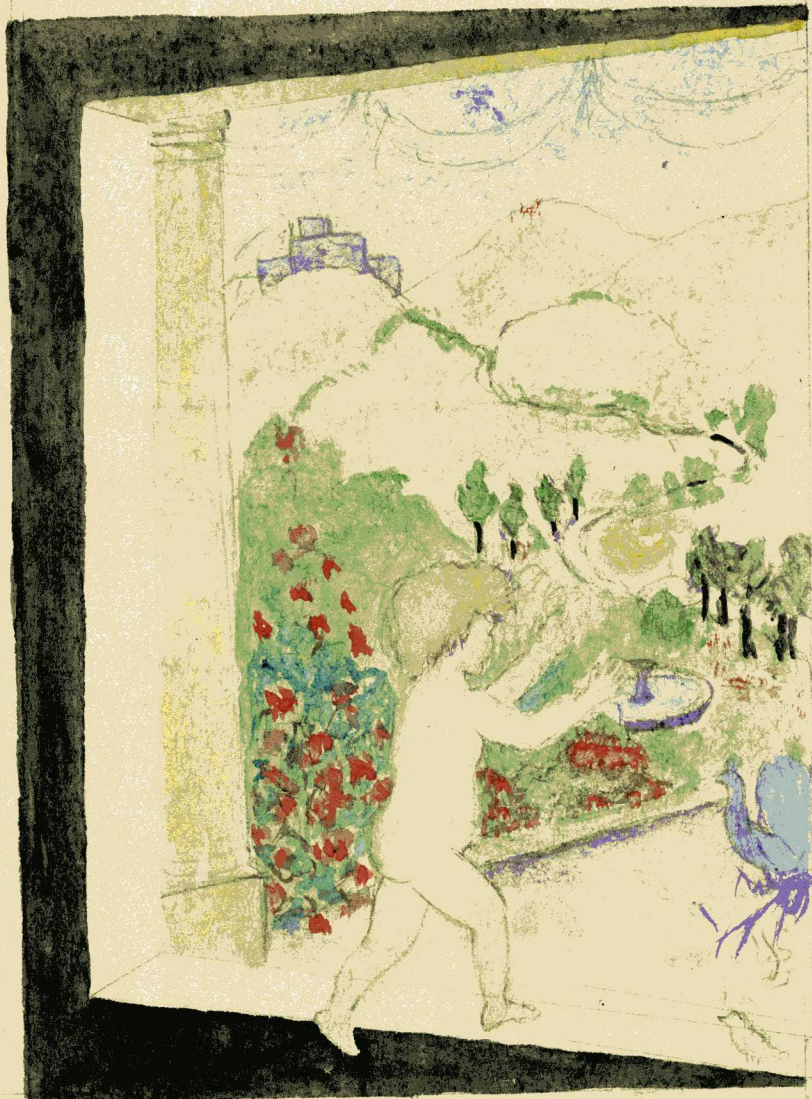


*Album*





H.M.S. Caradoc at Libau. 10<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1918.

H.M.S. CARADOC. 1918.

ENGINE ROOM DEPARTMENT.

J. L. Bedale, Lieut. R.N.

A. Allen Adams, Mate (E) R.N.

B. Lewis, C<sup>W</sup> Eng. R.N.R.

H. W. Jamieson, C.E.R.A.

G. H. Johnston, Ch. E.R.A.

Ezra Smith Rudd, E.R.A. R. S. Poë, E.R.A. - Geo. Smith, E.R.A.

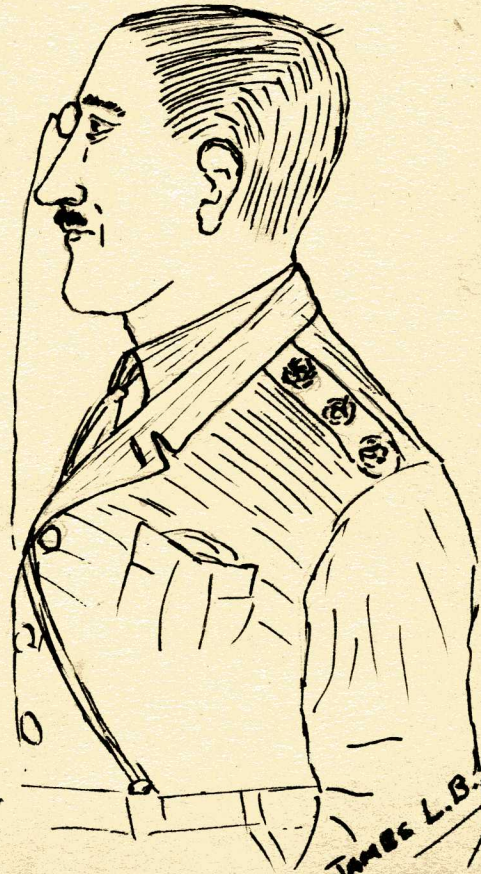
J. L. Emery, E.R.A. W<sup>m</sup> Barnard, E.R.A. J. Rowland, E.R.A.

