

VOL. I., No. 4. AUGUST 11TH, 1917.

“

# Stand & Easy”

Chronicles  
of  
Cliveden.

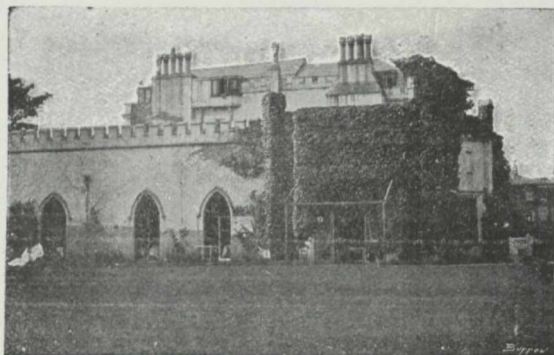
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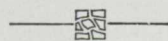
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Thy naked beauties— Give me a cigar!"

*Byron.*

"A cigarette is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure,  
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more can you want."—*Dorian Gray.*



A difference of opinion will always exist in the  
Great Army of Smokers as to the respective  
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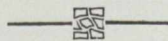
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# Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 4.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11TH, 1917.

THREEPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... LT.-COLONEL MEAKINS,  
EDITORIAL STAFF ... { L.-CPL. W. C. PIKE.  
PTE. F. HEASELL.  
PTE. BAKER.

## America and the Allied Cause.

By CHARLES H. GRASTY

(Special Correspondent of *The New York Times*).

Since coming to England in June on the same boat with General Pershing and staff, I have been asked a good many questions about America. These questions probably represent the points of doubt in the Canadian and British mind and I will try to answer them in the interest of good understanding. I believe that I can assume that such inquiries in no sense imply distrust of America's motives or methods, but rather that those making them wish to be provided with information more fully to establish their faith in appreciation of America.

*Why did America wait nearly three years to come in; and, more particularly, why did not the President act in the "Lusitania" case?*

It was a matter of judgment, depending upon two things—(1) The inherent justice of the matter, and (2) the attitude of the American people and the President's own feeling as well as his capacity for action in the circumstances. The President possesses certain gifts and limitations of temperament and intellect. He is unemotional and analytical, and it may be assumed that from the beginning he took careful stock of all the assets and liabilities, from a war view point, including his own capacity for leadership. A different type of man—let us say Colonel Roosevelt—might have been successful in making the sinking of the "Lusitania" the occasion of going to war.

The big element in the consideration of whether and when to go to war was the country itself. First there was the geographical extent of the United States, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico (an area approximately the size of Europe). Naturally it was difficult to acquaint the inhabitants of this great area with the truth about the war—to bring it home to them as a matter of actual and personal concern. A people springing from diverse racial sources,

occupying 48 separate states, enjoying a prosperous peace and educated from time immemorial to the idea of keeping aloof and remote from European affairs, were not easily interested and made sympathetic.

*Was the German propaganda in any way responsible for the delay; and did Count von Bernstorff have any influence at the White House?*

No man could have been less amenable to outside influence than President Wilson. His conclusions were reached by a process of cold reasoning. Bernstorff was less than nothing—a minus quantity. Indeed the whole elaborate German mechanism for propaganda in the United States was worse than a failure. The clumsy effort to falsify facts and influence judgment had the effect of destroying the German standing at the bar of American opinion. There was never any need of English propaganda. Bernstorff & Co. did the work for England! At every stage American opinion was 90 per cent. or more pro-Ally; and this in the face of the large percentage of German stock in the American population and the long time prejudice against Britain arising out of war grievances and Irish influence.

*Are the American people deeply and sincerely for the war?*

Not all of them realize fully what war means. They have taken the resolution without working out in their own minds to the end the meaning of it. They know enough of the situation and their part in it to make them realize the fulness and finality of their committal. Events will bring home to them the duties, sacrifices and misery of war.

*When will the American Army of 1,000,000 men—the number reckoned by the Military Authorities as constituting an effective factor—be in the field?*

Such an army can be recruited in only a few weeks. The soldiers will require, say, three months and a half's training, most of which should be in Europe, preferably. The only element of doubt is the question of transport for the men and supplies. It all comes back to the paramount matter in this

war—the submarine. An American Army of one million men can be put into the trenches by January 1st, or in time for the Spring fighting in 1918, if ships can be found and protection from the submarine provided. The Prime Minister speaks confidently about the submarine, but other authorities seem to be far less sure.

*Is America doing all that she can?*

Nobody ever is, but in my opinion America's effort must be rated as satisfactory, humanly speaking. In two particulars her effort has been monumental—in adopting compulsory military service and in voting money. The latter has already prevented what was rapidly nearing collapse in European finance. It was especially timely in saving England, whose back was fairly breaking under the financial load. America is now working out many big problems for the Allies, including: enlisting and training an army of a million that will be increased to two million sometime in 1918; co-operating against the submarine by furnishing fighting ships and construction of new shipping; building aeroplanes in tremendous number; co-operating in industrial and economic measures to increase Allied resources for fighting the enemy. Our taking our stand beside the Allies at a time of collapse in Russia makes hopeful a situation that might otherwise be desperate.

### Church Announcements.

DIVINE SERVICE.—SUNDAYS.

Parade Service, 11 a.m. | Evening Service, 7.

*Holy Communion.*

Anglican ... .. 9 and 11.45 a.m.

Non-Anglican, 1st Sunday in month, 11.45 "

*Roman Catholic Mass.*—

Every Thursday, at 9 a.m.

### OVERHEARD.

NERVOUS PATIENT:—"There seems to be a great many searchlights at work to-night, and those rocket signals must surely mean something. What do you think, chum?"

