpretation of the familiar Sergt.-Major: this was one of the greatest of the successes of the evening.

Lieut. Primrose may possibly be doomed to march through military life with the danger of being called Corporal Cowslip, or Cowshed or Cowmilk, so convincing was his performance. His interpretation in fact was supremely natural, and great praise is his due, not only for his clever idea of the character of a contentious Corporal, but for the remarkable skill he displayed when mystifying the old Colonel with a few juggling and card conjuring tricks. He is a very neat manipulator is Cowslip—pardon, Primrose!—and one shudders at the thought of him or Second-Lieut. Bryce as partners at "auction"! Mr. Bryce, by the way, was a typical Corporal Sharper, giving his evidence in thorough orderly-room fashion.

Orderly S. N. O. Hughes (Second-Lieut. E. Hall) was a scream from beginning to end: his make-up, actions, intonation and asides, all were really funny; but the stage manager made an error in not seeing to it that he was shod in slippers instead of hob-nailed boots. What an infernal clatter they made!

Captain the Rev. H. P. Walton gave a most amusing interpretation of the "dude" character of Lieut. the Hon. Aubrey Aube. Had not the programme told the audience that this was really and in truth the Padre they would have wondered in vain as to whom he was, so complete was the transformation he made. An indolent almost inert young "dude" of a subaltern he was a complete success, deserving, as he received, great credit for a fine character impersonation that was in reality the very antithesis of his true self.

Bearing in mind that the whole absurdity was written by patients, and produced in its entirety by them; that it was a first production without even a dress rehearsal; that the artistes had to make the best and most of the rather cramped space at their disposal; that most of them were making a first appearance on any stage, not to mention minor difficulties which need not be named, the whole thing was a striking success. For this the main credit is due to Lieut. R. S. Whitehead, to whom we pay our Editorial obeisance, and in the name of the patients and staff offer our sincere thanks and appreciation.

Thanks are also due to Electrician Gorton for valuable aid in lighting arrangements, to orderlies Hall, "Gilbert" and Roden, who worked hard (as did the two willing young Scouts, "Tubby" and Oxley); to Miss Jenkins and the mess room staff for encouragement and help that was very welcome during a trying time, and to the Matron and Doctor for invaluable support in many ways.

\* \* \* \*

THE CINGANELLI CONCERT.

On Sunday evening, October 15th, we welcomed the orchestral party brought to the hall by our friend Cinganelli, the accomplished and artistic conductor of the Oxford Picture House orchestra. 'Tis true that owing to difficulties in the way of transport from Manchester they arrived so late as to send Dick Reading into a positive fever of fear that they would never come (poor Richard: how he cut off that duet "Watchman, what of the night?" he was singing with Lieut. Whitehead when he saw the party at last arrive: the relief of Mafeking was a minor thing in comparison with his relief!). However, making the best of

circumstances—only one motor car was available and half the party had perforce to be left behind, which was a tremendous pity for we sadly missed the glorious music Mrs. Hunt would have given us on her harp, and we know to our sorrow that Mrs. Hunt was fearfully disappointed that she could not be with us—we spent an enjoyable evening and were treated to a splendid programme of classical music. Schumann's "Traumerei" was beautifully rendered, but to our mind the best thing of the evening was the famous Andante Cantabile of Tschaiakowsky, a melody of exceeding beauty, in which the string quartette excelled.

Stepping once again into the breach, Lieut. Whitehead gave us great joy at the piano. What a versatile and accomplished entertainer he is to be sure! How on earth he manages to whistle one well-known tune while playing at the piano another melody entirely different and yet blend the two so perfectly together is beyond us to conceive. He is a *siffleur* of no mean order, and his gramophone imitations are capital, while as a vocalist he discloses a powerful and expressive voice of a quality and range that we seldom get. Signor Cinganelli and his "supports" were obviously so impressed and pleased that we had a fleeting idea they forgot for the moment that they were the "entertained" (as indeed they were!) instead of the entertainers.

A couple of movements from a composition of Dvorak's, and two dainty Irish melodies, were also given by the string quartette, and, spite of all difficulties and delays, the concert was a big success. Next time Signor Cinganelli comes he has promised to bring more of his orchestra, and we shall see to it that the transport arrangements are complete. Our thanks are again due to our friend Mr. Stanley Brookes for his great kindness in motoring the party out to Worsley.



TWO LITTLE SONGS.

[MUSICAL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

*Oh! you tiny violet, peeping through the grass,  
Give my message lovingly, should you hear her pass.*

*If she stoops to pluck you there,  
Render all your perfume rare,  
Kiss for me her golden hair,*

*Tiny violet.*

\* \* \*

*Ripple, ripple, silver stream, in the summer weather,  
Chant your merry little song through the mountain heather.*

*When the shades of evening lower,  
Should you pass my lady's bower,  
Tell her it is lovers' hour,*

*Little silver stream.*

R.S.W.