W. Alex. Stanger, Jos. H. Smith, E.R.A. Jos. Johnson, E.R.A.

J. S. Oldham, E.R.A. W<sup>m</sup> G. Lovatt, E.R.A. H. W. Birrell, E.R.A.

Stanley King, E.R.A. Peter M. Harlow, Charles J. Maudby.

John McMillan, E.R.A. A. Webster, E.R.A. H. W. Jenkins, E.R.A.



SHE. "GENERALLY SPEAKING, NOW WHAT IS YOUR  
OPINION OF THE ENGLISH WOMEN?"

CAPTAIN. "WELL. SPEAKING-EH-GENERALLY-  
EH.- GENERALLY SPEAKING!"

JAMES L.B. EMERY. R.N.  
1916.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,  
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,  
So I turn the leaves of fancy till, in shadowy design,  
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of  
mine.

But - ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,  
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there,  
yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign,  
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of  
mine.

Robt. E. Bollingwood  
E.R.A. R.N.

1916

Our Humny, Language.

You take a swim & say you swum,

Your nails you trim, but they're not trum.

and milk you skim is never skum,

When words you speak, those words are spoken,

If a nose you tweak, its never twoken;

Nor can you seek, and say You've soken,

If a top you spin, the top is spun,

a hare you skin, yet tis not skun,

Nor can a grin be ever gun,

If we forget, then we've forgotten,

yet if we let, we have not botten;

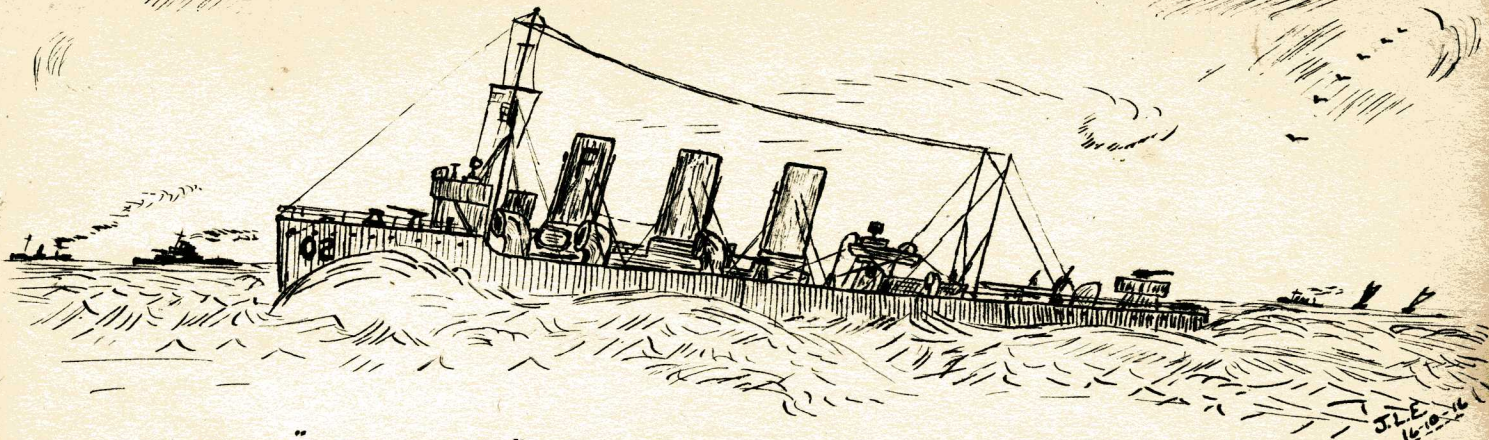
No house we let is ever, lotten;

What we upset, is not upsoffen;

Now dont you think our language "rotten"