CHUM:—"Ow, put sock in it! They're looking to see if it's going to rain in the morning! Go to sleep!"

### Billets of Dreams.

Scarred and fretted deep with sodden trench,  
Torn with blighting shell and rending mine,  
The alien field to-night is dumb with drench  
And ruin! Silence folds the tattered line—  
A tide-rip riding riotous, it seems,  
Betwix't contending world-engulfing streams—  
And mem'ry lures to billets rare of dreams.

Years quickly pass, yet not so long ago,  
I see it clearly now—the quiet home  
With shelt'ring trees and myriad mellow glow  
Of flow'ring plant and shrub; the smell of loam  
And lawn commingled with the wafted scent  
Of clover meadow's sweet enravishment,  
Enfolds and soothes me now in rare content.

Forgetless these! the happy, wanton days  
Of make-believe, of vivid wonder-lure,  
Of youth's beloved, dreamy, joyous ways  
And rare companionings; alive, secure  
Within a treasure-trove of memories,  
My lonely watch they rouse with reveries,  
And discord still with welling harmonies.

Scarred and fretted deep with sodden trench,  
Torn with blighting shell and rending mine,  
To-night I watch! The morrow's bloody drench  
May lave my young life out in battle-line!  
Yet mem'ry shrines the high oath of a child—  
Life, tempting, ruddy, yield all unbeguiled,  
When palid death is honour undefiled.

A.R.R.

### Staff Notes.

General regret among the patients has been occasioned by the departure of Sergeant-Major Robertson, whose duties as Wardmaster brought him into constant touch with them. His familiar figure will be missed. He was greatly respected by those who knew him, and he carries to the Uxbridge Auxiliary Hospital, where he will act as R.S.M., the warmest good wishes of his many friends.

The transfer of R.S.M. Robertson has led to several changes in the Wardmaster's department. Staff-Sergt. Goddard has been appointed the head, and he will doubtless fill the office as worthily as his predecessor. Staff-Sergt. Grant, who was Assistant Wardmaster, is now engaged in the discharges and transfer department, and the vacancy has been filled by Staff-Sergt. Hone.

Sweet Dreams.

The atmosphere and surroundings of Cliveden appear to have a curious soporific effect upon some people. It is acting almost disastrously upon the delicately nurtured constitutions of some of our distinguished sergeants and corporals in the various wards. They can hardly be said to be under the influence of mere sleep. It is more in the nature of a trance-like condition—something as unlike ordinary sleep as the note of a thrush is to the staccato bark of a Brigade Major. If there were rum rations here, or anything of that nature, this excessive wooing of Morpheus could be more easily understood—for sergeants have a well-known penchant for the spirituous demon, which is, when used with judgment and in sufficient quantities, well-known to be a first-class sleep producer. But, alas, there is no rum, and we are forced to wonder if it can possibly be caused by the wearing of trios of red stripes, or if it is not a case of absolute *ennui*. N.C.O.'s are known to be dreamers of dreams. An unkind critic would suggest that their dreams are almost invariably of ration parties, rum jars and decorations for sergeants. But, indeed, this is not so! We are inclined to think that they are simply resting and recuperating their bodies in order to be at the top of their form by the time that they have achieved their ambitions and have been returned to France for the big push towards Berlin. If this is the case they should be in splendid fettle indeed, for they pass many hours daily in dreaming dreams, and one can hardly censure them if their dreams are alloyed with anticipations of the good times waiting for them on the long, long trail that's winding towards Berlin and—er, beer.

SOME CONUNDRUM.

If it takes a body of experts two months to erect a 2 by 4 kitchen for Walker's Ward, how long would it have taken the same outfit to build Windsor Castle?

THE two wounded soldiers on our verandah were surprised to see a swarm of earwigs perched on a locker, but they were even more surprised when the creatures shouted in chorus, "'Ere we go," and took a plunge on to the lawn!



The Perfect M.O.

A hint (in irregular verse with one illustration) to Colonel M— upon his refusal to cut off a patient's leg when the ward lady said she didn't "like the look of it."

"I don't like his eyes," the ward lady cries,  
 "They are such a surprise and quite outside size,"  
 "I will put out his eyes,"

The M.O. replies.

"I don't like his hair," I heard her declare,  
 "It grows ginger shoots too strong at the roots  
 And will reach to his boots."

The M.O. said a swear,  
 But he pulled out the hair.

"I don't like his nose blowing over the clothes,  
 And I don't like the look of his legs or his toes."

"All right," said the M.O.,  
 And sliced them off close.

"I don't like his head," the ward lady said,  
 "It disfigures the bed and he's swinging the lead,"  
 So he cut off his head,  
 Now the poor fellow's dead!

ENVOY.

*Sir, 'tis a melancholy lay,  
 And ill befitted for jest or play,  
 That out of hand you're asked to slay  
 Such gallant lads—the likes of him—  
 To gratify a lady's whim.*

GENERAL INSPECTION, July 26th.

Company Officer (cautioning the parade for the general salute): "You do not present arms as you haven't any."

Is the Company Officer a joker, or does he think the men are ivory from the ears up, or did he have the wind up?

THE operating room bulletin recently turned the tables. "L.-Cpl. Witticombe curretting Capt. Munroe's old sinus." Well done, L.-Cpl.!

