

VOL. I., No. 21. APRIL 6TH, 1918.

“

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Chronicles
of

Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Above extract, from an Officer's letter, needs no comment.

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RICHARD HOPE,
THE Smokers' Specialist, :: Maidenhead.

Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vcl. I., No. 21.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... MAJOR J. D. MORGAN.
EDITORIAL STAFF ... {GNR. A. S. BARTLETT.
A./SERGT. BAKER.

It was the intention of the original editorial staff of the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN to produce, to as great an extent as possible, a Hospital Journal. In other words, it was hoped that the journal would not only find its readers, but also its writers, among the staff, personnel and patients of the Hospital. In a unit such as ours, where men from all corners of the Empire are gathered together for a longer or shorter period, it would seem an easy matter to find sufficient and varied material for publication.

This has not always proved to be the case. In particular of late, but very little "copy" has been sent in. The Editor, therefore, takes this opportunity of calling on everyone to "do their bit," by sending to him short stories, poems, amusing anecdotes, interesting experiences during the war or before it, sketches, etc.

Buck up, everyone! There must be a lot of good stuff somewhere in a hospital of this size. Get busy, write it down, and send it in to us. We will do the rest.

Staff Random Rhymes.

The corporal, whose duty is to "open windows wide,"

Can never determine which is the lee side.

Sometimes it happens (a mistake no doubt),

When you're present for roll call, the corp. marks you "out."

Our financial agent (and ex-M.P.),

Is open for business in Hut No. 3.

Jack says, "If he can't fix your book to look neat,
He can get you C.3 with sores on your feet."

The plumber's rank is now on his door,

So his office, you'll notice, is "Public" no more.

Two miles from camp is "Out of Bounds,"

So what will be done with our "new" parade grounds?

If the Royal Engineers are not called away,

We may have the huts ready on Xmas day.

To be continued.

Friday Morn.

We place the tea-cups on the floor, the gramophone in the sink,

Upset a pile of Diet Sheets, and smother them with ink,

Spill Brasso on the lockers, and water on the beds,

Till the Sisters, looking on at us, go off their darling heads.

We scrape around and knock about, and bust things up as well,

Then tell our "fed-up" Orderly to take a trip to h—.

We place the lockers right-about, with the things all upside down,

The Sisters put them right again, still with that worried frown.

We sweat, and cuss, and run around, then call each other names;

The Sisters tell us to do this or that, but we go on just the same.

But then the Ward from dirt and mess is very quickly shorn

Because the time I speak about's 9.30, Friday morn.

A.S.B.

Answers to Correspondents.

Anxious.—No! We do not think so, Sergeant. Was her name Queenie?

Dope.—We regret we cannot recommend "Dakins" as a hair-wash. Try soap and water.

Bill.—If you do not know the difference between a housewife and a haversack you must be a rotten soldier.

Corp.—Try buying Elsie a few chocolates. She is bound to think about it then. No! certainly not, Mac. Write "Matrimonial Times" for further information.

Hopeless.—If you imagine the Police Hut is a half-way saloon you must expect to get into trouble. Did they really keep your "saxpence"? You have our sympathy, Mac. It's ah "uncoo amount of bawbees" to lose.

Heroes.

By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.

"So you was in that scrap?" said a burly fisherman. "Some 'as all the luck."

"And again," said Mason, "'Alf-a-pound of white 'ot steel in your foot ain't what all men would call a dainty souvenir."

"Go on," said the first speaker. "You didn't 'ave no steel in your foot."

"But Smith did. Show the pretty gentleman the place where the naughty Germans hit you, Smith."

Smith obediently showed a swollen and bandaged foot with a grin.

"Mannerless cove the German," said Mason meditatively. "Never a 'with your leave,' or 'by your leave,' but he sees old Smith, and up and strikes him."

"But this 'ere action was in the dark. 'Ow could 'e see Smith?"

"The 'Un, so they tell me, puts phosphorescent paint in his eyes, so's he can see in the dark," said Mason.

"And I 'ave 'eard," replied the fisherman, "as 'e carries a night-light in the daytime so's 'e shant trip over other people's shadows."

"As like as not," replied Mason cheerfully. "Anyhow, old Smith's got recommended for a silver watch and the M.Y.O.B."

"What's the M.Y.O.B.?" said the fisherman, half in his pint pot.

"Mind your own business," Mason retorted.

* * * * *

"This 'ere fight?" asked the fisherman. "'Ow the purple parson was you in it?"

"Me and my mate," said Mason, as he slowly filled his pipe, "had been across to France to see my blanchey shoes—"

"Your blinkin' what?" said the fisherman.

"Ain't very well educated, my friend," said Mason to Smith. "A blanchey shoe's a parley-vous for washerwoman, and me and Smith, see how we has our collars got up."

"This 'ere fight?" the fisherman persisted. "Was you in it, or was you not?"

"I'll tell you my own way or not at all," said Mason. "When I tell a yarn I begin at the beginning and end at the end, not like a woman what begins at the end first. I tell you we was returning from a certain port to a certain port which I am not allowed to mention, because we don't want the blinkin' 'Uns to know what ports are left; and it was one of them nights

when it always comes foggy just about mid-Channel."

"I know," said the fisherman.

"And was just having a nice cup of tea . . ."

"Tea!"

"Camelflage," replied Mason. "When Smith says to me—you did, didn't you, Smith?"

"Correct," said Smith, gravely.

"He said, 'If that ain't gunfire, I'll . . .'"

"Uh," said Smith, "don't go for to repeat all I said, the lad's young."

"This 'ere fight?" said the fisherman again.