*Private — of the — on sentry go for the first time on some  
cross roads just behind our front line trench hears  
approaching footsteps—*

PRIVATE: "'Alt! who goes there?"

OFFICER: "Friend."

PRIVATE: "I say, Guv'nor, it's pretty dark ain't it? 'Ow far are the German trenches from here?"

OFFICER: "Oh, about two hundred yards, my man."

PRIVATE (*trembling*): "Thanks, Guv'nor; and how far are our reserve trenches from here?"

OFFICER: "Oh, about eight hundred yards. Good night, sentry."

PRIVATE: "Good night, Guv'nor. (*To himself*) Blime, that's alright—no damned German can give me 200 in a 1,000!"

## THE LETTERS OF ADAM.

Worsley Hall,  
16th October, 1916.

DARLING EVA,

Your last letter was as wonderful as ever. How beautifully descriptive you always are! D'you know, I begin to think you have a temperament, and I am becoming fearful for your future. Temperamental people are so long-suffering, dear old thing, although naturally, they are the dearest people in the world.

Moralising again! I'm always doing it when I write to you. 'Sextraordinary, isn't it?

What *do* you think has happened? You'd never guess in a thousand years. Do you remember, Eva, that daring and audacious Dona Isabella de Castro who was the talk of Biarritz throughout the season—that blissful pre-war season—of 1913? 'Member how she got up and made a speech in the blue room at the Imperial and told everybody what cramped old fogies they were. And you remember she finished up by embracing the conductor of the White Viennese Band?

Well, the creature has come to Manchester with a girl companion and a grizzled old secretary, and is staying at the Midland. Of course, she's got heaps and heaps of money, and so it doesn't really matter *what* she does, does it?

However, I was sitting gracefully—metaphorically speaking, of course—over a *Coupe Jacque* in the Octagon Court on Friday afternoon, and she sailed straight up to my chair and smiled full at me. Of course, I got up and bowed ever so gracefully, but I never, never, *never* expected her to do "conductor" stunts on me! But she did, Eva! M'yes!! And I looked up at the roof and down at my boots and tried to look as if I'd expected to be kissed. Oh, Eva, darling, it was super-embarrassing—and yet she's a beautiful creature and—and—I didn't seem to mind as much as I should have done. You know what I mean, don't you? I hope you do, 'cos I don't. M'no!

There were three insane, ridiculous-looking subalterns in the corner, ogling for all they were worth, too, and I could have kicked myself.

Isabella is a very dear and sincere girl, with all her alarming unconventionalities, and I think I've forgiven her. She is the despair of her father, whom I used to know in Brazil, and yet "Sebastien," as we used to call him, worships the ground she walks on. Heigh-ho, it's a funny world! She sends you loads of love, and told me there is no one like you in England. There I agree with her—*emphatically*.

\* \* \* \*

Eva, darling, d'you know you left a dear little, grey little, sweet little, dainty little glove in the hall last time you came over? And, d'you know, I was just doing funny things with it all by myself when a tall dark nurse glided gracefully by with eyes half left? I don't know even now if I was caught. I only know that my temperature went up in a bound to 103 in the shade and my face went the colour of the setting sun. I can see your mischievous smile as you read, and I could shake you into a state of remorse if I were only there. But F— is a long way away, isn't it?

Which reminds me. I've got to go into Manchester to-morrow and Altrincham the next day, and after

that—well, d'you think I might possibly meet you somewhere? A fortnight seems such a long time when one is—er—ahem!—interested! And I'll always be that, Eva. Even you can't stop me thus far, can you?

You know, old thing, it's all very well to assure a man that you haven't a friend like him in the world, and that there isn't anybody else, and that there's nothing you wouldn't do for him, and that he's much more than a brother to you—but what's a fellow goin' to do? D'you know, waitin' years and years goin' abroad and comin' back and still bein' the same, and thinkin', thinkin', thinkin' after "lights out"—it doesn't sound as if he's got a passing fancy, does it? 'Sides, he's known her ever since he grew moustaches and she put her hair up!

Course, I don't mind! The Adam-Zapples *never* mind; and, anyway, 'sno use, if you say so. I'll just go and adopt a flapper and make you *fear'ly* jealous! 'Sall nonsense, Eva, worrying about the Guv'nor. You'll be here when he's gone, and by that time I'll be on a polar expedition or something, if the war doesn't catch me bending, and you'll have to go in for politics or some such disgraceful, unfeminine pastime—an' I'll come back about 1935 an' we'll meet at the Carlton or Somewhere an' we'll both swallow lumps, an' I'll stretch out my frost-bitten hand an' say "How d'ye do, Lady Eva?" An' you'll say "Goo' gracious, it must be Mr. Adam Zapple!" And then we'll both look frigid and conventional, and Old Nick will chuckle, whilst poor tired little Cupid goes sobbing away to another and more youthful couple just under the orchestra.

P'raps you'll say old Adam's "cruel and unfeelin'," and what not, when you read this, but, dear old, wonderful old, beautiful old Eva, I can't help it! I'm in the doldrums and I don't care.