## Ward Notes.

### F.1.

A week or two ago there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in this Ward, because we lost no fewer than three of our esteemed Sisters, almost at one blow. Certainly the loss of such an excellent trio as Sisters Graham, Mallory and Kennedy seemed irreparable. However, fate and the powers that be have been very kind to us, for we have got Sister Detweiler back, after her short sojourn as night supervisor—a blessing for which we are truly thankful. The two new comers have turned out “trumps.” Sister Maclean, our present night Sister, in particular, is in every way an ideal Sister, and, combined with our very excellent Orderly—Harry Lawrence to wit—I venture to remark that no other Ward can be quite so well looked after at night as F.1.

Now, alas! we must don the sackcloth and ashes again, for we are confronted with a far greater calamity than has hitherto befallen us. The loss of our popular and highly esteemed M.O., Capt. Freeze, who leaves us to take up duties in France. Now, with all due respect to everyone concerned, and without detracting in the least from the abilities possessed by the other officers, I venture to say that the Hospital loses one of its most popular figures by his departure. Possessed of a keen sense of humour and a personality to command respect, he was idolized in this Ward. He was, at the same time, a sportsman, a wit, an officer and a man. By his proclivity for turning any occurrence into a jest he did much to cheer up the drooping spirits of any sufferer who was inclined to get “windy.” We can only console ourselves with the knowledge that our loss will be the gain of many poor wounded comrades over the other side.

By the way, what price two of our up-patients scrutinizing the gramophone records with a magnifying glass to try and find the words of the songs in between the grooves! Who suggests that they remove the said patients to a Mental Ward?

\*\*\*

F.T.

### F.2.

*Things we should like to know—*

1. We all agree that the Canadian Sisters have very “taking” ways, but this Ward would like to know who is the Sister who takes our flowers so often. The boys wish she could be described as “fetching” instead of “taking.”
2. One little boy would like to know where the chicken that he is receiving here comes from. He thinks they must be shedding their wings, as he received a wing for the umpteenth time recently.
3. Who is the member of this Ward who has changed his religion lately? Is the change permanent?
4. Why is our night Orderly looking so glum lately? Rumour has it that he aspired to become a “bookie,” and placed his money on the wrong nags at Windsor. One inmate of our happy home makes the suggestion that Fish would be better as a swimmer than as a race-track man.
5. How many ways can a screen be put round a bed, and how many knots could our Orderly tie himself into? There is a great dispute over these matters, so will some competent person please oblige with the answer?
6. Is a Scotchman a greenhorn in Canada? For answer please apply to Scottie of our Ward, whose views are very decided upon this subject.

\*\*\*

### G.1.

Our warmest thanks are due to Mrs. Kerr for the gift of a spinal chair. This has been a long-felt want which Mrs. Shackles has worked incessantly to remedy. The patients are deeply indebted to both ladies for their kindness.

We are pleased to welcome Sister Montgomery and Sister Miller to our Ward, and hope they will have a very pleasant stay with us.

Through the kindness of our Sisters and that indefatigable worker and friend, Miss Aird, all the boys spent a most enjoy-

able time in the Ward on the occasion of our party on Aug. 1st. We have heard—

That one of our patients was Chairman at a “married widows” meeting during “Baby Week.”

That great fun can be had at a mid-night rat hunt. For a thrilling story, apply to Sister-in-Charge of G.1.

That it is better to be a German than a Russian!

That a kangaroo can jump 66 yards. (This may lead to an interesting discussion among Australians.)

That before the War there was a blacksmith in Australia.

That K.2 extended a hearty welcome to our Fred Karno, the great fishing and worm expert.

\*\*\*

### G.2.

Oh! We had a visit from the grouser (I guess the X-rays discovered those fish bones). What's more he can walk too.

No more “wind-up” days. Everything is “systematised”!

Great tears were shed when one of our “boys” got his “civvy” suit. One of the kitchen staff would like one too, judging by the way he uses the painters.

Why are so many of the patients getting “boozed”? Why, because they like “Beer.” (Thanks, very much, Filbert!)

Oh, my! We have to turn our mattresses now. Gee! but we sleep good, don't we Sister?

We have decided to send our eggs to France for the great push. Gas alert!

*Things we would like to know—*

What's the attraction at Maidenhead for a certain member of “our” staff?

If the Hurst cricketer is a broad one? “OLD TIMER.”

\*\*\*

### H.1.

We are glad to be able to state that the latest additions to the nursing staff from Canada are quite up to the usual standard of excellence. At least, we find this so with our new acquisition.

We, in company with a number of other Wards, feel quite clean after our new coat of paint. We trust that the Ward-master will not omit to put us in the bath book for a wash this week.

A scheme is on foot to provide the tops of the lockers with railings, as several unfortunate accidents have occurred lately; eggs having wandered off the edge and broken their legs. A suggested alternative is to transfer the offending members to Walker's Ward.

We were entertained to an oration recently in the dead of night by a friend, who desisted on being warned not to wake the Orderly.

Apart from the terrors by night we have terrors by day. Several patients declare that they have seen a ghost, dressed in pink pyjamas, in the passage between nine and ten o'clock in the morning.

Who was the Sergeant who was fined for exceeding the speed limit on his new pneumatic-tyred 1917 model, and did the judge say that joy rides were very unpatriotic in war time.

\*\*\*

### J.1.

Apparently our worthy bombardier did not appreciate the reference made to him in the last issue. We have recently seen him wielding a formidable looking fountain pen, and it would cause no great surprise if he sent a note, or even “an ultimatum” to the offending scribe. There will probably not be a duel; possibly the note will contain a challenge to solve a jig-saw puzzle!

Much has already been said of inspection days, but it is not generally known that our M.O. would rather wear his top boots every day than hear the O.C. say a word against J.1 on a Friday morning. S' fact!