"We had strict orders to avoid any mess up with the German Fleet," said Mason, solemnly. "But I said to myself, 'What am I in the Navy for, and what's my gun for?' and on we went."

"Then it was firing?"

"And didn't we know it in a short time? It was pitch dark and foggy when we was right in it, bits of stuff kicking about all around us."

"'Ow did yer feel?" said the fisherman.

Mason paused to light his pipe. "I felt for the first moment as if I'd left me stummick at home, and I was in a lift without a brake going down, but after that—well, there was things to do. Smith 'e took charge of the gun; I never heard such language. When we hit a sea gull that flew across one of the 'Uns' searchlights the men cheered just as if the bird was a German. Then Smith got his souvenir."

"Correct," said Smith.

"Before you could say 'Holy smoke' a trawler by us caught fire and lit up the sea all round. Then there was things to do. There was Smith blarstin' and cursin' something 'orrible, and firing the gun all the time; and there was one of my deck hands lying down all twisted up, and another, with blood pouring down his face, singing a hymn and passing along the shells. I never see such a mess. We picked up seven from one trawler and five from a drifter, and then the firing died away in the distance, and half the smoke stack gone, and bits of spars and what not all over the place. Who done up your foot, Smith?"

"You did, of course," said Smith.

Mason scratched his head thoughtfully. "Blimey if I hadn't forgot that. I do recall your face. It ain't much at the best of times, but what with blood and sweat and smoke it was a fair treat. And, would you believe it, when we come ashore in the morning a girl

comes up”

“Give over,” said Smith, blushing furiously.

“Comes up and kisses Smith right through all the filth! Perfect stranger, too.”

* * * * *

“Nice goings on,” said the fisherman. “Why the purple parson didn’t you pick me up, too?”

“Was you in it?” said Mason, incredulously.

“This ’ere fight, so far as I could see, was all about me,” said the fisherman. “In the purple water eight purple hours, and all the pubs closed when they brought me ashore.”

“Well, I’m blinkered,” said Mason, rising and strolling away.

* * * * *

The fisherman turned to Smith, who was finishing his pint before joining his skipper. “Mate,” he said, “how was it the old man wasn’t ’it?”

“’It!” said Smith. “’E was ’it four times, only ’e don’t never say nothink about it.”

The Daily Chronicle.

Omar Revised.

“Awake!” the orderly yells with all his might,
Then looks at your waking mood in high delight,
And lo! a “thick ear” he has nearly caught,
When, anon, he vanishes from your sight.

Dreaming when Sister’s hand is on your head,
I heard a shout enough to wake the dead:
“Arise, my sons, and fill your cup,
For once again our breakfast’s up,” ’tis said.

And, as the bugle blew, those who stood before
The kitchen shouted, “Open then the door.
You know we have not long to stay,
And, once-departed, may return for more.”

Come fill the cup, and in a goodly quaff
All thoughts of dour remembrance fling,
For the kitchen staff have work to do,
So for the “love of Mike” a “buckshee” bring.

Here, with a piece of bread, upon the bed,
A cup of tea, a new-laid egg, and thou
Beside me, eussing everything in turn,
The Ward is far from Paradise enow.

As they make merry in yon little room,
And sing and shout that same old ragtime song,
Ourselves, with cigarette, will sit and hope
The war will be “napoo” ere long. A.S.B.

Demoralised Wives.

TEMPTED BY THE BUTCHER.

Husbands in morning trains are exchanging whispered and awe-stricken confidences about their demoralised wives.

The food hunt, humanity’s primal passion, has shaken the moral code of woman. When the butcher glances round his shop, lowers his voice, and says to the housewife, who is an old customer, “I can’t let you have a pound of liver this morning without a coupon,” then it is that woman falls.

“I am simply shocked by my wife,” said one of the husbands yesterday morning. “She has joined in a criminal conspiracy with a wretched greengrocer who sold her on Tuesday $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. of sausages without a coupon.”

“But greengrocers don’t sell sausages.”

“This one did. Somehow or other he had made a secret ‘corner’ in sausages. Nothing wonderful about that in war time. What about the tea ‘boom,’ when, if you wanted tea, you found speculators among dentists, drapers, stockbrokers, hosiers, and, for all I know, undertakers! Anyway, the greengrocer sneaked round to the back door with his sausages camouflaged with a top dressing of savoy and sold my wife $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. of them. That I know, because I ate my share of them for supper.”

“Then you were an accessory after the fact.”

“Don’t shout it,” urged the other husband, looking nervously round the compartment. “If you can tell me of a drug that will make a man turn righteously from sausages after a meatless day I shall be glad to know it.”

“Oh, I cannot talk,” admitted the other husband. “My wife is just as bad. She met me exultantly at the door the other night and dragged me into the larder. Her day’s hunt had resulted in a mixed bag of $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. of liver and two kidneys, all without coupons. I don’t like it. The fact of it is that women’s morals are weaker than ours.”

“I’m afraid so,” joined in a friend. “Take the case of my mother. I have always had a veneration for my mother, and thought her a feminine George Washington. I remember how she brought me up at her knee; the maxims; the texts. But I found her and my wife crowing together over the extras they had wheedled out of their butchers. Eve tempted Adam with an apple; now Adam tempts Eve—with $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. of liver.—T.B. *The Daily Mail.*

Ward Notes.

A. & D.

There has been very little excitement in these two wards since our last article in the CHRONICLES. We extend a hearty welcome to the new patients in these wards, and hope they will enjoy life here.

We now have our old night Sister, Sister Clarke, with us during the days. She sure must be struck on something or someone to hang to the old building like she does.