\* \* \* \*

And now I'm going to dry up and talk sense. I've sold my Studebaker and bought a shining and sympathetic Rover, and if Adam and Eva are not soon touring through the broad acres of God's own country—without chaperone or chauffeur—my name's not Zapple.

Give my regards to the Guv'nor—conf'd him!—and write and tell me when I may come. Gwen sends her love—heaps of it. And I—*dearest, dearest* Eva—if I sent you all my heaps I'd never be able to see the sun through them! But I'd climb to the top and find you there, and that would be sun enough for—

Your faithful henchman,

ADAM.



## TRAINS.

*Trains to town,  
Trains from town,  
Which of 'em makes the Doctor frown?  
Is it the train which "legs" one down,  
Is it from, or up to town?*

*Trains to town,  
Trains from town,  
Which prefer you, up or down?  
Does it depend which end you crown  
With maiden garbed in blue or brown?*

## A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.

WORSLEY HALL, as a Red Cross Hospital, thanks in the first place to the generosity and thoughtfulness of the Earl of Ellesmere, was opened for the reception of patients on October 11th, 1914. Since then many hundreds of soldier and officer patients have passed through the portals of the Lancashire home of the Ellesmeres, the great majority of whom have been sent back absolutely fit, while a few very serious cases have been thankful for the Fate that sent them to Worsley to receive the benefit of incomparable care and attention and surgical and medical skill.

Two years of war-hospital work! It is a slice in a lifetime, in truth, and yet in the certainty of good and noble work done there is great and lasting joy. This

(aforetime Sister and now Matron) is still at the head of affairs.

Of a truth a wonderfully capable and cheerful triumvirate, and (as they would be the first proudly to admit) the patients are lucky indeed to be under such efficient control.

Altogether we believe there are eight of the original staff remaining—the doctors and matron aforesaid, and the two charming ladies who control the destinies of the linen-room along with multitudinous auxiliary duties; and three other equally charming and accomplished nurses. They who have twelve months of service to their credit are entitled to wear the red armlet which adds such a touch of bright colour to the blue-grey uniform.



"VETERANS" OF THE NURSING STAFF, WORSLEY HALL, OCTOBER 11, 1916.

Photo: C.E.S.

is the happy portion of those members of the staff at Worsley Hall Hospital who were on duty in October, 1914, and are still on duty in October, 1916.

In a Red Cross hospital there must of necessity be many changes in the course of two years' existence, and Worsley is not exceptional in this respect. But it is a striking commentary on the smooth working of the hospital that Dr. C. E. Smith, the cheery M.O., still holds the reins of control; that Captain J. B. McAlpine is still consulting and operating surgeon (we intend to ask him some day how many operations he has performed since he commenced war-surgery in 1914—the total would surprise, we are sure), and that Mrs. Hodgson

It was a happy idea of the Medical Officer to arrange that on the evening of October 11th there should be a little celebration, and this took the shape such affairs usually take: a dinner arranged by the Doctor (quite apart from anything in the way of official recognition) for these "veterans" of the staff. We had not the good fortune to be present at this *recherche* little dinner, but "from information received" (as the ever-polite police say in the highest circles of real drama) we understand that it was a thorough success, as of course it was bound to be.

What speeches were delivered, or if any were delivered at all, we know not, but we can picture in our mind's

eye the worthy M.O. holding his beaming and beautiful guests in spellbound admiration as he airily descanted on their term of long service, their valuable aid, their keen and undivided attention to duty and discipline, and their many other varied virtues. As to that, however, as we say, we have no solid information; we have simply picked up a few crumbs of news, after the fashion of a modern Autolykus, and we imagine the rest.

We understand, however, that the evening terminated with a wildly exciting, whirling whist drive, in which the fair representatives of the "linen-room" distinguished themselves, both at the head and foot of the poll, as it were. Miss B—, as one might expect, took major honours, and Miss A— (after an exciting tussle with Miss T—) bore off the booby in triumph.

Save to mention that on the following evening—still keeping up the celebration—the Doctor invited the "veterans" to the theatre, we have nothing more to chronicle except our satisfaction in the knowledge that the anniversary was a complete success, and our regret that we cannot give a more comprehensive account of a memorable function.



## ADVICE TO NURSES AND V.A.D.'S.

BY "BUNTY."