What is the matter with this Ward? We are continually losing our Sisters and Orderlies. Naturally we miss the former more than the latter, who seldom make the acquaintance



of bed patients, for obvious reasons! We wish Sisters Bailey and French the best of luck where ever they may be! Good wishes are extended to Pte. Goodman, who always lived up to his name.

"And some have greatness thrust upon them." In the case of J.1 it was not greatness, but "a gentleman from the 'Land of Kultur.'" He did not stay long with us, however, and there were no tears shed at his departure.

There is one thing we should like to know—Who took the Fritz's cap?

\*\*\*

J.2.

"Rest and peace!" What a farce, with the whitewashers in. Oh, my! we nearly lost our Sister under an extra large blob of whitewash!

Who is the Sister who has a tendency to Suffragism, and what did the boss painter think when she got through with him?

We are still suffering from the effects of the feed which we had as a farewell supper to Sister Oateman.

By the way, that same girl was the finest piece of femininity that ever wore a No. 1½ shoe. Here's to you, Sister Oateman. May your shadow never grow less and may you speedily return to the boys of the "meritorious" Ward.

Oh! Sister, we have missed you, and "wind-up" day besides. This refers to Sister G—, whom, we are sorry to say, has been severely ill. Despite our levity, we sincerely wish her a speedy return to health, and also to us.

There has been a distinct saving of "Ronuk" and elbow grease since the advent of the painters!

We are allowed one 9.30 pass per week now. Oh, gee! what generosity! Farewell moonlight flutterings with our revue "star." It reminds us of our childhood days, with the mater and a big stick "hovering in the offing."

We wish to congratulate the Colonel's wife on the excellence of her tea making capabilities. We are sure of a real cup when the booth is graced by her presence. Have you noticed that there is no chain on the sugar basin when she is present! Thanks, Mrs. Watt, we sincerely hope that you will continue on the job for "the duration," and then "some."

Did you notice that J.1 tried to slide some of their senseless vaporings in on our home plate in the last issue?

\*\*\*

K.1.

*Au revoir*, Sister Macdonell, and the best of luck. We miss you, but we know that your cheery presence will brighten the spirits of the lads "over there."

Welcome, Sister Foster. My! what a worker you are. We may well apply the title of the "tireless trio" to you, Sister Essery and Capt. Robertson. Just a moment though! We almost forgot Reynolds, our day Orderly. He, too, is a hustler. Yes, we must make it the "indefatigable four."

Somebody claims to have cured the child of his affection for confections. We noticed him eating the kid's pudding at lunch time the other day!

Who was the patient who was awakened by the Sister one night because he was using, it is reported, much forcible 'anguage? We understand that he was told to lie on his side, and we wonder whether the remedy was effective.

A sleepy "resident" told the night Sister to go to—well, a place where the atmosphere is decidedly firey, when he was invited to partake of medicine one morning. Of course he would not have so freely expressed his feelings had he realized to whom he was talking.

Congratulations, Farmer! Though you have passed from our Ward, we share the pride you must feel in receiving a note of commendation from the Major-General commanding the — Division on the "great courage and devotion to duty as a stretcher-bearer" displayed by you on the occasion of the capture of Villeret, April 4th, 1917.

\*\*\*

K.2.

Major Gillies has lately been doing his best to ornament the Ward with a few bed patients, but it is wonderful how a

man gets shy of his bed after about a fortnight. Even soft hands and methylated spirits can't cure that fed-up feeling.

Speaking of bed, I think bed soreness can be quite a good friend at times. You know, it takes your mind off the real injury. I once heard a Sister call it "the blessed counter-irritant." I think "counter-pane" more appropriate.

In spite of the unfavourable report about the big baseball game, we still think it will reach a degree of popularity here. Our Ward very often has a fifteen minutes ball practice after "lights out." Please do not tell the night super. You know!

Can you please tell me if the first name of the great bone-setter, Mr. Barker, is Jones? And is our Jones, the masseur, any relation to him? because I heard him say to a poor patient, "Come in here, and I'll fix you."

\*\*\*

ONTARIO 1.

We regret having usurped the home of the poor, down-trodden "pedestrians," but owing to the increase in the clientele of our "Skipper" it was found necessary to take possession of one of their bungalows.

In the shuffle of the Staff resulting from the change we have again to congratulate ourselves, for who could offer any real "grouse" concerning our Skipper, Sisters or Orderlies.

We suggest to "the powers that be" that they give the "Order of the Sock" to the organ-grinder who disturbs the peaceful environment by giving ragtime melodies on the barrel-organ outside.

Why rag the kitchen staff? They have a lot to do and even if they do not go short of grub—well, what's the odds?

\*\*\*

REST WARD.

Did Slim find that hedgehog nice and soft to sleep on, and did the night orderly swear when he found it tied up in the leg of his trousers!

Gibbs, the "tadpole," has at last been allowed to get up, and Sister still intends to try to fatten him.

Ross, the "show porpoise," is still gaining weight. He put on 19lbs. in six weeks!

Why does the Colonel visit all wards on Fridays except ours?

\*\*\*

ALEX. 2.

We have added to the attractiveness of the ward by putting up casement curtains. Sit up and take notice, K 2!

We do not know definitely whom we have to thank for this mark of thoughtfulness, but we certainly admired the workmanlike manner in which our Matron and Sister Garland tackled the hanging of the curtains.

"Wee Jock" attained his majority this week. The event passed off without bloodshed! Gifts were not in abundance, but congratulations were profuse!

The doings of the firm "Meek and Mild" seem to have been of a less hilarious nature for some days.

"Hoppy" seems to have been in the lime-light in this respect. Some weird stories are going round the ward regarding him and his attachment to a certain "candy barrow," and the attendant fair one.