Sister Gardner has our best wishes for success in these troublesome wards during the wee small hours of night. We are sure she will find the boys a *little* bit quieter during the night than the day.

Things we would like to know—

What a certain man has in this charming district that he manages to stay here so long—even when he is marked out?

Which of our three charming Sisters is our champion bed-maker playing for?

Why has one of our Sisters decided not to take any more half-days? Has it anything to do with some visitors, we wonder?

B. & C.

We were sorry to lose our night Sister, but we extend the most cordial welcome to Sister Gardner and hope that her stay with us will be both lengthy and pleasant.

Things we want to know—

Why passing the medicine around appeals to a patient in C. ward at night and not in the daytime?

What the attraction for our orderly was at the Sergeants' Dance?

Does our Sister know how to make bracelets yet?

F.1.

Three cheers for our gramophone! It is a fine piece of furniture, and the "music" produced from its wheezy interior would take a lot of beating.

Who told a lady visitor that he had a curtain drawn "in order to shade his eyes from the sun"? Also, why did the Sergeant smile? Talk about making *hay* while the sun shines! Tell us what that joke was, Thurston, please!

Our numbers have increased a little these days, though we are still quiet. Australia is without a representative, its only one having left us just recently.

Now that rain and March winds have taken the place of the glorious spell of sunshine, our verandah stalwarts are beginning to wonder whether their move was a good one or not. At least one old-timer has had enough, anyway.

Our friend, P—1, rose very early on the 1st. Had to attend an extremely serious case, but he wasn't downhearted.

G.2.

We extend a hearty welcome to all newcomers in this ward, and we trust that they will do their utmost to worthily uphold the ancient traditions of G.2, and endeavour to keep our family escutcheon unscathed by any breath of dishonour—or beer—

Popular rumour has it that our O.C. Kitchen is about to take a most serious and disastrous step. If rumour speaks truth for once, and he really does contemplate matrimony, we should like to convey to him our most sincere sympathies; but where did this startling news originate, and why the mystery?

We would like to warn a certain black-haired khaki patient, blessed with musical talents and a stutter, that this ward is not a second-hand store.

We notice that "Raspberry" is taking quite an extraordinary interest in a local business house of late; but why the dog?

Things we should like to know—

Why "Our Alf" is so often heard to pray for an air-raid on Newcastle?

Why "Pep" steers clear of Maidenhead these days?

Who drowned the kitten?
Who saw it die?
Who described a certain young lady's face as a "Workhouse pudding sat on"?

Who holds mid-night seances in a certain corner of the ward, and what do the other patients think?

H.1.

Once again the ward is busy with the convoy. It does one good to hear the optimistic opinion of those who are straight from the line.

We regret losing our excellent night Sister, Sister Crompton, who is now charge Sister of J.2.

Sister Taylor now holds sway in the ward at night, and she is very popular with all. We give her a hearty welcome to H.1.

On Thursday, being short of working patients, our Sisters set to and scrubbed all the lockers themselves. Some girls!

What we would like to know is what Col. Mewburn thought when he saw them at it, and what did he say that caused our charge Sister such endless amusement? Do tell us, Sister?

Most of the old boys have gone now, and we miss their cheery faces.

We were sorry to see Bantle, our dressing carriage attendant, go. He was always very obliging and kind to all. Let us hope he has finished with dressings of all kinds now.

Our dressing carriage staff, Messrs. Henwood and Taylor, are still carrying on the good work, under Sister Liley, our able and ever-willing dressing Sister.

J.1.

We had almost a clean sweep last week, when the majority of the old-timers were marked out. We have also heard that there are worse places than Taplow; but there, cheerio, you can't always stay at home, you know.

There is a sign of *work* about the ward now since the arrival of the last two convoys, and all concerned seem to enjoy it. Why not?

Best of luck, new arrivals, and may you "swing it" for the duration. There's no place like Cliveden when you know it.

Things we want to know—

Why our sweet orderly's right arm is heavier than the left, and if it has only been so since the institution of war-time chevrons?

If it isn't rather a strain on a certain staff-sergt.'s purse to offer cigarettes around the ward every year, and wouldn't it be advisable to miss a year now and again? April 1st was a very appropriate day, staff!

H.2.

We have said good-bye to our old friend, "Chappie," who was successful in obtaining a transfer to his home town. Somebody remarked: "What a lot of money he'll save in stamps."

Congratulations to our old friend, "Slim," on securing a staff appointment as guardian of the bread store. The top shelf is now occupied and the step-ladder is now replaced by a "long reach."

Our best April 1st joke was about the kippers. For full particulars see Barrett.

Here's a good tip. If the war news seems bad, come and have a word or two with our smiling sniper, "Jack." He is the last word in optimism, and always "worth a couple."

K.1.

What is the attraction on the balcony after "lights-out"? We would all like to be balcony patients, but really, doesn't it take a long time to tuck the little boys in bed.

And the beadworkers are still sweating on the top line. We were surprised to see our Canadian comrade being made the April boy. We thought that he would have been wiser than that. But cheer up, old boy, it only comes once a year.

We are very sorry to lose Jock, of "fash" fame, and Sam Hughes, the ward comedian.

Who said a "buckshee porritch"?

Our Sergeant shows his discrimination at bun struggles. What a stroke of diplomacy to bag the Cinderella and to palm the two — Sisters on to his disgusted friends.

We wonder how the intimate friendship between our Yankee cousin and the "beauteous personage" is progressing. How dinkie to have a University training.

Our two corporals seem to puzzle the night Sister; the one by his ambiguous requests and the other by his too sympathetic assistance in the early hours. How discouraging it is to be misunderstood!