- 1.—Pack wound—don't plug it. The patient loves it.  
*I've been packed!*
- 2.—Always nag a patient with nerves.  
*I've been nagged.*
- 3.—Always *bang* the door well, if patient is wounded in the head—or suffering from headache.  
*I had a headache!*
- 4.—*Never* wipe the thermometer before giving it to the patient; carbolic may be good for the mouth.  
*Sorry—I didn't appreciate it.*
- 5.—Shake bed *well*—if dorsal artery (in foot) has been accidentally snicked.  
*Jolly for the patient!!*
- 6.—*Never* shake a foment before applying.  
*I've been scalded!!*
- 7.—Cause as much fuss as you like in the ward, especially if it is for "enteric suspects."  
*So good for the patients!!*
- 8.—If you are V.A.D. *never* talk to orderlies (good, bad or indifferent).  
*Thank goodness I DIDN'T—too ambitious.*
- 9.—*Don't dare* to speak to anyone in the ward, not even if you are the only nurse in sight and the question asked is *most* important.  
*I answered a question!!*
- 10.—*Always* specialise in patients. It is sad they are not all good looking.  
*I think I must be!!*
- 11.—If you are a V.A.D. O.A.S. you must scrub and wipe up and make dainties for orderlies until Germans arrive; then because the Sister doesn't like Germans, you will suddenly be allowed to feed him, even give him brandy (T.D.S.) and sponge him down when his temperature is 104°, and do anything else necessary.  
*I was a V.A.D. O.A.S.*
- 12.—If you are invited to a concert for wounded soldiers take yards of red tape.  
*They love it.*

V.A.D.—Voluntary Aid Detachment. O.A.S.—On Active Service.  
T.D.S.—3 times a day.

## COGENT COMMUNIQUE.

To Captain the Rev. H. P. Walton, C.F.

DEAR PADRE,

We have just wished you good-bye at the hospital door, and watched your smile-wreathed face as you departed from dear old Worsley, cheerful and content. We do not often get Padres in hospital, but, regretting as everyone did the necessity that sent you among us, we can truly affirm that never was a patient more welcome here, or more popular during his stay than yourself.

We liked you for your cheerful spirit, for your songs, your help in any and everything that was for the joy and the entertainment of the officers; and we loved you for your natural and tolerant broad-mindedness. You were the essence of *bonhomie* and *camaraderie*.

Your view of life is fine—and may it ever be so, for the sake of the hundreds of men whom you will yet meet, and for whom your glorious example of decent clean living will be more valuable than mere words can tell!

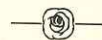
For your valuable aid in entertaining your fellow patients they—and we are of the number—thank you; for your daily object-lessons of Life as it ought to be Lived all of us are the better.

You're a good fellow through and through, and we're proud of you. Carry on, sir!

Yours faithfully,

THE EDITORS.

October 15th, 1916.



## OUR COMPETITION CORNER.

### I.—ELUSIVE PROVERBS.

Winner:—Miss DOROTHY DUCKWORTH, Bowdon, Cheshire, to whom the prize will be forwarded in due course.

### COMPETITION NO. 2.

#### GUESS HIS AGE.

Many of our readers know old Dick Edge, the factotum of the "catacombs," or the underground passages and retreats of the hall. We offer a suitable prize to the competitor who correctly guesses his age—day, date, and year. The only condition is that nobody shall ask him how old he is.

N.B.—The Editors do not know old Dick's age themselves, and, anyway, members of the Editorial staff are barred from entering into these exciting competitions.

The Editors' decision is final, and subject to no appeal at law.



A fearful gale has been blowing during the past few days, but that is nothing to the "wind" that has been "up" among some of the fellows here when the new Army Order regarding leave was promulgated. Oh dear me! Visions of the Somme and no leave at all. But, as most winds do, they will blow over!

\* \* \* \*

DOTING MOTHER (*whose only son has just gone to France*): "How long will it be before I receive a letter?"

BORED NEIGHBOUR: "Oh, three or four weeks, perhaps."

DOTING MOTHER (*in state of collapse*): "Why so long as that?"

BORED NEIGHBOUR: "They haven't time to write when they get out there."

DOTING MOTHER: "What do they do then?"



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## A CANDID REPLY TO "BRIDGEWATER."

From the Editors of the "Worsley Wail."

SIR,

There is a time-worn but ever true saying: "Give a fool enough rope and he'll hang himself." In the fullness of our hearts we gave you a good supply in our last issue, for we permitted your fulminating rhodomontade to appear in our select columns exactly as your egotistic effrontery prompted you to write it. But though this rope of your own weaving was so long, we have yet to hear that you have fulfilled the terms of the oft-quoted adage; which reminds us of another well known saying to the effect that "He that is born to be drowned will never be hanged." Truly, in your impudent if enthusiastic effort to criticise the *Worsley Wail*, *per se*, the Editors' journalistic and literary abilities, our high and noble principles and our venerated Religion of Optimism, you have given vent to enough watery effusion to drown yourself in—and, anyway, there is always the rope if you shrink at water.

You say you write more in sorrow than in anger. Spare us your grief, my boy: we would rather have your vexation, even your choleric wrath. But you affirm, too, that you are "distraught" at our "outrage of every principle of modern journalism." Let us hope that by this time you have recovered from this dual attack of grief, so that you may be in a fit state to give ear and understanding to the reply you have forced us to give to your infantile and preposterously absurd ebullition.