J. Whitefield C. G. R. A. R. N.

15/10/16

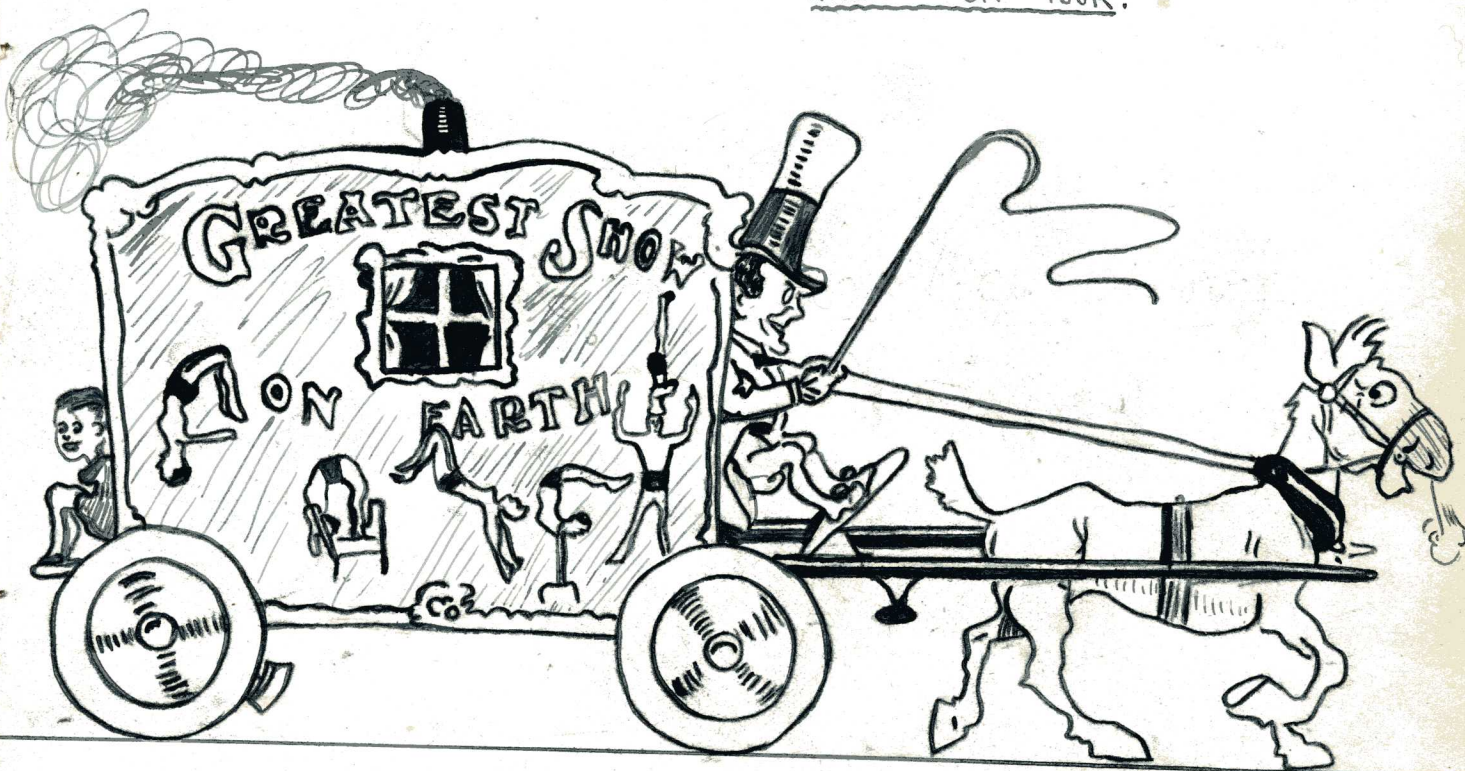


H.M.S. "COSSACK." & SOME FRIENDS ON BOARD.

JLE  
16-10-16

A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE

SUGGESTED CONVEYANCE FOR  
"CARADOC'S" CONCERT PARTY  
WHEN "ON TOUR"



C. Claricoat

22<sup>nd</sup> Nov. 1918



Every cloud has its  
silver lining!

On board the  
H.M.S. 'Caradoc'.  
30 Dec. 1918.



In remembrance  
Hugh Carlisle

There was a man who had no eyes,  
He went out to view the skys;  
He saw a tree with apples on,  
He took no apples off,  
He left no apples on.

H. Gates

Ch. St.

9/1/18.