K. 2.

Has anyone noticed what a Don Juan our dressing carriage expert has become? Good old Theo. What an enlivening place Maidenhead is. Go to it "old-timer."

Why is our night orderly dubbed "Professor Lightning"? We hear that his pre-war occupation consisted of chasing snails off the garden path. No speed limit here, old man. Let out!

Does he know the difference between a sheet and a shirt? Ask "Griff."

Did anyone notice the disappointed look on "Griff's" face when the steak and onions did not appear the other day for dinner?

Congratulations, Frank, on your escape outside the Skating Rink a few evenings ago. She must have taken a fancy to your South African ribbon.

Who is the patient who has seen six years service during the war, and is so anxious to let us know about?

ALEX. 1.

Things we would like to know—

If Knocker has found his razor blades yet?

When the man who is trying so hard to get on Special Diet will succeed?

If B—t will get his eggs again, if he waits long enough?

Isn't it time the Chaplain had an interview with the dressing carriage staff? Their language lately is simply hair-raising.

Why did "wee Jock" come back off leave so early, and does everybody believe the "hard up" story?

Is it true the K.S. is in a starving condition, and did N— feel any better after his visit to the Dining Hall?

ALEX. 2.

A hearty welcome to the boys of the new convoy! We regret to state that a lot of our old friends have left us this week. We wish them the best of luck.

Our dressing Sister is one of the very best.

We should like to know what Alex thought when a certain person asked him to do something nice.

We are pleased to say our old friend, Urmson (one of the old firm), has quite recovered from his op.

Why does Frenchy go to Maidenhead on 5.30 passes every Saturday?

What will Taffy do now the hair oil is all gone?

Our friend, Smith (of the Guards), delights us with his music on the tin whistle.

We wonder how it was that the motor-lorry broke down returning from Beaconsfield. Was it because big Bill was aboard?

How the patients of Alex. 2 enjoyed their trip to Windsor last week.

ONTARIO 1.

Again we are informed that there is another change to be made, in which Major Wright, our esteemed M.O., is leaving us. Although his stay was a short one, he had won the favour of all the boys in the ward, and, no doubt, we will miss his kind and gentle ways. We all join in wishing him the best of luck and *bon voyage*.

Sister Piercie, who has been with us so long on night duty,

has gone to another ward, and is succeeded by Sister Davis.

Now that the big baseball match is over maybe there are a few boys who will not put so much dependence on the American team next time.

Ontario 2 has a very poor opinion of us when they say we have some light-fingered chaps in here. It does not do to class others like themselves.

We all like to help the Sisters in the ward, but, sorry to say, there are a few who do not care to do anything. Remember, boys, it might be worse in other wards, and we figure our fair sex second to none, so let us all help. Many hands make light work.

Our kitchen staff are in clover now, since their little dug-out has been renovated.

We wish to inform a patient in Yukon ward we have some new records, and he can try them over any time (the boys permitting).

Who has the girl who has a new dress for every day in the week?

Cheer up, boys, that boat for Canada will soon be due.

Ginger is now making belts. He has made three now, but we would advise him to take his sewing outside.

What happened to the Canada Kid?

ONTARIO 2.

We are very sorry to lose our night Sister, Sister Percy, and we all wish her the best of luck.

Who is the patient who always butts in? And is it correct to say that if he knew as much about his own business as he does about other people's he would have secured his "ticket" by now?

Why did Paddy have his hair cut and his moustache trimmed? Is it because of our Sunday visitors?

Has any other ward got a vacancy for a hungry patient, as we are anxious to dispose of the one we have on our hands?

Who is the patient who missed his chicken the other day, owing to his being absent at the table, and what did the other chap say who secured his helping?

YUKON 4.

Our professional tailor (the Jew), is gone. I wonder if he will ever come back, but let us all hope not.

Now, Pte. Binding, I rather think its time you should see the M.O., as we all love perfumery, but you seem to be sampling a rotten piece of goods. Now let us hope you will be a good boy and cut it out.

Pte. Samuels, why don't you say something? Oh, you seem to be talking for hours, and none of us know what you are talking about.

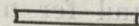
Why does not somebody write to our Pte. Doody? He seems so lonely. God knows what language he is using to himself about the Post Office Depot.

Sorry our beloved friend, Cpl. Pick, is gone. Hope he enjoys his new surroundings in Lenham.

As for Pte. Taylor, you still love the brass as ever.

I have the pleasure to announce that our dear friend, Bailey, got a nice position as a "kitchen McKinnick."

I wonder why Sgt. Bell does not come and borrow our "Vietrola." It's always here for you.



TONGUE TWISTERS.

A tutor who tootled the flute
Tried to tutor two tutors to toot;
Said the two to the tutor, "Is it harder to
Than to tutor two tutors to toot?" [toot

There was an old lady named Carr
Who took the 3.3 for Forfar,
For she said "I perceive it surely will leave
Far before the 4.4 for Forfar."

Old 'Arry.

