

VOL. I., No. 17. FEBRUARY 9TH, 1918.

“

Stand

Easy”

Chronicles
of

Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -



THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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RICHARD HOPE,

THE Smokers' Specialist, :: Maidenhead.

Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 17.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

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

How many of us stop to think, in our busy every-day life, to what extent we are indebted to music for help and encouragement in our daily tasks? Yet, for most of us, much of the joy of living would be lost if music were taken out of our lives. It brings us comfort when we are sad or depressed; it gives strength to those who are failing; it brings health to the sick; and is an added joy in our hours of happiness.

Among some primitive races no work can be accomplished except under the stimulus of music, which, in such cases, takes the form of chanting, accompanied by the rhythmical clapping of hands or the beating of tom-toms. No soldier, too, but knows how much more easy it is to march to the music of a good band. We have, all of us who are soldiers, noticed how, on a long march, everyone steps out with greater vigour when a stirring chorus is started; or, again, what a difference a modest mouth-organ makes when, as the weary miles drag out, some companion in the ranks strikes up a lively tune.

Think, too, how our hearts may be wrung, our pulses quickened, and what thrills may be sent coursing through and through us, as, while seated in some grand old cathedral, the rolling notes of the organ fill the great edifice with their harmonies. How few of us but know the irresistible seductiveness of a dreamy waltz tune or have not experienced the uncontrollable desire to "trip the light fantastic toe" engendered by a rousing bit of ragtime.

From earliest times it has been the custom to stimulate the martial ardour of troops before a battle with warlike music. Many times already during the present war have the skirl of the pipes lent fresh energy and courage to the "kilties" as they set forth "to do or die." And so it has always been.

Fortunately for the world there are few people in it who remain unaffected by music. How great is their loss! And yet, being unable to appreciate how much they miss, we need not waste our sympathy on them. We can but hope that Nature, having neglected to endow

them with this blessed gift, has substituted some other in its place. One frequently hears the term "modern music" used in conversation. As a rule it is intended to signify a certain type of present-day music as compared with what is known as "classic."

Applying it, however, in a broad sense, all music is "modern." Few people, indeed, realise how very modern it really is, in the form in which we know it. True it is, that music, in some form or another, has been known throughout the ages, but what there was of it was mostly of a very primitive type. As compared with the development of the sister arts, painting, sculpture, architecture, etc., it is in very truth modern. This may be better realised when we consider that eight hundred years ago there was no known means of committing music to paper, and that it has only been during the last four hundred years that such things as "bars" were known.

Thus it is that, though we see in our museums many beautiful examples of Persian, Egyptian and Grecian art of great antiquity, our earliest examples of music date back to comparatively modern times.

It is to Rome, Venice, Milan and Florence in the middle ages that we must first look. Strange to say, however, it was not among the Italians themselves that the first successful strides were made. For a long time Dutchmen and Belgians were the most distinguished members of choirs and church establishments in these cities. In course of time, however, their art degenerated, and the pre-eminence in composition passed by degrees to the Italians, whose greatest exponent was Palestrina. He attained his greatest fame in 1565, and died in 1594.

Nearly one hundred years then passed, during which the world was, musically speaking, almost dumb. But in the year 1685 no less than two of the greatest composers in the history of the world made their appearance together, and, indeed, within a month of one another. Handel was born on the 23rd of February, and John Sebastian Bach on the 21st of March.

Then began a century which holds for us almost all that is most interesting in thoroughly

modern music. Besides the music of Handel and Bach there were written, in this space of time, the symphonies of Haydn, and his "Creation" and "Seasons," all Beethoven's symphonies and masses, and his opera, "Fidelio," Weber's "Freischütz," and Schubert's songs, Mendelssohn's oratorios, and Chopin's piano-forte music, Schumann's many beautiful productions, and all Wagner's immense music dramas, and, in addition, Mozart's symphonies and his "Requiem" as well.*

J.D.M.

* "Studies of Great Composers," by Sir C. H. Parry.

The W.A.A.C.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As over Maidenhead Bridge there passed
A girl, who wore a strange device,
A uniform—'twas very s' nice,
The W.A.A.C.'s.

Along Bridge Street she saw the light
Of Cinema gleam warm and bright,
And as she chased the starting 'bus
An M.P. heard a muttered cuss—
A W.A.A.C.'s.

"I will not walk," he heard her say,
"I'd ne'er get home till break of day;
The road is long, the hill no treat,
My boots so big they hurt my feet—
These W.A.A.C.'s."

I'll look my best and try to find
A C.A.M.C. Sergeant kind
Who, when he finds I've lost my 'bus,
Will escort home, without a fuss,
This W.A.A.C.

And if with Sergeants I should fail,
A boy in blues shall hear my tale;
They can't resist a sunny smile,
And wounded boys are quite the style
For W.A.A.C.'s.

'Twas after "lights out" had been blown
They saw her stumbling on—alone.
Up Berry Hill they heard her cuss,
With heartfelt zest, the blooming 'bus,
This W.A.A.C.

And now in future when she goes
Down town to shop, or see the shows,
She swears she'll always be on time,
To catch the 'bus that leaves at nine,
This W.A.A.C.

PERCY PROUDFOOT.

The Passing of Perkins.

'Twas Friday morning in Hospital, and everything was suggestive of "wind-up" and "Brasso." It wanted but fifteen minutes before the "cobweb search party" arrived, the silent sufferers were gaily bedecked with their regulation ruddy cravats, the bed-patients had been made comfortably tidy. Beds and chairs dressed by the right, tooth brushes placed into position with the aid of a foot-rule and set-square, spare socks and slacks concealed under the mattresses according to old-time tradition, and the kitchen staff had sought the shelter of the "bush," in order to escape cross-examination as to the distribution of "extra diet." The Sisters had put away their patience cards and crochet, and had prepared for a ten minutes devotion-to-duty stunt, one concealing herself behind a two-foot pile of dressings, while the other dusted counter-panes and juggled with pillowcases.