H. M. S. "Baradoc"

---

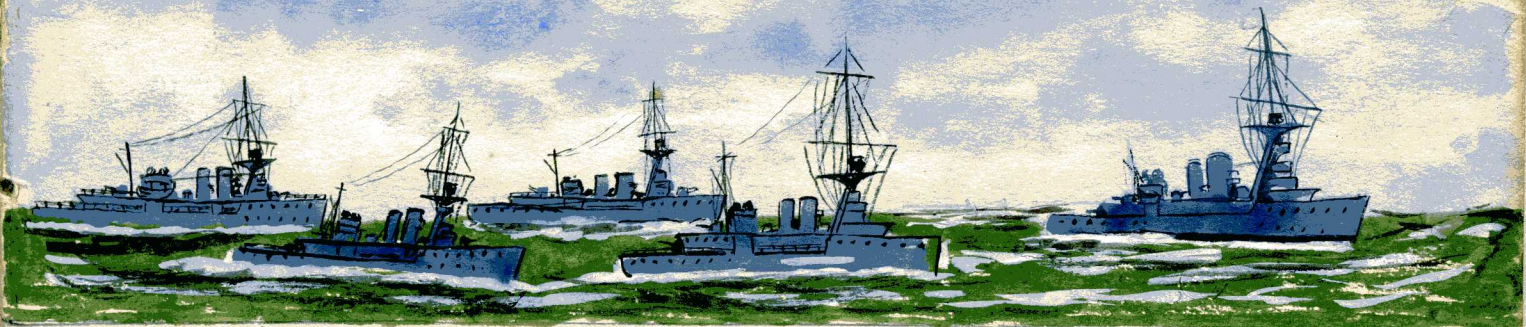
little dabs of powder  
little dabs of paint  
Makes a little lady  
Look like what she aint.

W. Pearson.  
Feb 1<sup>st</sup> 1944.



J. L. EMERY, 1/1/19.

"KING CHARLES" AND "RUBY" SPANIELS.



- C Crossing the North Sea in the dead of the night.
- A Arriving at Heligoland in the Murky daylight.
- R Regardless of Weather or state of the Sea.
- A Anxious for fight from U.A. to A.B.
- D Determined the arrogant Hun's to subdue.
- O On Von Tirpitz our might on the sea to impress
- C Contented to hear from the Admiral "Well done C.L.C.S."

G. A. Byron  
H.M.S. Caradoc.  
8 Jan 1919

There's a dear little spot in this Island of ours

In the West, where the golden sun sets -  
Where there's junket & cream, pretty lanes & bowers

In the arms of a plump little "dumpling" miss  
The sailor all his trials soon forgets.

"Debinshure - ees guide vould Deb'm."

A. Allen Adams.  
9-1-19.

Black is the Raven  
Black is the Rook, but  
Blacker is he who steals this  
Book.

In memory of some very homely  
and best of evenings during the  
winter season 1943-44.

William Albert Augustine Wright.

---

This War has to many hearts caused sorrow  
Though no one can tell what'll befall on the morrow,  
Trials and sacrifices are part of the game  
Times even thus so and will remain the same,  
Tis also a source of new friendships to make  
Though to some - words of gladness are only a fake,  
I thank providence the gods allowed us to meet  
That our hours of happiness have all been a treat,  
Tender words of endearment I would like to use  
These orders to go, dearest, won't let me entice,  
The parting must come from those we hold dear  
Though I'll always have MEMORIES of you to REVERE

Yekm

4 Very Happy  
Months. G.

D-21426

SGT N. C. JOHNSTON

(CANADA)

"11 AUG 1944"



'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,  
When life flows along like a song.  
But the man worth while, is the one who  
will smile,  
When everything goes dead wrong.

Harry W. Biell  
26 June 1918.

Life in Brief.

He loved. — She loved.



Were trumps.

They were engaged ~~to~~ be married.



Were trumps

He stayed out late at nights.



Were trumps.

They lived — and died.

The common fate of all.



Were trumps.

Harry W. Birrell  
22<sup>nd</sup> Nov. 1918.

The end of life should be like a sweet, tranquil  
Autumn evening, with the promise of a  
coming spring before it.

Old age at rest, and the year of mortality  
approaching to its close; but a new life  
rising beyond it a new creation for  
the coming year — carrying us forward  
in hope even in this world. The young  
are plants rising, as the trees of the  
forest fall.

A tender friendship based upon the reminiscences  
of a once fervent love, is perhaps among the sweetest  
& purest sentiments that can visit the human heart  
Love freed from the contradiction and passions which belong  
to this world — strong, enduring — stronger & stronger and  
sweeter & sweeter every passing hour. Earnest of that  
heaven, where love shall at last be united into joy, his  
eternal, long betrothed bride. Best gift of that Deity, Suffolk  
or thought, who has put us in us richly, all things to enjoy a named