The old sign of the "White Hart" creaked as the wind pushed it to and fro, its weather-beaten face had watched the patrons of the Tap Room grow from young manhood to old age as they daily passed beneath it. There was old George, who had never missed a night for ten years; and Albert, who calculated his visits by the number of pewter mugs he had worn away; then there was old Jim, who was a ploughman for the squire—he always affirmed that he had worn the stone flags in the old garden smooth in his passages to and from the "White Hart." Everything went smoothly for years with the old cronies who gathered nightly to drink their pint or two of beer, and smoke and talk; sometimes they would just drink and smoke, and at others they would just drink; and then old 'Arry appeared on the scene. He had been for years a regular patron of the "Black Boar," across the road, but he had had a quarrel with the boss of that establishment, who had accused him of being too "argutive," and in the coolness that had ensued he had removed his patronage to the rival "pub"; and why shouldn't he be "argutive"? Hadn't he been to London twice when he was a young feller, and didn't 'is lad, Joe, who was furrin' in Canada, write to him regular every week an' tell 'im all about it, what did cover it all with froth? "Got a letter from Joe this morning," he said to the cronies one night after they had been sitting in silent contemplation of a fat pig scratching its back against a post in the opposite field. "'E ses 'e 'as been across the boundry to the States." "What is these boundrys that we 'ears so much of these days?" ses old Albert. "Well," ses old 'Arry, "wen I wus in Lundun sum 15 years ago this 'ere spring, the squire 'e sends me there to see what they calls a agricultir show; not much agricultir about that, I thinks; there wasn't a field around fer miles, 'cept a big bildin' with lots of swell ladies sittin' around in boxes, jest like sheep at a market. An' I thinks at the time as 'ow all them ladies 'appened to 'ave weak eyes, 'cos when they wanted to look at anythin' they put these 'ere long-handled glasses to their eyes; an' there wusn't anythin' to see any'ow 'cept some 'orses prancin' round a ring, an' I didn't see as much as a turmit all the time. Why they calls it a agricultir show beats me. Well, as I wus sayin', when I wus in Lundun to see this 'ere

show, I wus walkin' down a street they calls the Strand, an' as I'd 'eard a lot about those there smart Lundun people I keeps me 'and in me pocket. Old 'Arry 'ad all 'is 'air on in them days, I tells yer. Well, as I wus sayin', I wus walkin' down this 'ere Strand, when I sees a big stone arch right across the road. That's a right funny place to stick a monument, thinks I, an' sure enuf it wus. There wus crowds of carts goin' through on each side' an' 'ow they did it beats me; an' the Lundun folks thinks they are smart, why, we might jest as well put our village pump in the middle of High Street on market day. Well, I stands an' looks at this 'ere thing for a time, an' then I sees a bobby cum up, so I goes up to 'im, an' says, 'What's that there thing?' an' 'e says, 'That's a boundry between two places.' Funny things is boundrys, thinks I as I walks away. So ye see, when Joe talks about goin' across the boundry, I suppose the lad means goin' across—or I thinks under—one of them boundrys which is fixed up between two countries, jest like that there one in Lundun as I wus tellin' yer about. Oh! I forgot to tell yer as 'ow, when I wus standin' lookin' at that there boundry, a gentleman—well, 'e looked a gentleman—'e cums up to me, an' says, as nice as can be, 'Excuse me, but I have jest picked this 'ere gold watch up at your feet, is it yours?' 'Let's have a look at it, ses I? and with that 'e 'ands it to me. Jest at that minit the bobby as I wus tellin' yer about walks up, an' I goes up to 'im to ask 'im about this 'ere boundry, and when I turns round, this 'ere gentleman 'ad gone, so I sticks it in me pocket, an' walks away. Comin' 'ome in the train, I wus tellin' a feller about it, an' 'e ses as 'ow it's a trick of them smart Lundun people, an' as 'ow, if yer sees it isn't yours, they offers this 'ere gold watch to yer so cheap that yer always buys it; but old 'Arry wus too smart fer them Lundun people in them days, but when I wears that there watch fer two weeks the gold all wears off an' the works falls to pieces, so the wife ses as 'ow I wusn't as smart as I thinks I wus.' "Time, please!" shouted the boss, and they all finished their beer and walked off to their homes.

A FRENCH aviator saluted Berlin with handbills. German aviators do *their* saluting of non-combatants with hand grenades, thus proving the superiority of kultur.

The Bed-Patient.

"What time to wake! H——, it's only six o'clock yet, kid."

"Never mind about six o'clock," said the orderly peevishly. "Buck up and wash that face of yours."

I sat up in bed wondering whether that last remark was a direct insult, or just his playfulness. However, I had a wash, which consisted of smothering my face with soap and rubbing it off again with the towel, incidentally spilling most of the water on the bed coverlet. The Sister then came into the ward, and greeted us each in turn, and on arriving at my bed she asked me if I had washed, and on my replying in the affirmative she proceeded to stick a small glass tube under my tongue, at the same time holding my wrist and gazing intently at her watch the while. The operation being over, she then proceeded to straighten my bed, and made me as uncomfortable as she possibly could (at least, that is what I thought), but I gather the Sister felt different as she gazed with satisfaction at the becoming neatness of the bedclothes. After that, I laid down for a while and had a quiet smoke, and had hardly finished my cigarette, when breakfast was brought round. I always enjoy breakfast because I generally wake up with the delicious feeling that I had been vigorously sucking a brass tap throughout the night, and also possessing a head like a ten-year-old concertina, and I always find a hot drink tends to alleviate that feeling. Breakfast over, the orderlies and patients proceeded to put the ward in order, or rather disorder; beds were shifted, lockers turned anyhow, and there was a general air of restfulness (I don't think); but, however, that is soon over, and the way is prepared for "Dressing"—"distressing" would be a much more appropriate word, but I suppose that rests with the "powers that be," so I lay as still as I am able, while several implements of torture are displayed before my wondering gaze.