Private Perkins was one of the bed-patients—a case, usually of normal temperature and fair pulse, seldom calling for much attention, and causing little or no anxiety. He was deeply interested in an up-to-date love story, entitled, "A Couple of Fortnights." "In the midst of life we are in death," and never know but what any moment may be our next (or the one following it, Editor). It is difficult to decide just what happened to Perkins, and *post mortem* examinations have revealed nothing tangible so far. To use the words of a fellow bed-patient of Perkins', "There was a sob and a shriek, and Perkins' head hit the brass plate over his bed with a dull thud, and he quit this earth as sudden as a no-limit-poker-school changes into a friendly game of whist on the appearance of the Wardmaster." The Sister swallows her chewing gum, and rushes to his bedside, pausing only to charge a patient with smoking out of hours. "Get the M.O. at once!" she cries, and jams a glass ready-reckoner down Perkins' throat, which comes up again registering 112.07. The M.O. dashes up, eventually getting through the mob to Perkins' side. He places his hand on Perkins' diaphragm, and a shade of feeling passes over his professional countenance as he gravely and solemnly pronounces these words: "Sister, he's croaked." The Sister, with one eye on Perkins' locker, and with the other choosing a nice soft patient to fall upon, throws herself into a fit, screaming: "Croaked! Why he never tidied his locker!!!"

Staff Notes.

Our esteemed Wardmaster and the Mayor of Cookham enjoyed their Christmas leave among the Welsh Alps, and were delighted on their return to relate the fact that they felt better, both in health and finance, than when they started. They brought with them many souvenirs taken from parlour walls, &c., and that surely *was* a great quest of one of them for his grandfather. Talk about "Japhet in search of a father," this search for a grandfather had a much more amusing climax (or was it an anti-climax?) What price that wire to the Adjutant? It is rumoured that the Sergeants are having their annual picnic in Wales. If so, we trust that they will meet with the same generous hospitality.

And oh the fun there was at the masquerade at the lodge. We understand that it was "a perfectly lovely affair!"

The W.A.A.C. carried off first and third prizes at the Burnham Volunteers' Whist Drive on Jan. 31st. Some class to those girls!

They appreciated so very much the Whist Party given them in the gymnasium that they can think of nothing much else than "when will the next one be?"

Tuffie had a narrow escape the other foggy evening, at the Whist Drive and Dance at Taplow. It is said that he paid great attention to one of the charming ladies who were present, and eventually formulated the idea that he would provide an excellent escort for her on the way home. As he was fussing around her, putting the final touches to the angle of his new cap, a man walked up and touched the young lady on the shoulder, saying, "Come along, missus, its about time we were going home." Poor old Tuffy found it awfully foggy when he got outside. 'Tis a cruel hard world, my masters!

Between two stools one often comes to grief! What was it that caused Gerry to anathematize his luck so heartily the other night, the while trying to compose a letter of—*was* it—explanation?

The Assistant Wardmaster looks much more natural since the W.M. returned from leave. He seemed to be "all of a ditherum" during those few days of autocracy.

The wagon that Gerry was on collapsed, the wheels all broke, and he fell with an awful thud!

The boys in Hut 1 were awakened by a dog barking fiercely, and upon investigation it was found that the poor animal was struggling to get away from Cpl. Ike's bed, its hind paws being caught in the spring mattress. Both the Corpl. and dog were greatly excited, and the poor brute seemed greatly relieved when it was released. We have been unable to solve the mystery as to how the dog got in this position. Ask Ike.

Hut three about 10.15 p.m.—*Voice in the dark*: "Orderly Officer! 'shun'!" *Another voice*: "Here comes old Bill; 'tin-hat' again." *1st voice*: "Don't you worry abaht the blinkin' 'tin-hat.' When I was in Winnipeg—" *2nd voice*: "Here he goes! Winnipeg again! Have you seen Wilson?" *1st voice*: "Wilson! No, he's sleeping over in the kit store now." *Another voice*: "What's that for?" *1st voice*: "Why, he's on guard! They're afraid some of them civilians might break in and get into khaki in too big a hurry! Savvy?"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents may write on both sides and *edges* of the paper. The more illegible the questions, the better we will be able to answer them.

Hofficer—You are quite correct! Pigs really do eat the "mess" thrown in the swill tub. Pigs "swill" be pigs, you know.

Faint One—We have heard of five men being expected to breakfast off one sausage, but we take a little "salt" with it.

Traveller—The King's Regulations do not say anything about paying for railway expenses in advance. Write *John Bull*.

"*Cookie*"—We thank you for your information, that in the last egg issue not a single bad one was found. "Eggstraordinary."

Grouser—Sorry to hear that you found a few moths in your new tunic. What did you expect? Humming birds!

Pedestrian—Yes, the county is rolling the road (on to the footpath)!

Aggravated—We admit that a "tanner" is a little "steep," but it is necessary when the old man "piles" it up so often. It's in "dry dock" again.

Elsie—Yes, Horace is fond of work—in fact he likes it so well that he has been coming back till nine o'clock for *seven* days now!

Married One—No! decidedly no! It can't be done on 10/6 a week.

Ward Notes.

A., B., C., and D.

Things we do know—

The name of the patient who monopolises the mirror in the wash-house every morning from 7.30 to 8.30.

Things we want to know—

What has happened to Price these mornings? Has he got the wind-up, or is he tired of spreading "chestnuts"?

What causes our orderly to give such demoralizing exhibitions of grousing?

Anyone wishing to secure marked efficiency in piano playing please apply to this ward. Lessons are served hot at all times.

Anybody desirous of possessing a nice necklet please apply to Bed No. 18. Lady applicant preferred.