The presumption that you recognise us to be "two young and utterly ignorant amateur editors" is nothing more nor less than superlative cheek, and on a par with the rest of your frothy fulminations. You have, in fact, confessed your own utter ignorance of the first principle of modern journalism, and having so absolutely failed to realise the essence of criticism, which must of all things be constructive and not merely a tirade of destructive adjectival effervescence, leading to nothing more certain than its own frothy evaporation, we are content to leave you to the tender mercies of our readers, than whom—as they are pleased to purchase this journal, and (as we have ample evidence in proof) admire and enjoy its perusal—there could be no better judges.

It may be that you have some slight gift of expression, a smattering of knowledge of the gentle art of letter writing—believe us, nothing more! Lay not the flattering unction to your soul that your tiresome outburst was a gem of literary excellence that demanded publication because of its polished phrasing, its graceful style. It received publication, 'tis true, but that was because our Editorial mind conceived this to be the very delicacy of ironic punishment. Your fatuous and wholly irrational reasonings were your own castigation, and by now doubtless you have learned the meaning of the adage, "Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread."

A few words more. Your gratuitous advice that we should use the *Worsley Wail* "as a medium for circulating jokes from older and more experienced journals" is as insulting as it is revolting to our feelings and our aspirations. Thank goodness it is not necessary for us to reply that we are not dealers in second-hand goods, or pilferers of other men's brains. When our own little bits of "grey matter" dry up into dust, then we, too, will dry up; but so long as we, the original Elusive Editors of the *Wail*, have the honour to guide the destinies of this little journal, not all the alleged criticisms of correspondents such as we know you to be will cause us to swerve one inch from our onward march, nor deviate one iota from our Religion of Optimism.

And so we have the honour to remain—

October 14th, 1916.

THE OPTIMISTIC EDITORS.

## THE SOMME PICTURES.

To the Editors of the "Worsley Wail."

SIRS,

Have read the letter written you by the Rev. F. B. M. on the Somme pictures, and I'm amazed, positively amazed, that such an unsophisticated, if reverend, gentleman can be at large. A modern Mr. Verdant Green indeed!

Seriously, we want *more* Somme pictures; the more the people at home can be told about this fearful war—and what can show them more clearly than these pictures?—the better for all.

Why, sir, I'm sure, after listening to some of the folk who remain in Great Britain while we go out to fight for them, that there are thousands yet at home who have only the faintest idea of what war really is, what it means, and what its effect is likely to be when all is over. Pity 'tis, but 'tis true.

Let us have more Somme pictures, for all our sakes.

Yours,

SUB JUNIOR.

October 15th, 1916.



Chev. R. READING.

2nd Lieut. F. H. WARREN.

## THE "ELUSIVES" REVEALED.

Copies of the *Worsley Wail* are now in the archives of the British Museum, at the disposal of future historians of the war, and war-hospitals. We have received the following acknowledgment:—

No. 44,669—71.

Copyright Receipt Office, British Museum, this 13th day of October, 1916.

RECEIVED for the use of the British Museum a copy of the "*Worsley Wail*," Vol. 1, Nos. 1—3, Sept.—Oct., 1916, in three parts, dated 1916, published at Worsley, and delivered here on behalf of The Editors, Worsley Red Cross Hospital, Worsley, the publishers thereof.

By authority of the Trustees,

G. F. BARWICK.

## I'M TIRED.

(AN ARTILLERY "WAIL.")

To the Editors of the "Worsley Wail."

SIRS,

I discovered the accompanying attempt at humour in one of my gunner's letters at the front. I have never been able to find out who wrote it, but it has not been published as far as I know.

Yours faithfully,  
A.R.W., Lieut., R.F.A.

Worsley Hall, 7/10/16.

*I'm tired of building funk-pits and filling bags with sand,  
I'm tired of jam and marmalade, of Pink's and  
Tickler's brand,*

*I'm tired of sleeping fitfully upon a cellar floor  
And gulping down cold bacon at the early hour of four ;  
I'm tired of buying eggs and milk in execrable French,  
And tired of crawling down that foul communication trench.*

*But a gladsome time is coming, there's a joyous day in store  
When the crumpets crump no longer, and the whizz-bangs  
bang no more,*

*When I leave that cursed cellar, and mount the stairs  
instead,  
For a room that sports a carpet, and has sheets upon the bed.*

*I'm tired of broken cables and the buzzer's dreadful drone,  
And "Here, shake up, you're very faint," upon the  
telephone.*

*I'm tired of firing shrapnel with the usual report :  
"Some shells are falling in our trench, you must be shooting  
short !"*

*I'm tired of shooting shrapnel, percussion, and H.E.,  
But most particularly when the Germans shoot at me !*

*But a gladsome time's arriving, there's a happy day to  
come,*

*When the "Minnenwerfs" are silent, and the Black  
Marias dumb,*

*Then I'll get some consolation, if I still retain my wits,  
By taking a d—d telephone and kicking it to bits !*

*I'm tired of blowing whistles and cudgelling my brains  
How best to hide my blooming guns from German aeroplanes.  
I'm tired of writing out reports that never seem to please,  
Of spending days from dawn till dusk in cramped and  
damp O.P's.*

*But a gladsome time is coming, there's a cheery day ahead,  
When at 8 or 9 or even 10 I leave my little bed,  
And lazing through the day I dine, and wander to the halls,  
And sit 'midst scent and frillies in the front row of the  
stalls !*

(With acknowledgments to an unknown author.)