The genial M.O. wishes me "Good morning," and enquires how I feel, etc., then calmly proceeds to push six inches of thin metal in my leg, with the cool remark: "Does that hurt?" as if my face was not sufficient evidence of the fact. I am in a bit of a quandary over this "Dressing" business. If I squeal the M.O. thinks I am a "quitter," and if I don't he thinks he is not hurting me. I wish there was

a middle course, but unfortunately there is not. At last the painful job is over, and I lay down with the intention of reading, but, "gee whiz!" that leg's giving me beans.

The next item on the programme is dinner, and a feeling of contentment comes over you as you hear the rumble of the waggon down the corridor. You have an "ordinary" given to you, which you proceed to demolish, only to find, a little later, that you are on "chicken"; but never mind, you think, better luck next time.

After dinner a drowsy feeling comes over you, and you proceed to woo the Goddess of Slumber till your dreams are rudely shattered by a horrible banging near your head, and, on waking up, you find it is only one of the boys cleaning your locker. When he has completed the job, you make another effort to sleep, and, just as you are dozing off, someone with an elementary idea of humour places a record on the gramophone, and you find the tune that is being played happens to be your pet abhorrence, so you calmly, but firmly, instruct him to "put a sock in it," upon which he deliberately puts the same record on again, only desisting from his torture on receiving your heaviest boot at his head, after which he rapidly "beats it," and you are left in comparative peace until tea-time. Now tea is quite an institution with me somehow. I look forward to this meal because of the strange conglomeration of eatables. You have tea, bread and butter, macaroni and cheese, apricots, prunes, and jam; and I find that if justice is done to all these good things, the issue of the famous "Number Nines" later in the evening is nothing more or less than sheer irony.

From tea-time to lights-out the surroundings become quite mixed up. Your companion on your left takes great pleasure in relating several narrow escapes he had while chasing the Hun, and the one on the right is anxious for a game of draughts, so you are in a bit of a difficulty as to which to follow by way of amusement, and you level matters by calmly proceeding to light a cigarette, and listening to their varied remarks. There goes that infernal gramophone again! Next comes soup—that weirdest of dishes. I have often wondered how this stuff is made, but, nevertheless, it "goes down" pretty good, and that's the main thing; but with me it goes down the bed sometimes, upon which I am sarcastically informed that it

is to be taken "internally." I have registered a vow to have my own back when I get up.

I asked the M.O. to-day if I could get up, but he said, "Yes, Jenkins, in about three months." That's his idea of humour. At last comes lights-out, and you lay and listen to your left-hand companion—how he laid out, with his own hands, fifteen Germans, but you are too tired to call him a liar, so you let him ramble on, then go to sleep at last, wondering whether this war is just a rumour or not. A.S.B.

In a Bombing Plane.

WHAT HAPPENS.

The observer and the pilot sat next to each other in silence. On either side the great engines roared, but their ears had recorded the noise so long that they no longer heard it.

In front of them, under the light of an electric lamp, the fingers of many dials quivered, or slowly moved to and fro, recording their height, their speed, and the state of their engines. A small light glowed on a compass, showing its gaudy red and blue colours and white figures. Tied on the black steering wheel in the pilot's hand was a little black cat with grotesque whiskers. The heavily booted feet of the pilot on the rudder scarcely moved as the machine pounded its way through the night on a steady course.

"Right a bit," says the observer, consulting his map. "Whoa! I've picked up the canal now. We'll be there in about five minutes. We're the first there apparently—I've seen no searchlights yet. I expect we'll get no trouble till we drop our bombs—but then—well! Shove her nose down wind, south-west, and we'll be alright. 'Throttle' her when I wave my hands! So long!"

He climbs through a little door in the "nose" and kneels in a tiny enclosure of wood and canvas in the extreme front of the machine. A bitterly cold wind strikes his face, and he has to hold on to the side in order to lean over.

He removes a glove so as to alter his sight a little, and his hand is almost numbed in the biting air through which he is going at seventy miles an hour.

He examines his bomb-handle and takes a leather safety-strap off it to make it ready for

immediate action, and then shines an electric torch on the map which he has brought into the "cockpit" with him. There is the factory—coloured red; there is the canal; there is the railway—it *ought* to be easy enough, he thinks. He looks over the front, and four miles away he can see the dark mass of the town. No searchlight is in action. He is unexpected.

He goes on for a little time and then waves his hands. Immediately the roar of the engines ceases and the machine begins to glide. He is two square miles from the town, and already he can see the square buildings of the factory which is his objective.

The direction line of his "sight" touches it, and he steers the pilot with his hand so that the little bar goes steadily forward across the buildings. His excitement and concentration grow every moment, for although he is losing height he is avoiding all chance of interference, and the knowledge that he is almost sure to make a direct hit makes him forget everything. He grasps his bomb-handle in his right hand, waits a moment as he looks at his "sight," and then pushes it forward hard—once, twice, and again to make sure—and points his hand excitedly down wind and shouts, "All gone!"

As the machine turns he looks over the side at the buildings towards which, even then, the terrible unsuspected missiles are falling through the darkness. Suddenly he sees a dull, red flash short of the buildings, then another. He waits in breathless expectation. He sees a third bomb burst on the extreme edge of the building, followed, to his intense joy, by several other flashes right among the roofs as the crashing bombs burst, one after the other, in a line across the great factory. PAUL.

The Daily Mail.

CANADIAN-FRENCH.

A party of Canadians were passing along a road, not a great distance from Vimy, when a very attractive mademoiselle came along, and our ever-gallant boys put on their best appearance. Mademoiselle evidently favoured one good-looking lad and asked him how he was, etc. Our friend, not wishing to appear totally ignorant of the language, gave the following startling reply, to the great amusement of his comrades: "C.P.R., mademoiselle, C.P.R.!" Mademoiselle passed on, struck by his uncanny knowledge of French.