Who is the patient designated by the name of "Baby"? Some people less kindly inclined might call him "Ginger."

Is Schwartz practising to become a "Salome Dancer," or is he desirous of securing his "ticket"?

Who trained the boys so thoroughly that they come up to "shun" at the mere mention of the words "Orderly Officer!"

A piano mover came into our ward the other day, and was looking enviously at our "up right," but we managed him by moral persuasion. He left without the piano. We had something up our sleeve in case the moral stuff had failed. After our experience with Fritz we believe in preparedness. "Nuff sed!"

Why do our kitchen staff kick so much in their stall? Do they get too much oats?

Why that "Yankee doodle" band doesn't come twice a day? Is it because we are so fond of their music? Believe me, boys, those "Sammies" are sure on to their job. Some band!

We not only patch up soldiers in this ward, but we patch their trousers as well. This is not as nutty as it seems!

Where and oh where has our little dog gone? Shall we blame the cook?

A certain C.A.M.C. Sergeant has qualified for his commission, having "doggedly" supervised the chloroforming of our pet.

Things we would like to know—

Now that our old clerk has gone, who is going to supply cigarettes to our constant visitor from A. Ward?

Who is the man that is most generous with his cigarettes when he sees everyone else smoking?

F.1.

Market report:—Australians still very weak, Canadians dropping off considerably, market flooded with Consuls.

Now that the piano is tuned all the noise-makers are leaving us.

We are glad to note improvement in "Curley" since his diet has included tea, cakes and—hand-holding about 3 o'clock p.m.

Things we would like to know—

Who was the patient who wanted to die holding a certain Sister's hand? Who was the Sister?

Can any of the Sisters tell us how to write "eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven"? Also, which is the right side of a locker?

Patients' Notice.—F.1 has a very talented vocalist now, who specializes in "Chu Chin Chow," "Shoot the Rabbit," and other favourites. This artist performs each night, between the hours of 7 and 9 p.m. Unlike other geniuses, his head is conspicuous by the absence of hair, the great hair restorer, Dakins, failing to promote growth. A cordial invitation to come and hear this artist is extended to all. Come one, come all! and don't forget the hours—7 to 9 p.m.

F.2.

Fortunately the change from night to day duty did not cost us the good services of either Sister Mole or Sister Munro. Some of us, however, now miss our usual morning "dip."

We want to know—

Who is our somewhat exclusive "aristocrat"?

Is it one day's rations spread over seven that makes the tea weak? If so, where does the "extra" go?

G.1.

The boys spent an enjoyable evening on Monday, the 28th inst., when a whist drive was held, and we all owe heartiest thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Phipps, who arranged it. Seven prizes were given, our expert bird imitator gaining first.

Things we should like to know—

What would have happened if a certain patient had gone through his bed and fallen on his drum?

How many more instruments will that person present to the gaze of his admiring friends?

Where does the kitchen staff go to after 7 p.m., also have they taken a season ticket?

Who is the *sweetheart our Sergeant visits so often? (*Note, we do not mention the word "bird," vide the last issue of the STAND EASY.)

Who is the ghostly French bed maker who roams the ward? If C—bell had better retire at 1 a.m. to avoid raids, or at 7 p.m. to avoid having a fancy bed?

If it is a fact that Hall is on the most sustaining diet possible, and has been advised to take Phosphorine? Is this the result of night attacks?

Why S—got *Wilde* when he knew he could *Knott* get into bed, though he threatened to give the bed expert such a *Basher* in the place above where his *Bill* ought to be? Yet he could *Knott Cheetham* out of the fun at his ex-*Spence*. (Oh, *hush!* Ed.)

G.2.

Every week one or more of our old and tried friends leave us for the outer world of strife, and the din and bustle of our ennobling profession (what hopes?), but our greatest loss this week is Corporal Broadhurst, late pill merchant and C-in-C. of the poultice wallopers department in G.2. Now we shall know who to blame if we get "dud" shells during the next nine or ten years of the war, for we have been officially notified by the Ministry of munitions that "our Harry" is to be given a staff appointment—sweeping up matchends outside Woolwich Arsenal!

We notice that all our fair visitors pass us by nowadays, and make their way to Alex. 1. Pat, we are afraid you are a bad lot. How do you manage it, and what has Mavis to say about it?

Things we should like to know—

Who has a penchant for sleeping in holly bushes?

Was the charge really "camping without a license"?

Why "Raspberry" wears such a worried look, and pays for secluded seats in the Cinema?

Will it stand daylight?

H.1.

The convoy has filled up the ward again, and we are all busy, especially the kitchen staff. By the way, we hear that a member of the kitchen is writing a book! The title is a mystery, but we notice the author is very keen on gathering all information which may be useful to him. What we want to know is what has a torch-light to do with a book, and is the author colour blind?

Good boy, Burden, and good luck. We are pleased to think that your kind action has not been in vain, and that there is every indication that good old Scottie will do well now.

What do you mean, you lost your red jacket, Pete?

Who was caught bluffing on a pair of fives in the poker game? And does the Sergeant think "full on kings" a good hand?

Who was talking about four nines in their sleep?

H.2 (late K.2).

We beg to announce to all our friends and correspondents that, owing to the increase in the External Popliteal Musculo Spirol, &c., &c. business, we have been compelled to move into more spacious premises, and H.2 has been chosen as the future "Nerve Resort." Having cleared away the empty bottles and

cleaned the windows, we are ready for business again. We are indebted to the old H.2 "heads" for leaving behind such a splendid gramophone. It is an endless source of amusement to one of us. We are now able to accommodate our old friends. They are welcome, and we are pleased to hitch 'em on to our nominal roll. We are glad the Sisters changed with us as we are getting to look forward to the night Sister's dinky little fur-ry coat coming on duty at 8 p.m. We wonder if it is the coat that makes her purr?