## WARNING

TO OFFICERS ON LEAVE.

*All the blood you may spill,  
All the Huns you may kill  
Are as naught to the thrill  
That you get from a frill.*

## V.H.S. AWARDS.

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

\* Lieut. R. S. WHITEHEAD (Royal Field Artillery)—  
For conspicuous services during an unbroken period of two years ; fighting by day, and entertaining troops by night for eighteen months in the Ypres salient, controlling the destinies of the celebrated "Fancies" there, and adding substantially to the gaiety of staff and patients in Worsley Hall while himself in impaired health ; for pronounced histrionic, musical and entertaining ability generally, and for military services extended over the whole period of the war to date.

Second-Lieut. T. A. MILLIGAN (16th Northumberland Fusiliers)—

For military services rendered in three African campaigns and in the heaviest fighting on the Western front, for a consistent soldierly spirit, and for his invariable amiability, gaiety and charm of manner whilst in Worsley Hospital.

Captain S. H. CHAMBERLAIN (King's Liverpools)—

For his placid and unconscious versatility, playing "auction" admirably with one hand, discriminatingly appreciating music, admiring G. K. Chesterton both for his rotundity of outline and for his literary achievements, sleeping at any hour of the twenty-four (before, after, and at meals), and taking an invariable antepandial "constitutional" to Worsley Bridge the better to appreciate the beauties of nature.

Quartermaster A. BRIGHT—

For his kindly accommodation and courtesy extended at all times to the Editorial staff, and his invaluable assistance to staff and patients in all that pertains to the duties of his office.

\* Grand Cross of the Order.



## SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

Patients admitted . . .	Day by day.
Patients discharged . . .	More and more.
Patients cautioned . . .	Nothing to report.
Patients ejected . . .	One very nearly.
Patience exhibited . . .	See the Staff.
Patients impatient . . .	None in Worsley Hall.
Average temperature . . .	6 to 10 p.m., 180° in the shutters
Hours of sunshine . . .	Quite a few.
Hours of rainfall . . .	Same as Manchester.
Zeppelin visits . . .	Foiled again !
Operations . . .	As usual.
Hospital romance . . .	Materialising !
Hospital tragedies . . .	Shutters ! Telephone <i>impasses</i> .
Hospital comedies . . .	Bunny's thanksgiving speeches Rehearsals. "Group" post-cards. "The long and the short of it."
Hospital entertainments . . .	Numerous and excellent.
Heart breakages . . .	Sisters in competition. New candidate for chief place —tall, dark.