High Wycombe V.A.D.

The chief event this week is the preparing for 21 new beds. Messrs. Toms & Co. have generously promised to present us with 3½-dozen pillows.

Twenty-eight Taplow men arrived this week, among them several old friends back again, some saying it was like coming home.

Congratulations to Commandant, Quarter-Master, Nurse Buchanan, Nurse Reynolds, Nurse Wright and Nurse Barlow on receiving their two stripes for service, also cooks Pitt and Lawrence.

Our thanks to Mrs. Huggins for the loan of a billiard table.

The patients at the V.A.D. held a whist drive on the evening of the 26th, which was graced by the presence of a large number of ladies. A most enjoyable evening was spent. The play commenced at 6.15 p.m., and was carried on till 8.15, a break being made at 7 o'clock for the patients to have supper. The ladies showed their prowess at the game by nearly leading the gents in the matter of scores, and some good humoured banter was heard. The prizes were exceedingly good, and some class play resulted in the following being returned winners: Ladies—1st, Mrs. Coles (153); lowest Mrs. Gardiner (107); Gents—1st, Dr. E. Chaplin (148); 2nd, Dr. Arkwright (144); Hidden No., Sgt. Burn (128); Booby, Dr. Lewis (97). A vote of thanks to the donors of the prizes brought a most enjoyable evening to a close.

T.G.P.

Where does a certain N.C.O. in ward No. 3 gather his supply of sugar? Perhaps he might drop a hint, or whisper a few words to some of his room mates who are anxious to carry out the good work.

Where did two of the redoubted "gay sports" steal off to the other day? Some say on business, but we have our doubts.

We might mention that this Hospital at least boasts of a decent pair of steps, which might be very convenient in one or two more of the wards.

Wanted—A remedy for the following



complaints: Toe-itus and funk-itus. Perhaps the many members of our Hospital can recommend a treatment for same.

Who is the person who woke all the ward up the other night, and asked them to *all* go to sleep together?

Some people say there is a great demand for "Guns" in France just at present. In wards 3 and 4 there are quite a lot of eighteen-pounders knocking about. Perhaps they might even now be turned to good account.

Welcome to the new members from Taplow. We trust they will uphold the traditions of the Hospital, and no whistling, please.

Rumour has it that our "Birdie" is leaving us. Who is to blame? Perhaps it is the fault of the Food Controller, in not allowing us sufficient "bird seed for pets."

ONE TO THE RECRUIT.

Scene: Somewhere in Blighty.

Some recruits were being put through their morning's riding drill, and the riding master had just noticed Jones, who, on being told to drop his reins and fold his arms whilst going over the jumps, had suddenly caught hold of the front part of his saddle to prevent himself from falling off. Riding Master (sarcastically): "Jones, that saddle wasn't made for you to hang on with!" Jones (dryly): "No, and the reins wasn't made to hang around the blinking horse's neck!" Result—Seven days C.B.!

DR. E. CHAPLIN.

Ode to Dakins.

I have a funny little thing I should like you
all to see,
It's made of glass and rubber tubes, and it never
lets me be.
By day and night it's hanging from a beam just
o'er my head,
Sustained in this position by a tape tied to the
bed.

There's liquid in it, and it flows with gentle,
purring motion,
And sometimes makes me wish the thing was
far across the ocean.
It is charged with liquid twice a day, and always
sets me achin',
Because the flask I speak about contains that
stuff called "Dakins." A.S.B.

Sports, Amusements, &c.

BASEBALL (by "Horse-Hide.")

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVE TEAM v. FORESTRY CORPS.

On Friday, March 29th, R.S.M. Jones' Canadian Representative Team gave the Forestry Corps, from Smith's Lawn, a decisive beating to the tune of 13—7. Doyle started in the box for the home club and worked well for the five innings that he pitched. He was relieved in the sixth by Sharpe, who worked well, but at no time did he exert himself. That the R.S.M. had collected some good "ball tossers" was evident by the way most of the players acquitted themselves. Muir, at third, showed up well both in hitting and fielding. Gayter, the big second sacker, was well in the limelight with the willow, as were Graham and Bishop. The latter played his usual steady game, and "connected with the pill" on each trip to the plate. A few familiar faces were again seen on the "Woodpeckers" line-up, including Danny McLennan, Pickham, Kelly and Tait. Kelly started in the box for the "Sawdust Kings," but his support was wretched, and he gave way in the fifth in favour of Tait, who shared as terrific a bombardment as his predecessor.

CANADA v. UNITED STATES.

The strong Canadian team defeated the United States at Reading, on Easter Monday, before 7,000 spectators, by the score of 17—2, which is a good criticism of the play. At no time did the Yankees loom up dangerously, as Sharpe, the Canadian spit-ball artist, had Uncle Sam's boys "eating out of his hand" all the way, while Sharpe's team mates were driving the pill to all corners of the lot, chasing across enough runs to win two or three good games.

The Canadian team showed up well. They worked together better than in their previous game against the Forestry Corps, which was evident to those who have seen the boys in both games. The Canadian crew showed lots of "pip," Muir, Bishop and Gayter pulling off a brilliant triple play, which brought the crowd to their feet. Some of the Canadian "wrecking crew" had hard luck in their hitting. It was especially noticeable in the case of Graham, the husky centre-fielder, the heaviest slugger on the club. He drove across two runs with sacrifice hits, and managed to get a single

besides. Everything seemed against him, or he would have "come through" with some long hits. Muir again worked nicely. At the difficult corner he again showed up well with the "stick," and his one-handed stab of the "liner," which started the triple, was excellent. Gayter worked nicely at second again, and showed himself to be a beady base-runner when he "got on." Bishop, at first, played brilliantly. His fielding was of the best, and he was "right there" with the "big stick." Graham, in centre, again showed his class. For a big fellow he shows lots of speed, and with an even break he's some slugger. Edmiston, in right field, didn't have many chances to show his wares, but when he did his work was executed in finished style. Kennedy, in left, as a hitter was a failure, and he had nothing to do in the fielding line at all. Doyle relieved Sharpe in the seventh frame, and again showed that he was "there" whenever called upon. His battery mate worked nicely, too.