We understand that our London Scottisher is having the words on his cap badge changed from "Strike Sure," to "Stick to your light duty."

Smithy is now riding the water waggon, but wont disclose the name of the cure.

J. I.

Best wishes are extended to our late M.O., Capt. Whillans, on his departure for Canada, and a hearty "hello" to his successor, Capt. Green.

Congratulations to you, new arrivals, on "making Blighty," and may you stay here for the duration.

Both air-raids and hair-raids were the fashion last week, our friend, Cuthbert, being a victim of the hair-raid. Was it needed? We guess it was needed!

K. I.

We are all delighted at the return of our popular Sister, even if 'tis only on night duty.

That she is a prime favourite with the boys in this ward was amply evidenced by the smiling faces when she stepped into the ward again.

We are all sorry at the departure of our ward clerk, but did not think he would have deserted us quite so soon.

Barley water is quite as popular in our ward as the famous "Johnny Walker." Fancy a patient, when going on week-end leave to London, filling a bottle with "Barley Bree." Perhaps he desired to mix the blend.

Things we want to know—

When the gent. who got one over the kitchen staff, and devoured the salad, intends to return the spoon? We do not grudge you the vegetable, but have a heart, and return the cutlery.

K.2 (late H.2).

Will our numerous friends kindly note that we have been compelled to surrender our quarters in H.2, and we hope the softening influence which was always prevalent in that ward will have a civilizing effect on the patients now installed there, especially Sgt. R—t. We greatly regret leaving our gramophone behind, and we shall miss its delightful music—we don't think!

Where did our "Flying Artist" place his "hickory bender" the other evening? Rumour hath it that he was compelled to tramp two miles to recover it. What did his companion say on his return?

Why has our old friend, B—t, recently become the happy possessor of a banjo? Do you think the lady will enjoy the dulcet tones of that instrument, old-timer? Try taking her to the pictures.

Who is it snores so vigorously at nights? Is he trying to compete with the noise which emanates from the hot water installation?

What caused Sergt. D—f to slip in such an undignified manner the other evening, whilst crossing the fields?

Why has our old friend, The—ge, transferred his affections to another lady? What does Sergt. R—d think about it?

There are some queer ways of increasing your pocket-money in these days. Anyone desirous of advice kindly address all communications to "Frank," our "mopper-up of unconsidered trifles."

ALEX. 1.

The words of the song certainly apply to this ward, for "Everybody's happy, everybody's glad."

One of the verandah stalwarts recently reported sick. Some are sorry, some are glad. "Oden" certainly seems to have taken a change for the better. May he still continue to improve.

It hardly seems credible that a "full-blown buck" should return to Hospital when only four days of his leave had expired. It should be mentioned that this leave was 10 days prior to proceeding to Canada. The soldier in question was the irresistible "Snowy." 'Nough said!

Things we want to know—

How many of the boys who went on ten days' furlough recently will be in fit condition to return on time, and is it true some have already been admitted to other Hospitals, thanks to the furlough?

Who is the noted card player in the ward who went on "no trumps," and made two of them, and whether sponge-making would not be a more profitable occupation?

If the Food Controller is aware of the carrying capacity of one of our bed-patients, and would it not save the kitchen staff both time and worry if he were moved nearer the Dining Hall?

ALEX. 2.

Our old friend, Aldridge, has had some hair-raising experiences since he came back to us. Several attempts have been made on his life, but he is still going strong.

We are very pleased to see our dressing carriage assistant, Bush, getting about again after the sacrifice he made a short time ago. He is a good sport, and we offer him our congratulations.

Things we would like to know—

When "Gramophone Charlie" is going to get his blues exchanged for a straight-jacket?

How many doses of medicine it takes to cure a headache? How long it takes "Tulip" to untie the dirty linen on Wednesday nights?

How long will it take the up-patients to learn the twinkle step?

How long acrobatic cyclists have been employed by the C.A.M.C.?

When Alex. 1 will be able to produce some talent to beat us?

ONTARIO 1.

Don't expect too much from us this week. Sisters Macdonald and Smith have left us, and we are all down-hearted. It never rains but it pours.

Why does a certain patient, on returning from Maidenhead, desire to have his back rubbed?

We would like to know "Vi" Jock is so interested in Taplow Laundry?

Why does "Sir Tom" Johnson require the service of a private secretary?

ONTARIO 2.

We wonder why the kitchen staff have ceased their visits to Burnham? Rumour hath it that it is unsafe to mention the word "Burnham" in their hearing.

Who is the person designated by the name of "The Dollar King"?

Who was the lady so anxious to play golf with the kitchen staff?—when they had attained a certain degree of proficiency.

We shall be very glad when our neighbours have their gramophone returned to them, as we should like to see our own occasionally.

Our day Orderly is so popular that he has secured a record for the gramophone recounting his prowess at football. His speciality is goal-keeping—but that is another story.

YUKON 4.

Who is the patient who keeps losing his Registered Letters? Why not try a different story by way of variation!

Who is the man who goes out every meal-time to send a telegram?

Who is the boy who is going up the line again, but who would much prefer his "ticket"?

"Howe" it's done.

If you want to know about anything,

No matter, large or small,

In every art I'm master—

Yes, in everything—in all.

My word is law—yes, I dictate

To each and everyone;

If you want to know your business,

I'll tell you "Howe" it's done.

I'm "Super," "Boss," "Commander,"

I walk around in ease;

I keep my eye on everything,

And do just as I please.

If anything goes wrong somewhere,

Of course I've got to go;

When I explain—they stare at me,

And then ask "Howe" I know?

Photography—that's my "long suit,"

In this I specialise;

My "proofs" are sticking all around,

A scheme to advertise.

And talk of splints—why you should see

My very latest grade.

If you want to know, just come to me—

I'll show you "Howe" they're made.