## PATIENTS IN HOSPITAL.

APPLEBY, A., 2nd-Lieut., D.L.I.  
 AYLIFFE, F. W., 2nd-Lieut., Gloucesters.  
 AULD, I. C., Lieut., Canadian F.A.  
 BARK, N., 2nd-Lieut., K.O.S.B.  
 BARNETT, E. P., Lieut., D.L.I.  
 BEARD, F., 2nd-Lieut., E. Surrey.  
 BEEBIE, E., 2nd-Lieut., North Staffs.  
 BRYCE, G. B., 2nd-Lieut., Royal Scots.  
 CATER, W. H., 2nd-Lieut., R.W. Kent.  
 CAMPBELL, W. A., 2nd-Lieut., Royal Irish Fusiliers.  
 CARRICK, H. M., Lieut., Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 CHAMBERLAIN, G. H., Capt., Liverpools.  
 COCKRAM, L. H., 2nd-Lieut., Liverpools.  
 COOKE, O. H., 2nd-Lieut., K.O.Y.L.I.  
 CRINION, F., 2nd-Lieut., Manchesters.  
 CROFTON, R. L., 2nd-Lieut., Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 CHALLONER, J. L., 2nd-Lieut., Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 CATLING, E. W. C., Lieut., Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 DARLINGTON, J. H., 2nd-Lieut., South Lancs.  
 DOWLEY, E. J., 2nd-Lieut., Lancashire Fusiliers.  
 DRAPES, G. R., 2nd-Lieut., Leicesters.  
 DUGDALE, A. G., 2nd-Lieut., D.L.I.  
 EKINS, F. G., 2nd-Lieut., Royal Irish.  
 ENGLAND, J. A., 2nd-Lieut., Bedfords.  
 ELLIOT, F. D., Lieut., Canadians.  
 FALKNER, H. E., 2nd-Lieut., Suffolks.  
 FAWKES, R. B., 2nd-Lieut., Northampton.  
 FERGUSON, J., 2nd-Lieut., Seaforths.  
 FIELDING, P., Lieut., Manchesters.  
 FOTHERBY, H. S., 2nd-Lieut., Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 FRANK, R. A., Lieut., East Yorks.  
 FRASER, C. G., 2nd-Lieut., Leicesters.  
 FRATER, J. G., 2nd-Lieut., Cheshires.  
 FRY, F. A., Lieut., R.E.  
 FISHER, F., 2nd-Lieut., R.W.F.  
 FRANKS, T. N., Lieut., Borderers.  
 GAUNT, F. M., 2nd-Lieut., Leinsters.  
 GOULDEN, D., Lieut., North Staffs.  
 GRANT, D. J., Lieut., Canadians.  
 HADDICK, F. E., 2nd-Lieut., Leinsters.  
 HALL, B., 2nd-Lieut., Borderers.  
 HALL, W. N., 2nd-Lieut., Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 HALL, E., 2nd-Lieut., Gloucesters.  
 HARPIN, R., Capt., R.W. Fusiliers.  
 HINCHCLIFFE, J. A., 2nd-Lieut., K.O.Y.L.I.  
 HOWELLS, J. P., 2nd-Lieut., Queen's R.W.S.  
 HUMPHRIES, W. S., 2nd-Lieut., D.C.L.I.  
 HUMBLE, G. M. A., Lieut., Sherwood Foresters.  
 HUMPHREYS, R. S., Lieut., R.W. Fusiliers.  
 HOBBY, H. S., 2nd-Lieut., Yorks.  
 JOHNSON, 2nd-Lieut., Middlesex.  
 JONES, J. M., 2nd-Lieut., R.W.F.  
 JOYNTT, W. D., Lieut., A.I.F.  
 LEVITT, R. H., 2nd-Lieut., Welsh Regiment.  
 LAWS, P. U., Lieut., Notts & Derbys.  
 MANN, H. J., 2nd-Lieut., Yorks and Lancasters.  
 MCCOMBE, W. J. P., Lieut., Notts and Derbys.  
 McLLROY, W. E. C., Lieut., Ox. and Bucks.  
 MILLER, J. E., 2nd-Lieut., Yorks. and Lancs.  
 MILLER, T., 2nd-Lieut., R.F.A.  
 MILLIGAN, J. A., 2nd-Lieut., Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 MILLS, G. H., 2nd-Lieut., Welsh Regiment.  
 MOORE, W. A., Lieut., R.G.A.  
 MORSON, P. A., 2nd-Lieut., Royal Warwicks.  
 MURPHY, P., 2nd-Lieut., Manchesters.  
 MURRAY, M., Capt., R.W.F.  
 McLEROY, T. B., Lieut., R.F.A.  
 NICKOLSON, C. B., 2nd-Lieut., Durham Light Infantry.  
 ORD, C. D., 2nd-Lieut., Durham Light Infantry.  
 PHILIPS, T. B., Capt., Welsh Regiment.  
 PICKARD, B., Lieut., Connaught Rangers.  
 POLLOCK, R. C., 2nd-Lieut., Argyle & Sutherland Highlanders.  
 POTTER, H. S., 2nd-Lieut., R.M. Fusiliers.  
 PRIMROSE, L. B., Lieut., R.E.  
 PURDON, B. W., 2nd-Lieut., Royal Munster Fusiliers.  
 QUIGLEY, E. P., Lieut., R.D. Fusiliers.  
 READHEAD, S., Capt., D.L.I. (T.F.)  
 READING, R., Chevalier, late Armée Belge.  
 ROBINSON, A. M., 2nd-Lieut., R.F.A.  
 ROBERTS, S. C., 2nd-Lieut., K.O.R. Lancs.