\*\*\*

WALKER'S WARD.

WANTED—A trumpeter! In the early hours sleep holds us down, and the damp, cold mornings do not appeal to our rich blood. We really need something more startling than the dulcet tones of our new Ward Sergeant. Besides his voice will soon need plumbing!

We notice one of our Sergeants has a fondness for cherries on certain days. P'raps they have a "moreish" taste. What!

Beware! Sherlock Holmes is among us! He was caught red-handed "deducting" and "detecting" things with his eagle eye glued to a keyhole soon after the recent convoy arrived. We have all got the "wind up" over it, but we would like to know if he found the interior of the Chapel organ a comfortable resting-place? Surely our "Sky-pilots" are immune from suspicion.

### "Elink" Elarion Calls.

We have just returned from five day's leave, and already we have been told about it five times by the R.S.M. We expect that in about 30 years time, when we are sitting in a corner in the "Veteran's Home," he will take his clay pipe from between his toothless gums, and croak in a thin, piping voice, "I got you five days' leave in 1917! Do you remember?"

While we are on the subject of leave we cannot refrain from graciously offering advice to the staff on how to obtain it.

Take one dying grandmother, brother home on leave from France, accident to grandchild or anything of a like nature ('cos the Coy. officer is very sympathetic after lunch), place them on a "Billet Deux," and present it to the aforesaid C.O. with a click of the heels and a flourishing salute. N.B.—Don't forget the click and *never* ask for less than ten days.

WE "pinched" a fellow for being drunk this week. He said he wasn't drunk; just excited after being to a party. Must have been electrified by the currants in the buns we suppose.

We witnessed an amusing spectacle in a certain Mess the other evening. One of the members had fallen from his bicycle and cut himself rather badly in a place which he could not have had dressed in the usual manner. One of the members present offered to paint it (with iodine). Imagine his surprise when he heard the following reply: "S'right, what colour s'paint?" "BRACELETS."

### Bull Doggerel sans Bull.

Our kitchen has a staff of two—

One in khaki, one in blue.

'Tis not in Heaven I hope they'll roast,

When they give me just one piece of toast.

To see them rise quite does me good,

I then have visions of more food;

But when they bring it, what a shock!

Just one piece, as hard as rock!

A few hours later comes the fish,

"Darky" serves it on a dish.

The ladies' man brings round the eggs,

Strong as roses and patients' legs.

Nuff said, kind friends, I'll say no more,

Or live on *nothing* evermore.

"OLIVER TWIST," in G.I.

### The Egg that Jack Smelt.

*This* is the egg that Jack smelt.

*This* is the orderly who cooked the egg that offended Jack's nasal organ.

*This* is the Q.M.'s Store from which the orderly brought the egg that caused all the ward great regret that they had come away from France without their gas masks.

*This* is the van that carried to the Q.M.'s Store the egg which was delivered to Jack.

*This* is the shop where for months and months resided the egg in perfect peace and security, and was disturbed therefrom only to be used as a means whereby the M.O. was persuaded to allow Jack, as an extra, a small quantity of that delectable English breakfast article which usually goes *with* rather than *instead of* eggs.

*This* is the farmer (lady or otherwise) who sold a certain product of his or her farmyard to a grocer who, having kept it for quite a long while, sent it in a motor-van to a certain institution, thus causing a great increase in the demand for that article of diet usually eaten *with* (except in the army) eggs.

*This* is the hen that laid a white spheroid which after many vicissitudes was destined to become a source of annoyance to a certain wounded soldier, who declared it to be unfit for human consumption, and after many varied arguments with his medical officer persuaded him to share the same opinion.

*This* is the axe that laid low our feathered farmyard friend, who was in no way responsible that the spheroid deposited by it caused trouble between an inmate and a member of the staff of a certain institution.

*This* is the institution that purchased the feathered inhabitant of the farmyard, laid low by an axe, thus, though harbouring perfectly innocent intentions, paying the final penalty for at one time having laid many eggs, one at least of which was kept for such a long time that it caused considerable discussion, and the necessity for the readjustment of views between two members of the military forces of Great Britain and her Colonies.

*This* is Jack who ate, together with other fortunate ward inmates, the fowl, and some considerable time afterwards was offered the egg, concerning which I have already wasted a considerable quantity of paper and ink, and only pause to reiterate that it certainly was *not* fit for human consumption.

# WHAT THEY TOLD ME.



GO BACK TO ——— FRANCE.

## The Interrogator

(A VIMY RIDGE SKETCH).

### I.

"Who was Hauptmann Spitze?"

"Don't you remember that man with the long grey moustache? They said he was some relation to Hindenburg," said Haase to the acting interrogator.

"Hm . . .!" uttered the intelligence man so that the sound should not act too roughly on Haase's imagination, for Haase must have forgotten he was a prisoner, else he would not have said to an English soldier, in an English dug-out, "Don't you remember that man with the long grey moustache?" But as soon as the interrogator heard that he understood that his method of psychological interrogation of prisoners was a good one. Haase, being a man of imagination, was completely under the influence of the interrogator's stories of Berlin, Tilsit, München, the Rhine, the Kaiser, Hindenburg, &c., and being amongst thirty fellow Germans, Haase, in his mind, was again in his own *staale* (dug-out), and was sharing his impressions with his comrades about the terrible death of Hauptmann Spitze. Psychologically, the very English uniform of the interrogator appeared to him natural, as he had seen it for the last two days.

"Well, how did it exactly happen?" quietly asked the interrogator again.