At the station, when a convoy comes,

You should see me take command,

Arrayed in "Review Order,"

I on the platform stand.

Of course no one knows what to do,

I detail everyone;

In whispers, you can hear them say:

"He knows just 'Howe' it's done."

When I say "go," of course they go,

When I say "stop," they stop;

And when I say "Lower stretchers,"

They go down with a flop.

From Sergeants down to Privates,

I direct every one;

Of course they know that I'm the "man"

Who knows "Howe" things are done.

I've only got my three stripes yet,

But my "crown" will soon be coming,

And then you bet I'll let them see

"Howe" I keep things a humming.

And when I get back to Ottawa,

The war will then be won,

But I'm the man who put them wise to

Just "Howe" things were done.

"Percy"!

By kind permission of Author, Pte. F. Gee, 22nd Battn. R.F.

Percy was what they called "one of the boys,"

The admired of the fair sex around him;

He hated exertion of any old sort, [port.

He always looked bored as he sipped his small

They had to take him as they found him.

"Percy" would dress in immaculate style,

Some dust on his coat seemed a pity;

He'd drift up the West from the city each day,

He had such a blasé effeminate way.

He was something, they said, "in the city."

"Percy" would talk of "my people," you know!

And turn up his nose at the workers.

When war was declared, the call for men came,

He simply said, "Really!" and lived just the

He was looked on as one of the shirkers. [same.

"Percy" would glance at the casualty lists,

And say, "What a bore is this fighting";

The ladies would give him white feathers galore,

He'd only say, "Thank you," and look round for

He termed their remarks "rather biting." [more.

"Percy" would sit in the Gaiety stalls,

A flag in his buttonhole flaunting; [thing,"

Each lady he thought such a "sweet, pretty

He'd stand with the rest for "God save the King,"

And thought the refrain rather haunting.

"Percy" went off on a holiday jaunt,

He left no address that would find him;

They said he had gone to escape from their jeers—

No one was sorry and no one shed tears,

Save the sweetheart that he'd left behind him.

Then one day a letter was sent to his club,

They all were surprised to receive it; [dead—

It brought them the news that "Percy" was

"He had given his life for his country," it said—

And the scoffers could scarcely believe it.

"Percy's" in Flanders his face to the sky,

With the bodies of comrades beside him;

The Victoria Cross doesn't lie on his breast—

He sleeps there in peace, as he takes his last rest,

And there's no one to scoff or deride him.

Whilst in "Percy's" bedroom each evening at

His old mother dreams of the morrow, [dusk,

She fondles with care his immaculate clothes,

And kisses them fondly, the while a tear flows,

As she kneels there alone in her sorrow.

"Percy" has died like a man for the cause—

No whining or crying for mercy—

No record of brave deeds or columns of praise,

He has proved he was worthy, in spite of his ways.

May God rest your soul, dear old "Percy"!

Caricature Series,
No. 5.



RB

Lady D. dawdles looks in for supper. "No times grab, there is said in my mother's friend on our table," he said, "but lobster and some she ate—always lobster, nothing is ever seen "sweeping lengths of black tulle," the meals made from tin boxes, the clothes she wore— various items of his mother's "furniture"—all he gaily discarded to them about the bed the centre of a little group of men, while Thompson could see beside another patient's family its truly amazing mode of life. the war and much about this remarkable days previous to the event. During those days was the subject of constant discussion for many was received by him with evident delight and from Lancashire to visit him in the hospital. news that his sister was coming all the way regiment when the war broke out, and the for some years, having been bread with his Thompson had not seen his mother or his sister afforded a typical instance of this peculiarity. The distressing episode of his sister's visit generated

upon three of Thompson's waiting pias in the and Reh'll Skill? component of a week a piece interesting At the end of the third day from the beds, chairs, and passers-by. itself in aimless wanderings around the feet of continually from his bed wound and around it all once more, while the bed had escaped together, cast on a patch of again, and nipped and pleased them knit two and some in and decreased their number on attached and cast them still scoring all of his bed. During the three following days Thompson been incapable of winding so tight that all needed it would and subsequently the and one would be able to wind it quite the way he wind the wool was rejected, for he did this no refused all advice or assistance, even of to immediately produced, and that of gaily out his brain. The wool had knitting was night have been begging for a revol asked for them in a voice so moan make a pair of socks for his in fact he asked for wool and for as soon as Thompson was in for which she is now notorious. that acute sense for "winding up" intense glow, but she was almost absolutely knifed and her was impossible to say for his began to cry suspiciously. The front behind the mask and he up in bed, the real Thompson As soon, however, as he was eye, joined the general "one of the great steady man, and an example order, and the sister who pronounced family good and he quietly in bed all know so well. During the first those moods of tragic depression was although, not suffering greatly, was slight spinal wounds in his right leg and within its walls. The patient began to hitting that the Hospital had ever mentioned "looking," and one of the most terrible person a patient one of the greatest geniuses for for us to realize our good fortune in having as several weeks before there was an opportunity. He had been maintained of Ward X for a while, but now having an opportunity

Private Thompson.

He had been an inmate of Ward Z for several weeks before there was an opportunity for us to realize our good fortune in having as a patient one of the greatest geniuses for "fooling," and one of the most lovable personalities that the Hospital had ever welcomed within its walls. He arrived from France with slight shrapnel wounds in his right leg, and although not suffering greatly was in one of those moods of tragic depression which everyone connected with the ward was subsequently to know so well. During the first few weeks he rarely spoke, and lay quietly in bed, obeying all orders, and the Sister who pronounced him "a quiet, steady man, and an example to everyone else," voiced the general opinion of his merits.

As soon, however, as he was allowed to sit up in bed, the real Thompson began to appear from behind the mask, and the Ward Lady became very suspicious. *Why* she became so it is impossible to say, for his conduct was still absolutely guileless and his expression one of intense gloom, but she was already developing that acute sense for "sizing up" the patients for which she is now notorious.