The best that can be said for the "Yanks" is that they didn't have the class of the "Canucks," but they may loom up a great deal stronger with practice. Giske, the "Yanks" catcher, couldn't hold the Canadians on the bases, as they stole base after base without serious opposition. Clink, the pitcher, may be good when he's "going right," but he couldn't seem to get "going right." As fast as he threw the ball up the "Canucks" knocked it right back at him, and nearly all the hits were good for two bases. The terrific hitting was very prominent in the seventh innings, when the Canadians connected for ten hits, which were good for nine runs. Then Clink was "derricked" in favour of Holmes. His reception was anything but cordial, as the first four batters that faced him connected safely. Laughan, on first, was the best man in Uncle Sam's team, but when he urged a little more "pep" from his colleagues someone suggested that they take on a team of "Waacs" (cruel suggestion). Petty-eard, in right field, had a nice throw, but he shared the same fate as the others in his hitting, just stirring the atmosphere with his bat. Arlie ("Daddy") Latham, former minister of John McGraw's New York Giants, handled the game in a very satisfactory manner, all his decisions being good, which did away with the umpire baiting, which is anything but pleasant.

R.S.M. Jones is to be congratulated for

"rounding" the "Canucks" into shape, as he certainly had a winner in the team that he put on the field.

FOOTBALL.

The football season having come to a close, a short summary of events might be appreciated. The Hospital team (Connaught Athletic) opened the season in a very promising manner, winning from Basingstoke (away) by 3 to 1. This, however, was a friendly game. By this time, the home team had entered a league (called The London and District League), which was to be played in two series, the winners of each series to play the final. For our first game we had again to meet Basingstoke (away). This game we also won, by 2 to 0. From then on, the Connaught Athletic had a very successful time, until their second meeting with the Maidenhead R.E.'s (away), which resulted in a draw of two each. About this time, the first series of the league was finished, with the Hospital team easy winners, having won every league game. It was very unfortunate that, owing to the difficulty in travelling, several of the teams were forced to withdraw from the league, which made it useless to carry on further. The remainder of the season had to be carried through with friendly games, which, owing to the difficulty in getting opposition, were not as frequent as we would have liked. It was during the last series of friendly games that the Connaught Athletic suffered their first defeat, by the East Anglian R.E.'s, by 1 to 0, after a very strenuous game. This was our only defeat, and the season finished as follows:—Played, 25; won, 23; drawn, 1; lost, 1; goals scored, 63; against, 10.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

Very hearty thanks to the following ladies and gentlemen is tendered for the generous hospitality extended to the patients during the past two weeks:—Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Hitchcock, Manager of the Playhouse Theatre, Mr. and Mrs. Soloudi, Lady Boston, Mrs. Judd, Messrs. Spindler and Son, Mrs. Baker, Proprietor of the Maidenhead Picture Palace, Miss Kerridge (Beaconsfield), Mrs. Humm, Manager of the Palace Theatre, Mrs. Woodlock, Miss Barry, Proprietor of the Maidenhead Skating Rink, Lady Violet Astor, Mrs. Webster, Baroness A. de Teissier, Mr. Wagg, Mrs. Dykes, Mrs.

Oppenheimer, Mrs. Butcher, Manager of the Haymarket Theatre, Mrs. Hawker, Mrs. Macdona. Outings to Windsor Castle and Bisham Abbey were also very much appreciated.

CONCERTS, &c.

The appreciation of everyone is due to the following ladies and gentlemen who have provided such high-class entertainment during the past two weeks:—Dr. Tony and L. Bennett, Esq. (Lecture), American Band, Lad Edward's Concert Party, Ed. Bocquet's Dramatic Co., Judge Lindsey (Lecture), Mrs. Hardy's Concert (Maidenhead), Dorothea Douglas' Society Belles' Concert Party, The "Nora" Dramatic Society, Forestry Corps Band.

To the Editor of "Stand Easy."

DEAR SIR,—Permit me, as a subscriber, to pen a short appreciation of the new Hospital Photographic Album, which has made its appearance, and which is to be purchased at the Patients' Canteen at the low price of one shilling each.

The views have mostly been taken by our own Staff Photographer, Sgt. Howe. They are splendidly mounted in book form, making an excellent souvenir for us to send to our best girls, who I am quite sure will be delighted to see what a "cushy billet" we are now stationed in. I understand that a very large quantity of these have had to be ordered, so as to get them for sale at the low price above mentioned, and, as all the profits of the Patients' Canteen go towards paying for the Concert Parties and also the Outings of the Patients, it is to be hoped that all will utilize their spare cash in purchasing these delightful albums for sending to their parents and friends in Canada and elsewhere, for they will then be able to see how well the money subscribed to the Red Cross Fund is being used.

Yours very sincerely,

"A SUBSCRIBER."

We are heartily in accord with all "A Subscriber" says.—*Editor.*

PTE. SIMPSON: "What's the Entente Cordiale?"
PTE. WISEMANN: "Rum and coffee."

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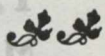


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