"You see, Hauptmann Spitze got orders to open fire. They say that he wanted to have it well done, so that the English would think

"No, no, man! The English were firing in that direction all the morning," interrupted Ehrlich, "and the Hauptmann asked permission to retaliate. But they would not give him that permission, so he himself went out and gave orders to both batteries to open fire. He said, 'I shall not let the damned Canadians take advantage over us because somebody at the Quarters is a damned fool.' At that very moment a shell burst near him, blew him up, tore him to pieces and killed almost half of the crew, and also shattered part of the mill. I have seen them myself. I helped to take them away."

Ehrlich paused a moment, threw his chin forward, and looked straight into Haase's face. The dim light of the candle, that was slowly flickering near him, showed a light of triumph

in his lively young eyes. He knew the story not from hearsay; he was the authority, and it was easy to tell that he found pleasure in that fact. The interrogator looked at him and again found in him a striking likeness to a young girl he knew in Canada. The same golden hair, longish face, blue eyes, and white, well-shaped neck. On his lips trembled a faint smile. "Now what will you say?" his eyes seemed to ask.

"You pup, how long have you been in the Graabe (trenches)? You should have been in the cradle yet!"

"That isn't to the point, Haase, I have seen it with my own eyes."

### II.

The interrogator grew morose. It is not pleasant being an interrogator. One feels like a spy or a snake, who, wishing to get into some hidden place and not finding an open door, must tunnel under ground.

His reverie was broken by the entrance of the mining officer of the same Nth. Canadian Brigade. He had known that officer a few months before, when his eyes were bright, his face strong and forceful. Now, he looked the shadow of his former self; his eyes were red, his forehead wrinkled, his face pale and thin. His whole figure denoted the effect of living in smoky, choking, deep saps and tunnels.

"Secure any mining charts these fellows may have, old man. Let me have them at once, if you can. Good night!"

### III.

That part of the Ridge that was held by the Nth. Canadian Brigade was almost cleared of Germans. Supports started to come up, not by the C.T., but straight over land from Arras Alley billets.

Accordingly the Advanced H.Q. of the Nth. Brigade were moved up the Ridge. When the interrogator entered the H.Q. the A.G. was there reading out the "the latest" about Sir Julian Byng's "push" with a beaming face. Seeing the interrogator, he put the paper aside—"Anything new?" He reported briefly about the G and V batteries. The A.G. said, "Those are the guns which enfilade all the time. Here are two maps of G and V. Make the best of them."

When the interrogator came back to the tunnel he gave the prisoners tea, and in a by-the-way manner told them that G and V were

taken by us just a couple of hours ago.

"Also the batteries?"

"Yes."

"Is L taken too?"

"Yes. The Germans are in full retreat all along the Ridge. But I should like to see the places where the batteries were before. Do you know them, Haase?"

"No."

"Do you, Schoenberg?"

"No, your honour, I do not know where the batteries were. I was rushed down from the Russian front on the 2nd of April and was taken prisoner on the 4th."

"*Abzählen sie!* (Number!)" There were thirty-two prisoners altogether.

"Your belongings, please."

"May I keep my prayer book?" asked a Bavarian.

"Not till I see its secret messages."

No mining charts were turned in by any of them. He searched their pockets and found a few diaries, British Army knives (issued to the Germans as souvenirs, likely), maps of France, German-French phrase-books, but no mining charts! A sharpshooters' training course on a Red Cross man!—No mining chart!

"Now, my dear Haase, you follow me."

"Must I?"

"Absolutely."

He dragged along behind the interrogator. The latter took him to the Xth Bn. Orderly Room, and said, sharply: "Haase, you either go as a prisoner to England, or to *your own lines, compris?* You must tell me where the batteries at G and V are. Here are the maps. Point out, or you are sent back within five minutes."

"Will you believe that I will tell you the truth?"

"Our guns, Haase, shoot straight to the mark, and our artillery officer won't bother you about the range. Our shells are not filled with sand either. If they don't hit you are a liar, and—God help you then!"

"Honest, I am going to tell the truth," said Haase, pale and slightly trembling. And he pointed out the places.

IV.

"You'll save us many good, brave lads," said the A.G. to the interrogator, when the latter had reported his success, and shook hands

with him, took his regimental number, name and battalion.

The acting interrogator was leaving the H.Q. when the orderly came running behind him. "The A.G. is recommending you for a D.C.M."

"Thanks!" And the acting interrogator went to Blue Bull's tunnel to his own battalion.

V.

Half-an-hour later fire was opened on the gun emplacement pointed out by Haase. The enfilading abruptly ceased.

A few days later the acting interrogator happened to pick up a paper, and had the deep satisfaction of reading an account of how the guns at G and V were taken. He found his full reward in those thrilling lines.

Pte. SIMON JAUVOISH.

To Capt. ———.

You should see him do the dressings.

It's a sight to cheer the gods.

Hear him mutter gentle curses,

While the patient shouts the odds.

All the ward is strewn with litter—

Packing, plaster, gauze and swabs;

Water splashed in all directions

Till the tidy sister sobs.

See him take a probe and stick it

With a manner calm, but curt,

Almost through a patient's body,

And then ask him, "Does it hurt?"

How his eyes gleam when he gazes

On a synovitic knee.

With what zest he softly murmurs,

"What a carving there will be."

As a patient fiercely vomits

(After ether, many would),

He will pose him with the query,

"Are you feeling pretty good?"

Greatly he delights to borrow

Your beloved fountain pen,

Stabs the paper till it's broken,

Sometimes will return it then.

When he quits the ward, don't sorrow

Nor the tear of parting wipe—

He'll be back again for certain,

Searching for his "G—d d——d pipe."

