

Autographs

Margaret C. Potter
1940.

Mary Minnie

"Finlandia" 1940.

Over the snow on a pair of SKIS
I hope to God we shall not freeze,
giving out pulls, & rendering First-aid,
Our only worry, shall we be paid?

20/2/40

Life is mostly froth & bubble
Two things stand like stone
Tenderness in another's trouble
Courage in your own

Elisabeth G. Furstae-Duehett.
V.A.D.

Fair be the garden when you love
Shall grow

Happy the pathway that your feet
Shall tread

Rich be your farmer store with
corn and oil

Long be the turning to the fair farewell
Allen B. Booth 2/12/40

Chacun pour soi
et le bon Dieu pour tous.

Frederick Porter Smith

Gaint.

Gaint what we have,
But what we give.

Gaint where we are,
But how we live.

Gaint what we do
But how we do it,
That makes this life
Worth goin' through it.

Margaret C. Notley,
Hythe. 1940.

THANKS

In these few words I wish to portray
How you cared for me in a devotable way
No words can express my thanks to you
Or for those memorable days in ward 2
And so to end this rhyme I feel I must say
I shall be indebted to you for many a day

E. Barker

London Irish Rifles. 7.6.40.

ed's years roll by sweet
memoirys recall.

Of friends that are past but
ne'er forgot.

We love them all & ask that
they may ne'er forget those
days gone by. ed Marshall.

13th Batt Royal Fusiliers.
20-6-40.

Drink ye to her that each loves Best.
and if you nurse a flame,

That 's told But to her mutual Breast.

We will not ask her name,
to live in heart we leave Behind.

Is not to die,

From S.A Bryant lpt 2842024
R.A.S.C.

20/6/40

ward 2.

There came to ~~the~~ ~~heart~~ a poor exile
of Erin,

The dew on his thin robe was heavy and
chill,

For his country he sighed, when at
twilight repairing,

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

Campbell's "Exile of Erin"

Pte J. Henry

S/158221

R.A.S.C.

20/6/40

20/6/1940

Here is sincere thanks from a Royal
Blue.

to the found care, and attention in Ward
Two.

R. J. Quinton

No. 2566703

Royal Horse Guards.

20-6-1940.

What is friendship but a name,

A charm that lulls to sleep,

A shade that follows wealth
or fame,

And leaves the wretch to weep.

Refon H. Murray Miles

D/39533. K.R.R.C.

LAUGH.

BUILD FOR YOURSELF A STRONG-BOX,
FASHION EACH PART WITH CARE;
FIT WITH CLASP AND PADLOCK,
PUT ALL YOUR TROUBLES THERE.
HIDE THEREIN ALL YOUR FAILURES,
AND EACH BITTER CUP YOU QUAFF,
LOCK ALL YOUR HEARTACHES
WITHIN IT,
THEN—SIT ON THE LID AND
LAGGH.

RAF HOSPITAL COSFORD STAFF.

TELL NO ONE OF ITS CONTENTS,
NEVER ITS SECRETS SHARE;
DROP IN YOUR CARES & WORRIES,
KEEP THEM FOREVER THERE.
HIDE THEM FROM SIGHT SO
THE WORLD WILL NEVER DREAM ^{COMPLETELY}
FASTEN THE TOP DOWN ^{HALF} SECURLY
THEN - SIT ON THE TOP &
LAUGH.

NOV 12/42 JIM ASSELSTINE ROAF.

The Truth about Women.

An angel in Truth, a demon in fiction,
a woman's the greatest of all contradictions

she's afraid of a beetle,
she'll scream at a mouse,
But she'll tackle a husband as
big as a house.

she'll take him for better,
she'll take him for worse,
she'll split his head open,
then be his nurse.

she's artful, she's crafty, she's
simple & kind

she's cruel, keensighted, kindhearted
& blind.

she'll play like a kitten & scratch
like a cat.

you think she is this & you
find she is that.

In the evening she will

In the morning she won't

you are always expecting she will
& she DON'T

when first I joined my motto was:-

"Per ardua ad astra."

But since I fringed one stormy night-

Per ardua ad plasta!

Johnny ("I used to be a pilot")

~~in one day~~

Confad S.4

9/4/42

To the Night Sister of S.4

Après de ma blonde,

qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon,

Après de ma blonde,

qu'il fait bon dormir.

s.s.s.g.b.s.m. avec amitiés

A.T. Edge.