## PATIENTS IN HOSPITAL—Continued.

ROCHE, J. A., Capt., King's Liverpools.  
 ROSS, C. P., 2nd-Lieut., Suffolks.  
 RAPP, T. C., Capt., M.C., West Ridings.  
 RAINE, H. E., 2nd-Lieut., Durham Light Infantry.  
 TAYLOR, E. W., Lieut., Loyal North Lancs.  
 SAUNDERS, G. H. V., 2nd-Lieut., Yorks.  
 SMITH, J. F., Lieut., King's Liverpools.  
 SLEIGHTHOLME, S. A., 2nd-Lieut., Yorks.  
 SEDGLEY, C. H., 2nd-Lieut., King's Liverpools.  
 TAYLOR, P., 2nd-Lieut., M.G.C.  
 THORNLEY, B., 2nd-Lieut., R.F.A.  
 TRAVIS, A. E., Lieut., King's O.R.L.  
 WALKER, H., 2nd-Lieut., Munster Fusiliers.  
 WALL, E. J., 2nd-Lieut., East Yorks.  
 WARREN, F. H., 2nd-Lieut., Cheshires.  
 WHARTON, G., 2nd-Lieut., Durham Light Infantry.  
 WHITEHEAD, R. S., Lieut., R.F.A.  
 WHITTAM, B., Lieut., A.V.C.  
 WHOWELL, W., 2nd-Lieut., R.F.A.  
 WILLIAMS, C. C., Lieut., K.O.S.B.  
 WILSON, G. H., 2nd-Lieut., R.F.A.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RAEBURN (and many others).—Sorry, but the first number of the *Wail* is out of print.  
 CLOTHIER.—*Expeventia docet*. Cheer-oh!  
 AMAZON.—If you dare do it again we shall have to call on our famous ancestor, "Round-oathed Reginald," to curse your verses.  
 IPHEGENIA.—Poor, broken-hearted lass! In the semi-privacy of the sanctum we have wept—and bitterly—as we read your sad, sad story.  
 WEST RIDING.—Come back—not here, but to Eccles; you're wanted.  
 R. W.—We could only hope to chop that verse into rhyme and metre with a meat axe; pen would turn up the point of its nib at it!  
 M.S.S.—Crude to a degree. The rhyme bumps along like a burst taxi-tyre on the streets of Salford.  
 THORNLEY DODGE.—Many thanks. Your good wishes reciprocated. Shall expect copy of "The Garden of the King."  
 AUTO.—Sorry your yarn is not as good as the luck we wish you. Make the most of your leave, and keep a cheerful spirit.  
 MAX.—Are you in hiding?  
 BERENICE.—Can't trace the officer as having been here. Evidently a fibber; cut him out, dear.  
 HORACE.—We have a nice W.P.B. in the sanctum, and your verses reposed there in comfort.  
 M.R.S.—Still silent?  
 BERT.—No room for "original" stories we have read in some magazine or other.  
 TOM GARNER.—You're on—booked as a subscriber. Thanks for good wishes.  
 LAURIE.—It proved a bit too near; anyway, it failed to pass the censor.  
 LIEUT.-COL. COFFEY.—Thanks for appreciation. Glad the F.A. like the *Wail*. Our hope is that when we leave hospital someone will keep it going. I'll be here when you get your leave.  
 GEORGIA PEARCE.—Charming of you. Stamps received. Our best wishes to E.M.  
 "DOWNJACK."—They tell us the hall and stage looked very well, thanks to the scheme of shrub and floral decoration. Still busy?  
 VESTA TILLEY.—You dear, good soul! The officers were delighted at the kindly thought that prompted you to send on your lovely bouquets. Many, many thanks. Regards to Walter.  
 SHORT COMMONS.—Yes, you may order a hansom to call for you; but think of it!  
 ISAAC.—Yes, there are plenty of perch in the lake. Also eels, roach, pike, carp, water hens, wild duck, and flies of every breed. The latter, thank goodness! are now dying off, and one of the wild duck is rapidly being tamed. (We think it is the drake.) A dead carp was found the other morning. Oh, yes, there is plenty of variety, but you need not send for your best salmon rod.

## TO OUR NURSES.

WHO wakes me in the morning, my temp'ature to see?  
 Who holds my hand and strokes my brow, and gives  
 me cups of tea?  
 Who asks me if my sleep was sweet, and says, "Do you  
 feel ill, son?"  
 The answer you will all have guessed—the lady is Nurse  
 W—n.

Who rushes in at 6-15 with water cold and hot?  
 Who bathes my hands and face and brow, and goodness  
 knows not what?  
 Who straightens out my pillows, and fills the room with  
 light?  
 You're "right" again, and so is she, for is it not Nurse  
 W—t?

'Tis 7 a.m., a buzz, a whirr, a wild blood-curdling yell—  
 Three beauteous damsels now rush in; three patients  
 murmur—well!  
 Who are these ladies, you may ask, the cause of all our  
 groans?  
 Why the fairest of the fair sex, Nurse M—n, Y—s,  
 and J—s.

With lightning speed the beds are made, the maidens then  
 retire;  
 An unwashed orderly walks in and lights the bedroom fire.  
 Ten minutes pass, a sound is heard, 'tis someone at the  
 door—  
 Nurse F—n walks demurely in with tea-leaves for the  
 floor.

The day rolls on—a mighty crash, as if of breaking plates,  
 Awakes the echoes of the ward: I murmur "Yes! Nurse  
 Y—s."

Then someone strafes an orderly—poor wretched lad is he!  
 Who is the lady of the strafe? Nurse M—n?—It is she.

And as I lie in snow-white bed my thoughts are wont to  
 stray  
 To what these ladies do for us each long monotonous day:  
 They're finer far than ten V.C.'s, and proud of all are we—  
 Attention! men of Worsley Hall. Salute the V.A.D.!

GLESIE.


  
NOTICES.

The Worsley Wail is 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 some-  
 times 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.

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GABY DESLYS writes:

*Your cork legs are simply merveilleuses. I have  
recommended them to my partner. Can you give  
me samples of your arms?*

LLOYD GEORGE writes:

*Since using your new thorax my son has become  
a Lieut.-Col. I have now no difficulty in speaking.*

MAJOR WALKLEY:

*Your bloodless surgery was a distinct and valuable  
aid to recruiting.*

H. H. ASQUITH:

*I have nothing to add to my letter of Aug. 5/14.*

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