As soon as Thompson was allowed to sit up in bed he asked for wool and knitting pins "to make a pair of socks for his mother," but he asked for them in a voice so melancholy that he might have been begging for a revolver to blow out his brains. The wool and knitting pins were immediately produced, and then he gravely refused all advice or assistance, even an offer to wind the wool was rejected, for he said that no one would be able to wind it quite the way he needed it wound; and subsequently the Ward Lady readily acknowledged that she would have been incapable of winding so tight and hard a ball.

During the three following days Thompson—still scorning all offers of help—gravely cast on stitches and cast them off again, increased and decreased their number, pearled them and plained them, knit two and sometimes four together, cast on and cast off again, and unpicked it all once more, while the hard ball escaping continually from his bed wound and unwound itself in aimless wanderings around the feet of beds, chairs, and passers-by.

At the end of the third day from the commencement of his work, a piece of interesting and highly original knitting had become visible upon three of Thompson's knitting pins, in the

middle of this appeared two irregular holes—but not by accident, for he said they were intended "for the water to run out," a further grave statement that his mother always made socks that way, "to save holes being made afterwards," confirmed the Ward Lady's suspicions. Unfortunately the socks never reached completion, for, upon the fourth day from their commencement, they were for ever laid aside, permission having been given to the patient to get up in the wheel-chair.

No sooner was Thompson seated in that much enduring vehicle than his spirits burst the bond which held them, and from then onwards he grew daily in absurdity of speech and conduct until his very appearance in the ward was the signal for shouts of laughter from the other men. Upon some days he seemed literally unable to speak one sensible word, and how much his fellow patients owed of speedy recovery to Thompson's "fooling" can of course never be known, but as a successful practitioner he must have run the M.O. very close.

It was very soon apparent that there were latent possibilities of danger in so brilliant and unstable a character, and the fear that Thompson would "get into trouble" alternated with the delight and amusement he afforded, not, indeed, that he was always gay, for the moods of depression already referred to would sometimes follow uproarious fun or be unexpectedly generated.

The distressing episode of his sister's visit afforded a typical instance of this peculiarity. Thompson had not seen his mother or his sister for some years, having been abroad with his regiment when the war broke out, and the news that his sister was coming all the way from Lancashire to visit him in the Hospital was received by him with evident delight and was the subject of constant discussion for many days previous to the event. During those days the ward heard much about this remarkable family and its truly amazing mode of life. Thompson would sit beside another patient's bed, the centre of a little group of men, while he gravely discoursed to them about the various items of his mother's "furniture—all made from tin boxes," the clothes she wore—"sweeping lengths of black tureen," the meals she ate—"always lobster, nothing is ever seen on our table," he said, "but lobster and sometimes crab, there is crab if my mother's friend, Lady D. Jawbers looks in for supper. "No

doubt," he continued, turning to the Ward Lady, "you would be acquainted with Lady D. Jawbers, for she would move in the same circles as you, just round and round." The interest excited by the prospective visit and the faint hope that Lady D. Jawbers might, perhaps, accompany his sister, grew steadily, but unfortunately, when the looked-for day of her arrival dawned, he had lapsed into one of those moods of gloomy reserve, and the result was truly disastrous, for his sister appeared to be made of the same material, and, after the first greeting, they never spoke to one another all day! "Why didn't I speak to her?" repeated Thompson in answer to a question, as he flung himself on his bed with his face to the wall—"Why, because she didn't speak to me."

Fortunately no other members of this strange family came to see him, and, his convalescence progressing steadily, he soon constituted himself general "helper" in the ward.

Of Thompson's help in the ward, it is difficult to write without seeming to exaggerate, only those who saw how much it meant to the other boys when they were in pain and suffering can realize its scope and value. His gentleness and tenderness seemed at times almost to surpass a mother's devotion and care; no trouble was too great, no fatigue too much to endure if someone needed his service. The tender side of his character also shewed itself in a fondness for animals, which no discouragement or regulations could stifle.

During his stay in the Hospital, though the C.O. had strictly forbidden all "live stock," no one ever knew what bird or beast might suddenly walk out from under a bed in Ward Z. Three gaily decorated kittens and a stray fox terrier at one time shared Thompson's meals, while two ferrets, two carrier pigeons, and a hedgehog, leading furtive lives, were spirited away with such dexterity whenever discovery seemed certain, that the Ward Lady became convinced that he had been a conjurer in a previous existence. Ultimately, however, she felt compelled to remove the hedgehog herself, when she found it paddling about in Thompson's plate of tapioca pudding. The canary that came from the Dardanelles was most difficult of all to hide, for it not only had a voice like a two-edged sword, but also a smart blue and white cage to live in.

No one ever understood better how to conform his ways to those of the company in

which he found himself than did Private Thompson; as he gravely remarked after a memorable motor drive with a retired General (for which he "got himself up" with the greatest care): "When one is with a gentleman one behaves like a gentleman."