L.A.C. R.A.F

8th Dec: 1941

There are those who think wisely of the thinking few
There are those who don't think but think they do.

EP. Lavender

Nov. 1941

Datchet. Bucks

A. SPROG GOES TO COSFORD.

When first I came to Cosford,
How little did I think,
The people there would say to me,
You don't just smell - you stink!

They took me out of plaster then,
And put me on a gimmer,
By jove the sun was ^{HOT} those days,
I used to sit and summer.

The lads were few, we had some fun,
With Simpson, Dalton, Craker,
A Scotman too sometime called Jack,
And sometime haggis baker.

Do you recall a certain night,
When Craker got you riled?
A fishcake he had thrown at me,
But golly you were wild.

They put me back in plaster and
I felt just like a log,
An M.O. came and said 'shut up!',
He surely was a sprog.

when I came round I used to find
my drink was in a feeder,
For that I knew I had to thank,
Mac and the Sqdn. leader.

I saw the sports and you can guess,
It was grand to be there,
Then it soon rained, and we got wet,
But really who should care.

I won't forget the sisters or,
How good they were to me,
The M.O.s. and the matron,
And of course the V.A.P.

And now dear sister please forgive
I hope you will not mind
If during all my stay in here,
I've been an awful brat.

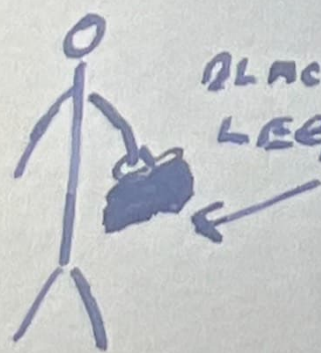
Ex H.A.C. i/c. B. Smith
(R.A.F.).

1 badge coming up.
Canada

Here's to Red who helps me in bed
And very nice too. Clare Bolster

She's as stately as a tulip
and of one so rare,
And yet, hails from claud afar.

She's here to do some murring,
murring, growring, loving,
those bright old boys of
eighty
who dotes on one so fair.



BLACK BAG
LEGEND.

George Pierre Fairbairn
58th Training Regt. RASC
1/3/40

John of French

Canada

Heinrich

Da

Canada

1
W. H. H. / 1914
2nd Br / U.S.A. 1914

~~Jack Davis~~

6th Cont. Co.

att. 8th D.S.L.I.

confused.

20/11/46

Life.

Life is a book of volumes three.

The past, the present, the
yet to be.

The past is hidden and stored
away

The present we are living day
by day

The third of the books of
Volumes three

Is hid from view
God holds the key.

Wm. Coombs Sr.
Cooper.
12.11.42.

It's easy enough to be pleasant
when life goes on like a song,
But the man worth while,
Is the man with a smile
when everything goes, - dead wrong -

Wm. Coombs Say -
Essex
12.11.11

When you're feeling dull &
And you're little world's all wrong,
Ask the Angel with the paint box
Please to send a sketch along.
Instantly she'll mix her colours
Goeset & white & heavenly blue
Paint upon the walls of fancy
howlly things God holds for YOU.

E. M. Church.

P.M. P.F.F.

Hallen.

13.1.41

Don't worry!

It may not happen!!

Bunt

Conrad

17/11/41

" Felix! "

Who tucks us in our little beds,
And pillows round our weary heads,
And o'er our woes a tear-drop sheds?

OUR NOTLEY.

Who gives us pills out right and left,
And daddly potions from the chest,
Which need but time to do the rest?

OUR NOTLEY.

Who wakes us in the dead of night
To see that temp and pulse are right
Then (kind of her) puts out the light?

OUR NOTLEY

Who's the solarium's guiding light?

Who fills the ward with radiance bright?
(Is all this flanneling quite polite?)

OUR NOTLEY

We'll be quite loathe to say goodbye,
And obvious is the reason why,

Our future thoughts will soften by

TO OUR NOTLEY

Ac. J. Hardy
Boston
Dec 1901

"To a Lady" of the Snow Country 33

Hope springs eternal etc.
So I'm hoping to meet many
more just like you.

Sgt Pilot. Tommy Stonehouse ^{Story}
Thurman Ont. Canada
27/7/42.

Birds and loons fly by day -

Owls and h - y loons fly by night.

Johnny (I've had some) in one

12 S. P. S.

Yankee
news.