## Needle "Craft."

DEAR SIR,

In answer to repeated requests for "needle-work notes" I have worked out the following, but you will have to be as sharp as a needle to see the points.

Any visitor venturing to look in at the back window of F.I will see the soldiers, badgers and others under canvass. They are working many kinds of work, but here I can only mention tucking, tacking, gathering, hemming, seaming, darning, badgering, slipping, patching, knitting, spinning, yarning, crocheting, herring-boning, feather-stitching, French-knotting, button-holing, running, creweling, openworking, cutting out, drawn-threading, embroidering, and many other varieties of doing a stitch in time. Upon entering the ward you will notice on the left a corporeal tailor cutting jokes. He will at once attempt to button-hole you, for he is trying to cut out a frieze, and this is called needle-craft. Believe me, however, he isn't a patch on him, for the Captain is a wit behind no one—none the less, the corporal is a fine variety performer, even though his jokes are sometimes threadbare and his spinning yards worn out. Be careful if you try to pick up the thread of one of his arguments, for you will find he doesn't cotton to everybody. On the opposite side of the ward you will observe Captain Frieze. He can cut capers with anyone even though he isn't a tailor. He is supreme at split-stitching for his jokes are side-splitting, and after them you will find the soldiers have the stitch in the side. He may sometimes be observed pulling out the stitches which his superior officer, Colonel Mewburn, has worked in a patient. This is called drawn-thread work, but is really "crewel" and gives considerable pain in the ward. Upon some afternoons you will see Colonel Mewburn threading his way in and out among the beds, but never over-and-over. On his own showing he can embroider language better than anyone else, and his darning is unique. He is not, however, always quite successful, for Pte. T. still has a hole in his leg, though it has been repeatedly darned. Now observe the pattern lady tacking backwards and forwards across the ward. She is wool-gathering with a knitted brow. Presently, the badgers hem her in and badger her for lambs'-wool, but she isn't soft enough to give it up, you bet! The pattern lady has designs upon all the poor soldiers

and has also drawn thread work on several of them, and she gets all worked up and crochetty if the needles and threads are slack. Look now at the sister on the dressing carriage tying French knots. No one can do this but her, but anyone can pull them undone. Next observe some of the work the soldiers themselves are doing. There are several kinds of gatherings in the ward. For instance, there is the gathering of clans—gallant lads from the "Black Watch," Seaforths and Gordons—and there is the gathering on the back of Pte. ——'s neck. There are also several varieties of running. There is "Nimrod" running up and down the ward, and visitors running in and out, and Pte. B.'s tongue running on, and the "Dakins" running out, and Pte. G.'s leg still running, though Mason has put a dam in it over and over again. Then we have Pte. W.'s nice piece of herring-bone. He did not work this out of his own leg, but out of the tin of sardines(?) from the Patients' Comforts Fund! Again no-one can beat the openwork in Pte. R.'s nightshirt, though the competition is open to all. Openwork stockings are not allowed in this ward. Pte. "Scrambled Eggs" has a nice piece of feather-stitching. He is neither feather-brained nor chicken-hearted, and yet when the ward saw it come out of his bed they were "tickled to death." There are two kinds of tucking done here. The prettiest kind is when the sister tucks all the soldiers into their beds for the night. The other is best observed when Pte. —— sings too long a song. In other words he would be invited to "put a sock in it," but in F.I we say, "put a tuck in it," and he cuts it short at once. There are many other varieties of work, such as seaming to be wounded, and slipping up the polished floor, but you will consider, Sir, that it is time I "put a tuck in it" too.

Yours faithfully,

THE WARD LADY.

DID the pup, when run down by L.-Cpl. Pike, think his "bark" had been torpedoed?

ONE ship we can afford to lose is the censorship.

HINDENBURG may have paraphrased Grant's famous line so that it reads: "We'll fight it out on this line if I have to take the line with me."

**V.A.D. Notes.**

**HIGH WYCOMBE.**

There is nothing much to report. The usual Whist Drives, of about 12 tables, have had to be held in the lounge, instead of on the lawn, owing to the deluge outside. "Charlie Chaplin" makes a good M.C.

Thanks to Mrs. Fletcher and Miss Turner for prizes.

Music has been supplied on several occasions by Miss Furgison and party and Miss Murphy, and they have discovered some fine singers amongst the patients.

The terrible weather has driven the men to needlework, and quite a lot of good work has been done. The badge work is most effective. What do other Hospitals do on wet days, when they have patients able to get up? Any hints will be welcome.

\*\*\*

**No. 5, WARD.**

This is well-known as the "premier" ward of the Hospital. It is an ideal ward for cleanliness and neatness, and the "boys" in it are general utility men and they carry out their duties in the best workman-like manner. They have even provided the man to upholster the furniture in the lounge; at polishing brass in our ward they are invincible.

We have no complaints to make, but there are a few things we would like to know:—

Who are the culprits who throw their match-sticks out of the window instead of putting them in the proper receptacles?

Which ward is it that gets the gun-fire every morning?

What was it that caused a certain patient to be put back to bed for a week?

Has that patient learned how to play snooker yet?

Which is the complaint that merits bur-  
gundy? **"THE CROCKS."**

GERMAN efficiency got a sad blow when that shooter missed the Kaiser in three trials at short range.



**Baseball "Hits."**

Our baseball team have every reason to be "bucked." Not only did they win the game against the Americans, but they had the honour, with their rivals, of being presented to T.R.H. Princess Maud & Princess Louise, who watched the match with great interest.