After one other such outing his hostess, having seen him sit gravely in an armchair watching the other boys playing games during the whole afternoon, anxiously enquired from the Sister in charge of Ward Z whether Thompson had really enjoyed himself. "Oh, yes," came the prompt reply, "for when he returned he said he had felt quite four-pound-a-weekish when having tea with you." There was little doubt, however, that tea was not Thompson's favourite beverage, and there were more than strong suspicions that upon several occasions he succeeded in smuggling liquor into the precincts against all rules and regulations—indeed, one day he informed the Ward Lady, with touching confidence in her silence, that he had at that moment a bottle of whiskey in his bed! No one, however, during the many weeks he was in Hospital ever saw Thompson the worse for drink, but part of the anxiety lest he should "get into trouble" was founded on the suspicion of the occasional "foreign bodies" under his mattress. Thompson also had a very high opinion of the medicinal value of spirits, apart from any other merits they might possess, and for weeks he loudly affirmed that "Johnny Walker would make Corporal Brown speak" if supplied to him in sufficient quantities, but *how* to get sufficient was the problem. Corpl. Brown had arrived from France stricken dumb by shell shock, and although otherwise in good health he uttered no sound for more than six weeks after he came into the Hospital, and during those six weeks no opportunity for trying Thompson's treatment occurred. At length, however, an opportunity did arise, for drink was on sale at a Gymkhana held by some troops in a neighbouring camp to which several of the convalescents were invited. From this entertainment Corporal Brown returned upon a stretcher, singing at the top of his voice. There is no moral to this story at all. Thompson (quite sober himself) was exceedingly jubilant, having, it seemed, applied the cure himself to Brown, with the fortunate result that, in his own words, "All the old doctors are knocked out of bounds." To the credit of "the old doctors" it should be stated that when they saw

the cure was permanent they grinned with as much relief and pleasure as everyone else.

Although on the whole Thompson had a good time in Hospital, he naturally looked forward like all the other patients to the day when he would be marked to go out, and when at last it was fixed his high spirits became almost uncontrollable, rising steadily higher during each day of waiting, until, on the day of his departure, he plunged head and ears into a gloom so profound that every attempt to cheer him was unavailing, and he left Ward Z for ever as gloomy and silently as he had entered it. On his locker he had left an address to which he asked that a pair of slippers, worked for him by a fellow patient, might be sent when completed. The address was as follows: "Private Thompson, c/o George Robey, Esq., Windsor Castle." Ultimately his mother's address was obtained and the parcel sent to her care. In acknowledging its receipt she wrote: "I will keep the slippers for my dear son until he comes home again," for Thompson had already returned to the trenches.

For months after his departure from the Hospital the remembrance of the merry times when he was the life of Ward Z lingered within its walls, and tales of his exploits passed on from mouth to mouth, but now there is only the Ward Lady who remembers him, and whenever she eats tapioca pudding she smiles as she remembers Thompson's hedgehog paddling in his plate.

C. BOSTON.

OTTAWA, October 24th, 19—.

DEAREST,

I now take up mine pen and ink and write you mit a lead pencil on the typewriter. We no longer live where we used to, but we live where we have moved. I hate to tell you, dear friend, I had to tell you, your old auntie you luffed so well is dead. She died of new monia on New Year's Day, in New Orleans, at fifteen minutes in front of five. You know she always luffed new things so well. Some people think she had population of the heart. The Doctor gave up all hopes of saving her life when she died, and her breath all leaked out. She leaves a family of two boys and two cows. They found \$500.00 sewed in her bustle, and it was an awful lot of money to leave behind, but she willed it all to you, and in case you die she leaves it all to the cows.

Old Mrs. Oferblock is very sick. She is at

death's door. The Doctor thinks he can pull her through (the door). She has such a nice little boy: He is just like a human beast. I took him to the Hospital last week to see the sick people, and we had a lovely time. Your brudder took our dog down to the mills yesterday to have a fight. Yes, sure, he fought, and ran up against one of these big circular saws, and only lasted one round.

All the Grosselbacks family have the mumps, and they are having a swell time. I am sending you some sausages. Mother made some to-day and all the neighbours are looking for their dogs.

Your uncle says if you don't pay him back that \$40.00 he owes you he will cut your head off and throw it in your face. We sent Mamie over to see if the butcher had pig's feet, and she came back and said she didn't know, he had his boots on.

I am going to college now—getting smart, and I am learning electrocution and physical torture. Going to be a regular stingugrafter, too, and can now tickle a typewriter. Pat Mulligan has been sick for some time now. He went to see a Doctor and he told him to take something, Pat went down the street and met a small boy and took his watch. They had Pat arrested and he got a lawyer, the lawyer got the case, and Pat got the works.

We have thirty chickens and a bull dog. The chickens are laying four eggs a day and the dog is laying behind the stove. We are having a little more weather than last year—raining like the doose to-day. Since writing this letter I heard they performed an operation on Mrs. Oferblock between eight o'clock and nine o'clock, but she died between the back door and the kitchen. There is a lot of people dying now that never died before.

In case you can't read this, bring it over to Louie Krofts and he will read it for you. Oh, how I wish we were closer apart, for I've been so lonesome since we've been separated together. Your brudder Frank is getting well with small pox and hopes this finds you the same. Well, I can't think of anything, so hoping you'll write sooner than I did, I remain,

Yours affectionately,

FRANK.

If you don't get this letter let me know and I will write you another. X two times. I have just received the \$500.00 I owe you, but have closed up the letter and can't get it in.

Y.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

Since last issue, Sister Hayes and Sister Baldrey have left us, after a long spell of devoted nursing. We wish them a well-earned rest, and we miss their cheery faces. Sister Alexandra and Sister Jacob have taken their places.

We much regret Mrs. Priestley, one of our Quarter-Masters, has to give up her work for a short time, and we wish her a speedy recovery. She is one of our busiest workers.

The Matron and staff offer their congratulations to the M.O. of Yukon 4 on his promotion.

Our special thanks are due to—Col. Carrington for 1,000 woodbines; Mr. Soper for six dozen walking sticks; the R.F.A., C Battery Mess, for concert; the "Sing-Song" Concert Party; and Mrs. Broom for tea party.

The weekly whist drive winners were: Miss Batty, Miss Gardner, Pte. Airey, Bdr. Tetley, Dr. Tutt, Rfl. Somers.

Our best wishes to our friends who have returned to Cliveden, and we hope to see them back again soon.