Apropos of the match, a very funny story has reached our ears. Four of the Nursing Sisters who went to London "taxied" to Taplow, and very wisely booked the automobile to meet the train by which they were to return in the "wee sma' 'oors" of Sunday morning. Upon the arrival of the train, however, the taxi was sighted by four officers, who, congratulating themselves probably upon their "luck," hurriedly embarked and drove off, to the intense anger of the Sisters, who left the station just in time to see the taxi disappear in the darkness! Are the officers more lucrative fares than the Sisters, or has the age of chivalry passed?

One of the staff, on returning from the match, was asked "how everybody was." His startling reply was, "Drunk, absolutely drunk!" We hope that the "stimulant" was success!

It is said that during the progress of the game "Barney" was struck on the "bean" by a ball thrown by a spectator, and that he *eventually* fell to the ground.

We say "*eventually*" because one of the spectators, who, by the way, knows "Barney," suggested that he hesitated before he fell, and that the fall might not have occurred if there had not been an audience of 11,000 people.

However that might be he went to the ground, and after being attended to by the trainer, he returned to the play—amid loud applause!

Someone has suggested another explanation of the fall. "Barney" might have been feeling thirsty! Oh, wicked thought, we could never believe it!

SURELY it must be getting late in the afternoon of "*Der Tag*"!

ANXIOUS SISTER: "Are there any bad eggs to-day?"

SHRILL VOICE (from beneath the bed clothes): "There's one here, Sister!"

## Sports & Amusements.

### BASEBALL.

The baseball game between Canada and America, which was watched by about 11,000 people at the Lord's Cricket Ground on July 28th, was undoubtedly the most talked of match since the tour of the New York Giants and Chicago White Sox. The Astorias were the worthy representatives of Canada, and by inflicting upon their rivals a decisive defeat by 12 to 3 they enhanced a reputation which was already high by reason of their great successes in the Military Baseball League.

The spectators were kept at the highest pitch of excitement inasmuch as the teams were continually pulling off something which was unexpected. For the first three rounds it looked as if *our* team were to have a great battle. In the fourth innings, however, Astorias added seven to the two they had "pushed across the plate" in the first frame. They scored another in the fifth, and two others in the ninth finished the scoring. America got one run in the second and one in the fifth on a "squeeze" play.

#### "BRIGHT SPARKS" FROM THE GAME.

Bob Stanley's wonderful pitching.

Maddocks' three lovely drives.

"Shorty" Macklin's two home runs (nearly).

"Barney" McPhail's sliding to bases.

Bill Bishop's easy way of pulling down the wide ones.

The R.S.M.'s activity on the Bench.

"Chief" Latimer's all-round work with the stick and in the field.

"Movies" Reid's nice drive which would have been good for a home run in most games.

Bob Peacock's "spearing of the line" drives in right field.

Lt. Rehill's timely bingles when they were needed.

Capt. Freeze's "rooting."

*Things we would like to know—*

Which ball player was it who paid 10/- for vegetables for the goat?

Why Larry Latimer had so many females "pulling" for him?

Does the Management intend playing the "dark horse" who works in the Dining Hall?

Can Bob Stanley's smile be pushed off during a game?

Why "Bish" looked so serious all through the match?

Are some heads solid ivory?

Who was it drank the ginger beer?

Why didn't the Nursing Sisters get over with the Taplow crowd?

\*\*\*

### TO-DAY'S SPORTS.

The sports which are to be held to-day have been arranged to celebrate the birthdays of the two eldest sons of Mrs. Astor, and to them we extend our cordial congratulations and good wishes. The programme is exceptionally well varied, and the events will yield as much amusement as sport. The band of the High Wycombe R.E.s will play.

\*\*\*

### OUR ENTERTAINERS.

Our cordial thanks to the following for giving hospitality to the patients:—Miss Barry, Mrs. Du Cros (Maidenhead), Maidenhead Horticultural Society, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Buckley, Mrs. Du Pre (Taplow), Mrs. Holliss (St. Ives Hotel), Mrs. Rutland (Bourne End), Mrs. J. Vaughan (Wooburn), Mrs. Morse, (Bourne End), Mr. H. Spindler (M'head), Miss Coleman (Maidenhead), Mr. E. Oliver (Oakley Court, Windsor), Mr. Cunliffe Owen (Bray), Mrs. Wilding (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Harrison (Burnham).

\*\*\*

### OUR CONCERTS.

The concerts by the following have been greatly enjoyed:—Professional War Classes Concert Party, Mr. Victor Biegel's Party, Mr. Garcia's Guildhall School of Music Choir, Gresham Pierrotte Coy., Oscar Asche Dramatic Coy., High Wycombe "Smart" Concert Party, Mrs. Collins' Concert Party (including Miss Renee Mayer from "Drury Lane" and Miss Bertie Adams from the "Strand," who we shall be very glad to see again), "The Riveronians" and "The Chocolates."

\*\*\*

### WHIST.

From the large number of players in the whist tournament, the following emerged successfully:—1, Jarvis and Halifax of Alex. 1; 2, Lowe and Fealk of G.2.



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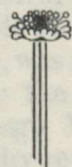
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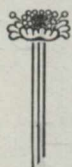
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Cliveden H.	1 25	2 25	3 25	4 25	5 25	6 25	7 25	8 20	9 10	10 20
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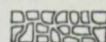
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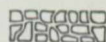
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*Moderate Tariff (inclusive if desired).*

*For special arrangements apply Manager.*

'Phone: 190.

Telegrams: "Riviera, Maidenhead."

Under entirely New Management.

# RIVIERA HOTEL

Special inclusive terms on application.

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MAIDENHEAD.

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# H. E. HEWENS

FOR

# .. MOTORS ..

AT

# MAIDENHEAD.

'Phones: **289** and **194.**