The announcement of the resignation of Sister Hayes came as a great surprise to all, and we deeply regret that she has gone. There is no doubt that the Hospital loses one of its most able and efficient Sisters. One can recall the great interest she always took in her patients, and when treating a very serious case she was never satisfied until she had done everything possible and was quite convinced that nothing had been overlooked. Her kindly face will indeed be missed by everyone, and one can remember the many pleasant occasions in which the patients and she were concerned, more especially among the local R.F.A., who have, perhaps, benefited the more from her careful and tender nursing.—It is hoped that she will enjoy her well-earned rest, and it need hardly be mentioned that she leaves the Hospital with the very best wishes of all.

ONE OF HER PATIENTS.

We all regret the losing of "Wee Jock," of the R.N.D.



Things we would like to know—

If a certain patient in No. 3 ward has found his *first name* yet?

Who is the patient in No. 3 ward who winks at the massage Sister with his left knee?

Who is the patient in the V.A.D., High Wycombe, who thinks he can play a piano?

If the Bombardier scored on the nurses when he put the clock back?

Many a true heart beats beneath a ragged pair of trousers, but how would it beat if he was put across somebody's knee as suggested?

Who is the patient in No. 3 ward who was sweating on a Board, but got it on his foot instead?

IN HOSPITAL.

Most of us here have been out to war,
An experience which cost us all dear;
Though we learned lots of things that we knew
not before,

The result of our teaching has put us all here
In Hospital.

We have had lots of practice at shooting the Huns,
At living like rabbits and manning the guns,
Putting Belgium in sandbags we've all took a
whack,

But the only result was to send us all back
To Hospital.

We have lived in the trenches, much to our grief,
And existed on hard tack and old bully beef;
We have shivered and crouched in a blinkin'
shell hole,

And now find our names on the nominal roll
Of a Hospital.

When we think of it all, we're glad that we're
here;

It's better than Belgium (we've nurses so dear),
And if ever we're *asked* to go out there again,
We'll politely decline—we'd much rather remain
In Hospital.

FRANK RYAN.

NIGHT WARDMASTER (entering ward): "What are you doing out of bed at this time of night?"

MURPHY (who has returned at 10.30 p.m. to find he has a French bed): "Oh, sorr, I just goi out to tuck meself in!"

"How did you get cured of drinking?" asked she. "Were you treated for it?"

"Treated?" he exclaimed. "No, that's how I acquired it."

Sports, Amusements, &c.

FOOTBALL.

CONNAUGHT ATHLETIC v. SLOUGH ROVERS.

After a considerable period of inactivity owing to various teams cancelling their engagements, the "Athletic" recommenced operations at Slough on January 26th. The conditions were ideal, and everything pointed to a keen and fast game. From the outset, the "Athletic" took the offensive, and opened the scoring after five minutes. Immediately on the restart Slough pressed, and owing to a little misunderstanding scored a somewhat easy goal. From then until the interval the home team were on the defensive, and goals were scored by Pearce, Henwood and Farrell. The second half was a replica of the first. The "Athletic," though only having ten men, played excellent football, and monopolised the play to the end. In this half, goals were scored by Farrell (two) and Pearce (one).

It would hardly be fair to mention any individual player, but Farrell certainly surpassed himself, and is to be congratulated on his display.

Supporters of the team must learn with regret of the injury sustained by our popular left-winger, Jack Henwood, and will look forward with pleasure to the time when he will again figure in his usual position.

On Wednesday, January 30th, following the game at Slough, the Connaughts travelled to Reading to play Basingstoke on neutral ground. The game started in a very promising manner, and after about ten minutes play Davis scored the only goal of the game, for from then on the fog took the offensive, and the game unfortunately had to be abandoned.

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:—Mr. Cox Meech (Lectures on "Men of Note"), The Warwick Repertory Club, Reading Dramatic Society, Victor Biegel's Concert Party, Mr. George Edward and Father Nicholas (Serbian) Lectures, The Roland Ramblers' Concert Party, The Oscar Asche Dramatic Society. The lectures were particularly interesting and instructive, while the kind of concerts given at Cliveden by the visiting companies

does much towards making life one continual round of pleasure for the boys.

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:—The proprietors Maidenhead Picture Palace, Mr. G. Gude (Skating Rink), Mrs. Dykes, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Messrs. Spindler & Sons, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Skimming, Lady Holmwood, Mrs. Yeason, Mrs. Hopgood, Mrs. Serocold (Taplow), Mrs. Fuller, Miss Coleman ("Kenmore"), Mrs. Hawkes (Farnham), Mrs. Macdona (Marlow), Lady H. Vansittart Neal (Bisham Abbey), Miss Pixley (Wooburn), Mrs. Wilding (Stoke Poges), Mrs. Gorden La Reve, Horlick's Malted Milk Co. (Slough), and Mrs. Waldorf Astor.

Khaki School.

The purpose of this note is to bring to the attention of patients and members of the personnel the educational movement which has been started in the Hospital.

On account of the prolongation of the war many have had to indefinitely postpone their studies, and others have become so incapacitated that they will be quite unable to resume their former occupations. Realising this, and that the average patient is here for at least three months, with a great deal of time at his disposal, classes have been started, and an opportunity is now given to the men for self-improvement.

It is hoped that, in the near future, this school may become definitely affiliated with the Central Khaki University, and that every soldier showing efficiency in the subjects he selects may receive a fitting diploma.

Those among the personnel and patients who are desirous of benefitting by this opportunity for educational improvement, at no cost to themselves, are urged to enrol in the classes at the earliest opportunity.

THE plot to paralyze the German fleet was surely superfluous. It has for some time been afflicted with sleeping sickness.

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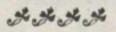
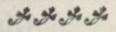
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| Cliveden H. | 1 30 | 2 30 | 3 30 | 4 30 | 5 30 | 6 30 | 8 0 | ... | 9 30 |
| Taplow Ct. | 1 37 | 2 37 | 3 37 | 4 37 | 5 37 | 6 37 | 8 7 | ... | 9 37 |
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